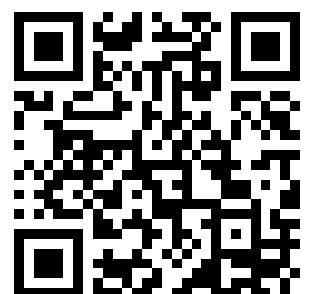

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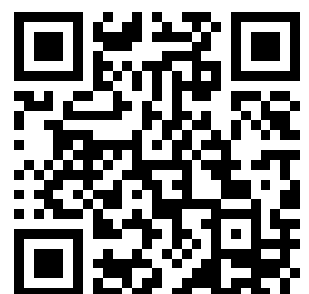
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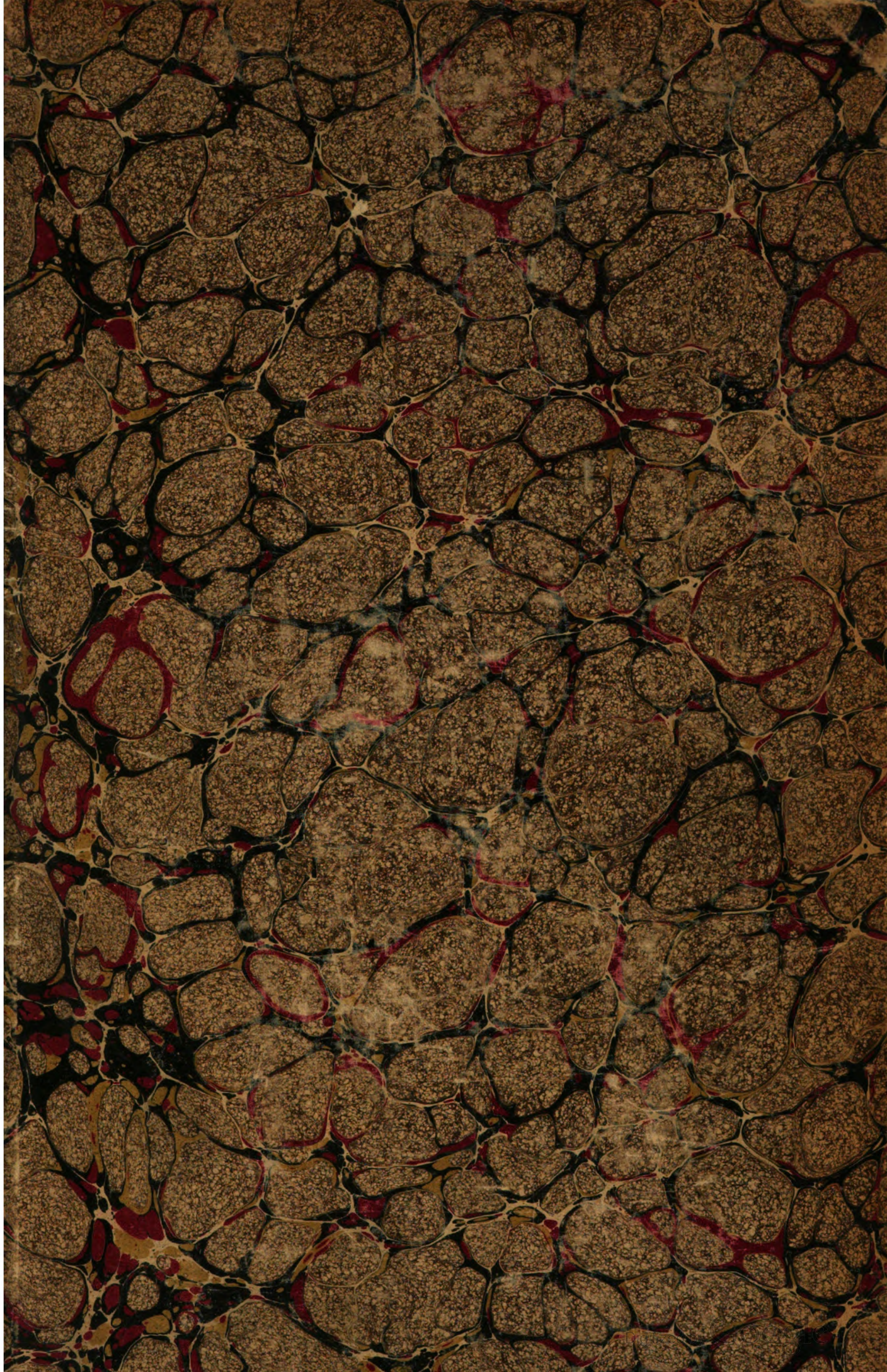


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The Literary Week.

THIS week has naturally seen little movement in the publishing trade. Books, indeed, there are upon our table, but they are largely reprints, minor verse, or such reference volumes as come in with the New Year. The tide of novels has commenced to flow, however; this week we have received nine. From the serious literature before us we select the following volumes as being of interest:—

RUSKIN ON PICTURES. Vol. II.

The second volume of Ruskin's "not heretofore reprinted" Criticisms contains "Academy Notes," and "Notes on Prout and Hunt." The book is made up of seven pamphlets, ranging in date of original publication between 1855 and 1879-80. A few additional notes from other sources have been added. The mixed enthusiasm and rancour which the "Academy Notes" aroused is now matter of artistic history. When the notes were suspended in 1859, Mr. E. T. Cook tells us in his admirably concise preface, Ruskin said: "Henceforward it seemed to me useless, so far as artists were concerned, to continue criticism which they would esteem dishonourable unless it was false." Of a picture by a certain deceased Royal Academician he wrote: "It is interesting, especially, to see that, in the present state of British science, one may write R.A. after one's name, yet not be able to paint a gutter." No wonder Ruskin was not loved by some of his painting contemporaries.

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THE POETRY OF GEORGE WITHER. Edited by Frank Sidgwick.

Mr. Sidgwick writes in his preface: "The title of this edition of 'the Poetry of George Wither' has been selected to indicate its contents as closely as possible. The satires 'Abuses Stript and Whipt' and the 'Motto' might fill a companion volume, but there is little of literary interest in the rest of Wither's voluminous works." The biographical introduction is full and interesting. Many original title pages are reproduced, and there are a few photographic and other illustrations.

Mr. JOSEPH KNIGHT comes forward in chivalrous defence of Thackeray, whose autograph verses he quoted last week. "Some mischievous elf," he thinks, "must have meddled with them. I will wager that Thackeray wrote:—

I am Miss Perry's faithful Phil,
And my picture thus I send her,
Don't I look as if I'd kill
Any rogue that dared offend her,—

not approach her. Halting enough are the lines in any case. If Thackeray wrote 'approach her' he was temporarily dozing. I know unpublished lines of Thackeray which are not very—formed, shall I say? But he never erred in the matter of rime." We quoted the lines from the official announcement of the sale of the autograph verses, and pictures. But we hope Mr. Knight will win his wager.

The article by Mr. Swinburne in "Harper's Magazine" on "King Lear" is the first of a series of articles on certain of Shakespeare's plays which are to be written by various hands. Amongst the writers who will discuss the plays of their choice are Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Austin Dobson, and Mr. Andrew Lang.

WE were puzzled the other day by a reference in a French contemporary to "the eternal Bob." It gradually dawned on us that the writer had no distinguished soldier in his eye, but was thinking of "the immortal memory." Whether the phrase was merely complimentary to Burns or a slight upon those of his compatriots who make too persistent allusions to him we had not time to discover. But "the eternal Bob" strikes us as happy.

THE "Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna" is a most unfortunate poem in its treatment at the hands of fact. Some time ago the prosaic investigator discovered that the "struggling moonbeams" could not have been real, but only, so to say, moonshine; for there was no moon that night. Now we find that it was not night at all when Sir John was buried. To the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall has just been added the prayer-book from which Dr. Symons, the chaplain, read the service. With this there is a memorandum in which the chaplain says that "it now being daylight the enemy discovered that the troops had been withdrawn and embarking during the night, fire was opened by them shortly after upon the ships that were still in the harbour. The funeral service was therefore performed without delay, as we were exposed to the fire of the guns." As the month was January it appears that the burial took place at about eight in the morning.

THE Literary Lounger of the "Sketch" devoted the greater part of his last week's article to answering our question as to the two books which had most interested him during the year. Of literary criticism M. Merejkowski's "Tolstoi as Man and Artist" and the "Memoir and Essays of Whitwell Elwin" are selected as the best. In fiction "O. O." has been best pleased by Mr. Seton Merriman's story "The Vultures" ("at once the deepest and most interesting book Mr. Merriman has written") and Mr. A. E. W. Mason's "The Four Feathers." As a good third comes Miss Cholmondeley's "Moth and Rust." "Among biographical books," continues the writer, "the 'Life of James Martineau' should have been the most remarkable, but the authors have given so much attention to Martineau as a writer and as a public man that personal details fall far into the background. I doubt whether it is any part of a biographer's business to give accounts and summaries of the books written by his subject. If anyone wants to know he should refer to the books." And as the second biographical book of interest "O. O." selects Mrs. Russell Gurney's "Letters." "Altogether," he concludes, "the season has not been at all disappointing in the way of good books."

In connection with the statement that two volumes are to be collected from the mass of journalism and magazine writing left behind by Sir Walter Besant, the same writer makes a very good suggestion. Very little of what is written as journalism deserves to live as literature. But Sir Walter Besant wrote in the "Author" and elsewhere many short stories of the literary life in which he was so intensely interested. These, we understand, were nearly always based on facts, and should thus have a double interest, from the literary and the practical point of view. It would be a pity not to preserve in permanent form these sketches of a side of life in which Sir Walter Besant was an admitted expert, and a small volume of them would certainly find a welcome.

MR. W. D. HOWELLS' article on Zola in the "North American Review" has stirred the fury of the Philadelphia "Church Standard," which labels him as "the apologist of Zola's vilest productions." While admitting that Zola is often indecent, Mr. Howell denies that he is ever immoral. The following estimate of the influence of nationality is noteworthy:—

I think it has been the error of criticism not to take due account of his [Zola's] Italian origin, or to recognise that he was only half French, and that this half was his superficial half. At the bottom of his soul, though not perhaps at the bottom of his heart, he was Italian, and of the great race which in every science and every art seems to win the primacy

when it will. The French, through the rhetoric of Napoleon III., imposed themselves on the imagination of the world as the representatives of the Latin race, but they are the least and the last of the Latins, and the Italians are the first. To his Italian origin Zola owed not only the moralistic scope of his literary ambition, but the depth and strength of his personal conscience, capable of the austere puritanism which underlies the so-called immoralities of his books, and incapable of the peculiar lubricity which we call French, possibly to distinguish it from the lubricity of other people rather than to declare it a thing solely French.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York "Nation" writes thus as to his experience of the duty levied by the United States on books printed in England:—

If Congress begins to lessen the surplus in the Treasury by cutting off sources of revenue, or if a "scientific tariff revision" takes place, the duty on books printed in England might be spared without loss to infant industries. The following is an example of the present working—not an isolated case, as I, and doubtless many others, can testify. As a member of the British Congress of Tuberculosis, the printed transactions of the Congress were recently sent to me. I do not know the market price of the four small volumes, but, as they are given to each member who paid the fee of five dollars, it is not likely to exceed this amount. The customs charges were \$2.50, with sixty cents more for "warehouse." An examiner once remarked to me, when putting me through the Custom-house, that it was "no sanitarium." This recent experience makes me think he was right.

"THE Hampstead Annual" once more lies upon our table. It is one of the most welcome of the annuals, largely because it is frankly local. But it is happy, too, in the wealth of material at its disposal; much has been written about the literary and artistic associations of Hampstead, but these are so wide and varied that even old material is worth a new dress. Thus Dr. Garnett writes of "John Linnell and William Blake at Hampstead," and the article is readable, even though it contains nothing new. Mr. H. B. Wheatley's contribution, "Coleridge's Marginalia in a Copy of Robinson Crusoe," is particularly interesting. Coleridge adorned his own and other people's books with equal impartiality; he jotted down whatever came into his head, and his notes are full of knowledge and character. At the end of the first volume is this generalisation of his views on the book and its author:—

One excellence of De Foe among many is his sacrifice of lesser interest to the greater because more universal. Had he (as without any improbability he might have done) given his "Robinson Crusoe" any of the turn for natural history, which forms so striking and delightful a feature in the equally uneducated Dampier—had he made him find out qualities and uses in the before (to him) unknown plants of the island, discover a substitute for hops for instance, or describe birds, &c.—many delightful pages and incidents might have enriched the book; but then Crusoe would cease to be the universal representative, the person for whom every reader could substitute himself. Even so very easy a problem as that of finding a substitute for ink is with exquisite judgment made to baffle Crusoe's inventive faculties. Even in what he does he arrives at no excellence: he does not make basket work like Will Atkins. The carpentering, tailoring, pottery, are all just what will answer his purpose, and those are confined to needs that all men have, and comforts all men desire. Crusoe rises only where all men may be made to feel that they might and that they ought to rise—in religion, in resignation, in dependence on, and thankful acknowledgment of the divine mercy and goodness.

Another interesting article is Mr. Sidney Colvin's "Robert Louis Stevenson at Hampstead." Mr. Colvin and R. L. S. jointly occupied a set of rooms in Hampstead in 1874; Stevenson was then in his twenty-fourth year, "in the full glow—a glow that mounted sometimes near fever heat—of his brilliant and unquiet youth." "At Hampstead,"

says Mr. Colvin, "his ways were regular, and his apparel neat and normal. He even had with him a black frock coat and tall hat, which he had once worn at a wedding." Mrs. Shorter contributes some graceful verses to the "Annual."

"SCIENTIFIC men, Christian philosophers, and historians of all nations" are invited to compete for a prize of six thousand dollars, which is offered for the best book on the coincidence of science and revelation, the divine origin and authority of the Christian Scriptures, the existence of God, submitted to President Harlan of Lake Forest College, Illinois, on or before June 1, 1905. The successful treatise will be issued in book form and initiate the "Nathaniel Bross Library," so called from the son of the founder of the fund, William Bross of Chicago.

IN "Cornhill" for this month there is an article by Madame Sarah Bernhardt on "The Moral Influence of the Theatre." Madame Bernhardt is naturally enthusiastic over her progression. The theatre, she says, "is the temple of all the arts which beautify life, and it is in this that its power lies. For whereas a library, a picture-gallery, or a concert hall, each enthroning its respective art, has each its particular admirers, the theatre by the service of literature, the fine arts, and music, has a stronger claim upon human sympathy, and thus obtains a wider hearing." Madame Bernhardt deplores the lack of interest shown by the Latin races in pure drama. "The French," she says, "seem to like going to the theatre merely to amuse themselves, if it is not a question of going elsewhere." The English audience is beloved by the great actress; she has never found it cold or unsympathetic; to her we are a "fine race"; "nothing is more touching than the proud and ardent affection of the English for Shakespeare." Perhaps Madame Bernhardt rather exaggerates our national appreciation of Shakespeare; he is accepted by most people as a tradition, and is often neglected accordingly. To Madame Bernhardt the theatre is everything. "Ah! the beautiful theatre!" she cries; "it is there that our educators should be sent, for it is there that they would see the mistakes into which they too often fall. What a lesson might they not learn from the evolution of the character of 'La Fille Sauvage'!" A solemn row of "educators" watching a performance of "La Fille Sauvage" would be really excellent comedy.

WE are shortly to have a new comedy from Mr. John Davidson, a composition in a lighter vein than anything he has written for some time. In a prefatory note Mr. Davidson says, "This play was written in 1900, and after various adventures is now published—twenty-five years having come and gone since, in 'An Unhistorical Pastoral' I first wrote of the Maypole." The Comedy is entitled "The Knight of the Maypole," and is in four acts.

WHAT is somewhat vaguely known as the Celtic Movement is being discussed in America as vigorously as over here. The editor of the "Harvard Monthly" has been writing in that journal about the work and tendencies of Miss Fiona Macleod, whose name, he says, "is one of the mysteries of contemporary literature." The article concludes thus:—

It is then hardly too much to say that with qualities such as these—of clear style, strong feeling, and vital imagination—Miss Fiona Macleod should hold her own in the literature of the day; and that the Celtic Movement, whatever its other success or unsuccess may be, should be credited with having produced at least one writer of really lasting worth.

But the Celtic Movement did not produce Miss Fiona Macleod; no literary movement can really be said to have "produced" anybody. The fact that Miss Macleod is a Celt has nothing to do with any movement; she merely expresses her own personality.

MISS ELIZABETH McCracken, a Boston Settlement worker, has been investigating the literary tastes of the dwellers in the slums, and giving her discoveries to the "Atlantic Monthly." She finds the uneducated reader has an unerring literary intuition. Miss McCracken tells of a "scrub-woman," who supports her drunken husband and her children by scrubbing the public stairways. Miss McCracken lent her "The Talisman," "The Scottish Chiefs," "Kenilworth," and "The Prisoner of Zenda." She read them all with the keenest joy. "If I'd known," she said one night, "what a 'mount of pleasure, an', more still, real comfort, books has, I'd er took to readin' 'em long before I did."

ONE day this same "scrub-woman" selected Ibsen's "Ghosts" for borrowing:—

In less than a day she returned the book. "What did you think of it?" I inquired.

"Well," she replied thoughtfully, "I don't know. I didn't read it all. I read the first part, an' it was that gloomy! Then I read the last, an' it was gloomy too—so I didn't read no more. I don't mind books to begin gloomy, if they end all right. But what's the use readin' things that begin gloomy an' end gloomy too? They don't help you—an' you can't enjoy 'em." This was her criticism of Henrik Ibsen's dramas. She had read not more than half of one of them; but have not other critics who have read all of them expressed a somewhat similar opinion?

THE latest volume issued in the "Red Letter Library," to which we referred not long ago, is "Poems by William Wordsworth." The selection, considering its necessarily narrow limits, is admirable. In her introduction Mrs. Meynell says:—

It is not necessary to dwell much on the familiarities and trivialities by which Wordsworth irritated and defied his readers. It seems obvious enough to us to-day that there was something of a mare's nest in the novelty which Wordsworth thought he had discovered by the use of simple and homely words in poetry. The fact is Wordsworth was for thirty years of his life an eighteenth-century man, and, with his contemporaries, he gave an inordinate importance to that century. A revolt against eighteenth-century ways seemed to him a revolt against literature; whereas he had only to go to the seventeenth century and to the sixteenth to find as much familiarity as is good for poetry. . . . The true and great Wordsworth . . . is majestically the man of his own time, busied neither with imitation nor with revolt, but the natural heir of the language and the literature as it was in his own appointed day.

THE current number of the "Monthly Review" prints some anonymous satirical verse called "Le Byron de nos Jours, or the English Bar and Cross Reviewers." It is a piece of excellent fooling; light, terse, and neatly turned. We quote the opening lines:—

Still must I hear?—while Austin prints his verse
And Satan's sorrows fill Corelli's purse,
Must I not write lest haply some K.C.
To flatter Tennyson should sneer at me?
Or must the Angels of the Darker Ink
No longer tell the public what to think—
Must lectures and reviewing all be stayed
Until they're licensed by the Board of Trade?
Prepare for rhyme—I'll risk it—bite or bark
I'll stop the press for neither Gosse nor Clarke.

THE cradle and the old home of "Punch" are disappearing almost simultaneously; for now the "Shakespeare's Head" in Wych Street is falling before the housebreakers. In the forties the tavern still performed the function of the modern club, and a small circle of friends, among whom were Henry Mayhew, Sterling Coyne, and W. H. Wills used to meet at the "Shakespeare's Head." In the large upstairs room the idea of a new comic paper was first talked over. It was to be called "Pen and Palette." But Henry Mayhew prevailed with the present name. It was from the "Shakespeare's Head" too that the first sole editor of "Punch" came; for Mark Lemon (who long had to endure the nickname of "the literary potman") had assisted his mother in the management of the house.

THE personal sketch of Mme. Sarah Grand which the "Literary World" publishes, is very personal:—

Amongst the Christmas cards flying about lately was one of snap-shots taken at George Meredith's charming house at the foot of Box Hill, and amongst those figuring in the group was that veteran novelist, Sarah Grand, and her step-son. A woman who is a brilliant conversationalist, a courageous thinker, and a keen observer is naturally a welcome member of any literary circle, and there are many of us who would be glad if Sarah Grand would leave her house at Tunbridge Wells and reconsider the question of living at Richmond.

After describing her as a "bright, pretty woman in the prime of life," it is not quite nice to call her a "veteran."

Bibliographical.

REVIEWS of the year, I think, are very tiresome things; but it is difficult to isolate one's self from one's kind, and a bibliographer may as well "tattle" up his accounts as his neighbours do. And, looking back upon the past twelvemonth, bibliographers must feel special cause for satisfaction, for unquestionably the practice of, and the interest in, their art have shown signs of growth. The number of books to which a bibliography is appended is increasing; and that is something. True, some of the efforts in this direction have been modest in aim and meagre in result. That, however, was to be expected in the early popular stages of an art which hitherto has been almost wholly in the hands of experts. One grave disappointment has been the non-inclusion of bibliographies in the schemes of "Modern English Writers," and the new series of "English Men of Letters." The books are cheap at the price, but an extra sixpence on each would readily have been paid had a bibliography been a feature of it. I believe that the "Great Writers" series was bought largely for the sake of its bibliographical appendices, which were sometimes more valuable than the text they supplemented.

The publication of Mr. Laurence Housman's version of "Aucassin and Nicolette" has brought me more than one inquiry as to his previous volumes. Of these there have been ten at least. Mr. Housman's first venture appears to have been made in 1894 with "A Farm in Fairyland." Then he held silence for a year, making up for it by producing in 1896 three books—"The House of Joy," "Green Arras," and "All-Fellows: Seven Legends of Lower Redemption, with In-sets in Verse." In 1897 he produced "Gods and their Makers." To 1898 belong "Spikenard: Devotional Love-Poems" and "A Field of Clover"; while in 1899 we had from Mr. Housman "The Little Land, with Songs from its Four Rivers," "The Story of Seven Young Goslings," and last, but not least, "Rue."

New editions of the English classics, if scholarly and neat in format, are always welcome; and a kind reception

will no doubt be accorded to Messrs. Treherne & Co.'s "Poets of the Renaissance," which, it seems, is to cover the period between Surrey and Herrick. That, obviously, is a long and important period, which has been much exploited, though I see it described in a weekly paper as "a period not commonly drawn upon." Indeed! Messrs. Treherne's first volume, we are told, will present selections from Surrey, Wyatt, and Sackville. Well, it was only the other day that Mr. Arber gave us a "Surrey and Wyatt Anthology," and Aldine editions both of Surrey and of Wyatt appeared so recently as 1894. No matter; the more the merrier.

It is said that Mr. Temple Scott will wind up his edition of the Works of Swift with a volume containing a new biography of the Dean. This is rather good news for purchasers of the edition, though of late years students have done very well with the "Life" by Mr. Henry Craik (1882, new edition in 1894) and the biographical study by Mr. J. C. Collins (1892). To these may be added the "Letters and Journals," edited by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole in 1885, and the "Unpublished Letters," edited by Mr. Birkbeck Hill in 1899. On the whole, Mr. Scott can hardly have much more about the Dean to tell us, though no doubt his biography will be "handy."

The announcement of a volume of "Golden Sayings of Epictetus" suggests that the cult of that philosopher is spreading. A good deal was done for his popularity when Messrs. Dent reprinted, three or four years ago, Elizabeth Carter's translation of the "Moral Discourses." Prior to that, Messrs. Bell had published in this country (in 1891) an American translation of the "Discourses, Encheiridion, and Fragments," brought out on "the other side" in 1890. In 1891, also, Mr. T. W. Rolleston, who had edited the "Encheiridion" ten years previously, issued an English version of Epictetus' moralisings.

Mr. C. G. Compton, who writes on Alfred de Vigny in the "Fortnightly," is a son of the famous comedian, and made his literary début as part-author of a biography of his father. That was so long ago as 1879. It was not until 1890 that Mr. Compton published a volume wholly from his own pen, and that was a novel called "Scot Free." This was followed in 1896 by another novel entitled "Her Own Devices." Since then, I believe, Mr. Compton has devoted himself more to journalism than to literature.

Hazlitt is to be represented in Messrs. Macmillan's "Library of English Classics" by the "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays" and the "Lectures on the English Poets." This is all very well as an instalment, but it should be followed by the lectures on our Comic Writers, the "Age of Elizabeth," the "Spirit of the Age," and at least a selection from the miscellaneous essays. One despairs of getting in a single volume the whole of Hazlitt's comments on the stage of his time. Messrs. Archer and Lowe gave a selection from these, but selections do not always satisfy.

Messrs. Chatto will include shortly in their "St. Martin's Library" a little volume of "Sketches" by Mark Twain. No particulars are given, but it is to be hoped that an effort has been made to comprise within the book only the cream of Mr. Clemens's humorous papers. Of these, a good many are to be found in the "Choice Works" of Mark Twain, still issued by Messrs. Chatto.

Referring to my recent paragraph on Cellini's autobiography, Messrs. Dent kindly inform me that the translation they will publish will be a new one, from the pen of Miss Anne Macdonell. They also remind me that their edition of T. L. Peacock's Works is in ten volumes, not eight.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Clamorous Voltaire.

SHAKESPEARE AND VOLTAIRE. By Thomas R. Lounsbury.
(David Nutt. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is the second volume of a series called "Shakespearean Wars," the first in which ("Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist") has already appeared. Mr. Lounsbury, who is Professor of English at Yale, seeks in the series to trace the course of the conflict which surrounded the growth of Shakespeare's reputation at home and abroad. That conflict, he endeavoured to show in his first volume just referred to, was from the beginning nothing else than the eternal war between the classics and romantics, in its application to the stage; though in the poet's own day it might pass under other names. It is the general conception that Shakespeare was ignorant of his own decisive part in this great war; that he took his side blindly, without ideas of, or reference to, theory. That Prof. Lounsbury in his former book demonstrated to be a mistake. Shakespeare was well aware of the arguments for the "unities" and other Aristotelian paraphernalia, and deliberately elected to discard them. The slow victory of Shakespearean drama over all the forces of reaction, put forth during the eighteenth and late seventeenth century, Prof. Lounsbury studied in his first book. Here, he studies the delay of that victory on the continent through the formidable stand made against the great Englishman by Voltaire.

The whole history of Voltaire's relations towards Shakespeare, his growing hatred of him, and the antagonism to Voltaire which it provoked in England (this last detail in particular), has never, he claims, been completely dealt with. This omission he aims to supply. At the same time, he cautions us against supposing that he aims to trace the development of Shakespeare's reputation on the Continent, except in so far as it is involved by the story of Voltaire's campaign against the poet. He has, he says, been hampered by the scarcity of early editions of Voltaire's minor productions outside France—even in the British Museum. Since Voltaire was constantly altering his work, this is of considerable importance, and Prof. Lounsbury has had to be content with guarding against misapprehension in the case of what he quotes or refers to. He has, let us say, written a very careful and judicial study, vastly different from the bulk of the work we have learned to associate with American professors. The style is in general clear and logical, often with a pleasant and cultivated shrewdness. Here and there, however, is a slipshod sentence where the bottom has fallen out of the grammar, which should not have been allowed to pass in revision.

It is difficult for us nowadays to summon much interest in what Voltaire thought or wrote of Shakespeare. A Frenchman is by language and temperament in a hard position for judging our dramatist, and of all Frenchmen Voltaire was, one would think, the most typically unfitted. The materialistic mind in quintessence being his, how should he have a glimmering conception of the most imaginative of writers? There are four supreme poets—by universal admission: Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton. He had no relish of Homer, he detested Dante, he was civil to Milton, he bade Shakespeare be a good boy and wipe his nose. Yet the English were seriously angry with this man on behalf of their poet. And they had reason. For the eighteenth century had taken this brilliant satirist and very French poet as its dictator of letters; and this Canute did actually avail to keep back the sea of Shakespeare's incoming reputation. The study of the Gallic Canute and his proceedings is both curious

and amusing. The great satirist is himself an irresistible satire on himself, quite as ludicrous as any he wrote on others. Prof. Lounsbury is a devout admirer of him; therefore the Professor's admissions have a special force. And he confesses that Voltaire "never made himself a slavish adherent to fact, when not simply higher ends, but also his own ends, could be better subserved by a liberal intermingling of fiction Misrepresentation, misquotation, perversion of meaning were perfectly justifiable, if more satisfactory agencies failed to accomplish what he wished." We should say that Voltaire lied when he saw anything to gain by it, and when he did not, lied to keep his hand in. When he was off his guard, indeed, he was liable to fall into shocking truths—it is difficult even for the most unconscious of us to be perfectly insincere. Such a man, wielding also an enormous influence, was enough to blacken a name or a cause for a century.

Yet it is among the most singular ironies of history that it was this man who was destined to introduce Shakespeare on the Continent. During his exile in England he had become acquainted with a few of his plays—all he ever knew—and was attracted by them. Attracted in a timid kind of way. Because he was a born materialist he was a "swallower of formulas" in religion. For the same reason, he clung hard by formulas in literature. He swore by the "unities" and went the whole Aristotle, so to speak. He solidly believed that the French stage was superior to the Greek, that Regnard was a greater comic dramatist than Aristophanes. But he was still young enough to be open to new impressions; he saw Shakespeare acted as no man living has seen him acted, and was impressed—within the limits allowed by the Aristotelian formulas. He thought Shakespeare a fine barbarian; as Bolingbroke and the English men of taste thought him—men who rose above the ideas of the rude multitude. He thought that a few points might be borrowed from Shakespeare to enlarge the extreme rigidity of French drama; and when he returned to France he put his ideas into practice. The play which he esteemed Shakespeare's masterpiece was "Julius Caesar." The reasons are plain. Antiquity was rampant on the French stage, and this was a Roman play. It is more equable, has less flights of imaginative passion, than "Antony and Cleopatra" (the only other of Shakespeare's Roman plays that he knew). It has more set speeches, more rhetoric and declamation. In all these ways it has nearer affinity to a French classic play than anything else of Shakespeare's. Every reason which leads us to give it a secondary rank would lead Voltaire to rank it as supreme. Accordingly he paid it the compliment of imitation, especially in his "Mort de César"; wherein he had the boldness to dispense with the love-interest thought indispensable on the French stage. Both as an explorer, and to support his own innovations, he was anxious to make this interesting foreigner known in France. His first principal mention of him was in the "Philosophical Letters," a brilliant and (of course) unveracious account of his English experiences. There Shakespeare was introduced as a dramatist with some surprisingly strong scenes and passages, whose plays as a whole were ruined by the barbarous taste of a barbarous age, and ignorance of the irrefragable rules of Aristotle. He did not content himself with criticism. He gave a translation of Hamlet's famous soliloquy, "To be, or not to be." It reproduced, he explained, the spirit, not the mere letter of the original. On the futility of literal translation he quite truly commented. Prof. Lounsbury has given us a line-for-line rendering back into English of this translation. Of course, it is totally unfair to Voltaire's poetry—such as that is. But it exhibits fairly the matter of the Frenchman's "translation"; and that matter is too delicious not to quote. Hamlet is completely Voltarianised, in the most audacious fashion. He sneers at priests, he fleers at Christianity, he developes in a manner that would have astonished his unfortunate creator.

Pause, it is incumbent to choose and pass in an instant
 From life to death, or from existence to nothingness.
 Cruel Gods, if there be any gods, enlighten my heart.
 Must I grow old, bowed under the hand that insults me,
 Endure, or end my ill-fortune and my fate?
 Who am I? What holds me back? And what is death?
 It is the end of our ills, it is my sole refuge:
 After long delirium it is a tranquil slumber.
 One falls asleep and all dies; but a frightful awakening
 May perhaps succeed to the pleasures of sleep.
 We are threatened, we are told, that this short life
 Is by eternal torments immediately followed.
 O death! fatal moment! dreadful eternity!
 Every heart, at thy name merely, is congealed with terror.
 Ah! were it not for thee, who could endure this life?
 Who would bless the hypocrisy of our lying priests?
 Flatter the faults of an unworthy mistress?
 Grovel under a minister of state, pay court to his pride?
 And show the weakness of his downcast soul
 To ingrate friends, who turn away their eyes?
 Death would be too sweet in extremities like these,
 But doubt speaks, and cries out to us, Stop.
 It forbids our hands indulging in that happy homicide,
 And of a warlike hero makes a timid Christian.

The way in which Hamlet's Agnosticism is transmuted into good open Voltairian infidelity is amusing. In particular, "lying priests," as Polonius would say, is good. Voltaire could not keep it out. From this specimen of "translation," one may imagine what the imitations of Antony's speech, and so forth, in "*Le Mort de César*" are like.

Then, in his Swiss retreat, came to Voltaire incredible tidings. He had builded better—or worse—than he knew. One *La Place* had translated specimens of Shakespeare's plays; and the French—Voltaire's French—were admiring, positively admiring, them! The story of what followed is a singular compliment to Shakespeare. We can scarcely conceive the downright terror aroused among the accepted writers of France by the apparition among them of the great northern poet. The landing of Harry the Fifth was nothing beside it. Voltaire's tolerant patronage vanished, and he took the field with all his armoury of sneers and misrepresentations. He appealed to Europe against the barbarian: he translated part of "*Julius Caesar*" to show the rubbish of it. It was a literal version—so cunningly and audaciously "literal" as only Voltaire could make it. The amazed English reader could but exclaim, with Bottom's companion; "Bless thee, Shakespeare, bless thee, thou art translated!" The climax came when *Le Tourneur* began to put forth a complete prose version of the poet, subscribed to by the King, Queen, and a host of notables, French and foreign—so much had the Englishman's reputation spread. *Le Tourneur's* introductory matter defended Shakespeare and covertly attacked the French dramatic tradition with remarkable boldness; and in discussing the French stage did not mention Voltaire. Voltaire was in a paroxysm of fury. In the name of France he declared war on Shakespeare. His attack was read before the French Academy, with acclamation. "There are not in France raps on the knuckles enough, fool's caps enough, pillories enough for such a charlatan!" he screamed in a letter. "Jack-pudding" (Gilles) was his constant name for the poet. When some copies of his attack miscarried on the way to a friend, he was sure they had been seized by English spies. Would the English ambassador protest against him? Such was his state. His effort publicly to crush *Le Tourneur* failed, and the translation succeeded. But how long his efforts delayed the acceptance of Shakespeare none can guess. It is an extraordinary story, a study in the working and power of narrow minds. That none remembers it all—there lies the moral. And there we leave it. For in a short time Voltaire and his clamours were in the grave.

"Italy, my Italy."

MAZZINI. By Bolton King. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

HE who believes in ideals may be pardoned for feeling that the existence of an independent and united Italy is something of a loss to the Europe of to-day. The world of international policy is the poorer for the disappearance of its grandest and simplest idea. "Unity of manners, of language, of literature," said Napoléon at St. Helena, "show that Italy is destined to form a single country." In the meditations of exile he learned to attach a new significance to principles of which his active career had been a constant defiance. But Europe did not share his conversion; and against one reason for Italian unity, it was easy to set a hundred to prove that unity could never be accomplished. The struggle for unity gained none of its strength from considerations of practical policy or convenience. Its prophets wielded the moral influence which always belongs to him who asserts the triumph of an idea over the logic of facts. Italy would be one, because she must be; not because the means of uniting her were apparent or attainable. The idea of yesterday is the fact of to-day; and like too many realised ideals, it is something of a disappointment. The pressure of poverty, the evil of excessive and unequal taxation, the anarchy that found expression in the Milan riots and the cruelty that repressed them, the corruption and triviality of politics at home, the humiliation of Adowah and San Mun abroad—these are the things that take the eye of Europe, and hide from it the great industrial and social development that is still making Italy. He who knows the smiling prosperity of the southern Tyrol—Italian by race, language and situation, but Austrian by government, and often, at any rate, by sentiment—may ask himself the question whether the rule of the oppressor has not proved kinder than liberty herself, and hesitate as to the answer. Yet such hesitation is a defect of faith—of that faith which made Italy and the Italian nation from a group of States dissimilar and jealous, most of them deadened by foreign rule, some still fast held in the grip of mediævalism.

Of this faith which removed mountains the great apostle was Mazzini. Born almost before the birth of hope, an outlaw from his native country of Piedmont from his early manhood, visiting her by stealth only and at best by sufferance, pardoned late in the evening of life by an amnesty of which he scorned to take advantage, he yet lived to see the impossible realized and his ideal a fact, to witness the accomplishment of "a task like the tasks of God, the creation of a people." Sadly enough, he lived also to be disillusioned, to see Italy united by means and methods he despised, to lose the joy of the result in the shame of its achievement. "Italy, my Italy" he said of the events of 1870, "the Italy that I have preached, the Italy of our dreams? Italy, the great, the beautiful, the moral Italy of my heart? This medley of opportunists and cowards and little Macchiavellis, that let themselves be dragged behind the suggestion of the foreigner,—I thought to call up the soul of Italy and I only see its corpse." To Mazzini the whole of life was a religion. He worshipped Italy and the republic in the same spirit in which he worshipped God, and strove to serve them by the same means. He was utterly alien from the spirit in which Cavour confessed, and almost boasted, that he did things for Italy which only a villain would do for himself. The end was sacred, and the means must be holy. It was the sorrow of his last hours that they had been unworthy.

The life of a conspirator is generally one of moral decline, a progressive deterioration of motive, an increasing compromise between right and wrong. Mazzini conspired all his life long, and if once or twice in the stress of conflict he fell short of his true standard of conduct, it cannot be said that he ever sinned against the light. He may be suspected of occasional insincerity; when, for

example, he called on Carlo Alberto, whose "rabbit-nature" he knew full well, to be the "Priest-king of the new age"; or on Pio Nono, the country parson of whom men strove to make a Napoleon, to create a new Rome, religion and country, there are other more probable explanations of his motive than the "expansiveness and juvenile illusion" which he himself alleged. And there are more serious blemishes than these. But the picture of the man is the portrait of sincerity itself. The same fervent purpose possessed him, whether teaching his Italian organ-boys in Hatton Garden, plotting and publishing in Switzerland with his gaze on "the everlasting Alps, those icy cherubims that guard the gate of the heart's Eden," or guiding as Triumvir the policy of the short-lived but glorious Roman Republic of 1849. All was done, as he would have said, for "God and the people." There has never been a demagogue who preached so noble a doctrine as Mazzini. All his appeals were based upon his belief in the supremacy of Duty. The struggle of the masses was to be no interested assertion of their rights. "Man has one right only: to be free from obstacles that prevent the unimpeded fulfilment of his duties." Hence arose his quarrel with utilitarianism, and with that school of liberalism which sums up all its creed in the abstraction of liberty; hence his conviction that progress could come through education, and through that alone. "My whole doctrine," he proudly writes, "is summed up in this grand word." He had a strong confidence in the divine meaning and purpose underlying human progress. "Humanity is the successive incarnation of God." "Does the infant know the aim towards which it must tend, through the family, the country, humanity? No; but this aim exists, and we are beginning to comprehend it for him. Humanity is the infant of God." And the individual cannot progress alone. He depends on others, and he must take others with him. Every form of association is a means of progress, and the best means are supplied by the natural and inevitable associations of the family and the country. "God has given you both the consent of your fellow-men and your own conscience, even as two wings wherewith to elevate yourselves towards Him. . . . Whosoever the cry of your own conscience is ratified by the consent of humanity, God is there." "Humanity is a great army, marching to the conquest of unknown lands, against enemies both strong and cunning. The peoples are its corps, each with its special operation to carry out, and the common victory depends on the exactness with which they execute the different operations." "Let your country be your Temple: God at the summit, a people of equals at the base." "The Family is the Heart's Fatherland."

Mr. Bolton King speaks of Mazzini's "incurable love of watchwords." It is true that his thought crystallizes into brilliant phrases, epigrams that astonish, metaphors that cling to the memory; and in this lay much of his strength. He wrote for the simple, and he spoke the language that they understood. It was his peculiar merit to inspire with a moral purpose, movements which are too often impelled by lower and more selfish motives. He made republicanism a religion, and revolt an act of self-sacrifice.

Mr. Bolton King, whose knowledge of the Italian movement probably surpasses that of any living Englishman, is not only a sympathetic, but, what is less usual, a discriminating biographer. The editor of the series tells us that it is to be especially devoted to "men of the Spirit." There could not have been a better choice for the first subject than Mazzini, nor an apter verdict on him than the lines from Matthew Arnold quoted in the preface:—

Yours is the praise if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march,
Fainted and fallen and died.

The Handbook.

PERIODS OF EUROPEAN LITERATURE. Vol. IX. THE MID-EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By J. H. Millar. (Blackwood. 5s. net.)

THE difficulties of Mr. Millar's task were enormous. To crowd into less than four hundred pages of medium size an account of a period which includes Voltaire, Rousseau, Heine, Johnson, Lesage, Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Goldsmith, Hume, Gibbon, and Adam Smith; to "place" these writers and their subordinates; to trace influences backward and forward; to define inter-relations: such a business demanded generous space for its due execution, and generous space is precisely the thing which Mr. Millar, like his colleagues in the whole enterprise, has not been granted. It was in the nature of the case that he must cut his coat according to his cloth. Much, however, has aforesaid been done with little; and several writers have proved that a handbook of literature need not necessarily exhibit in any marked degree those sins into which the compiler of handbooks is too frequently tempted. We mean the sins of overstatement, facile generalisation, theatrical presentment of facts, and tawdry allusiveness.

Mr. Millar has not escaped the perils of his task. And it is unfortunate that the superficial characteristics of this volume will engender a prejudice that may obscure such good qualities as it may possess. His manner of writing, of "putting things," can scarcely fail to irritate the discerning reader. He says, for example, that Fielding "is, beyond question, the most important among the English novelists, at least from an insular point of view." The proposition that Fielding is more important than Richardson may of course be advanced, and Mr. Millar and the numerous critics who agree with him are entitled to their opinion. There is nevertheless a considerable body of cultivated English taste which would unhesitatingly put Richardson above Fielding. And in view of this fact, Mr. Millar's "beyond question" becomes an impertinence. His dozen lines about the condition of the English middle-class on page 8 are a sad example of his inability to resist the opportunity for cheap epigram. On page 29 he discloses the conscious freakishness of the critic who must be quaint at any price, by remarking, apparently in good faith, that Voltaire's persiflage, lightness and certainty of hand, and scent for human foibles "have never since been approached," except by—the younger Disraeli! Again referring to Voltaire he curtly says: "What is practically beyond doubt is that the first sprightly runnings of anti-Semitic doctrine issued from the Voltairean fountain-head and no other." We had thought the doctrine was older. And in any case Mr. Millar's pure passion for annihilation of all doubt is not amusing. Once more referring to Voltaire, who stands imposingly in the forefront of the book, we find this passage:—

Such consummate works of art are of too fragile a texture for the clumsy process of analysis. It is enough to admit their perfect adjustment and proportion, their consummate reticence and repose.

Whatever this kind of writing is, it is not criticism, and should have no place in a critical handbook.

Mr. Millar's allusiveness belongs to a species which we thought had died out several years ago. Here is a beautiful example:—

The reader must be hard to please who, in the varied banquet set before him, fails to find a good many dishes to his mind; and, when he has exhausted the bill of fare, he will be indeed ungrateful and ungracious if he can muster up no more hearty and full-blooded eulogium upon those who provided the feast than that pronounced by Andrew Fairservice upon Rob Roy.

Is Mr. Millar's justified in spending seven precious lines of his book and mystifying his readers to no purpose except

to prove that he remembers his Scott? Those seven lines might have been better spent in a hundred ways.

It may be argued that such defects as these in Mr. Millar's method are superficial. They are. But we suspect that they are part and parcel of defects which cannot be called superficial. After allowing for the disadvantages under which he laboured, we are unable to persuade ourselves that he has succeeded in his endeavour to present a coherent and comprehensive view of the period allotted to him. His portraits of men lack vivacity, and his judgments on works, while sufficiently positive, lack weight and conviction. He does not seem to possess the qualification of sympathy which was surely necessary. He does not seem to have been himself quite interested and impressed, but rather to have ticked off the great masters offered to his notice with the casual indifferent pencil of an appraiser. In other words, the book seems to be entirely without emotional warmth.

The work suffers too, in our opinion, from faults of proportion. The great achievement with which Mr. Millar had to deal was the novel—he admits this—and especially the English novel. Yet out of 380 pages he allots forty to memoirs, &c., forty-two to drama (thoroughly second-rate drama), and only fifty to "prose fiction." He gives fifteen ineffectual pages to Voltaire, five pages to Richardson, and five to Fielding. He gives as much space to the religious belief of Voltaire as to "Clarissa." And his remarks on the masterpieces of English fiction, though they abound in adjectival laudation, are perfunctory and sometimes vapid. Amid the innumerable preoccupations of his enterprise he has lost, among other things, the sense of perspective. The work as a whole, while clever, accurate in its facts, and occasionally almost brilliant, leaves no vivid general impression. It might be called a university extension manual with the addition of a certain literary foppishness and cock-sureness.

The Passing of the Slum.

THE BATTLE WITH THE SLUM. By Jacob Riis. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.)

It was the appearance of the tramp in America that stirred the late Henry George to the questionings which resulted in "Progress and Poverty." Here was a vast country waiting for labour and development. And here were dollarless and dismal men begging their way from one repellent door to another. Why was it? His answer may have been inadequate; but he formulated the question that calls for an answer. To Mr. Riis it was New York Slumland that propounded the problem, and he is happy in the knowledge that he has done much to solve the problem that presented itself to him when he slept—many years ago—in a police station lodging, and swore that such vile and verminous retreats must go. It was a big resolve for a penniless Dane who had become an American citizen. Some time ago we wrote of the book—"The Making of an American"—in which Mr. Riis described the personal struggle from penury and a police lodging, through police reporting, newspaper campaigning against the horrible conditions under which the other half lives, to the backing of Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt was not yet President, but he too swore that these things should go. And in this book Mr. Riis writes alternately in a white heat of triumph and a white heat of indignation of what is accomplished and what remains to be done. It is a perfectly artless book, without form, but by no means void. For it contains the record of accomplishment.

Five and twenty years ago New York, partly from its geographical limitations and partly from another reason, had developed a slumland that rivalled anything in the older continent. In London we have had our difficulties. Municipal authorities have been stupid, dilatory, without imagination. But they have been on the right side. New

York, when Mr. Riis began his work, was ruled by a gang of politicians, with a boss in supreme command, who lived on the misery and corruption of the slum. Even the churches had moved to the fashionable quarters, and drew their incomes from the gambling-den, the filthy tenement-house, and the brothel. We will quote an arraignment of the East side:—

Imagine, if you can, a section of the city territory completely dominated by one man, without whose permission neither legitimate nor illegitimate business can be conducted, where illegitimate business is encouraged, and legitimate business discouraged. Where the respectable residents have to fasten their doors and windows summer nights, and sit in their rooms with asphyxiating air, and one hundred degrees temperature, rather than try to catch the faint whiff of breeze in their natural breathing places—the stoops of their homes; where naked women dance by night in the streets, and unsexed men prowl like vultures through the darkness on "business," not only permitted but encouraged by the police; where the education of infants begins with the knowledge of prostitution, and the training of little girls is training in the arts of Phryne; where American girls brought up with the refinements of American homes . . . are left locked up behind jail bars until they have lost all semblance of womanhood . . . in short, where the premium of the most awful forms of vice is the profit of the politicians.

That was the rule of Tammany. The law was right enough. But police, boss, judge, all were banded together to make profit from the breaking of the law, and the man who resisted was either ruined or had to take service in the ranks of vice. This was what Mr. Riis had to fight against, with nothing but a pen, a brain, and a good constitution to help him at the start. Tammany has tumbled and risen; but in the intervals of its recumbence slum after slum has been opened out to the sunlight by the sanitary authorities, narrow courts have been turned into playgrounds for the children who had been overlooked in the New York of the eighties; lodging-houses have been built with concentrated conveniences for the man who has to live on a small income and earn it, where his wife may live without insult and his children grow up uncorrupted. The dollarless Dane has done a big thing in reform with the brain, the pen and the muscle. Look at him as he stands in the forefront of this book. If you know the personal appearance of Mr. Dunne, the maker of "Dooley," you will be struck by the amazing resemblance between the trenchant humourist and the furious philanthropist.

Other New Books.

LOMBARD STUDIES. By the Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco. (Fisher Unwin.)

THIS is a pleasant little sheaf of gossiping essays, all more or less dealing with those happy plains of north Italy, where, upon the shores of the Lago di Garda, the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco has her adopted home. She writes of the lake itself, "the poets' lake," Dante's Benacus, and of Catullus' "olive-silvery Sirmio"; of Vittoria Accoramboni, the ill-fated lady of Webster's "White Devil"; of Rimini and the true story of Francesca da Polenta; then of Lombard agriculture, with its system of *mezzeria* or *metayage* and its vineyards and silk-farms; and, again, of the Scala at Milan and its place in the world of song, and of the irresponsible and popular comedy still so dear to the quick-witted Italian. Perhaps the most interesting study of all is that devoted to the ancient family of the Martinenghi and to their *palazzo* at Salò. This was built in 1556 by the Marquis Sforza Pallavicino, and bought by the Martinenghi in the seventeenth century. It stood a siege by the Austrians in 1796, and many papers and other objects of interest were thrust hastily into a sack.

This was found not many years ago, and in it no less a treasure than a letter to some unknown friend of the Pallavicini from Galileo Galilei himself. A magnificent portrait by Moretto in the National Gallery represents Sciarra Martinengo Cesaresco, like many of his race, a soldier of fortune, who served the French and enjoyed the friendship of Brantôme, and ultimately ended a stormy life fighting against the Huguenots. But the great glory of the house is the Blessed Maria Maddalena Martinengo, a Franciscan votary, who was beatified in the presence of the authoress as recently as 1900. Whatever theme the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco chooses, she handles it with taste and multifarious knowledge, and, above all, with the historic sense and feeling for forgotten far-off things without which no one can write adequately on Italy.

ACROSS ICELAND. By W. Bisiker. (Edward Arnold. 12s. 6d.)

THIS is the narrative of a "semi-scientific" party, which in the summer of 1900 traversed the uninhabited districts of central Iceland, from north-east to south-west, and afterwards travelled in Western Iceland, and by sea along the coast and fjords of the north-west and north-east. It was a mixed party, each with his own hobby or interests, and included one lady-traveller, Miss Hastie, whose speciality was folk-lore and plant-life. Truth to say, if the journey was to be recorded, we wish the lady had written the record rather than Mr. Bisiker. We might at any rate have looked for a little chattiness to relieve the precision of science. But Mr. Bisiker never relents into anything so unscientific. In plain words, it is doubtless a book of a certain value to the scientific geographer, but to the general reader it is as bread without butter. Every detail of the journey is set down with the bald and passionless accuracy of a physician's note-book; there is not a scrap of human interest or descriptive attraction throughout the stout volume. At the end another man of science has made a bare list of the plants found on the journey; and we rather think it the more picturesque and interesting of the two. This is Mr. Bisiker's style. He is describing a visit to Engey Island, a home of the eider-duck:—

The season was almost over; . . . nevertheless a few birds still remained in their nests, and we found them comparatively tame; they were not quite undisturbed by our presence, though, for they moved away a few yards in an agitated state, leaving their young to blunder and stumble about all around. In vain we tried to keep the ducklings from wandering, but they would struggle out of the nest time after time, the mother walking round us the while with a watchful eye upon her brood. It is said that the down which the old birds pluck from their breasts to line the nests may be removed two or three times before they abandon them.

That is not inspiring. The author, in fact, has no spark of the literary gift; and his book consequently makes arid reading.

LOVE-POEMS OF WILFRID BLUNT. (Lane.)

THIS is a selection, not from Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's poetical work at large, but strictly from his poems on the theme of love. The pretty little volume will certainly be a treasured book to all admirers of this poet. For he is eminently a personal poet, as Mr. Heuley has already said; and in none of his work does he reveal himself so strongly as in these love-poems—especially the "Sonnets of Proteus," which compose a major portion of the volume. This is quite compatible with the fact that Mr. Blunt is a virile poet, a man of action, whose poems are the outcome of his life, not his life of his poetry. The sonnets, with their Shakespearean ring, are no effeminate prattle, but often very grim work. Love turns to muscle in a strong man. The selection is very good; we note but one omission

which we regret, and that was perhaps thought hardly to come under the description of love-poetry. Mr. Blunt's name should now be too well known for this volume to need quotation. All its contents have been long before the public; but those who have still to make acquaintance with him may conveniently and pleasurably do it here.

HOOKE'S ECCLESIASTICAL POLITY. Book V. Edited by Ronald Bayne. (Macmillan. 15s. net.)

THIS is a first instalment of the English Theological Library of which the Rev. Frederick Relton is the general editor. The General Introduction, from the pen of the late Bishop of London, is couched in such wise and moderate words as you might expect from that distinguished scholar. He is surely not overshooting the mark when he claims for the standard theological works of the Anglican Church that they are strong in sound and massive learning. And it is a point that was worth making, as differentiating them from the output of schools that preceded them, that, possessing no technical style of their own, they may be placed side by side and judged on equal terms with the great body of English prose; by comparison wherewith they are seen to yield some of the noblest products of the language. The present edition of Hooker's Fifth Book is based upon Keble's; but to the Latin and Greek quotations are appended translations, and in addition to Keble's Appendices will be found the "Christian Letter," together with Hooker's own comments thereon. Mr. Bayne publishes a sketch of the Disciplinary Movement, whereof in his Preface he writes with becoming but unnecessary diffidence. The volume is handsomely printed and bound.

In "Stories in Stone from the Roman Forum" (Macmillan), Miss Isabel Lovell has set herself the task of explaining "why" certain buildings were erected and certain customs were observed in ancient Rome. Some of the chapters deal with "The Story of the Forum itself," "The Story of the Temple of Saturn," "The Story of the Temple of Vesta," and so on. The book is written in an easy and pleasant style, and seems accurate as to facts and authorities.

In "Famous Hymns and their Authors," by Francis Arthur Jones, we have an interesting and rather curious book—interesting because of its inclusions, curious because of its omissions. Many of the best known hymn writers are touched upon, and the various sections, such as "Morning and Evening Hymns," "Advent Hymns," and so on, are treated with sympathy and knowledge. But where is Herrick's "Litany of the Holy Spirit," surely one of the most perfect things in its kind ever written?

NEW EDITIONS.—We are glad to welcome a new issue of Miss Ferrier's "The Inheritance" (Methuen). Miss Goodrich Freer in her introduction calls it "the most ambitious of Miss Ferrier's works." That is true, and we hope that modern readers will not fight shy of a writer who combined much diffuseness with a sound knowledge of human nature. The critical notices are by the Earl of Idlesleigh.—The twenty-fifth volume of the "World's Classics" (Richards) contains Hazlitt's "Winterslow." The title, as Hazlitt's lovers will know, has nothing to do with the matter of the essays. In the same series we have Bacon's "Essays," of which nothing can be said at the moment than that this reprint is admirably paged and printed.—From the Astolat Press there come four reprints, each delightful in its way: Shakespeare's Sonnets, Keats's Sonnets, "Pilgrim's Progress," and Gray. The latter is a selection, and is called "English Poems."

Fiction.

The Wayward Maid.

THE WAY OF A MAN. By Morley Roberts. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

WHAT does a woman really want when she puts up her back hair and begins to think that the world is made for two? That is the question that lies at the root of Mr. Morley Roberts's story, and he answers it in the way he has made familiar to us. His story were better entitled, "The Waywardness of a Maid," for it is the tale of Meta's search for a man. A real man. A man who was in touch with tropics, and pirates and cannibals—the real work of the world. She was a year or two older than the girl whose ideal is the boy who tumbles in a circus. She thought she loved Jack. But, as she explained to him, what she loved was not what he was, but "it's what you can be and must be and will be." Jack's notion was a house at Wimbledon—a beautiful residential neighbourhood—and an honest living on the Stock Exchange. Meta's notion was different, and by Meta's impulse Jack, having embarked to rescue a shipwrecked crew, came by accident to Central America and a revolution. And Meta hearing followed. You may see how it happened from this quotation:—

"A woman's plain duty is to make a man do his best. If I threw you over you'd do your worst and make money, or you'd go away and be what I want, and never come back any more."

"My darling, don't cry," urged Jack. "Don't you think you are rather unreasonable?"

But she snapped his head off and dried her tears instantly.

"No, I'm not unreasonable. How dare you say so? But I believe I know what's in you, and I want you to be it without our quarrelling. Oh, do, do, do, Jack."

Jack threw up his head.

"All right, all right," he said crossly. "I never know where I am with you. What am I to be—a soldier, a sailor, or a pirate. Tell me exactly; give it a name, and I'll start at once."

Luckily Meta had four hundred a year of her own, and could pay her fare to the address of her ideal. But it was not Jack. She happened to drop into the wrong camp of the revolution, and met the President, who was tall, had enormous moustaches, and tried to kiss Meta. She boxed his ears one day—but the next—well, it is a good story. The outcome is rather rough on Jack, whose development is characteristic of Mr. Morley Roberts's philosophy of life. "Now, as he walked to and fro behind his guns, he knew that he was a man." His guns were merely at the service of a blackguard who wanted to fire other blackguards out of this little Central American capital. And no one but Meta and her like—we must include Mr. Morley Roberts—would have much respect for a man who laid his guns in a cause of which he knew nothing whatever. It may be that women like that particular kind of fool. So we may hope that Meta is happy with the defeated President of the splendid moustaches.

THE INN OF THE SILVER MOON. By Herman Knickerbocker Vielé. (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a pleasant little comedy, sufficiently entertaining to keep the reader on the alert, though often rather exasperating in point of style. Mr. Vielé clearly has read his Stevenson, but although he has caught from the author of "Prince Otto" a certain air of fantasy and gay inconsequence, he has not learnt much in the way of manner and balance. The story is old, being nothing more than a repetition of the perennial situation between a couple betrothed against their will. In the present case the pair, who are unknown to one another, meet in embarrassing

and humorous circumstances at a fair. The gentleman has been robbed of his clothes while bathing, and has had to put on a peasant's dress, thoughtfully supplied by the thief; the lady has run away from a convent and is posing as a countess. Complications follow; there is a wild drive, a breakdown, and an idyllic night in the open. The relations between the pair are suggested with real humour and some insight. The best episode deals with an absurd escape from a gendarme, and a voyage on a river with a captain who is in the wrecking business. The countess turns cook, and so enchants the captain that he promptly proposes to marry her. There follows diplomacy and another flight. In the end, of course, everything is smoothed out, and the sham countess becomes Gabrielle de Belle Isle.

Mr. Vielé certainly has a pleasant fancy for the fantastic, and at his best a nice perception of the humour of quaint situations. And although the whole book has practically nothing to do with actual life, it now and then touches its fringes adroitly and with some distinction.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

HIS MAJESTY BABY.

By IAN MACLAREN.

An introduction to Mr. Ian Maclaren being obviously unnecessary, the following may serve as an introduction to the figure which dominates the title rather than the contents of this volume: "She leaned forward and asked questions, and we overheard scraps of technical detail: 'My first . . . fourteen months . . . six teeth . . . always well.' Baby was bored, and apologised to the 'bus.'" The rest of the sketches deal for the most part with "some common people" who have aroused the pity or the irony of Mr. Maclaren. (Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)

BY FORTUNE'S WHIM.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

In this book are recounted the exciting adventures of a Russian, Count Alexis Strogoneff, who passes himself off as M. Karavich. He is neither a Nihilist nor a Revolutionist in the accepted European sense, but merely a propagandist of those ideas of liberty which outside of Russia are the most ordinary common-places. There is a typical Anglo-Saxon of action in the book who is accidentally drawn into the Russian's fortunes. (Digby Long. 6s.)

THE MISFIT MANTLE.

By CHARLES GLEIG.

Concerned with the adventures, amatory and otherwise, of a Peer. In the opening chapter Lord Belsize, being troubled with a fit of nerves, hurls a missile (we are not told what it is) at an unfortunate "melodiant" player. "The man threw up his arms convulsively, dropped the melodiant, and fell upon the pavement." Then follow complications and flight. Mr. Gleig writes with a good deal of spirit, but his humour is rather crude. (Treherne. 3s. 6d.)

THE JALASCO BRIG.

By LOUIS BECKE.

A volume containing four stories. In the title story Mr. Becke takes us again to the South Pacific. Says the Captain of the brig to his chief mate, "Look here, Tom Merritt. You and me have been together a long time now, and you know the kind of customer I am, and that I've done some queer things in my time—tougher jobs than collaring this brig, as you know—and my conscience is pretty elastic . . ." The narrative explains to us just the kind of customer Captain Benjamin Rowley was. (Treherne. 3s. 6d.)

We have also received: "Just a Girl," by Charles Garvice (Sands); "In Cupid's Chains," by Charles Garvice (Sands); "A Dutch Household," translated from the Dutch of Johanna van Woude (Digby Long); "Marina de la Ray," by Charlotte Moor (Digby Long).

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The Outer and the Inner Eye.

THE secret of imaginative vision is part, perhaps the rarest part, of the mystery of personality. All normal individuals can see with their eyes, but most men receive no more than a visual impression; they know little, perhaps nothing, of that inexplicable thrill of association which is partly memory, partly uncomprehended instinct, partly pure passion. One man shall look unmoved upon the pyramids, another shall be overwhelmed with the terror and mystery of greatness past, with the almost immutability of stone and the entire mutability of the builders of monuments; he will see the long procession of the ages leading inevitably to just the point of time in which he lives, and only by projecting his mind into a future which shall equal the past can he keep hold upon reality and feel himself to be actual in an actual world. And both these men may write books, and each book may be good. It is well to measure and dissect, to set down the visible thing clearly, just as it is well to surround the visible thing with invisible associations.

Mr. A. H. Savage Landor's "Across Coveted Lands" and Mr. Edward Hutton's "Italy and the Italians" are two such books as we have indicated. Mr. Landor travels from Flushing overland to Calcutta, and writes two volumes containing close on a thousand pages; Mr. Hutton walks through Italy and lingers and dreams, and writes a book of something over three hundred pages. Both books are excellent in their way, but Mr. Landor's is the way of travel-books and Mr. Hutton's is the way of literature. As travel-books go we have little fault to find with Mr. Landor's volumes, but the reservation implies much. Mr. Landor gives us no comprehensive view; he rushes us across Persia and through cities whose names are the very touchstones of romance, but he revivifies no past; he merely catalogues the present. Detail upon detail we have of costume, habits, trade, architecture; we recognise the writer's observant eye, his insatiable curiosity; we give him full credit for pluck, enterprise, and the best commercial instincts. Yet we are entirely unmoved, save at points where the hurry slackens a little and we are allowed to get our own imagination into play. Mr. Landor never concentrates, as did the author of "Eothen"; we get no atmosphere, no beauty, no real sense of historical perspective. The book, however, is of value as a record of facts and impressions, though it would have been of greater value if it had occupied half the space.

Mr. Hutton, on the other hand, is scant of detail; he observes, assimilates, broods, and gives us his residual impressions with poetry and fervour. He is one of the many alien lovers of Italy who have found in her the strongest inspiration, the profoundest joy, the utmost sadness. We are almost inclined to think that in recent times, at any rate, these alien lovers of Italy have appreciated her more truly, have given her of their best more willingly, than her own sons. Mr. Hutton mourns over her as over a mistress whose day is not yet passed; he looks for a revival of her greatness, an actual rejuvenescence of her loveliness. The glory which remains points him to a glory which yet may be. His

book, indeed, is a plea for the stability of the past, united with a plea for the possibilities of the future. He desires to see Italy emerge from her stagnation, and once more lead men to the true appreciation of what was best in herself and in the world. And in that we see the limits of what we may call the too inward eye. Mr. Hutton is too much concerned with what has been, too little impressed with the inevitable march of events. He, like Mr. Landor—yet very differently—takes no broad view of the whole tendency of events; he takes no count of the decay of the Latin races, of the spectacle which the nineteenth century saw but so little understood. He calls upon Italy to awake as Mr. Swinburne called upon her to awake in the most concentrated and perfect of all his work, in the volume entitled "Songs before Sunrise." But Mr. Hutton sees her hope in the conservatives and in the crown. Here, however, we cannot discuss the question of means or politics; it is with Mr. Hutton as a literary artist that we have to deal. And of the beauty of much of his work there can be no question; he has seized and set down impressions enlarged by imagination and vitalized by dreams. Of Rome he writes:—

But I believe, and am sure, that some day in the Forum or upon the hill of the Cæsars it will suddenly come upon some mighty trove, the very head of Jupiter or the bones of Augustus Cæsar, and then and in a moment the crowd shall be afraid, and through the darkness of the centuries it will see a great light, and from the dust of Rome that hero shall arise for whom she has ever been the insatiable mistress; and he shall set up her altars again, and he shall lift up her head and kiss her on the lips, and Beauty shall no longer be an outcast, and once more she shall awake, still and for ever the one immortal city. This is my faith.

It is something in these days for a man so explicitly to state his faith; and though we may believe that Mr. Hutton's faith is too much of the imagination, too little of the world we live in, there yet remains in the mind something of the desire that his faith may be justified.

Mr. Hutton writes of Genoa, Pisa, Siena, of Orvieto, Naples, Bologna, and half-a-dozen other cities, in the same spirit; he mourns over their glorious decay, and anticipates a more glorious resurrection. Always he has the inner eye, always he is allured by what has been called "the fatal passion for beauty." He sees what is, and at once there leap into his mind the strengths and the weaknesses which made Italy what she was,—and is. His attitude is that of a lover to a mistress whom he refuses to believe old; he is always waiting for the transforming "light from heaven."

It would have been well if Mr. Hutton had confined himself to the appreciation of the beauty of Italy; occasionally, and certainly unfortunately, he becomes almost hysterical over the banalities and crudities of the modern world. He forgets that the older world was hardly less crude and banal, and that even his beloved Lionardo da Vinci was suspected and hated by the ignorant of his own time.

In the conclusion to his book Mr. Hutton says:—

as I have read, on some summer's evening, in some magnificent and simple book, the very world itself has been translated for me into a more profound and beautiful language than any I have really heard with my bodily ears.

And in reading the mighty hexameters of Homer I have most often attained to this vision when, never without excitement and indescribable emotion, I have whispered the words in which Agamemnon tells of his own death and of the death of Cassandra. At that moment it has seemed to me that beauty was inseparable from simplicity, and everything really inexpressible save in the most simple language and the easiest words.

That note of simplicity is precisely what is lacking in modern literature; it is often lacking in Mr. Hutton's own work. The supreme expression of the inner vision

should always be simple; it should appeal, or at any rate strive to appeal, to the wayfaring man. If the impulse be true, the knowledge adequate, it will not fail in its appeal to the highest as well. Emerson said of the poet: "He hears a voice, he sees a beckoning. Then he is apprised, with wonder, what herds of dæmons hem him in. He can no more rest; he says, with the old painter, 'By God, it is in me, and it must go forth of me.' He pursues a beauty, half seen, which flies before him." And the secret of the expression of that beauty lies largely in simplicity. It is the business of every man to say what he has to say as simply as may be; in a hundred words he may concentrate the accumulated joy and experience of a dozen years. Merely to see and hear, as we have said, is common to all normal men; but only to the greatest is it given to express what they see and hear in immortal words. When Wordsworth wrote:—

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

he achieved the absolute magic of simplicity. Into those four lines there went not only the inspiration of a perfect moment, but also memory and association. They have in them the suggestion of breathless noons, of brave sunlight, of misty valleys, of the whole pomp of summer. They at once load and exhilarate the imagination, lighting that "inward eye which is the bliss of solitude."

Vision—the word has been so abused that we almost hesitate to use it—is no doubt primarily a matter of temperament, but it is temperament controlled by will. The mere dreamer has vision, but only to dream is to be stranded on the very shoals of weakness. The man who, overtaken on a hillside by a storm, sees only rain and the discomfort of wet clothes may put that experience to more practical use than he whose inner vision impels him to see in the valley which he overlooks the symmetry of deploying armies and the smoke of hideous battle. Dreams are of value only when they can attach themselves to actuality; they must take hold of life and associate themselves with the bread and meat of a world which lives by the common means of existence. Even so ethereal a poet as Shelley, perhaps unconsciously, had more contact with the world than the world is inclined to recognise.

But Shelley, like many others of his kind, did not control the inner vision. He was not the master in the house of dreams, he was the servant of those supreme visitations. Yet the authentic inspiration, however remote it may seem, always touches actuality. The old and inevitable union between sense and spirit asserts itself; he who was born of clay cannot free himself from the trammels of the dust. And it is precisely in that union of the mortal and the immortal that literature justifies itself. At the best it is no more than a striving to express the mystery of being, no more than a groping in the dark. Even the poorest novel, in this light, has a kind of pathetic significance; the hand that wrote was prompted by a brain eager for some kind of expression. It is before this purely human matter that criticism feels ashamed.

Yet criticism is justified of herself; for the ages have evolved a standard which of necessity takes serious count only of the highest. And always he who had the inner eye remains, and he who merely saw lives, if indeed he lives, in the barren world of dusty and disused libraries.

Above all things the inner eye demands quietness and contemplation, and out of that quietness and contemplation there will come to birth consoling speculation and profound judgments. Only so can the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them be brought to the test of our shifting but changeless humanity.

Russian and English Fiction.

A LONG series of brilliant novelists has given to the Russian novel a prestige which it would be difficult to exaggerate. From Gogol to Gorki these authors have had the desire to see and to make others see, in the words of the former, "all that was bad in Russia." In spite, however, of a *motif* of apparently didactic realism the Russian novel is essentially the reverse of realistic in the French sense. One may escape from one's vices or one's virtues, but one can never wholly elude one's temperament. The evanescent aloofness of Turgenev is not kindred to the sustained detachment of Flaubert, nor is the wail of pity in Dostoevsky the same as the modulated emotion of Alphonse Daudet. But because writers are never tired of juggling with great names, both Dostoevsky and Daudet have been called, respectively, the Russian and French Dickens, while Goncharov has been laboriously compared with Thackeray. This sort of criticism is necessarily rather superficial, but it might be not uninteresting to compare the two distinct modern schools of Russian and English fiction without attempting to reduce any of their representatives to the limits of a literary bed of Procrustes.

If we were asked by a foreigner to name two works of English fiction by which he might form some estimate of the characteristics peculiar to the English school, we should select "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Book of Snobs." The first illustrates the Englishman's habit of thought when he is thrown absolutely upon his own resources and stands face to face with the eternal forces of nature. The second discloses, through a hundred dissolving views, the Englishman's habit of thought when he mingles with his fellow beings.

If we were asked a similar question in regard to Russian fiction, we should select the "Krotkaia" of Dostoevsky and the "Smoke" of Ivan Turgenev. The first is in no sense of the term a parallel to the masterpiece of Defoe, but it shows us with the vividness of a searchlight a human soul, naked and cut off from all human consolation. The second reveals the Russian's attitude towards his fellow passengers in the journey of life.

It is unnecessary to give a *résumé* of the first of the two English books we have mentioned, but it is necessary to modify the judgment dictated by the crude familiarity of boyhood. For consider for a moment the physical situation and the mental attitude of Defoe's hero, the exceptional pressure of the conditions of matter upon the fortitude of mind. Consider the loneliness, the helplessness, the utter isolation of the man. Surely here the ghosts of memory will come to him and mock him, and old hopes will return to him, and remorse, and that terrible uncertainty as to the reality of life which comes as the first, faint whisper of death? Surely here the brain will feed upon itself, and if utterance there be it will be only the morbid monologue of the mind? Not at all. The Englishman looks coldly and unflinchingly at the facts of the case, and performs quietly the immediate task in front of him. He registers the daily facts in their sequence, and even on this lonely island is governed by a profound sense of duty which never deserts him. This sense of duty, with its concomitant attributes of sanity and calm, gives a dignity to the lonely, unper-vasive figure which no pseudo Prometheus or imitation of Odysseus can ever reach.

In "Krotkaia" Dostoevsky avowedly makes use of Victor Hugo's method in "Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné." He shows us a man entirely alienated from his fellow beings, brooding over the corpse of the only person he had been permitted to love, his wife who in the end had committed suicide to avoid his tenderness. Can human alienation be more complete? Can analysis be

more mordant in its merciless scrutiny of the soul? The man's life flashes before us in the reverie of an hour, and we learn to know the woman and the secret of the estrangement between them. We see the desire to dazzle, the wish to dominate, the inept pose of this desolate creature, and with it all, incongruous and inexplicable, the strange potentiality for heroism. He had failed to win his wife's heart because he had striven to make her think him something other than he was. He had concealed the tenderness of a soul outraged by every phase of insult, humiliated, crushed, but still capable of pity. And because of this concealment she, too, had turned away from him, and had gone to her death, leaving him to face the absolute loneliness of life. He broods over it all, and turns from the concrete picture of his shattered aspirations—the corpse of his wife—to that vast, shadowy abstraction which had crushed both of them so easily, so carelessly. He who had wished to take a morose vengeance upon the world addresses the social order with vain fury. “Que m'importe vos lois? Que m'importe vos mœurs, vos usages, vos habitudes, votre gouvernement, votre religion.” The very sympathy of his nature is turned to bitterness, and the impulse towards self-sacrifice passes into the rage of impotent hatred.

It may be objected that we have chosen a very “secondary” novel of this great Russian, but there is in the few pages of “Krotkaia” the quintessence of Dostoevsky, that is to say, the quintessence of one side of Russian fiction. For there is in the Russian “une atmosphère de fantastique et d'idéal, et en même temps, hélas! quelque chose de grossier et de prosaïque jusqu'à la suprême trivialité.” In this book one finds just this mingling of contrasts which, beyond question, Dostoevsky detected in his own work and in his own nature. A mingling of contrasts, however, which—illuminated by genius as it is—never descends “jusqu'à la suprême trivialité,” to repeat his own harsh phrase.

Precisely the same objection may be urged against our choice of “The Book of Snobs,” but we shall stand by it for very much the same reasons as those advanced in favour of “Krotkaia.” It is not the greatest work of the master—the term will soon have as definite an application to Thackeray in England as it has to Flaubert in France—but his spirit is in every line of it. We have alluded to these sketches as “dissolving views,” and in truth snob follows snob with so delicate a presentation of minute differences, so just a recognition of almost imperceptible differentiation, that one is almost dazed by the art which has created portraits out of the constantly changing expressions of a fixed type. And the spirit of England lives in these pages, not presented with the harshness of didactic irony, but rather with the kindliness of man to man in a wilderness, snob calling to snob across a sea of submerged impossibilities. There is here nothing of the rage of Juvenal, very little even of the milder malice of Horace. For in spite of the definition of a snob as one “who meanly admires mean things” nobody can feel very much animus against many quite excellent people who find their way into “The Book of Snobs.” In short, snobbery is a habit of thought, essentially national, and one which neither Thackeray nor any other English satirist has ever seriously condemned. What would life be without it? Half the tragedy and all the comedy would cease to exist. How many thousands and thousands of pages of alleged English prose have been printed for the express purpose of proving that some poor devil or other “was not quite a gentleman.” What a worn comparison it is—significant of endless phases of presentation—that of the struggles of the lady who wishes to mix with ladies and the labours of Hercules! No sneer in the world is so popular with the English as the social snub, and the great doctrine of such snubs would fill, practically does fill, many an English library. Now, “The Book of Snobs” is the very Koran of such literature. It accepts,

and at the same time defines snobbery. Taking the world as it is and snobs as they are, it points out what phases of snobbery are, and are not, to be tolerated. It is avowedly the work of “one of themselves,” and it shows, once and for all, the conditions under which the Englishman is willing to meet his fellow man. Many have ignored these conditions, but, from George Warrington to Rawdon Crawley, they have been failures according to the accepted standard of success.

In “Smoke” we meet with a penetration into the depths of human character equally subtle. Like Thackeray, Turgenev sees infinitely beyond the limitations of his characters, and yet refrains from denouncing them. The former has given us an ironical picture of his countrymen, but he has given it as an Englishman, and one of themselves. In the same way Turgenev's mocking comment on the dreams of these chattering Russians leaves no doubt as to his very real sympathy with them. But while Thackeray's sympathy is, as it were, the kindly smile at a foible in which he himself may or may not share, Turgenev's mockery is inseparable from melancholy. For these dreams which pass into smoke are the noblest aspirations of the race. It is not a question of surviving a social snub, or braving the displeasure of a titled hostess. It is a question of the disintegration of character, as though there were in the very expression of triumphant hopes the germs of abandonment and despair.

In this book the story of Litvinof's love, passing as it does from the very ecstasy of passion to the fatigue of utter disillusion, is played to the accompaniment of the corresponding enthusiasm, followed by weariness on the part of the youth of Russia. No matter how earnest the friendships, how noble the convictions, in the end it is always—smoke. A woman's word, a nation's honour—smoke. Progress, civilization, hero-worship? The answer is the same. Politics, the eternal destiny of Russia? Smoke. But beyond the unstable enthusiasm of his puppets, deeper than the vibrations of their rhetoric, there is in this book—the very title of which is an expression of scepticism—a profound conviction. It is not expressed in so many lines or pages, but it underlies the surface of those of Turgenev's novels which deal with the ultimate ambitions of Russia. In “Smoke,” as in “Virgin Soil,” it becomes the more significant because it is not stated in a formula. It is the conviction that the mysterious evolution of human destinies is to be neither hurried nor stayed by the fretting of the individual. It is also the supreme belief that that race which has in its blood something of eastern patience will in the end triumph by reason of its slow, seemingly motionless force.

The heroes of English fiction, from Tom Jones to Tom Tulliver, are more or less representative of what the race tends to produce. We find that they are for the most part self-centred, objective, strenuous towards a definite goal, relatively moral by reason of robustness of temperament. They are naturally optimistic, and are governed by a sense of duty. Incapable of emotional rhetoric, they are none the less absolutely reliable in the hour of need. They are essentially individualistic, non-democratic, non-sentimental.

On the other hand, we find that the representatives of the Russians belong to quite a different type. The hero of English fiction has his *raison d'être* in doing, the hero of Russian fiction in being. For the former the facts of life are paramount, for the latter the dreams of *la vie intérieure*. At once vague and self-conscious these Russian creations torment themselves with the endless analysis of motive. The Englishman is more or less kindly towards a person whom he half despises, because he understands, no one better, the give and take of life. Democratic, even socialistic in his tendencies, the Russian is bitter towards the individual because he expects so much from humanity.

Impressions.

XIII.—Above the Snow Line.

HERE, too, the Briton has forced his way, pushing the invalids, who preceded him, into the remoter mountains. The sun-boxes where the wan creatures once sat stand empty since the robust folk who speak the English tongue discovered the possibilities of amusement in snow.

Far below at the end of the lake the Rhone valley, wide and flat, holds its way between the mountains that stand a gigantic background to the villages that overlap one another along the lake side. Down there are tram lines, the wild muddle of life, the day's noises, and winter mists: up here is the snow that falls and stays, the temple of sleigh bells, and clear sunshine. Often we are above the clouds, seeing nothing of the world that lies somewhere below, hearing nothing in the white world about, for this mountain of ours is hidden by other giants whose tops break the wind. Guide-books published a few years ago gave but one line to this mountain where we dwell, saying that good walkers might ascend it in so many hours: to-day a thousand people may live here through the winter as comfortably as in the heart of London. The few villagers are almost objects of curiosity. It is our tongue that rings out in the clear air. It is the Anglo-Saxon for whom this mountain has been conquered, chained and curbed, and made habitable.

Why?

Because one day he realised that if he seated himself on a small framework of wood on iron runners, this contrivance would carry him swiftly down the mountain side to the valley beneath. That was enough. The Briton had found a new sport, and immediately Switzerland began to build railways up the mountain side, and hotels. Often he is thrown off, occasionally he breaks a limb, always when he reaches the valley has he to drag the *luge* toilsomely through the snow up to the starting-point again. What of that? To wait for a train back might mean the loss of many minutes of sport. Dynasties may be toppling over in the world down there beneath the clouds. What cares he so long as the snow is deep enough to cover the narrow winding road that will project him and his *luge* into the valley. Strange notion!

At all hours of the day, after nightfall too, you will see these moist, snow-spattered figures whirling down the mountain side. Mothers, daughters, children catch the infection from their brothers and husbands. The high road is annexed as if the *lugeurs* were a conquering army. From morn till eve the interest of life is centred in wild rushes down the mountain side, and the air is filled with the shouts of "Gare! Gare!" which means, if you happen to be walking peaceably up the mountain road, that you must jump quickly into the snow-drift at the side to allow the *lugeur* to rush past you with staring eyes fixed excitedly on the next curve in the road. Higher and higher up the mountain side they go beating down the snow to make a track till there comes a point where even the Briton, in pursuit of sport, must bow before the impossible. He makes his little run over the snow here and there, but above are the immense shoulders of the snow giants—silent, inaccessible.

The invalids have all been driven away from this mountain, but they still linger in this region above the snow-line which heals the ailing as it invigorates the robust. When night has fallen, when the last of the *lugeurs* has gone home, looking inland I see the glimmer of lights high up on a snow plateau just beneath Orion. These are the lights of the sun-sheds on the next mountain where the invalids now sit and wait. It is late and dark, but those lights still shine out. There is no break in the healing power above the snow-line of this white land.

Drama.

Scenic Realism.

I AM glad to see that the public support of "Bethlehem" has proved sufficient to justify another series of performances before the play passes from the ken of Londoners. It would be difficult to say how much of the success is due to Mr. Housman's poetry, and how much to the fascination of novelty, the desire to join in administering a snub to the censor, or the quaint and stimulating experiment of Mr. Gordon Craig's stage setting. But I am quite sure where my own interest in the matter lies. For, while I do not expect or even very particularly desire either a renaissance of the miracle-play or a downfall of the censorship, I am pretty certain that the methods and principles adopted by Mr. Craig will have a profound influence upon the scenic presentations of the future. Already it is whispered (if that is the proper term for the process by which paragraphs creep into the daily press) that Mr. Craig is to superintend the production of plays by Ibsen and Shakespeare for Miss Ellen Terry; and if any power could persuade a conservative and not particularly intelligent public to swallow so great an innovation, it might well be the personal charm and artistic prestige of Miss Ellen Terry.

What is the exact question at issue between Mr. Craig and the traditional manager of a theatre? Mainly it is one concerning the limits of scenic realism. The object of any "setting" to a play is, of course, to create the illusion; to facilitate the detachment of the spectator from his individual life and the surrender of his imagination to the fabled story. According to the tradition, this can only be done by realism, by reproducing on the stage as nearly as possible a facsimile of the pictures placed before the eye by real external objects. All the resources of the mechanical and decorative arts are, therefore, lavished to find a way of making lath and plaster and canvas look like gardens and forest glades and buildings. But the task is an impossible one. Nobody, unless he be myopic or otherwise of blunt perceptions, is really illuded. There in the background is a landscape on a large scale, cleverly and even beautifully painted, no doubt, but absolutely refusing to come into any unity of perspective with the trees or porticoes modelled in relief in the middle distance. Here in the foreground are beds of flowers which patently would not thank you for the watering pot, and piles of quivering masonry, such as never entered the wildest dreams of even a suburban jerry-builder. It all gives employment to a large number of deserving families, no doubt, and makes an excellent advertisement for the play, but it does not give the illusion and is not art. I am speaking, of course, of outdoor scenes; an interior can, if desirable, be very tolerably imitated, since the removal of the side-wall towards the audience, whatever it should do in theory, does not in practice appear to trouble anyone. But out-door scenes can hardly be dispensed with altogether, and how then are they to be treated? I do not, for one, want to go back, with the Elizabethan Stage Society, to the sign-post and the "This is Venice" inscribed upon it. This is only another, although certainly a less expensive, way of failing to produce the illusion. But now comes Mr. Craig, and with his austere back-cloths and his fine sense of colour, produces it in a manner which at first appears purely magical. But the mystery is really that of extreme simplicity. The effects are produced by the exclusion of all otiose detail. Broad masses of colour which really form a background to the figures instead of dwarfing them; a skilful distribution of light and shadow; an insistence on a few well-defined and important forms which sting the imagination and refrain from worrying the eyesight; such are the spells by which Mr. Craig woos you into believing him. It is impressionism instead of realism.

Nor is there less of insight into the subtle laws which relate vision to mood in the substitution of a measured and balanced rhythm of gesture for the chaotic bustle which is often so maddening on the realistic stage.

I do not suggest that the new method will be applied, or will be applicable, in its entirety, to every type of play alike. In the prose play of modern life, a modified realism will still rule. But this will learn to dispense with the outdoor scenes, in which realism goes bankrupt. And in romantic or poetical plays, realism will have no standing whatever. Especially must this be so when they are written in verse, for the verse-form itself is the most flagrant defiance of realism, and any attempt at other than a conventional or symbolical treatment of gesture and setting must result either (as is usually the case) in the destruction of the verse by a "natural" method of speaking it, or else in a flat incongruity. One incidental advantage of the new method will be that, as it costs infinitely less than that now in vogue, it will be possible for any theatre adopting it to have a much wider repertory and not to push the run of a single play long after the freshness of the presentation has worn off, in the hope of recouping itself for a vast expenditure of capital on the initial production.

I have said nothing yet of one most important element in Mr. Craig's break with stage tradition. And that is in the matter of lighting. He dispenses altogether with footlights, and gets what lighting he requires from above. In this particular point, of course, his advance is to a greater and not to a less realism, because nothing in nature is really lit from below. It would be interesting to know when and why footlights came into use. I have no time to look up the authorities just now; but the public stages of Shakespeare's day were certainly lighted from above. The performances were in the afternoon, by daylight, and as the well-known drawing of the Swan Theatre by Johan de Witt shows, the top of the house was open to the sky. Before giving an opinion as to the desirability of Mr. Craig's innovation, I should like to see him tackle a mid-day scene. The whole action of "Bethlehem" passes at night, and the effect of prevailing darkness was therefore probably intentional. But on general and *a priori* grounds top-lighting seems the natural and reasonable thing.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

An Admirer of Hals.

I WAS looking at Frans Hals's "Laughing Cavalier" in the Wallace Collection, when a voice at my elbow said: "That's a wonderful thing, a wonderful thing, sir. The rollicking humour displayed in that face is—"

He failed to find the word, and I, after a brief glance of interrogation and surprise, bowed slightly and resumed my examination of the picture. I had gone to the Wallace Collection to look at pictures, not to listen to a stranger's chatter. But this garrulous man was persistent, really interested in pictures, and particularly in Frans Hals. He held me for half an hour.

"A great painter, sir, and he's becoming popular. How? Have you seen the 'Graphic' Christmas Number? The cover is a reproduction of the 'Laughing Cavalier.' That's popularity."

"He deserves to be popular," said I; then added after a pause, "You see that picture of Van Dyck as the Shepherd, Paris, hanging just above 'The Laughing Cavalier.' Perhaps it was placed there with intention. Anyhow it reminds me of an anecdote. Van Dyck once visited Hals'

studio, and asked the Dutchman to paint him, but he did not disclose his name. Hals completed the head with amazing rapidity. 'That seems easy enough,' said the unknown; 'let me try!' When Hals saw his own portrait starting into life under those nimble fingers, he cried, 'You must be either Van Dyck or the Devil.'"

"There's no authority for that anecdote," said my companion.

"Then you know something about Hals?"

"Yes. I've just read Mr. Gerald Davies's book. It's a credit to him, and to Messrs. Bell the publishers. It's just the kind of book about a painter that an ordinary man like myself wants. There are no technicalities in it, no theories, but lots of enthusiasm, and views about Hals' work formed from personal observation, not drawn from books. The author is a master at Charterhouse, I think, and it's plain that Hals is his hobby. The volume contains some very fine reproductions of the best portraits and groups."

"You are not a painter, are you?"

"No, sir; I have no occupation. I retired from business five years ago. I was in commerce. Do I look like a painter?"

"My question was due to your admiration for Hals. He is called the painter's painter on account of his astonishing craftsmanship. It takes a painter, I am told, to appreciate the difficulties that he overcame so easily."

"Yes, I have heard that, and it's just those qualities that attract me as a business man. Hals painted a portrait in much the same way as a business man conceives and carries through a difficult operation. He knew just what he meant to do, and he did it, sir, straight and quick, without fumbling. He kept to the business in hand. He was a portrait painter, and he didn't want to be anything else. A business man like myself, sir, who always bears in mind that there's a difference between a pound and a guinea, wants a man's face and his clothes in a portrait, not his soul. He wants the man as he is, not what the painter thinks he ought to be. Nothing escaped Frans Hals' keen eyes. He painted what he saw, not what he dreamed, and because he painted what he saw, we extol him to-day. When a cavalier laughed, he painted him laughing; when a soldier stood erect and insolent with his hand on his sword, he painted him so; when a gypsy hussey came trapesing into his studio, he painted her as she was, laughing and—untidy. He never attempted what he could not carry through. Mr. Davies gives a list of things Hals did not paint. He never painted a religious subject, or a subject with a moral motive, and so on. I liked that part of the book. I copied it out into my notebook. But what he did attempt, and I'll say it, sir, before the whole world, couldn't be equalled by any other painter living or dead. Why, a good cutter could make a suit of clothes from the costumes in his portraits. As for his sitters themselves, they're so real that I want to hold out my hand and say, 'Glad to meet you.' Have you ever seen his portrait of himself and his wife, or his Dutch nobleman, or his 'Nurse and the Baby,' at Berlin? Have you ever been to Haarlem? Ah!

"From that visit to Haarlem which I made as a young man I date my appreciation of Hals. I was fortunate in having as my companion a young Swedish painter whose father was connected with the tulip business. But even without his advice I could hardly fail to have been impressed by the magnificent portrait groups that hang in that small chamber in the town hall at Haarlem. 'Infinite riches in a little room,' sir, was the remark that I made to my companion. There are a dozen pictures in that room and eight of them are masterpieces. I have lectured on those pictures, sir, at the Social Institute of my chapel, throwing them in turn upon the sheet. It adds to the interest, although the lantern can give no idea of

their wonderful colour, the red sashes the men wear, and the splendid flag that a young ensign holds in one of them. I explain the meaning of the pictures to my audiences in this way. Suppose, I say, that the officers of a flourishing rifle corps in this neighbourhood wished to signalise the King's accession by having themselves painted in a group at a banquet. Carry your minds back to the year 1616 and onwards, and you have the idea of five of these great pictures at Haarlem. The officers of the Guild of Archers of St. George, or St. Adriaen, wanted portrait groups of themselves, so they called in Hals. A difficult task? I believe you! He had to group a dozen men round a table, make a fine picture out of it, and yet please every individual. He accomplished it, sir, by sheer force of genius. Each head has character, and apart from the faces you will go a long way before you see fruit and wine glasses, and lace ruffles, and plumed hats, and silk sleeves, and sword hilts so exactly like life. If you want to know how difficult it is, go round an exhibition of the Royal Academy. I did so four or five times last summer, saying to myself as I looked at the accessories in the various portraits 'Ah! that isn't how Hals would have done it.'

"What a man he was! Three of the pictures at Haarlem are quite different in subject and colour from the others. One of them was painted when he was eighty-four. Trouble had come upon him, and I have no doubt that it was more to his taste in those anxious years to paint the five old women, Regents of the Haarlem almshouse, than the archers or the cavaliers of his prime. Artists, sir, rave about that group of the five old women, and Mr. Davies says that even amongst the unforgettable portraits which Hals painted in his earlier days, he hardly knows one which stays with him more vividly than that of the prim old dame on the right. But I prefer him in those happier days when he painted his own portrait, a jolly, fat, jovial man with a twinkle in his eye, and that broad hand that I've always noticed the great artist has.

"It's strange to think, sir, that during the greater part of the eighteenth century, nobody thought or cared anything about Hals. His portraits, says Mr. Davies, fetched furniture prices—a good phrase that. Why, for years and years, these very Haarlem pictures were rolled up and piled with lumber in cellars. In 1786 a portrait of Hals changed hands for five shillings. 'The Laughing Cavalier,' which in 1865 fetched £2,040, was sold for £80 many years before. Hals himself was not paid much for his portraits, you may be sure. Very little is known about his life, and what is known cannot be called creditable. He was fond of his glass, and fonder of the companions he met at the alehouse than of intellectual society. Many of the stories are apocryphal, but there is no doubt that he was summoned for maltreating his wife, reprimanded, and dismissed on promising that he would give up dissolute company and reform. It's also clear enough that later in life he fell upon bad times. When he was 72 a baker issued a distress warrant against him, and his goods, including three mattresses and five pictures, were seized and sold. But that might happen to any man who does not conduct his life on business principles. Thinking it over, sir, I should say he was a Bohemian, fond of his glass, fond of jolly companions, but nobody will make me believe that a man who painted in the straight, sure, confident way that he painted, right up to the end, was a drunkard. Just look at that portrait of 'The Laughing Cavalier.' It's a wonderful thing, a wonderful thing, sir. The rollicking humour displayed in that face is—"

He found the word at last—"is wonderful, sir."

C. L. H.

Science.

The New Alchemy.

"ALL minerals, as also all metals, are born of one *Principium* or beginning, to wit, of a vapour, which the superior stars do, as it were, extract from the element of the earth by a certain distillation of the Macrocosm or greater world, the influx of which upper astral heat, operates upon things below, by an aerial fiery property, infusing it in, spiritually and invisibly." Thus Basil Valentine in his "Triumphal Chariot of Antimony," a book much sought after in its day, which was supposed to contain, among other things, the secret by which all other metals could be transformed into gold. The sentence quoted gives a fairly typical statement of the theory which the alchemists had built up out of the *débris* of Alexandrian science. The Coptic monks, who were the first practisers of the art, had inherited almost in spite of themselves some shreds of the knowledge of chemical processes which the wisdom of the Ptolemies had caused to be brought about by their endowment of research and of patient experiment. But their national and professional ignorance had led the monkish alchemists to strangely pervert it. The Egyptian authors of some of the earliest alchemical MSS. found it necessary to explain to their Christian disciples that "serpent's blood" really meant the stone called hematite, "the seed of the Sun" white hellebore and the like, which is much as if a modern druggist should need to be told that "dragon's blood" does not presuppose the slaughter of a fabulous animal, and that "hart's tongue" does not denote any part of a four-footed beast, but is the name of a common fern. But such mistakes in detail were nothing compared with the misconceptions of the aim and method of science which their theological prepossessions led them to form. Being both by nature and training averse from the patient investigation and deduction which had already brought the Greek philosophers half-way on the road to truth, they substituted everywhere analogy for analysis, and lent to inanimate matter the volition and passions that they found swaying the minds of men. As there were seven planets—an assumption better founded than they knew—there must, it was argued, be seven metals corresponding to them. And as the soul of the Christian was, in theory at all events, struggling to free itself from the weight and oppression of his earthly desires, so six of these metals, lead, tin, iron, copper, mercury, and silver, were supposed to be anxious to lay aside the base matter with which they were mixed and to appear as the pure representatives of the sun or gold. Hence it was only necessary for the alchemist to help them to the accomplishment of their aspirations, and he would be doing a work not only pleasing to God, but profitable to himself. This was to be brought about by the study of Nature indeed, but by a method entirely different from that of their heathen predecessors. The mode adopted by the Creator at the creation of the world was that to be followed, and might be expected to reveal itself, not to experiment, but to prayer. Hence all alchemical operations began with prayer, and intuition was thought to be a surer way of arriving at Nature's secrets than the older method of trial and error. So the alchemists blundered on from one mistake to another, always jealously watched by the Church, who accused them, with some show of reason, of a leaning towards Oriental heresies, until the revival of learning and its political consequences freed science from its fetters. But at first, like a prisoner long bound, it could make little use of its freedom, and it was not until Lavoisier, the great chemist who perished in the French Revolution, formulated the truth that "nothing is created in the operations either of art or of nature," and that the united mass of all substances subjected to physical or chemical change in every case

remains constant, that the modern science of chemistry can be said to have been born. Thereafter its progress was rapid. Our own countryman, John Dalton, in 1808, taking up the investigation of the atoms or indivisible quantities of substances—centuries before shadowed forth by Democritus of Abdera and his followers, showed that each of the elementary substances in Nature has its specific atomic weight, which is as characteristic of it as, and much more constant than any of, its physical properties or its external appearance. From that time, the study of chemistry was largely occupied with the investigation and determination of atomic weights, until none of the seventy-six so-called elements—from the gas hydrogen which is so light as to be reckoned as unity or the lowest in the scale to the rare metal uranium just two hundred and forty times as heavy as hydrogen—remained without its distinguishing weight. And now began the romance of modern chemistry. Comparing those weights of the atoms of the different elementary substances, it was seen that those whose atomic weights were fairly close to each other were also alike in their external appearance or other physical properties. Thus they can be divided into groups in which both their atomic weights and physical properties roughly correspond; and while, for instance, the halogens or salt-forming substances, chlorine, iodine, and bromine, form one group giving similar reactions and combining in something like the same proportions the triad of metals, iron, nickel, and cobalt, whose atomic weights are far greater, show a similar degree of correspondence among themselves. To this, which was in the main the discovery of the Russian chemist Mendeleeff, was added the further demonstration that the atomic weights of nearly all the elementary substances were exact multiples of the unity represented by hydrogen, and that in the few exceptions which seemed to controvert this generalization, there was ground for supposing error in the calculation of the atomic weight. It seems difficult to resist the further conclusion that all the so-called chemical elements are really compounds formed by the addition in regularly varying proportions of what may be collectively called "matter" to some substance (or substances) hitherto unknown.

The search for this unknown substance or "First Matter" is, therefore, that on which modern chemists are at present engaged, and it bears a singular though not an exact likeness to that of their predecessors, the alchemists. Were it successful, it does not follow that we should immediately know how to "make" gold; but we should at any rate know how gold is made, and this might prove to be a very considerable step towards the process of its manufacture. This might not be in itself desirable, but a greater power of synthesis or the artificial construction of elements would be an inestimable blessing to mankind, and would probably solve at one blow the problem of the costless production of light and power. What the prospects of success are it is somewhat difficult to say, as men of science do not always care to give to the public the results of their uncompleted investigations. But it may perhaps be said that a clue has been obtained in the fact that the "radio-activity" or power of emitting rays seems to increase in direct ratio with the atomic weight of substances, and this may yet be followed to a successful issue. But we may be quite sure that the methods of investigation now being followed by the new alchemists will be diametrically opposed to those of the old, that the induction coil will have replaced the formulas couched in meaningless gibberish, and the electroscope the magician's wand. So great a change has followed the abandonment by science of mystical for rational methods.

F. LEGGE.

Correspondence.

Poets: Made, not Born.

SIR,—The interesting article in the *ACADEMY* under the above heading suggests the questions, "What is inevitable poetry?" and "To whom of our modern poets are we to look for this note of inevitableness in their work?"

If we give the term its strict significance, we must surely mean that the poet whose poems have this characteristic sings because he must. If this definition holds good, Shelley is perhaps the only modern poet we have who belongs to this class. Like his own Skylark he felt the divine compulsion of song. The classics afford us, I think, the best examples of inevitable and evitable poetry. To the former class belong the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Who can imagine a mute, inglorious Homer? To the latter belongs all Virgil's work.

There would have been no *Aeneid* if the great Latin poet had not been a careful student of the work of his predecessors. And what about the *Bucolics* and *Georgics*, would they have been written if Theocritus and Hesiod had not dealt with the same themes?

Virgil is the type of all that great army of poets who are votaries of the muse of song because they have the power to express their thoughts in verse. He has imagination, insight, and like our own Tennyson he handles his instrument with exquisite skill. But his work is not inevitable because, like that of the great majority of poets, it is derivative.—Yours, &c., H. P. WRIGHT.

Southey's "Tour in the Netherlands."

SIR,—I observe in your issue of the 20th instant, that you state respecting Southey's "Tour in the Netherlands in the Autumn of 1815"—"The book was well worth reprinting."

May I inform you that Southey's original and unpublished manuscript of this "Journal" was submitted to me some months ago. As it obviously possessed a curious literary interest, I brought it to the notice of Mr. William Heinemann, who subsequently acquired all rights of publication.—Yours, &c., W. MORRIS COLLES.

OTHER LETTERS SUMMARIZED: Mr. Walter Stephens writes in reference to our recent paragraph concerning "Brown at Brighton" and "Paradise Lost." Mr. Stephens says that "a dramatic author has a serious as well as a humorous side." We do not doubt it. Our reference was entirely good-natured.—K. H. G. somewhat heroically suggests that the number of books published should be limited by law.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 171 (New Series).

Last week we offered a Prize of One Guinea for the best verses on the New Year. Fifty-three replies have been sent in. We award the prize to Mr. T. McEwen, Ardlin, Bloomfield, Belfast, for the following:—

LINES suggested by seeing a goat on the wayside.

I saw him standing on a mossy bank;
Though not a sheep he seemed one with the weather;
For he was gray and hoary, doubtless rank,
So I felt glad that he was on his tether.
His gaze "looked far back into other years"
When he was young and glad and likewise frisky;
His mournful eyes were filled with rheumy tears—
Had he been human you'd have whispered, "Whisky!"
"For thee, O Goat, another year," I mused,
"With dawn on Thursday; will it find thee grievous,
Bewailing opportunities abused
In nineteen two, which hastens now to leave us?"
I looked at him in silence, he at me;
I could not ask the somewhat useless question.
Man knows regret, from grief goats may be free,
Since much of course depends on the digestion.

Other replies follow :—

As mothers, fondly hoping, will prepare
"The little stranger" yet unborn, to greet,
So we our fears and hopes must still declare,
So we our annual prophecy repeat.

The expectant yearly cradle shrouded lies :
The child—his form and features unrevealed,
Smiles as we guess the colour of his eyes—
Frowns as by self-made Fates his fate is sealed.

None knows the house where Clotho spins her web,
Nor where grim Lachesis the thread doth hold,
Nor, Atropos, thy secret dark and dread,
No, not omniscient Moore, nor Zadkiel bold.

Yet ours the future : paradox most true ;
As is the man his coming year shall be,
Thy best with thine own web and shuttle do—
And thou art master of thy destiny !

[T. C., Sussex.]

The old year dies to-night. One page more turned
In this ill-written transcript called my life.
Such a queer book! with syntax all awry
And phrases bungled. Scarce a hint of plot,
A gleam of purpose! Yet I write the book.
But there's the point—am I the author here,
Or just Amanuensis, not to blame
Save for the blots and faults i' the spelling?—Ah!
But how if there were times I listened ill
To the dictating voice, wrote carelessly,
And made God's story nonsense by my fault?
Well, here's a fresh page—clear for noble words
To range themselves in order as God wills.
Take pen! square elbows! we'll do better here.
It may be God shall whisper poetry.

[F. E. W., Tachbrook St., S.W.]

Another year! and how the years glide on,
With some so short and some—Ah! some so long,
When every year steals something from delight,
And on each little day descends the night.

And then, beyond the night, another day ;
And still, and still the sweet years fade away ;
And sweetest are the years that farthest lie ;
And dearest are the dreams that are gone by.

So many years, so many years, and yet
Throughout their length my heart is set, is set
On seeing just the sight I may not see—
Ah! that dear home, dear home that's not for me.

Another year! and wider grows the sea ;
And I am old—how young I used to be!
Hot flushed with hope that now is spent and cold!
New is the year, but I am old, am old.

[L. P. T., Sutton.]

Ah, year so soon to be!
Sacred, where only God
Hath entered! Enter we
Humbly, with feet unshod!

No dread it hath, no hate,
Shadow nor evil sign;
Maiden, immaculate,
And meet for things divine!

As through some temple vast
The gross, unhallowed crowd,
Betold us, thronging fast,
Unwed, indifferent, proud.

Ah, that this too should be,
With shame and evil done,
Darkened and ill to see,
Even as another one!

[E. K. L., Birkenhead.]

Competition No. 172 (New Series).

This week we offer a Prize of One Guinea for the best comment on any article, review, or paragraph appearing in this issue of the ACADEMY.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 7 January, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Fainy (Robert) Sojourning with God.....(Hodder & Stoughton) 6/0
Campbell (Lewis), edited by, *Select Passages from the Theological Writings of Benjamin Jowett*.....(Murray) net 2/6
Clair (George St.), *Will Christ Come?*.....(Harrison)

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

- Robertson (Lewis Alexander), *Beyond the Requiem*.....(Stevens) net \$1.00
Beyley (Rev. Walter), *Nova Solyma, The Ideal City, or Jerusalem Regained*.....(Murray) net \$1/0
Tobin (Agnes), *Love's Crucifix. Nine Sonnets and a Canzone from Petrarch*.....(Heinemann)
Housman (Laurence), *Bethlehem, The Fragment of Our Lady and other Poems*.....(Macmillan) net 3/0
Cochrane (James Henry), *The Unconquerable Colony*.....(Long) net 3/6
Peacock (Thomas Love), *Songs*.....(Brimley Johnson) net 2/6
Richmond (Mary E.), *Poems*.....(Elkin Mathews) net 3/0
Newmarsh (Rosa), *Horæ Amoris*.....(") net 3/6
Moore (Evelyn F.), *The Company of Heaven*.....(") net 1/0
Gosset (Adelaide L. J.), *Heaven's Way*.....(") net 1/0
Gibson (Elizabeth), *A Christmas Garland*.....(") net 1/0
Rodd (Rennell), *Myrtle and Oak*.....(Forbes, Boston, U.S.A.) net \$1.00
D'Annunzio (Gabriele), *Francesca da Rimini*.....(Heinemann)
Underdown (Emily), *Dante and Beatrice*.....(Sonnenschein) 2/6
Monkshood (G. F.) and Gamble (George), *Wit and Wisdom from Edgar Saltus*.....(Greening) 3/6
Montgomery (Mme. G. De), *Immortalité*.....(Lemmer, Paris)
Collingwood (W. G.), *rendered into English by, Cormac the Skald*.....(Holmes)
Boeselager (Millicent von), *A Book of Verses*.....(Ollivick Press)
Prior (J. T.), *A Life Day*.....(Dent) net 1/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Lindsay (Patricia), *Recollections of a Royal Parish*.....(Murray) net 7/6
Overton (Canon), *The Nonjurors*.....(Smith Elder) 16/0
Awdry (Frances), *In the Isles of the Sea*.....(Benrose) 5/0
Pitzmaurice-Kelly (James), *Lope De Vega and the Spanish Drama*.....(Gowans & Gray) net 1/0
Weiss (Aloys), *Military and Naval Episodes*.....(Bell) 3/0
Brown (Charles), *Talks to Children on Bunyan's Holy War*.....(Allenson) 2/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Campbell (Lewis), edited by, *Select Passages from the Introductions to Plato by Benjamin Jowett*.....(Murray) net 2/6
Moore (J. E. S.), *The Tanganyika Problem*.....(Hurst & Blackett) net 25/0
Leverett (Frank), *United States Geological Survey: Glacial Formation and Drainage Features of the Erie and Ohio Basins*.....(Government Printing Office, Washington)
Austie (James), *Reported by, Colloquies of Common People*.....(Smith Elder) 10/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Fea (Allan), *Picturesque Old Houses*.....(Bousfield) net 10/6
Churchill (Llewella Pierce), *Samoa 'Uma*.....(Low) net 7/6

EDUCATIONAL.

- The Temple Shakespeare for Schools; *Julius Caesar*.....(Dent) 1/4
Leask (William Keith), *Spenser's Faery Queen. Book I*.....(Blackie) 2/0
Beresford (H. A. A.) and Douglas (R. N.), *A First Greek Reader*.....(") 2/0
Roberts (Hawdon), *A New Geometry for Beginners*.....(") 1/6
Oswald (Alfred), *Compiled by, German Idioms and Proverbs*.....(") 1/6
" *Practical German Composition*.....(") 2/0
Etheridge (W. G.), edited by, *Pierre et Camille (De Musset)*.....(") 1/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Millin (George F.), *The Village Problem*.....(Sonnenschein) 2/6
The Schoolmaster's Year Book and Directory, 1903.....(")
The Journal of Education, Vol. XXV, 1902.....(") 7/6
" *Vanity Fair* Album. Vol. XXXIV.....(") (Office)
" *Vanity Fair* Album. Vol. XXXIV.....(") (Vanity Fair) 1/6
Nunnington (Rev. E. E.), edited by, *Chess Traps and Stratagems*.....(Routledge) 1/6
Brown (C. W.), *A. B. C. of Motoring*.....(Drane) 1/0
Fell (Arthur), *The Failure of Free Trade*.....(") 1/0
Zoological Record Index. Volume 1880-1900.....(Zoological Society)
" Vol. XXXVIII, 1901.....(")

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

The names of the publishers of Prof. Knight's "Some Nineteenth Century Scotsmen," Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, was inadvertently omitted from this column in a recent issue.

From the Oxford University Press we may expect the "Martialis Epigrammata" edited by Prof. W. M. Lindsay. An expurgated edition for the use of schools will also be issued.

Progress is being made in Mr. C. Oman's "History of the Peninsular War," published by the same house. The history is to be in six volumes, the second of which will appear shortly. The third series of Dr. E. Moore's "Studies in Dante" is also to be looked for amongst the forthcoming books of the Oxford University Press.

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The Literary Week.

MANY interesting books are announced for early publication, but the harvest of the past week has been meagre. We have received a round dozen volumes of verse, and several new text-books for school use. These we shall notice, according to custom, in our Educational Supplement next week. Among the volumes published since our last issue we note the following:—

THE DAWN OF DAY. By Friedrich Nietzsche. Translated by Johanna Volz.

The fourth volume in Mr. Unwin's edition of Nietzsche's Works. Upon the title page we read: "There is many a dawn which has not yet shed its light." The book is full of detached thoughts and speculations which yet have a certain coherence—the coherence supplied by a masterful personality. Here is an answer to the question: Who then is ever alone? "The faint-hearted does not know what it is to be alone, for some enemy or other is always lying in wait for him. Oh, for him who could tell us the history of that noble feeling which is called loneliness!" "The Dawn of Day" marks a distinct period in Nietzsche's development.

JEAN GOUJON. By Reginald Lister.

This handsome, well-illustrated volume is the first complete study of Goujon that has appeared in English. In the course of his introduction Mr. S. Arthur Strong says: "Goujon had the almost unique opportunity of creating an artistic type out of a living historical model; and, unlike the daubers who have succeeded in making the legend of Mary Queen of Scots a puzzle to posterity, he was worthy of the occasion." This sketch of the life and work of the sculptor "who excelled in the reproduction of feminine grace and distinction" is dedicated to the Queen.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW IN IRELAND. By Stephen Gwynn.

A volume of Essays on Irish Subjects, containing a good deal of controversial matter. Mr. Gwynn says of the essays: "All of them deal directly with the influences material, intellectual, and spiritual which are to-day at work in Ireland . . ." Mr. Gwynn still believes in Home Rule. The essays deal with such subjects as "The

Gaelic Revival in Literature," "Literature among the Illiterates," "The Irish Peasant," and "The Secret of Ireland." In the last-named article, referring to Father Sheehan's portraiture of the Irish priest, Mr. Gwynn says: "We cannot take without reserve [his] presentment of them; everyone in Ireland knows that there is another side to the picture. Nevertheless the type which he shows us comes infinitely nearer the truth of the things than Lever's sketches, for example; and, let the priests be good or bad, for the present they, if any class, are the keepers of the secret of Ireland."

WE announced some time ago that a Life of Lord Beaconsfield was being written by a man of letters who has made a life-long study of his fascinating subject. This Life, which is to be in two volumes, is already well advanced, and will certainly be published this year. In the meantime the much discussed question of Lord Rowton's silence on the subject has been revived by the "Morning Advertiser." That journal prints the passages from Lord Beaconsfield's will which bear upon documents and their custody, and draws the conclusion that it is clear that "Lord Beaconsfield did not intend the Life to appear for many years after his death," and that "the King's consent would have to be obtained before the correspondence with Queen Victoria could be published." In an admirable leader upon the subject the writer says:—

Twenty-four years have passed since Lord Beaconsfield set his name to this document, and twenty-one years since he died. In the absence of an authorised life, the loss of which we naturally deplore, the name of Benjamin Disraeli tends to become the centre of a myth rather than the label of an individuality. He lives—and possibly he may have desired to live—as a memory, as the expression of an idea. Was it the exquisite cunning of his statesmanship which framed a will so binding and so exacting as to make the revelation of his real self almost impossible, even twenty years after his death?

So far as the personal documents and correspondence in Lord Beaconsfield's possession at the time of his death are concerned, the discretion of publication is entirely in the hands of Lord Rowton; but we believe that in the case of many of them access has not been refused. At any rate there is ample material for a Life which shall hurt no susceptibilities and yet be reasonably full.

Mr. C. F. G. MASTERMAN contributes to the January "Bookman" an interesting appreciation of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. "It is as a poet," says Mr. Masterman, "that Mr. Chesterton will contribute to literature." That is true, but Mr. Chesterton is so much a poet even when he writes prose that the two mediums cannot be divorced; his outlook, indeed, is nearly always poetical, either when he writes of the grey world or of the splendid possibilities of romance. This summing up of Mr. Chesterton's attitude strikes us as just:—

His poetry and his prose thus exhibit one fixed attitude towards the universe. Like the old Dutch philosopher he is "Gott-getrunken"; like the modern mystic he is charging himself everywhere with contentment and triumph. He is ever astonished at "the towering and tropical vision of things as they really are; the great Odyssey of strange-coloured oceans and strange-shaped trees, of dust like the wreck of temples and thistledown like the ruin of stars." In the twentieth century God still walks in the garden in the cool of the day, and every bush is aflame with His presence. No scientific discovery can lessen the exultant wonder with which he regards the ever-recurring miracle of the sunrise or the birth of a little child. Being at all is for him the astonishing and delightful mystery. Existence itself, apart from definite pleasure or pain, is a source of infinite satisfaction. This it was at the creation that caused the morning stars to sing together and all the sons of God to shout for joy. Mr. Chesterton is the prophet of this primitive truth.

Mr. Masterman's article concludes thus:—

His great ambition is to follow the sedulous steps of Mr. Bernard Shaw; and the proudest moment of his life will be when he takes his seat, as representative of the free and independent burgesses, in the Battersea Borough Council.

We hope that Mr. Chesterton will have prouder moments in his life than can be evolved from the Battersea Borough Council.

THE Rev. Canon Beeching writes in the "National Review" on "The Poetry of Herrick." Canon Beeching is a critic who always has something to say, and he always says it well. In this article he combines appreciation and criticism of Herrick with criticism of Mr. Edmund Gosse's attitude towards Herrick. In the main our view agrees with Canon Beeching's. There is certainly no evidence to support Mr. Gosse's statement that Herrick was merely a "perfunctory" parson. As Canon Beeching says, what little evidence there is points the other way. Of Herrick as a poet, Canon Beeching writes:—

Let me now endeavour to enumerate a few of the qualities of Herrick's verse that must strike any competent reader. The first is his concreteness. He moves about in a world which is very real, and which he thoroughly realises. Even his flights of fancy do not take him far from home. His loves are all substantial ladies in heavy silks; his pastures are full of fat cattle; even the dew-drops on his flowers are full-bodied. In a certain degree this concreteness is a poetical virtue, being allied to simplicity; but in Herrick it is not relieved by any intellectual interest. A second noticeable feature is the skill with which this concrete world is represented. Every artist is always labouring to express what is in fact inexpressible; to convey, somewhat more adequately than his predecessors have succeeded in conveying it, the impression that things make upon him. And Herrick is an artist to the finger-tips; his poetry is full of experiments and successes.

THE vagaries of format are sometimes startling. We have received a publication called "The Appointed Time" the height of which is something more than twice its breadth. We have seldom seen anything so lavish of paper, so frugal of print. The thin volume appears to contain something in the nature of a religious allegory. Why should religious allegory need these adventitious aids?

THE summer number of the "Elf," as subscribers are somewhat naively informed, is "a little late." Mr. James Guthrie is responsible for this issue; some of the drawings are rather striking, though all are a good deal too black. The letterpress is, on the whole, poor, particularly the verse. We do not see why such a stanza as this should be given hand-made paper and beautiful type:—

Daisy stars of silver,
Buttercups of gold,
Teach us many lessons
New again, yet old.

But the "Elf," in material ways, is a piece of good book-making.

THERE has just been issued a new edition of Spurgeon's "John Ploughman's Pictures." This book and "John Ploughman's Talk" have together reached a total circulation of 600,000 copies. Spurgeon did not write literature, but to turn over these pages is to see just how he achieved, and rightly achieved, success. It sprang from a knowledge of human nature, perhaps not profound, but always acute, and a faculty of expression as direct as a blow.

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Author" suggests that publishers should provide means by which a book-buyer might see a volume which he feels disposed to buy before making a definite purchase. His idea is that books might be collected in some central shop, and a fee charged for examination. But we hardly think such a scheme would work. After all, the majority of serious book-buyers know perfectly well what they want. And do not certain publishers already undertake to send, on approval, through the nearest book-seller, any volume appearing in their catalogues?

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Brooklyn Eagle" has been complaining that certain English illustrated weeklies devote far too much space to interviews with authors. Why not engineers or artisans? he asks. The writer considers that in England we exploit the author in this way more than they do in America. We hope not, but still, as we have said again and again, we do it far too much. The reason for all this is, says the "Brooklyn Eagle's" correspondent, "that editors are literary men, and so they are fond of believing that the literary man is an important personage. He isn't." We sometimes sympathise with that point of view.

THE announcement that Mr. Sidney Colvin has at last decided to write a personal memoir of Stevenson is certainly interesting. Mr. Colvin will no doubt reply to Mr. Henley's article, and it is just as well that time has been allowed to soften what might otherwise have developed into an acrimonious controversy.

"If painters take pupils," says a writer in the New York "Bookman," "why should not novelists?" And he proceeds to plead for "ateliers of fiction." He thinks it would be agreeable to go to Mr. Howells' studio and be taught how to describe "a girl with arching brows, curving lips, and a flood of golden hair." And the writer appears to be serious; he really thinks the art of fiction can be taught. He says: "I believe that much good might accrue to literature if the masters would take pupils. The principles of novel writing certainly can be taught, such as the value of words, the proportion which description should bear to dialogue, characterisation, and above all, construction." "The value of words," however, is

precisely what never can be taught, and the "proportion which description should bear to dialogue" is a matter only to be decided by the individual. But we see no prospect for "ateliers of Fiction." Even the crudest amateur would prefer to go his own way.

CONCERNING the new fiction departure in the "North American Review," we read in the "New York American" as follows:—

A novel is to be printed in the "North American Review." This is tradition undone. But the title of the novel is "The Ambassadors," and its author is Henry James. There is tradition regained. His work is made for the most delicate critical attention, for the most minute analysis. It is full of the finest and strongest ideas of life, art and poetry. In it are the most elevated human dreams. It is exceptional. It may be regarded in the "Review" against the hasty and accidental appreciation of the common-place. There the verbiage of the unlettered that trouble with their incompetence the discussion of works of art may not be provoked. Obscurity is the chief grievance that indifferent readers of Henry James have.

All of which is quite true, but we could wish it better expressed. "It is exceptional," standing as a lonely sentence, makes us shiver, and the last sentence is an example of how not to write.

REVIEWING the fiction of the year in the "New York American," Mr. Harry Thurston Peck takes no cheerful view of the future of the novel as the vehicle of ideas:—

Looking back upon the year that is now ending, its literary record is noticeable from the fact that no single novel has attained a phenomenal success. Many have reached sales which would once have been thought remarkable, yet which are so no longer. More novels are being written than ever, and probably more are being read; yet they do not attract the attention given to them a few years ago.

Why is this? I think it is because the novel is once more sinking to its normal place—the place it occupied before, with Dickens, it began to usurp a field which cannot be permanently its own. It will hereafter remain simply a source of pleasure and of amusement. It is not going any longer to be accepted as a means of preaching political, social and economic doctrines. It is bound to revert to what it was when Fielding wrote, when Richardson wrote, when Scott wrote—mere literature.

The nineteenth century saw the apotheosis of fiction. Fiction could then get a hearing when argument and persuasion in less attractive forms were utterly unheeded. Dickens used it to blot out the workhouses and the Yorkshire schools. Charles Reade reformed the lunacy laws of England by a single novel. Disraeli smoothed the way for political changes in his works of fiction. In this country, Mrs. Stowe perceptibly hastened an inevitable war by her one great book. Edward Bellamy in the pages of "Looking Backward" raised socialism from the slums and made it popular in the drawing room and the halls of the university. In France, Emile Zola attempted to demonstrate by works of pure imagination the solutions of all sorts of problems—ethical, physiological and psychological. Fiction to him was an exact science, an instrument of precision; and men listened to his claims with serious attention.

We have gone beyond this stage at last. The twentieth century will not be a century of novel-reading. Fiction has done its work. It has won a hearing for many causes. It has created or excited an intelligent interest in all sorts of problems and conditions. Yet it cannot solve these problems nor alter those conditions; and so it must give way to other forms of literature that bear directly on them both. So long as there are young men and women who love and marry, so long as the spirit which seeks adventure still exists, for just so long will novels and romances find eager readers. Yet the world, grown wiser, will go to life itself and to the records of life for serious instruction; and it will not accept the novelist as a teacher or a demonstrator.

"HARPER'S MAGAZINE" publishes this month an article on "The Coinage of Words," by Prof. Kittredge, of Harvard. Prof. Kittredge devotes most of his space to discussing new compounds and the possibilities of the suffix; only at the end does he touch upon the "boldest kind of word-coinage,—that in which the new term appears to be made by a single act of creative instinct, without regard to precedent." Prof. Kittredge continues:—

It is a difficult category to discuss; for the history of such terms is seldom ascertainable, and we are in danger of referring to this lawless group a number of well-behaved formations which sprang from some obscure or forgotten analogy. One theory, however, is certain. The words that we are here contemplating are the product of language-makers who stood in no awe of the dictionary.

Of such words Prof. Kittredge gives very few examples, the best being Lewis Carroll's "chortle." "It suggested," he says, "the gurgle of senile exultation." But words of that kind hardly come into the general question of word-coinage; they are "sports," and never come into really literary English.

MR. FITZMAURICE KELLY's recently published Taylorian Lecture, "Lope de Vega and the Spanish Drama" is an admirable piece of criticism and appreciation. The life of Lope was a series of downfalls and triumphs, of misery and splendour. He was forgiven by this world for his sins and his satires, and for "at least a quarter of a century he had such a succession of triumphs as no other man of letters has ever tasted." He could crack jokes at the expense of the Inquisition, to which he himself belonged, and remain unchastized. He became chaplain to the Congregation of St. Peter, and, says Mr. Kelly, "in this post as in all others, he played his part to perfection, edifying all beholders by his pious works, his exemplary life." Mr. Kelly continues:—

And from now till the last act, it is one unbroken crescendo of applause. Lope witnessed, so to say, his own apotheosis. He was one of the sights of Madrid. As he returned from the hospital, where he attended the sick and dying, men turned to look at him in the street; women and children clustered round him to kiss his hand, to crave his blessing. His daily walk was as a royal procession; his portrait hung on the walls of palaces and cabins. So contemporaries tell us, and so we love to picture him in his august old age—the living symbol of all the might, and pride, and glory of heroic Spain.

But, at the last, Nemesis appeared. The "retribution of his far-off sins" broke his heart. His son was drowned, his favourite daughter deserted him, and the end was in sight:—

Brooding sullenly upon his sorrows, he sank into alternations of lethargy and despair, redoubled his pious practices, lashed himself with his discipline till the walls of his room were bespattered with blood, and awaited the end with morose impatience. On August 23, 1635, he wrote his last poems—a sonnet, and *El Siglo de oro*—laid aside his pen, was chilled, and took to his bed. Four days later . . . he fell into the everlasting sleep.

This amazing man wrote plays which ran into hundreds; he himself put the total at 800. The seventeenth century produced no more amazing figure than Lope de Vega.

THE first two productions of the Stage Society's fourth season are to be Ibsen's "When We Dead Awaken" and "A Man of Honour," by Mr. Somerset Maugham. The society has under consideration four more plays: Tolstoi's "The Fruits of Enlightenment"; "Where There is Nothing," by Mr. W. B. Yeats; "The Two Mr. Wetherbys," by Mr. St. John Hankin; and Maeterlinck's "Aglavaine and Selysette."

BOOKS as wedding presents are not, we believe, very popular; at any rate they do not figure largely in the lists of gifts which we sometimes glance at in the newspapers. But amongst the many offerings showered upon Mr. Brodrick and his bride the other day were a certain number of books. The titles are not given in all cases. Here is the list:—

Viscount Goschen. Books.
Mr. Thomas Hardy. Books.
Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. Books.
Mr. Alfred Austin. Books.
Lord Carlisle. Books.
Mr. Macmillan. Books.
Mr. and Mrs. Asquith. Pepys' "Diary."
Lord and Lady Manners. Emerson's Works.
Mr. R. B. Haldane. Burke's Works.
The Speaker and Mrs. Gully. Charles Lamb's Works.

MR. GEORGE MOORE, we regret to hear, has had a serious bicycle accident. Owing to a "side-slip" he was flung on his right shoulder, which was badly injured. Mr. Moore had just finished correcting his new book, which takes rather a pessimistic view of things Irish. He is now embarking on a series of literary impressions.

Bibliographical.

It is impossible not to admire the pluck with which Mr. John Davidson, who is about to issue a new comedy, continues to woo the dramatic muse. He appears to have begun (so far as placing his work before the general public is concerned) in 1886 with "Bruce: a Drama," which he followed up in 1888 with "Smith: a Tragedy" (since called "a tragic farce"). "An Unhistorical Pastoral," "A Romantic Farce," and "Scaramouch in Naxos: a Pantomime," were published in 1889. The first two of these three books were issued in Glasgow, the other in Greenock. In the following year all five pieces appear to have been brought out in London by Mr. Fisher Unwin under the title of "Scaramouch in Naxos, and Other Plays." All five figured in 1894 in the volume entitled "Plays by John Davidson," which Messrs. Mathews and Lane published with a frontispiece by Aubrey Beardsley. In this book will be found a bibliographical note of some interest. Since then we have had from Mr. Davidson "Godfrida: a Play" (1898) and "Self's the Man: a Tragi-Comedy" (1901). It is one of the ironies of fate that Mr. Davidson should be known to the stage, not as an original dramatist, but as the translator (into verse) of Coppée's "Pour la Couronne" (1896), and the reviser of a translation of Rosmer's "König's Kinder."

The two English writers who have just been doing their best to make the American Mr. Edgar Saltus better known to English readers, seem not to be aware of the full extent to which Mr. Saltus's books have been put before our public. They refer to the issue by English publishers of five of Mr. Saltus's novels. As a matter of fact, at least twelve of his books have been, since 1886, in circulation (great or small) in this country. Here is a list of them: "The Anatomy of Negation," and "The Philosophy of Disenchantment" (Williams and Norgate, 1886); "Mr. Incul's Misadventure" (1887). "Eden: an Episode," and "A Transaction in Hearts" (Routledge, 1889); "The Truth about Tristrem Varick" (Routledge and Drane, 1889); "The Pace that Kills" (1889); "A Transient Guest" (1890). "Mary Magdalen" (1891), "Imperial Purple: an Analysis of the Cæsars" (1892), "Madame Sapphira" 1893, and "When Dreams Come True" (Transatlantic Publishing Company, 1895). I can well believe that most of the above works have had a very

limited vogue in this country, and that they will be all the better for the advertisement which Messrs. Monkwood and Gamble—the English writers I refer to—have bestowed upon them.

Messrs. Treherne are credited with the intention of issuing a series of translations of Du Boisgobey's stories. Within the last decade or so, not much has been done in England in this direction. Versions of "The Golden Tress," "The Nameless Man," "The Severed Hand," came out in 1901; of "Cash on Delivery" in 1893, of "The Condemned Door" in 1892, and of "An Ocean Knight" in 1890. The most notable, however, of Du Boisgobey's revivals in this country was that which took place between the years 1885 and 1889. Messrs. Vizetelly and Messrs. Ward and Lock set the ball rolling in 1885; in 1886 they were joined by Messrs. J. and R. Maxwell, and Messrs. Routledge followed in 1887. It was, however, the first-named firm which made Du Boisgobey really popular at that period. In 1885 they published two of his tales (at half-a-crown), in 1886 seventeen more (at half-a-crown or sixpence), and in 1889 twenty more (at a shilling)—thirty-nine altogether, if my figures are accurate. Whether these are still in the market I do not know.

In December, 1901, Messrs. Chatto and Windus published a half-guinea edition of Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth," adorned by 100 illustrations from the pencil of Mr. Matt. B. Hewerdine. I understand that in their forthcoming edition of the story Mr. Hewerdine's drawings will be supplemented by a number of photographs, which will no doubt add considerably to the attractions of the volume. Reade would be a "prood mon" if he could see the position which his romance has taken in the hierarchy of fiction. Numerous have been the editions of it of late years. There was one, on fine paper, in 1900; another, in four volumes, in 1898 (a reproduction, apparently, of an edition in 1893); another in 1895; another, with an introduction by Sir Walter Besant, in 1894; another in 1882; another in 1881—and so forth. The two last-named years saw uniform editions of most of Reade's stories.

The list of the additions which are to be made to the "Temple Classics" this year has more than one feature of interest. Especially welcome will be the English version of the "Æneid" which we are to receive from Mr. Fairfax Taylor. Mr. Taylor published in 1867 a translation (in the Spenserian stanza) of the first two Books, and, apparently, he has now completed the Englishing of the whole. Apart from what he has done for Virgil, he is known as a translator in prose, his versions including Geffeken's "Church and State" (1877), "Russia before and after the War" (1880), and Count Vitzthum von Eckstaedt's "St. Petersburg and London" (1887).

Another attractive addition to the library will be a reprint of Thucydides' "History of the Peloponnesian War," as translated by Mr. Richard Crawley. Mr. Crawley published the first Book in 1866, and the whole work in 1874. He is best known to me as the author of "Horse and Foot, or Pilgrims to Parnassus" (1868), a satire (in rhymed couplets) in which there was much smartness and some sound sense. With his other volumes of verse I am not so well acquainted. They include "Venus and Psyche, and other Poems" (1871), "The Younger Brother," a five-act comedy (1878), and "Election Rhymes" (1880).

There can hardly be too many editions of "The Mabino-gion"; and there is no reason, therefore, why the work should not be added, as it will be added, I see, to the "Temple Classics" this year. Two editions came out last year, one of them very handy as well as neatly produced. Goldsmith's Essays, as edited by Mr. Austin Dobson, will be especially acceptable as completing the representation of Goldsmith's works in this library.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Philosophers and Sportsmen, All.

SOME NINETEENTH-CENTURY SCOTSMEN. By William Knight.
(Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.)

ST. ANDREWS is in certain respects the most picturesque of our university towns. Undoubtedly it is greater than any other in Scotland. Aberdeen, though Marischal College is immortalized by Sir Walter Scott's kind regard for Dugal Dalgety, is modest in relation to St. Andrews; so are Edinburgh and Glasgow, which as seats of academic learning are, like London, Dundee, and Birmingham, too modern to have distinctive traditions. Even Oxford and Cambridge have reasons for holding St. Andrews in respect. They are not older, and the stir which they make in the world comes only by fits and starts. Oxford, when troubled about its soul in relation to the psychological problems of the ages, has a Movement; goes in detachments to Rome, because there the mystery of things is greater than ever, settled in its own insolubility; and has done with it. Not so St. Andrews. That little grey city by the sea is too old, too cosmopolitan, too much a favourite of nature, to be upset by any crisis of faith or of unbelief. Nature herself is the main influence in this restraint. At St. Andrews, the links being ideally perfect, golf has for centuries been as important as the occupations of the theologian and the philosophic thinker; the county of Fife is full of foxes, fox-hounds, salmon, trout, birds and beasts to shoot, together with eminent statesmen and men of letters from all parts of the United Kingdom. Thus St. Andrews is in a singular measure a home of catholic sensibilities. The sports to which men resident there are all devoted prevent their mental activities from becoming hysterical or dramatic; while their intellectual training renders them all expert with rod and gun, play-club, cleeck, iron, and putter, as well as after hounds. The two influences are continually at work. Mr. Knight, the Professor of Philosophy whose new book falls to be reviewed, never took a walk with any of his many eminent friends without having a metaphysical discussion; while it is manifest that these intellectual pastimes, and the more systematised works of which they were echoes or expansions, would have been impossible had not St. Andrews by its very nature provided open-air treatment for tuberculosis of the ego.

An examination of Mr. Knight's biographical sketch of any of his more eminent friends would justify this theory of St. Andrews. Take, for example, the sketch of Mr. Patrick Proctor Alexander. We read that "he looked the part of Mars as well as felt it, and the literature of battle and adventure was his favourite perusal all along." That was in the days of Purchase, and Mr. Alexander, though of high degree, had not command of means enough to enter the Army. After an unsuccessful endeavour in Glasgow to become a merchant, in a leisurely manner he retired to the pursuits of St. Andrews. Soon he, who might have been a great soldier, showed himself a supreme master of many peaceful arts. Having made most thoughtful men comply against their wills to the thought that they had no wills at all, Mr. John Stuart Mill suddenly found himself face to face with "Moral Causation," a work of such surprising ingenuity and power that he was quite unable to answer it. By and bye this achievement of Mr. Alexander was followed by "Mill and Carlyle," a book the great ability of which was acknowledged by Mr. Carlyle himself. Through all the seriousness of his prose writings, Mr. Alexander had a cunningly illuminating vein of banter, and Mr. Swinburne truthfully declared "Sauertig" to be "one of the few masterly satires in the English language." Besides being an

unusually acute critic, Mr. Alexander was a poet. Here is one of his sonnets:—

Come to me now! O come, beniguest Sleep!
And fold me up as evening folds a flower,
From my vain self, and vain things which have power
Upon my soul, to make me smile or weep.
And when thou comest, O! like death be deep—
No dreamy boon have I of thee to crave,
More than may come to him that in his grave
Is heedless of the night-winds how they sweep.
I have not in me half that cause of sorrow
Which is in thousands who must not complain;
And yet this moment if it could be mine
To lapse and pass in sleep, and so resign
All that must yet be borne of joy and pain,
I scarcely know if I would wake to-morrow.

This suggestive music has a melancholy sound; but it would be a mistake to suppose that it came from a melancholy mind. Merely, to Mr. Alexander it was a placid duty to accomplish perfectly any task for which he was in the humour. Within a fortnight of his death he was fishing on Clatto Loch, and the same conquering, quiet concern which he had had in the "Secret of Hegel" he applied to the problem, If you are going to use three flies, should the heaviest be at the end of the cast, or should the lightest? He put the heaviest at the end, and filled his basket to the brim. In "A True Story for Children, by Grand-dad," Mr. Alexander inadvertently explained himself:—

We bless you, bless you, little babes!
We bless your coming hither;
Not happier your young lives to grow
Than our old age to wither.

We bless you, little Gus and Flo!
We bless your coming hither;
O! grow, and grow, and happier grow,
Whilst we as happy wither.

It would not be quite accurate to say that Mr. Patrick Proctor Alexander was a creator of beautiful images of sad thoughts and lyrical expressions of happy feelings. He was more than that. Like his magnificent frame, his mind, his nature, was in itself strength and beauty.

Another of Mr. Knight's "monumental men" was Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, who was aglow with the genius of the place. His erudition was wide, profound, exact; and in his case also scholarship and intellectual talent were humanised and made virile by life-long interest in affairs of the open air. He played in the first cricket-match between Oxford and Cambridge, rowed in the first boat-race, and never lost his interest either in cricket or rowing. In "Annals of My Life" we find him, when nearly eighty years of age, eagerly discussing, with the young man who subsequently became his literary executor, the dynamics of figure-skating. He actually at that age longed for a frost in order that he might have a match with his young friend in cutting the Flying Mercury. In Mr. Knight's sketch of the Bishop there is a passage that will whet the interest with which Mr. John Morley's Life of Mr. Gladstone is awaited. "A career that had begun most brilliantly," we read in a contribution by Archdeacon Aglen to Mr. Knight's book, "was suddenly closed, as it seemed, by Wordsworth's acceptance of life and work in Scotland. What I mean is that he could not but expect, what everyone expected for him, that his friends—and especially Gladstone—would, after a time, recall him to England, and grant him a see there. The years went on, and the recall never came." These sentences hint at a strange episode in the career of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Wordsworth had been Mr. Gladstone's tutor at Oxford. At Mr. Gladstone's urgently-expressed wish, he left Winchester, where he was headmaster, for Scotland, there to be Warden of Glenalmond, a college founded by Mr. Gladstone and the northern Tory

nobles in the hope that a revival of Episcopacy might spring from it. In doing so Mr. Wordsworth sacrificed much. For conscience' sake he abandoned the prospect of preferment to a position of usefulness, probably the highest, in the Church of England; he deferred his engagement to marry; and he contributed all his worldly wealth, £8,000, to the funds of Glenalmond. Ere long the see of St. Andrews became vacant, and those in whose gift the appointment lay wished it to be filled by Mr. Wordsworth. As Glenalmond and St. Andrews are in the same diocese, he could have become Bishop while retaining the Wardenship, and life for him and for the lady alluded to would have become brighter and better. Mr. Gladstone, one of the trustees of Glenalmond, objected. He said that if Mr. Wordsworth became Bishop he must quit the Wardenship. He acknowledged that this stipulation was in requital of the inability which Mr. Wordsworth shared with many others to support his candidature for the representation of Oxford University unless he would give assurances to dispel fears that he was wavering in his allegiance to Church and State. Notwithstanding Mr. Gladstone's opposition, Mr. Wordsworth ultimately became Bishop. Among the papers left to the Editor of the "Annals," Mr. Earl Hodgson, there was a correspondence with Mr. Gladstone in which the episode was revealed. It was left by Mr. Gladstone's consent; but on the eve of publication of the volume containing it Mr. Gladstone asked Mr. Earl Hodgson to take it out, saying that he wished it kept for his own life. Out of deference to Mr. Norton Longman, the publisher, who supported Mr. Gladstone's wish, Mr. Earl Hodgson, having no longer the living authority of the Bishop, bereft his book of what would have been a surprising footnote to history. So the strange story goes.

A Royal House.

THE HOUSE OF SELEUCUS. By Edwyn Robert Bevan. 2 vols. (Arnold. 30s.)

IN his "Greek Life and Thought" Mr. Mahaffy traces the development of Hellenism from the death of Alexander the Great to the Roman conquest. For Mr. Mahaffy Hellenism commences with the death of Alexander as distinct from Hellenedon which ends with the life of Demosthenes. But nobody has more eloquently expressed the charm of Hellenism than has this author. "The Apollo Belvedere," he says, "the Laocoon, the Dying Gaul, and the Venus of Melos fortunately inspired modern artists and critics before they were discovered to belong to the so-called days of Greek decadence. But these and the great sarcophagus of Sidon show that the silver days of Greek art were more splendid than the gold of other nations."

For Mr. Bevan, Hellenism is simply the Greek spirit of civilization surviving amongst all manner of alien influences. His book is a history of a particular royal house, and not a general treatise upon post-Alexandrian eclecticism. He lays no stress upon the break which occurred with the Macedonian conquest of Greece, the abrupt closing for ever of the Golden Age. For him there is no irreparable divorce between the two periods. The Macedonians kept the torch burning until the Romans were able to take it up, only to lose it in the hour of their own decadence. The torch itself was to reappear, still strangely lit, after centuries of chaotic barbarism. Viewed from this standpoint, this remote period of history—seemingly so much more remote than the age of Pericles—has a close and definite bearing upon modern life. The chain has never been broken. Amid all the conflicts of private hatred and public ambition this abstraction of Greek culture never wholly loses its significance. The autonomy of the Greek cities was the common watch-word of rival despots,

and the actual despotism which bound them to a great empire was sedulously masked.

The battle of Ipsus, by which the Asiatic empire of Antigonous was annihilated, is the first great "land-mark" from the time of Alexander's death. Seleucus took the place of Antigonous just as the latter had taken the place of Perdikkas. It is useless, here, even to outline the winding fortunes of this house from Seleucus to the apotheosis of the line, Antiochus III., the Great King. This unwise rival of Hannibal, repeating at Magnesia the audacity of Raphia, lost the Seleucia supremacy.

The Great King used to take the field every spring from habit, and the list of the Seleucia campaigns is simply endless. But after Magnesia there was an interval of peace. The conditions were precisely the same as those offered before the battle, but none the less the unquestioning grip of Rome was beginning to be felt in the East. The sympathies of the House of Seleucus were naturally anti-Roman, but Seleucus Philopator did no more than arouse suspicion. After his murder by Heliodorus, Antiochus IV. became king.

Mr. Bevan's portrait of this successor to the Syrian throne is one of the most vivid in a book which contains many vivid pictures. Here, for the first time, he shows us the applied Hellenism of Rome at work in the East. This "Bohemian" king who lied unerringly at the right moment is confronted with the staid Roman ambassador, Popilius:—

As soon as he saw the ambassadors approaching he greeted Popilius in a loud glad voice as to an old friend. But the Roman came on with a grim and stony irresponsiveness. He reached the king a little tablet which he carried in his hand, and curtly bade him first read that through. Antiochus looked at it; it was a formal resolution of the Senate that King Antiochus should be required to evacuate Egypt. Then there sprang to his lips one of those diplomatic phrases which came so readily to him, something as to laying the matter before his Friends. But the Roman was determined that he should not wriggle free. To the amazement of the courtiers, he drew with his walking-stick a circle in the sand all round the king: yes or no before he stepped out of it. . . . Antiochus collapsed.

Later on we find him "a swaddled figure" carried into the banquet-hall by mummers. "Suddenly, at the notes of the *symphonia*, it started from its wrappings and the king stood there, naked." Not long afterwards he appears as "The God Manifest," anticipating in his solemn buffoonery the antics of future Roman emperors. This parody of exhausted Hellenism is particularly important because of his contact with Jewish history, though Mr. Bevan points out that "it was not Antiochus who drew the first blood in Jerusalem." Terrible butcheries follow the quarrel of Antiochus with the Jews. Demetrius Soter, who was killed in battle in 150, is the last king worthy of the traditions of the royal house. Alexander Balus follows, and after him comes "The Cretan Tyranny." Then massacre follows massacre until, in the death of Antiochus Sidetes, the House of Seleucus receives its final stroke.

What tragic pictures stand out from the confusion of treachery and intrigue. Think of the capture of Achæus by the Cretan Bolis, at which, even in the moment of triumph, the Great King wept. Think of the escape of Mysta "among the huddled women" after Ancyra. What a picture is that of Danaë saving by a single glance her lover, Sophron, from the merciless purpose of Laodice. She scorns to answer the question of the infuriated queen, and is "led away to be hurled from a high place." Queens and courtesans, bound to each other by the common tie of fearless hatred, face death with wordless indifference. The dark secrets of the harem leak out. Children disappear. Drinking cups are examined as though already the terror of the Borgias had stolen into the world. And yet, beneath the surface of rage and

rapine, the Macedonians stood for a central principle of life.

They were not as the East had been before they came to it, or as the East became when the stamp of Hellenism had become faded. They had accepted the theory of despotism, but in practice they followed the more popular traditions of Macedonian royalty. The freedom of the cities was incongruous to their accepted ideas of imperial rule, but it was against all their principles to crush out the Greek spirit of freedom. They had anticipated that admirable dictum of a modern historian: "Shoot men down if you must, but don't hurt their feelings." They were open to new ideas, and were by no means dead to that spirit of inquiry which was at the root of Hellenic civilization. Above all, they recognised the prestige of a something which was above and beyond the coercion of their phalanxes.

In the private lives of members of the royal house we see the same conflict between Eastern and Western ideas. Amidst the Asiatic sumptuousness of their apparel there survived something of the higher simplicity. Officially they were monogamous, but only officially. Their notions as to the prohibited degrees of marriage were abhorrent to Greek morality.

Mr. Bevan's interesting work throws light on a period of history notoriously neglected by the scholar as well as by the general reader. Historically, the importance of this period is very great. It not only connects the Old Testament with the New, but serves as a link between the civilization of Pericles and that of Virgil. Its importance for philosophy, for art, and for mathematics is unquestionable. And yet to most of us these centuries mean nothing whatever except the brief "after-bloom" of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus. This carefully written and critical book supplies an obvious want. It traces the survival of the spirit of civilization which we ourselves are in danger of bartering away for something quite alien. It traces the eternal survival of this spirit, moreover, in one of the kingdoms of Alexandria least favourable to its development. That, indeed, amongst all the upheavals, through all the sacrilege, the perjury, the infamy, remains the

golden branch among the shadows,
Kings and realms that pass to rise no more.

John Smith.

FROM THE ABYSS. (R. Brimley Johnson.)

THERE is some danger that this tiny book, published anonymously, and skinking modestly between plain covers, may escape the commendation it deserves. It is really a reprint of light articles contributed by the author to "The Speaker" and "The Commonwealth." But they all concentrate on a single point. They are written by a man who has spent some years viewing the abyss of which he writes from—we should guess, a University settlement—and has come back to the higher ground somewhat discouraged. But they are written by a man of observation and reflection, a man who has learned the secret of cramming years of observation and reflection into the phrase that bites the memory. Whether his despairing conclusions be accepted or not—as we certainly do not accept them without reservation—his mordant sketches of life as it is lived by the majority of London men must not be neglected by any student of modern social life. For the point upon which these articles concentrate is John Smith. John Smith, the numbers of him, the houses of him, the silence of him, and the sadness of his lot:—

John Smith is a bricklayer's labourer paid by the hour, and earning, when in full work, some twenty-four shillings a week. He resides in a four-roomed cottage in Camberwell, in the

midst of streets made up of some hundreds of exact replicas of his own abode, only distinguished from each other by varied grades of griminess and decay. The front room he lets to a lodger at three and sixpence a week; for the whole residence he pays ten and sixpence, his rent thus "standing" at seven shillings. The seventeen-and-six balance of his weekly income is devoted to the material and mental requirements of himself and his family. Mrs. John Smith is a harassed, tired-looking woman, who appears to live in a perpetual atmosphere of damp, steamy washing.

At an abnormal hour in the morning John Smith rises, drinks cold tea, and struggles for the tram which is to convey him to the place where he toils in a kind of somnambulant progress. Supper at home, a pipe and the public-house, round off the day. On Sunday he lies in bed till midday, when he "strolls into East Street, Walworth, up and down which he wanders, gazing disconsolately at the itinerant quacks, vendors of children's toys, and obscene publications." From one to three John Smith is hidden behind the swing doors. Then the event of the week, the Sunday dinner which Mrs. Smith has been preparing. A pipe, "Lloyd's News," and a stroll to Peckham Rye with the kids fill the day till it is time to look in at the "Blue Dragon." Terribly monotonous and depressing, you may say. Remember, too, that John Smith is to be multiplied by the half million or so of unskilled labourers in London, and spreads unceasingly.

In tropical forests a box suspended from a bough will in a few days be found filled with strange and gorgeous vegetable and insect life. Place a disused sentry-box upon any piece of waste ground in South or East London, and in a few hours it will be occupied by a man and his wife and family, inundated by applications from would-be lodgers.

But is John Smith miserable in his abyss? He gives little evidence of discontent with his lot. Some years ago the Social Settlement brought men and women who "bade stoical farewell to their friends and started for a place ten or twenty minutes distance by rail" in order to teach him the proper discontent. But John Smith in the mass remains stolid, and while he will stand a cinematograph he turns aside from lectures on "Our English Poets" to the perplexing of the settlements. He has the franchise—has had it for years. You would think if he were really discontented he would take the weapon that lies to his hand. John Smith is in the majority. But he does not use his power as the John Smiths of New Zealand have used theirs, to organize a State on the basis of the labourer. Not even religion with its promise of a better life, with more artistic surroundings, "all glass and gold, with God for its sun," lures him to efficient grumble at his situation. He does not go to church. He would as soon think of going to the opera on a gala night.

One may admit that looked at from above, John Smith's contentment is scarcely credible, and most reprehensible. He has no right to be happy in such sordid and monotonous conditions of life. But one must not look from above, but horizontally; and this is the mistake made by the author of these papers. He forgets that human happiness is a very relative matter, and that while we may deplore a preference for "Lloyd's News" over "Our English Poets" the fact remains that Smith knows which he prefers and gets it. East Street, Walworth, is not attractive to everybody; but in the proportion sum of life it is to Smith what Bond Street is to Lady Clara Vere de Vere and the Rue de la Paix to Mrs. Gorgius Midas. John Smith has his pleasures, his pals, his jokes, his cheap music-halls, his loves and enmities and his piano organs. We are unhappy not because he is unhappy, but because he can be happy as he is.

Spiritual Personality.

LETTERS OF EMELIA RUSSELL GURNEY. Edited by her Niece, Ellen Mary Gurney. (Nisbet. 12s. 6d.)

THESE letters have a peculiar and, coming at the present time, a very rare quality. Their spirituality is so fine, sustained, so ethereal almost that it is like a breath from another world, another people. Actual present life is regarded all through as from a great distance, and through the intervening space is only perceived in colours softened and attenuated as in a pastel. The brutality of existence never really penetrated Mrs. Russell Gurney's mind. She went through the world impervious to the greater mass of impressions to be obtained from it. The only things that really interested her were the things not seen, the growing of the soul, and the fuller expansion of the spirit-life after death. Her whole being was like a responsive chord to "inward" impressions, and the publication of these letters finds ample justification in their revelation of a personality—contrasted with the exorbitant egoism and passionate craving after material happiness of to-day—of an almost startling purity and peace. And curiously enough, the first picture of her is so aloof from modern manners as to be chill and almost displeasing in effect. The letter in which it occurs is by her mother, and refers to Emelia Gurney's marriage :—

On the day the same cheerful, solemn calm continued. She was alone until it was time to dress. When I went to her with breakfast she was in tears with the Bible in her hand, and said, "Let me read you the lesson for the day."

On the morning of her wedding one could decidedly wish for a more human and more personal utterance. But this disappointment wears off as page by page through all the vicissitudes of a long life an insight is gained into a temperament so rarified by spiritual brightness that all the grosser and more vacillating human elements seem even in this life to have fallen from her. There are other things, however, besides spiritual matters in these letters. Interesting comments upon well-known people abound in them, for the Gurneys mixed with distinguished men and women of every kind, both social and literary. The following brief definition of Mill by Carlyle is eminently characteristic of the latter, "Thin in body and thin in mind," and Mrs. Gurney reports a conversation with George Eliot, which gives very clearly the strain of harshness and narrowness which ran through the character of the great writer. The letters include several from General Gordon, chiefly upon religious matters, but the kind of outlook Mrs. Gurney had upon immortality is best comprised in a quotation she herself gives from Goethe, who "said he believed in the immortality of those who had souls enough to live."

Here and there in the book little stories of a lighter nature push their way through, as it were, as in the delightful tale of the poor woman and her child who in dire necessity prayed every night for bread. One day, however, they were given six loaves, whereupon the child exclaimed contentedly, "Now we shan't have to pray for six days, mother."

It is difficult to close any discussion of these letters without including one brief quotation bearing upon an incident following shortly upon Mr. Gurney's death. The whole woman seems summed up in the peculiar quality of the vision or illusion :—

Last night I prayed with great desire for some little token of a thought from his heart, even if I might not have any glimpse of himself. And before I went to sleep, as I believe, I opened my eyes to see if my little night-lamp was burning, and I saw a rich bouquet of wall-flowers in a kind of jug held near my face, so wonderfully real. I gazed, and as I gazed they slowly receded to just over the little lamp, and disappeared.

I said to myself, "Wall-flowers—what can it mean?" And an answer seemed to flash through me, "These grow for you out of the wall of separation."

"Our Fathers Have Told Us."

PICTURESQUE OLD HOUSES. By Allan Fea. (Bousfield. 10s. 6d. net.)

IT is a pity that Mr. Fea is no more than a recorder of facts. Curiously enough his choice of subject generally falls upon matter in which treatment should count for much. The last book of Mr. Fea's which we noticed was, we believe, "King Monmouth"; in that volume there was ample rough material, but no coherence, no reconstruction of the period, no sense of style. Perhaps the author's shortcomings are less noticeable in such a volume as the present, although we expect far more from "A Wanderer off the Beaten Track"—as Mr. Fea describes himself—than such jottings as we get here. Mr. Fea is quite conscious of the fact that the picturesque consists in association as much as in mere visual impression, but he can by no means convey the elusive quality of association. Hence this volume, which touches upon material intimately associated with romance, has hardly a hint of real romance in it. Such as there is we derive almost wholly from the illustrations, which are numerous, and on the whole well selected and well reproduced.

Yet any lover of the past of England cannot fail to be grateful to Mr. Fea for his industry and research. The research, indeed, does not go very far, but it is suggestive and may serve to send readers hunting after the minor things of history which count for so much in revivifying a period. The author has confined himself mainly to the Home Counties, and the book resolves itself into a practical itinerary. We are taken from village to village, and invited to consider the glory of what our forefathers built so well, with such a sense of stability and continuity. Such a house as Bolebrook, in Sussex, which, like so many other of its kind, has been reduced to a farmhouse, is full of serene beauty. When the author was there many of the rooms were disused, and as he stumbled up the great staircase at nightfall, he was "conscious of silent white spectres floating about." They were owls, those grave and wise inhabitants of so many places which the folly of man or the force of circumstance have left to the dignity of decay.

Certainly no main-road traveller has any idea of the fine domestic architecture which nestles in almost forgotten villages or hides itself in often coeval leafage. The old builders had a wonderful instinct for sites; often enough they were unhealthy, but they were nearly always beautiful. It might have been wiser to build upon the hill-top, but down in the valley there was warmth and shelter and the music of the stream. And the valley house, even to an age overwhelmed with sanitation, has the old appeal. He who dwells upon the hill-top looks down upon the twinkling valley-lights with some stirrings of envy, and perhaps, by way of compensation, takes a breath of his purer air. The idea of the builder of old time was to hide his dwelling, to make it, as it were, an absolute retreat. Concerning the ruinous house of Houghton Conquest, associated, it will be remembered, with Sidney and the Countess of Pembroke, a labourer said to Mr. Fea: "It's been an old ancient place in its time." That is one of the very few amusing sayings in a book wholly devoted to "old ancient places."

Other New Books.

RUSKIN ON PICTURES: A Collection of Criticisms by John Ruskin not heretofore Reprinted, and now Re-Edited and Re-arranged. Vol. II. (George Allen. 7s. 6d. net.)

A WEEK or two ago we noticed the first volume of this most welcome re-issue. The volume before us contains the "Academy Notes," issued in 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859, and 1875, and also "Notes on Samuel Prout and William

Hunt," 1879-80. In 1854 Ruskin wrote: "I do not at all care for reputation in the matter. I *must* speak if I see people thinking what I know is wrong, and if there is any chance of my being listened to. I don't say I wouldn't care for reputation if I had it, but until people are ready to receive all I say about Art as 'unquestionable,' just as they receive what Faraday tells them about Chemistry, I don't consider myself to have any reputation at all worth caring about." There we hear the man of profound convictions and also the man who thinks the impossible possible. For Art cannot be written about as Science can be written about; Art is not a matter of fact so much as a matter of temperament, and concerning temperament no man can lay down laws or expect a unanimous following. Ruskin discovered this, and dropped the "Academy Notes" accordingly. As an appreciator and a prophet the world was delighted to listen to him, but as a critic the world in the main preferred its own judgments.

In looking through such a volume as this, one is struck by the fallibility even of the finest judgment. There are works by practically forgotten painters which receive almost unqualified praise, and others whose authors have outlived even Ruskin's censure. Yet it is inspiring writing, full of delicacy and beauty and that flashing humour which is so rare in such work.

This, concerning Prout, is most delightful and characteristic:—

And learn from your poor wandering painter this lesson—for sum of the best he had to give you (it is the Alpha of the laws of true human life)—that no city is prosperous in the sight of Heaven, unless the peasant sells in its market; adding this lesson of Gentile Bellini's for the Omega—that no city is ever righteous in the sight of Heaven, unless the noble walks in its street.

To read Ruskin, as we have said before and must say again, is to be impressed by the splendour of personality and the limits of individual vision.

THE EGREGIOUS ENGLISH. By Angus McNeill. (Grant Richards. 5s.)

THIS is a book no more to be taken seriously than "The Unspeakable Scot." It is full of generalities, flat witticism, flat humour, and *clichés*. What little practical criticism it contains is of the most obvious description, and hardly any chapter might not apply equally to any other nation. The author writes about the Englishman as soldier, sailor, parson, politician, journalist, and so forth, with a most uninspired and undiscriminating fluency. Take this from the chapter entitled "Chiffon":—

It pains me beyond measure to say it, but I think there can be no doubt that the accumulated experience and wisdom of mankind goes to show that at the bottom of most troubles there is a woman. Since Eve and the first débâcle, it has been woman all along the line.

We thought that that kind of writing was dead, or at any rate confined to the lowest forms of journalism. Yet here it is again, cropping up in a book which sets out to tell us where we fail and why we fail. We are told, of course, that the "chiefest of snobs" is the English military officer, that the Army is overrated, neglected, and half-starved, and that the Navy is in like case. We are also told that we drink too much, that we have no good fiction, no poets, no honest politicians, in fact nothing that is of any vital use. To impress these things upon us, two hundred pages are covered with good black print. We close the book with the feeling that if the author really has a sense of humour it has deserted him in the writing of this jumble of trivialities. "Angus McNeill" is a name we do not know, but he has evidently learned at the feet of Mr. Crosland; indeed, he writes like Mr. Crosland's double. But after all, the question of who wrote the book does not interest us.

NELSON AND HIS CAPTAINS. By Dr. W. H. Fitchett. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THIS popular author presents a spirited picture of Nelson and his times; he has not confined himself to telling merely of the deeds of Nelson's Captains, but has provided a character sketch of the great Admiral, and some details pertaining to his school and methods. Of Nelson himself the author writes in superlative terms, unless indeed he is comparing him inch for inch with one of his captains, in which case the vocabulary of affliction is exhausted in insistent reiteration of Nelson's physical disadvantages. He is described as one-armed, one-eyed, fretful, vehement, infatuated by the "obese" Lady Hamilton, fragile, under-sized, half-womanly, half-a-shrew.

But the story which the author has to tell is almost incredible in its directness of detail, but certainly fascinating in its charm, if limited in its scope. It is the story of the quarter decks of a hundred men-of-war, of a world bounded by the sea, peopled by men who are only seamen, and trafficking in business which is only war. Men who are middies learning the A B C of their profession one day, are in command of frigates the next, and thundering their broadsides into French and Spanish hulls. Were the men of those days harder than to-day, or was it the opportunity of prize-money, and war, and above all hatred of France which made the men what they were? The book is furnished with some capital portraits, and an index.

In "Scottish History and Life" (Maclehose) we have a volume the materials for which were mainly derived from the Historical Loan Collection in the Glasgow Exhibition of 1901. Various periods of the history of Scotland and certain aspects of Scottish life are adequately dealt with by different authors. The Jacobite risings in particular, by Mr. H. G. Graham, are admirably summarized. The volume is well printed and excellently illustrated.

The latest addition to Messrs. Newnes's "Library of Useful Stories" is "The Story of Our Army," by Captain Owen Wheeler. Captain Wheeler's narrative appears to be well-informed, but it lacks picturesqueness. Perhaps, however, that could hardly be looked for in what really amounts to a hand-book. A chapter upon South Africa is included. We need hardly add that a portrait of Earl Roberts forms the frontispiece, and that the little volume closes with a tribute to the Colonies.

NEW EDITIONS: The seventh volume in the "Edinburgh Edition" of Lockhart's "Life of Scott" takes us down to the writing of the Life of Napoleon. For frontispiece the volume has a photogravure of Faed's well-known "Sir Walter Scott and his Friends." The latest volumes of the novels in this beautiful edition contain "Woodstock."—From Messrs. Newnes there comes a delightful thin-paper edition of Pepys's "Diary." A not very satisfactory portrait of Pepys by Mr. E. J. Sullivan faces the title-page. These more or less imaginary portraits do not commend themselves to us. It would have been much better to have given us the most familiar contemporary portrait of the great gossip. The two concluding volumes of the "Chiswick Shakespeare" contain the "Poems" and "Sonnets." The whole series is now complete in thirty-nine volumes. Mr. Byam Shaw's illustrations have not always satisfied us, but on the whole he has done his difficult work with imagination and success. The first drawing in the "Poems" volume is quite admirable.

Fiction.

THE CITY OF CONFUSION. By C. B. Wood. (Sands.)

THE City of Confusion is, of course (since Newman used the phrase in his repudiation of the design attributed to him of returning to its fold), the Anglican Church. And Mr. Wood writes in the strain of one who himself, in a final exercise of the right of private judgment, has come out of it. He writes with something of the fervour of the convert and with something of the convert's contempt for that school of Anglicanism which, in external trappings at any rate, most nearly approaches to the Roman Catholic Church. There is something a little unmerciful about the way in which his curates are made to talk the slang of ritualism, and especially about the way in which in their intimate conversation they are allowed to betray the frailty of the confidence that, away from the altar and the confessional, they feel as to the validity of their position. Especially is this made to appear in their relations with women, which depend greatly upon an attitude of celibacy that does not as a rule exclude an *arrière-pensée* of contingent matrimony. This is brought out with some force in the case of the Vicar, who is a man of considerable power, but gangrened with doubt and passion. It comes out, that is, at the moment when he tells the girl who has betrothed herself to him for his work's sake that he must take refuge in the bosom of the Italian Aunt (a phrase we borrow from the ritualistic slang alluded to above). She was transported with admiration: for the sake of the true Church then he was about to sacrifice the woman he loved. When she came to understand that it was his modest purpose to remain a layman in his new communion, and to sacrifice his vocation for her, the bottom fell out of the affair. The Vicar therefore remained a staunch Anglican, and as pastor of a rich church in America espoused a young lady of Chicago. There are other love stories in the book, treated in a rather sentimental manner, the characters in which interest us but mildly. The book is interesting mainly as a presentment of a phase of religious sentiment that few people probably, outside the Society of the Holy Cross and the Protestant Alliance, take very seriously.

JESSIE VANDELEUR. By E. C. Mayne. (George Allen. 6s.)

THIS is a very elaborately and minutely written story, so elaborately written in fact that the original vitality of the plot seems to have been drained out in the effort to make original and strange phrases. Here and there in the book the carefully built sentences are successful, and result in the clear utterance of certain subtle and evasive thoughts and feelings. But, on the whole, the story has been killed by affectation of style, and by successful effort to avoid all simplicity of manner.

Jessie Vandeleur, the heroine, is a moral degenerate. Callous, insensitive, treacherous,—devoid of all moral and spiritual qualities, she pursues the quest of personal happiness with complete successfulness. Even when she steals the plot of her lover's book and tears up his manuscript, there is no retribution. His death leaves her remorseless, unmoved, if anything indeed relieved, and to the very last page the sinner remains uncastigated and triumphant. All this is as it should be, in that it is true to the temperament and to life. But the manner of it is wrong, and drags the whole climax down to the level of unconvincing invention. For when the exposure of her treachery is made to the new lover—and the circumstances of it were peculiarly ugly and unredempted—he is instantly “exultant and imperious.” To him it did not matter, and upon this unaccountable decision the book ends.

The writing shows cleverness, but the need of simplification is a colossal hindrance to any impression of reality.

Not even the heroine Jessie is for a moment alive or visual to the reader. Her personality lies smothered under the weight of elaborate mannerisms. The following example of dialogue is taken absolutely at haphazard:—

“Provided there's no one else.” She cast it red-hot from the forge of her appalling honesty.

He flinched before the clang; he even physically staggered.

“Who?” From white and thread-like lips it came at last. She shook her head in silence, and the silence lived for long. He took it by the throat and killed it.

To find the throat of silence would appear a little difficult; also the clang from the forge of honesty; but both the statements are less far-fetched than a multitude of others which go to form the somewhat reminiscent style of the writer.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the *Week's Fiction* are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

BAYARD'S COURIER.

By B. K. BENSON.

THIS is a book of adventure dealing with the war for American Independence. It has special reference to the fortunes of one of “the lesser leaders,” Daniel Morgan. Of his hero Mr. Benson writes: “After he had been a wagoner, or perhaps before, or it may have been while he was a wagoner, he was distinguished for personal hardihood exemplified in the scientific use of those natural arms vulgarly called fists, and many are the tales handed down concerning the frequent employment of his redoubtable weapons.” School-boys will consider this, of itself, an enticing introduction to a stimulating tale of action. (Macmillan. 6s.)

AN OUTSIDER'S YEAR.

By FLORENCE WARDEN.

IN this study of modern manners, the author begins with allusions to the uncertainty of horse-racing and applies her wisdom to the still more uncertain race-course of wedlock. Miss Warden needs no introduction to her readers; they are sure to follow the social troubles of that charming “outsider,” Miss Desborough, until the number goes up which proclaims her “Lady Basing” in the face of many foolish plungers. (Long. 6s.)

FUGITIVE ANNE.

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED.

BEGINS with an exciting chapter entitled “The Closed Cabin.” “‘She gone!’ ‘What do you mean?’ said the Captain, in the sharp tone of alarm which heralds calamity. ‘Can't you see?’ cried the husband, more infuriated than despair-stricken. ‘I've always told you that those window-ports are dangerous. It would be nothing for a thin man, let alone a girl, to creep through that one. Damn her! I was a fool to let her have a cabin to herself. She has gone overboard, and swum ashore.’” And then this story of the “unexplored bush” goes on to tell what happened to this passenger, who had deserted the “Leichardt” off the north-eastern shore of Australia. (John Long. 6s.)

THE VOICE OF THE WORLD.

By ARTHUR H. HOLMES.

A story of a woman who read, “Still is it possible that your circle is too narrow for your need,” and who went out of her husband's life to enlarge the circle. The development of both man and woman is cleverly indicated, and the tragedy which follows has an air of conviction and inevitability. At the end the man picks up his dog and says, “Tramp, you rascal, we're off to the inn! Then to the world, Tramp—the careless, joyous, suffering, pitiful world.” A thoughtful book. (Burleigh. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

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Echoes.

It was the opinion of Matthew Arnold "that it is the business of criticism to know and make known the best that is known and thought in the world." This is a conception of criticism from the lips of one for whom it represented not this or that personal expression of good or ill will, but rather the final recognition of the beautiful and the true. For him poetry itself was a "criticism of life," and he would never have justified the regretful epitaph upon Sainte-Beuve—"suicidé en critique." Certainly it was the acceptance of the lower plane, but such acceptance did not involve a divorce from the higher motives of life.

Whether we accept the Aristotlean or the Platonic theory of poetry, there must be in all poetry at least an under-current of emotion. Nobody knew better than Horace—in spite of the damning lucidity of his "Ars Poetica"—that a hexameter did not depend solely upon quantities and cæsurae. Nobody knew better than Wordsworth—whatever may be the kinship of poetry and prose—that the "glory and the dream" are not to be won by any trick of rhyme or assonance. The poets stand alone. Theirs are the noblest messages delivered in the noblest moments. But it does not follow, for example, that the critic was antagonistic to the poet in Matthew Arnold. Both sought the truth and scorned the compromise which is the subtle beginning of falsehood. That is the bond of union. Let it be granted that the supreme criticism of life is given in the luminous moments of that ecstasy which is the divine excuse for poetry. Still, his is no ignoble privilege whose task it is to recognise and to win recognition for these luminous moments of others.

Well, this is referring the question of criticism and poetry to a tribunal which takes little heed of journalism and minor verse. Still, it is submitted that the humblest critic has a right to seek from the humblest poet his passport. Let him show his passport, that is all we ask. If the swift magic be in him, no verbiage of ours can stifle it. If the secret of wooing men from their weariness be really his, no sneer of ours can vulgarise its charm. But we of the crowd must have, indeed, "good warrant" that this is indeed the golden voice, and that no sinister smile is mocking us behind the persona of the god.

The golden voices are so exquisite and so rare that we are grateful even for their echoes if only the vibrations ring true. But the simulated emotion, the puffing and sprawling between strophies, the fuss and fret of syllables, surely all this but adds to the weariness which it pretends to assuage. You cannot infuse greatness into one mean thought by making it rhyme with another. You cannot force words to express the passion and the pain of life without having peered, were it but for an instant, into the abyss of the human heart. And if you have really seen in that instant, then, however falteringly you may stammer it out, your message will reach our hearts. But mere verbal flexibility, however adroit, will leave us cold as its own cadence.

There are some thirty new volumes of verse before us, published during the past four weeks. We search for the note of poetry. Is it in this?

Pregnant word!

Eloquent silence! To my gazing mind
The picture rises slow—a rustic maiden,
Fresh as the milk that bubbles in her pail;
Cheeks like the apples in her father's orchard;
Lips—oh, the poppies in the waving corn;
Eyes like the sky above, serene and empty;
Voice like the clatter of her wooden shoon;
And breath—heaven's breeze itself, blown through the hyre.

Is it in this well-meaning comment upon the lesson of Keats?

The outlines of a face!
This is not Beauty's grace,
Sleek flesh and soulless brow and waxen skin!
Blind, ignorant and rude,
That chose the gaunt and rude,
Mad fools, they sear "the eyes that are within."

Is it in this pallid reminiscence of Tennyson?

Here there dwelt
A widow with her children, one sweet child
Of seven years and one a prattling babe.

Is it in this?

A lowering bosom, mirror of the night,
By visionary piers encircled fast,
Save one strait neck that scorns their grasp, and right
Into the flowing firth escapes at last.

Does this suggest the voice of one who had, in imagination, once seen "Shelley plain"?

A maid with dreaming eyes, idealis'd soul
For Shelley's love, capable of divine;
A holy presence sanctified her whole,
And like her own spirit made all things shine.

Does this echo the haunting legend of Narcissus?

Stood he there for many an hour,
Till it came to pass,
Bending o'er the mirror stream
That he fell into a dream,
When he woke he was a flower,
Oh, alas!

Does the fire in the verses justify this extraordinary picture of Socrates in the evil hour of the hemlock?

"Kind friends," he said, "friends I have known so long,
Though I have jested with you in time past,
Though I have stung your pride with epithets
Not all forbearing,—still, when I am gone,
Say Socrates wrought always for the best
And for the wisest end . . . Give me the cup!
The truth is yours, God's universe is yours . . .
Good-by . . . good citizens . . . give me the cup . . ."

Other volumes there are among those before us of a pomposity equally truculent, but there are also some vibrations of poetry, true echoes of the luminous moments, with here and there an individual note.

Some of these "vibrations" are merely noisy echoes from obvious sources. Take this one from Tennyson:—

You'll twig me a coming along; you allus was wonderful sharp;
But I'd happen be passing you by, tricked out with your crown and your 'arp . . .

and so on.

Take this one from Mr. Henley:—

In this room the young men are dissecting,
Corpses lying naked on the tables,
Some untouched, and some past recognition.

All, however, are not like these.

In Mr. Alexander Anderson's "Lazarus at our Gate" (John Calder) there is much crude invective which need

not have been expressed in verse. But in such lines as:—

Hence long ago thy rapture saw
The golden sights I ken this hour,—
Thou in a vale of bright Savoie,
And I upon a Northern Moor,

he seems to have caught that sincerity of conviction which was the redemption of Jean Jaques Rousseau, to whom they are addressed.

Sincere, too, are Mr. C. Phillipps Wooley's "Songs of an English Esau" (Smith, Elder), and one feels that this wanderer's blood raced in his veins to the rhythm of:—

When the hounds run mute and the best men ride,
And the wolf's life hangs on his speed,
There's never a man in the country side
Can live with that girl in the lead.

In Mr. George Leveson Gower's "Poems" (Heinemann) it is easy to detect a certain facility and artistic grace of expression, but in the mordant impression of "James Wilson" he has passed altogether beyond the prettiness of the magazines. Here are the last four lines:—

—Ah! I remember now—the prison and these the bands
To keep me fast till the morning when they open that
narrow door,
And lead me away to my death,
Shall I never behold her more?

In Elizabeth Gibson's "The Burden of Love" (Elkin Mathews) one meets with flashes of genuine insight. Take, for example, these lines of imaginative surrender:—

I must be lost in thee:
Who should recall
The several drops of rain that singly fall
And in the ocean mingle? And from thy life's sea
Who shall draw me?

From Wilfrid Wilson Gibson's "The Queen's Vigil" (Elkin Mathews) we cull the following lines, which have in them something of the melody that haunts:—

The while I heard Death moving through the blast
With dry, cold rustling of deep-drifting snow,
And thought to look upon him and at last
The end of all my wandering to know;
But ever muffled close in cloudy robes he passed.

"The Sonnets of a Platonist" (Brimley Johnson) is the title of a volume of verse by Jesse Berridge. "This flame of Spiritual Love," says the author, "I set upon the altar of Ideal Beauty." It is a proud claim, the right to approach the altar of Ideal Beauty. How many have come near to it, seeking the impenetrable serenity of the absolute only to be mocked by the enigmatic smile of the implacable Eros! But the author of these sonnets has the right to approach. More than once in this little volume, in spite of morbidity, in spite of a hypersensitiveness to the sweetness of syllables, she utters the mysterious message of the soul. Her book is not a series of metrical exercises, it is a human document. This is not the appeal of a writer of magazine poetry:—

One there was, long since pass'd to unity
With his Ideal Beauty, who would feel
What my songs rather than express, conceal;
One fill'd with music, love and ecstasy,
Whose radiant tortur'd spirit Death set free
As the green waters swept that sinking keel
By sad LERICI; if I bent to kneel,
He would have bowed his face to hallow me!

"After the rhythm, to us, at any rate, with the German paste in our composition, so deeply unsatisfying, of—

Ah! que me dites-vous, et que vous dit mon âme?
Que dit le ciel à l'aube et la flamme à la flamme?

what a blessing to arrive at rhythms like—

Take, oh, take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn."

This verdict of Matthew Arnold is obviously inevitable, but its significance is by no means universal in the sense that it may be applied to all English and all French verse. A French humourist, if there be one cruel enough, might select many of the passages quoted above, and oppose them to selections from "La Lignée des Poètes Français au XIX^e siècle" (The Clarendon Press), edited by M. Charles Bonnier. The comparisons would be of course unfair, while that of the great English critic was just, but they would modify certain illusions in regard to French poetry, and at the same time might check the torrent of English verse. This charming anthology commences with Lamartine and ends with Verhaëren. M. Bonnier gives precedence (in space) to those schools of French poetry which are the despair of Count Tolstoi. The English reader for whom Lamartine means "Le Lac" and the poetry of Hugo "Le Chasseur Noir," will be disappointed, and he will probably be surprised—agreeably—by M. Bonnier's selection from Gautier.

Approaching, however, another volume of French poetry, "Les Rubaiyat D'Omar Kheyyam D'Edward FitzGerald," par Fernand Henry (Librairie Orientale et Américaine; Jean Maissonneuve, Éditeur), all our old prejudice in favour of "the German paste" revives. The author of "Les Sonnets de Shakespeare" gives us an admirable study of the Persian poet in prose and an elaborate translation of Fitzgerald in verse. But we cannot catch the mocking, haunting refrains in this clear, cold, reasonable French. There is that in Omar which, like the broodings of Amiel, finds French lucidity inadequate.

The metre is the Alexandrine "avec deux pieds de plus," but M. Henry has submitted to an additional fetter. He makes the first line of each verse rhyme with the third line in the preceding verse, as—

Je comprend que le vin, infidèle, m'ait pris
Mon Vêtement d'Honneur;—aussi suis-je surpris
Qu'un Marchand ose vendre une si rare chose:
Que peut-il acheter, après, d'un pareil prix?
Donc ce Printemps devra finir avec la Rose
Et bientôt la Jeunesse aura sa page close!
—Et ce doux Rossignol, venu d'où, qui le sait?
Qui dira l'endroit où maintenant il se pose?

It is, technically, as admirable as it is difficult, but it is not FitzGerald. One feels the want in every verse. It is a want which the French language will probably never quite satisfy, and it would be the acme of unintelligent discourtesy to be anything but grateful to M. Henry for what he has actually given us, a faithful rendering of FitzGerald in a metre of surprising difficulty.

"Little Bayes."

"PORTER quarrels with potter," ran the Greek adage. And so does playwright with playwright. Yet such fallings-out are comparatively rare. They may be conscientious, too. Aristophanes counted himself a patriot for showing up the sophistry, as he thought it, of Euripides. To this belief of his we owe the first instance—unless an earlier can be found in the Chinese theatre—of scenic parody, of one dramatist making fun of another. It is a pity that in such cases the private affairs of the assailed are not immune, but earlier ages were less considerate than our own. Neither the parentage of Euripides nor the private life of "Mr. Bayes" escaped unkind comment. Otherwise, these writers had not much reason to complain. A

dramatist is not sacrosanct, he must expect occasional rebuke, while the stall and the critic who occupies it are modern innovations. In earlier times the censure, if there was any, originated with the author's brother-playwrights. Here was a means of wholesome criticism, and in the main it was not abused. Shakespeare himself was not above having a fling at his rivals. Everyone knows that the dramatists of the day gave him a cool reception when he came among them, but after the production of "King Henry IV" the laugh was on the other side. Pistol's queer jargon has puzzled many a reader of the plain text. Did human being ever talk such fustian, either in the reign of Henry of Lancaster or in any other age? Surely not; but the key is not far to seek. His language is such as Shakespeare's predecessors put into the mouths of their characters, and Pistol is the scourge which he invented for their chastisement. The bombast of Peele, Greene, and, on occasion, of Marlowe, is undeniable. And yet the very word gives us pause, when we remember that Dryden said of Shakespeare himself, "his serious swelling degenerates into bombast." This from Dryden! Verily "use every man after his deserts and who should 'scape whipping?"

Of the several English attempts to administer a whipping to offending dramatists, none is more interesting than "The Rehearsal." "The Critic" is more commonly known, because it still is occasionally staged, in such a manner, unhappily, as "to make the judicious grieve," and can readily be picked up at any bookseller's. But as much could not be said until lately of "The Rehearsal." Now, thanks to Prof. Arber, Buckingham's play is accessible to all, for he has included it in his "English Reprints" ("The Rehearsal." Constable. 1902) at the nominal price of one shilling. Admirers of "The Critic" may now read for themselves the play which is its prototype, illustrated by the wide and sound learning of Prof. Arber.

"The Rehearsal" fairly bristles with interest and with debatable matter. Most people have a vague idea that it was written by the second Duke of Buckingham in ridicule of Dryden. But this is only a partial expression of the truth. The famous Villiers was something of a playwright, as we know: it could hardly be otherwise with "a man so various": but he was not the sole author of "The Rehearsal." Others had a hand in it, Sprat, the biographer of Cowley, and Samuel Butler. So many cooks did not indeed spoil the broth, but they kept it simmering an unconscionable time. D'Avenant, too, was the author originally chosen for castigation, but he died in 1669, and "The Rehearsal" was not produced until 1671. Meantime Dryden had succeeded to the laurel, and the name of the fictitious dramatist was changed from Bilboa to Bayes. When the play was acted, it was obvious that Dryden was caricatured, and the name of "Bayes" stuck to him for good. His dress, manner, and habitual expressions were minutely copied. Buckingham took special pains to teach Lacy, the actor, to imitate the poet's way of speaking. Yet even so, some of the externals of D'Avenant were allowed to remain. Thus, when Bayes falls upon the stage and "breaks his nose," he reappears with a piece of brown paper on the damaged member. Now, we learn that D'Avenant "wore a patch on's nose," and that the brown paper was a reminder of it. It is not recorded that the audience protested against this incongruity.

If Dryden was hurt he refrained from crying out, and ten years passed before he took a dignified revenge on Buckingham. The two men showed an admirable temper in their disputes. "The Character of Zimri," wrote Dryden years afterwards, when speaking of "Absalom and Achitophel," "is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem: 'tis not bloody, but 'tis ridiculous enough. And he for whom it was intended was too witty to resent it as an injury. It succeeded as I wish'd: the jest went round, and he was laugh'd at in his turn who began the

Frolick." Here, too, is an instance of Dryden's attitude to "The Rehearsal": the lines are taken from an epilogue which he wrote in 1678:—

For our poor wretch he neither rails nor prays,
Nor likes your wit just as you like his plays;
He has not yet so much of Mr. Bayes.

As for Buckingham, he was more concerned with plays than playwrights. He had wit enough to despise the so-called "Heroic" drama, with its extravagant rant and its frenzied passions, of which Dryden was the hierophant. Prof. Arber shows by a table of illustrations that besides Dryden's style, passages from the plays of D'Avenant, Fanshawe, the Howards, Stapylton and others are parodied in "The Rehearsal." Naturally, however, Dryden gets the lion's share of the hard knocks. "But why two Kings of the same place?" Mr. Bayes is asked. "Why?" answers he. "Because it's new; and that's it I aim at. I despise your *Johnson* and *Beaumont*, that borrow'd all they writ from Nature: I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancie, I." And again, to the objection that the plot stands still, "Plot stand still!" says he, "why, what a Devil is the Plot good for, but to bring in fine things?" Indeed, the plot of Mr. Bayes' imaginary drama loses itself in the sands of incoherency. As the Epilogue says:—

The Play it at an end, but where's the Plot?
That circumstance our Poet *Bayes* forgot,
And we can boast, though 'tis a plotting Age,
No place is freer from it than the Stage.

If, however, plot was weak in the heroic drama, isolated passages of a certain sombre beauty reward the investigator of a branch of our literature which is practically forgotten. But there is a superfluity of rhetoric and quibbling. Here is a passage from "The Rehearsal" in which these faults are fairly imaged. Prince Pretty-man is the speaker:—

Bring in my Father, why d'ye keep him from me?
Although a Fisherman he is my Father.
Was ever Son yet brought to this distress,
To be, for being a Son, made fatherless?
Oh, you just Gods, rob me not of a Father.
The being of a Son take from me rather.

The "heroic" drama is as dead as King Pandion. It is not for his plays that Dryden is remembered: and so the modern reader of "The Rehearsal" is not so much concerned with its mock-heroics—excellent as they are—as with the glimpse which he gets, or thinks he gets, of "Glorious John Dryden."

It is recorded that Dryden's talk lacked fluency and clearness. He was not very conversable, according to Pope. We may gather from "The Rehearsal," by their repeated occurrence, what some of his favourite expressions were. Bayes is put in a position in which, if in any, the unvarnished utterances of the natural man may be confidently expected. He takes a couple of acquaintances to see his new play rehearsed, and has to put up with their interruptions and sarcasms, as well as with the shortcomings of the players. In such a situation, what dramatist could be an actor? Not Mr. Bayes, at any rate. He frets and fumes, storms at the players, swallows the remarks of his companions with that "down look" of his, and finally, when both onlookers and actors sneak away before the rehearsal is finished, he leaves the theatre with this explosion of rage:—

How! are the Players gone to Dinner! 'Tis impossible!
I gad, if they are, I'll make 'em know what it is to injure a person that does 'em the honour to write for 'em, and all that. A company of proud, conceited, humorous, cross-grain'd persons, and all that. I gad, I'll make 'em the most contemptible, despicable, inconsiderable persons, and all that, in the whole world for this trick. I gad, I'll be reveng'd on 'em; I'll sell this play to the other House.

And here is one more passage, in which, by the way, is a specimen of that want of cohesion which is said to have characterised Dryden's talk:—

Let a man write never so well, there are nowadays a sort of persons they call critiques, that, I gad, have no more wit in them than so many Hobby-horses: but they'll laugh you, Sir, and find fault, and censure things that, A gad, I'm sure they are not able to do themselves. A sort of envious persons, that emulate the glories of men of parts, and think to build their fame by calumniating of persons, that, I gad, to my knowledge, of all persons in the world are, in nature, the persons that do as much despise all that, as—a—in fine, I'll say no more of 'em.

There is nothing more delightful in the "Rehearsal" than Bayes himself: no, not even the two Kings of Brentford, hand-in-hand and smelling at one nosegay.

Impressions.

XIV.—The Cajoler.

HE stood out in the snow in the early morning powdered with flakes, ankle-deep, smiling, not beckoning. The mountain tops were hidden. We sighed, knowing there would be no expedition that day, and watched him constructing a snow man for the edification of the children. Having completed it, he smiled again, and waved an adieu.

That night the snow ceased, and morning brought several degrees of frost. Before nine o'clock he was standing out on the crisp snow with his *skis* and iron pointed pole balanced on his shoulder. This time he smiled and beckoned, pointing to his *skis*, and nodding his head. Then he strapped the two nine-foot strips of bright wood to his feet, and thrusting the point of the pole into the snow, propelled himself a few yards, and waved his hand towards the hills. We understood the pantomime, and accepted the invitation. Each member of the party sought for his *skis* and pole, and joining the cajoler our little party silently began the ascent. In single file, we climbed, dragging the *skis* after us by a piece of cord passed through a hole in their tapering curved points. "I show you something soon," the cajoler cried. "Good sport? O yes!"

We walked for two hours. Then he stopped, and bade us fasten the instruments of pleasure to our feet. Below us dipped a steep snowfield two miles or more in length with an upward turn at the end, which ended in a tiny village with a large hotel hiding in the fir trees. "I go first," he said; "you come after, like me." He bent his knees, threw the weight of his body on the pole, started, glided swifter, swifter, and then flashed down the hill, like an arrow from a bow. Breathlessly we followed that black automaton rushing over the white snow, faster, faster: then he stopped. We saw him at the end of the run, just outside the village, waving his pole, and beckoning.

I followed. The air rushed by me. I shouted with exultation. Then, for no apparent reason, the point of my left *ski* turned diagonally towards its brother, caught in it, and I plunged headlong into the snow. Laboriously I extricated myself, dug out one nine feet of bright wood, then another, re-arranged my legs, and in the instant that the points faced the village, I was once more rushing through the air. Again I fell. Why pursue this narrative of failure? When much later in the morning, I reached the end of the run, and looked back, the white mountain side was dotted with my tumbling companions.

The cajoler released my feet from the *skis* and dried my face, while I emptied the snow from my pockets. He was exultant. "The sport is good!" he exclaimed. "The English like the sport! They are hot-blooded! Ah! that is my case! I am hot-blooded, too!"

I smiled, and dripped.

Drama.

Actor-Manager-Playwright.

"Do you love the play?" said Thackeray once to a friend. "Ye-es," said the friend, "I like a good play." "Oh, get out," was the reply. "I said, *the* play. You don't even understand what I mean." I am quite of Thackeray's mind. However bad the play may be, I find a certain exhilaration and a sense of adventure in the mere atmosphere of a theatre, which make it one of the chief attractions of the city life, a real set-off against the intimacies with earth and the friendly airs of the lost country. It is not a feeling which quite lends itself to analysis. Is it the reaction of the blood against a forgotten and ancestral Puritanism? Or is it an effect of one of those obscure laws governing the behaviour of the human soul in close local relation to other individuals of its species, that "psychology of the crowd" of which M. Tarde writes so well? Whatever the origin of the instinct, it alone could, for me, make tolerable an evening spent with "The Christian King, or Alfred of Engle-land," the last of many successful plays produced by Mr. Wilson Barrett at the Adelphi. I cannot quite rid myself of the idea that Mr. Barrett ought to have been a popular preacher, and not an actor at all; and the play, as may be imagined, appeals but little to those who look either for psychological subtlety or for literary elegance upon the stage. So determined, indeed, is Mr. Barrett to keep both psychology and literature out of the piece, that he has written it himself. I expect he was quite right. He probably knows better than anyone else precisely what an Adelphi audience wants, and what, even more emphatically, it does not want. And he has gone the right way about to ensure that, positively and negatively, it shall be gratified. The issues of the play are quite simple and explicit. Here is Alfred, Champion of England, and representative of our common humanity, subject to temptation, but certain ultimately to triumph over it. On the one side of him stands his blonde Saxon bride, Elswitha of Mercia, innocent and trusting and full of all the proper sentiments, alike as maiden and as wife; on the other, the black-haired Lilith, Princess Zebuda, who, after a constantly foiled career as a wanton and a spy, is finally led by her love for Alfred to display the soul of goodness in things evil, and to make a noble and picturesque, if somewhat improbable, end. The minor elements appropriate to the convention are sown by Mr. Wilson Barrett with a liberal hand. Those immortal legends of our childhood, the visit of Alfred in the disguise of a minstrel to the Danish camp, and the episode of the burnt cakes and the wrathful housewife, are neatly woven into the plot. There is a good deal of patriotic shouting and clashing of weapons, leading up to two big *tableaux*, one of a land-fight, the other of a sea-fight, in which all the canons of Lessing are set at naught, and the flesh-and-blood actors are ingeniously re-inforced by life-like figures cut out of cardboard. There are armour and paintings and hangings, some of them quite decorative, in the best traditions of Anglo-Saxon art. There is comic relief provided by the churls, one of whom is exactly the late Prof. Freeman's man with a mouth that meets like the two halves of a muffin (only, if I remember right, he was a Norman), and who are by no means without some touches of genuine humour. There are the inevitable side-lights upon burning questions of the day. The patriots declare that "Engle-land" must keep two ships upon the seas for every one that her enemies can launch, although how, in the absence of the indefatigable journalists of the Navy League, an accurate estimate of the numbers of a Viking fleet is to be arrived at, is not quite clear. A deputation of pagans comes before Alfred with the very reasonable request that they may be allowed to worship their own

gods in their own way; to which Alfred replies that they are asking that liberty may degenerate into license, the kind of remark with which Dr. Clifford appears to expect that Mr. Balfour and Lord Hugh Cecil will meet the Nonconformist demand for undenominational education. Finally there is a stuffed hawk upon a lady's wrist, together with a live pigeon which flies across the stage, and two equally live and admirably trained hounds. "Dear creatures!" murmured a fair spectator in the stalls, who indeed seemed to take the whole performance in a very proper spirit throughout, drawing in her breath with a sharp hiss when Lilith-Zebuda stabbed herself, and applauding vehemently at the Navy League sentiments and the rout of the Nonconformists. From which I infer that, as I said before, Mr. Wilson Barrett knows very well indeed what an Adelphi audience wants. Meanwhile the scoffer had to extract what amusement he could from a sunset which faded rapidly into dawn, and from a Saxon bishop who wore in the streets the stole which he had always fondly regarded as a mass-vestment.

A piece which fails of its dramatic appeal to the intellect and the emotions often affords an excellent opportunity for the study of that minor histrionic art which, in a real artistic success, falls naturally into its place in the background. So it is at the Adelphi. Mr. Wilson Barrett himself, indeed, is a little too much of the bull of Bashan for my private taste. But I was very much interested by the performance of Miss Lillah McCarthy, who played the temptress part, and threw herself into it with great spirit and an admirable sense of just what the melodramatic convention demanded. It was, for obvious reasons, not a study from nature, but one could not desire a better realisation of the arch-type of the she-villain laid up in the Platonic heaven of the idea. I shall hope some day to see Miss McCarthy in a rôle more worthy of her genuine talent. In conclusion, one cannot help being struck by the extraordinary failure of Alfred, throughout the ages, to establish himself in the imagination of that national literature of which, quite properly, he ranks historically as one of the founders. Arthur, the typical hero of the defeated Celts, has had his praises sung by generation after generation. Alfred, the typical hero of the conquering Teutons, has done little more than provide inspiration for the nursery legends already alluded to, and, in these latter days, for Mr. Wilson Barrett's "The Christian King" and Mr. Alfred Austin's "England's Darling."

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

A Painter of Mountains.

THE snow-plough has been struggling to make a track up the mountain road, but the attempt has failed. Not till spring will the heights be accessible. Long before the flowers come, alas! the wonder of this white world through which the fir trees start will have become to me a memory. The sun shines, the snow sparkles. It is as warm as a May day in England, but no May day in England can feast the eye as do these changing lights of the day on slopes and heights of snow. Living for awhile among these mountains, roaming their solitudes, I am reminded again and again of Giovanni Segantini, to whom the snow was second mother, who lived among the mountains, and who painted them as no man had ever painted them before.

He died a few years ago, and yet to-day I could have said I saw him. Perhaps it was only a group of wood-cutters; but that last scene of the winter of 1899 was in my mind, and the one group of black figures toiling up the snowfield recalled the other. The story of that

last journey up the mountain is well authenticated. Segantini carried with him the large Triptych that was to be his last picture. It was to represent Life, Nature, and Death, symbolical of the progression of the seasons in the mountains—their spring loveliness, their brief matured beauty, and their long winter sleep. This Triptych was apparently finished, but not to Segantini's satisfaction. He desired to add a few final touches to it, and those touches could only be given on the heights where it was painted. So the Triptych was packed in a wooden case, shouldered by peasants, and one day, in the autumn of 1899, the procession started for the shepherd's hut high up on the mountain. There Segantini was taken ill. A messenger hastened down to the valley for help, but the painter was beyond human succour. There in that shepherd's hut in the mountains he died; he, and his picture, were carried down into the valley, and in the little cemetery of Maloja he was buried.

His name is hardly known to the English public, although stray pictures by him have found their way to London. None can look at his "Ploughing in the Engadine," or his "Spring in the Alps" without feeling that his was a new personality—strong, individual, and uninfluenced by any school. He saw the peasant with Millet's sympathy, but stopped short of that suggestion of picturesque sentiment that made Millet less great than he might have been; his figures have the strength of Bastien Lepage, but with an added beauty in the backgrounds where the little Engadine villages peep above the snow, and the mountain tops shine out for a little while rose-pink at sunset. He hated towns; he lived, as a painter should live, expressing, as well as he could, the beauty of the world on those heights where, in his eyes, the purest beauty of the world was to be found, and in the midst of that beauty he set the hard lives of the peasants who snatch a lean living from the soil.

Perhaps it is well for his fame that Segantini died at 41. To my thinking he was at his best when he was painting what he saw and loved, when he was entirely himself, just a painter; before his receptive mind had heard the echo from the towns of the grave problems of life, making him feel the impulsion to teach, not to interpret. It so happened that an example of this latter phase, "The Unnatural Mothers," exhibited at the New Gallery a few years ago, was the first picture by Segantini I ever saw. The painting of the stunted trees springing from the great snowfield shows no falling off in his skill or vision, but the figures of these wretched women bound by their hair to the trees, writhing in an agony of remorse, are merely unpleasant. Their suffering is too obvious. The moral is not subtle enough. And the same criticism applies to another of his pedagogic pictures, "The Punishment of Luxury," more beautifully painted snow, and more distracted shades of unhappy women. I prefer to think of Segantini as the painter of, say, "Knitting," a girl sitting on the grass against a white fence, two sheep standing placidly beside her, and beyond the white walls of an Engadine village, and the hills.

It was at the last Paris Exhibition that the name of Segantini began to be known outside the narrow confines of the art world. In that mighty collection of canvases it was difficult to bring away a vivid impression of any particular man's work, but in the weeks that followed the closing of the exhibition three or four times was the question addressed to me: "Did you see the Segantinis?" Another chance of becoming acquainted with him was offered by the magnificent art volume on his life and work, published in the autumn of 1901; and only a few days ago, picking up "The Critic" of New York, I found a long appreciative article by Mr. Christian Brinton on Segantini.

It is not often that a painter's life gives such simple but uncommon material to the biographer. It ended, as we know, dramatically: it also began dramatically. One

stormy night two Milanese peasants hurrying homewards found a boy crouched at the foot of a tree by the roadside. He had run away from home, and was trudging to France. The peasants lifted him into their cart, carried him to their cottage, and after the manner of their kind adopted him, sending him out to tend the swine on the hillside. It was a rare opportunity for the development of the boy's artistic talent, alone all day with nature, watching the animals and the skies, and noting the variability of the light on meadow and stream. The desire to express what he saw took hold of him, and the peasants began to wonder at the life-like representations of sheep, barns, and figures they found traced with charcoal on flat stones and walls.

Later he went to Milan, and such art training as he had was obtained from attending the evening school of ornament at the Brera, and from a course of elementary figure drawing at the Academia. Probably no modern painter derived less from teachers than Segantini. He raged against the art masters, and was disgusted with such art of the day as he had seen. When asked what he would do if he were as great an artist as his master, he replied, "Hang myself!"

Such a temperament must necessarily work out the fulfilment of its destiny in solitude. That Segantini did. In 1882, having married the sister of a fellow artist, he went back to his mountain heights, shepherds and herds-men, to paint those pictures whose note is the vibrancy of the light that shines from them. Things which were only disclosed to the wise after long years of experiment and effort, were revealed almost at the beginning of his career to this clear-eyed man, in whom the child never died. Let me quote Mr. Brinton:—

"Though knowing nothing of divisionism, he had instinctively placed pure touches of colour side by side on the canvas without first mixing them on the palette, thus allowing the separate tones to recombine on the retina. He had no scientific theories on the subject; he merely found that by so doing he could secure better effects. This was before the vogue of Monet and impressionism or pointillism, and the boy had come independently by a discovery second only in painting to the employment of perspective."

His own portrait, which he painted in 1896, might form a companion to Albrecht Dürer's. A wide-browed man, with deep eyes, a profusion of dark hair and beard, gazing sternly out upon the world. Behind is a night sky, and the dark peaks of mountains.

C. L. H.

Science.

Life and Death.

NOTHING was clearer, under old-fashioned ideas of the universe, than the distinction between living and dead, or, as Goldsmith would have put it, between animate and inanimate Nature. On the one side of the division were things that grew and moved—animals as they were called par excellence, to which were added, as a sort of concession, plants; on the other, things which did not, that is to say, metals, rocks, stones and other minerals. Between these two categories the dichotomy was complete, and it was held that by no possibility could the inanimate become animated. This was the more extraordinary because the chasm was sometimes jumped from the other side, and living was sometimes seen to pass into dead matter without disintegration of structure, as, for instance, in the case of timber. But that animated could have any attributes in common with inanimate Nature would have seemed to our grandfathers a heresy of the wildest kind. The "breath of life" had been breathed into living Nature in

the beginning, and a guess that it might possibly have been brought by an aerolite from some other planet was the only speculation they permitted themselves as to whence the same breath could have come. For the rest, living was living, and dead was dead, and there was an end of the matter.

The closer investigation of Nature which the theory of evolution has made incumbent on us has, however, shaken this neat and comprehensible creed into cracks. It can no longer be said that dead matter possesses none of the attributes of living, for it is now seen that they have much in common. Take a mineral in solution, such as saltpetre or common salt, and it will, under proper conditions, transform itself into crystals which will always assume a shape determined beforehand and quite as distinctive of the particular mineral as the distinctive characteristics of, for instance, oxen or sheep. And these crystals can be made to grow. Suspend a crystal of saltpetre in a solution of the same salt and it will gradually increase in size without losing in the smallest degree the regular polyhedral figure which is characteristic of the crystals of saltpetre. So it is certain that if we could once hit upon the method of liquefying that stubborn mineral, carbon, we could manufacture diamonds as big as our own heads. Movement, too, though in a very spasmodic and rudimentary form may be said to be manifested by some of the most apparently inanimate objects. For do not metals under the influence of heat, cold, and magnetism, expand and contract as regularly as the simpler animal organisms in response to a suitable stimulus? And certain forms of activity which have hitherto been supposed to be mental rather than physical in their nature are now seen to be shared by some of the higher minerals. Memory, which was at one time thought to be exclusively an animal function, now appears to be shared by metals, which also suffer from fatigue and recover from it by rest as regularly as do men and beasts. And now Prof. Bosc, of Calcutta, has shown by his work on "Response in the Living and Non-Living," that metals like animals and plants are not only responsive to electrical stimulus, in the same manner as living matter, but they can also, like it, be rendered temporarily or permanently irresponsive to it in such a way that they may be said to be "killed." The wonder is complete when it is said that the same method, i.e., the use of anaesthetics or poisons, is effective in either case.

We see, then, that many of our ideas with regard to the nature of life require revision. Growth and movement can no longer be taken as its touchstone, for they are potentially the attributes of much so-called inanimate matter. Prof. Bosc would have us believe that the only certain way of distinguishing between living and dead matter consists in the response of the former to electrical stimulus. But this, in spite of his very interesting and suggestive study, is hardly yet demonstrated, and will probably require the solution of the great problem, What is electricity? before it is generally accepted. A more likely guess at first sight seems to be that life really resides in the power of the cells, of which all the organisms of the animal and vegetable kingdoms consist, to reproduce themselves by segmentation. But then we have the experiments of Dr. Ledue, of Nantes, which show—as has been before mentioned here—that a solution of ferrocyanide of potassium will, when applied to gelatine, sometimes lead to the formation of cells as regular as those of living tissue, and apparently only wanting the addition of some stimulus hitherto unascertained to develop into a regular organism. Perhaps the only theory that remains unshaken by these discoveries is that of Dr. Lionel Beale and other of the older school of biologists, which is, that there exists somewhere in Nature a structureless living matter or bioplasm which enters into the composition of living, but not of dead, organisms. Yet this view, which seems to depend on faith rather than sight, assumes the

existence of "a psychical factor, a factor which no physical research whatever can disclose or identify or get the remotest glimpse of," and must thus be resolutely excluded from the category of things knowable. Grave doubt as to its alleged metaphysical origin is also cast upon it by Dr. Reale's own conclusion that bioplasm is never to be found except in association with water. An extra-material attribute, which nevertheless always appears in association with one of the most widely-distributed form of matter, is not antecedently very probable.

Meanwhile what is to be said as to the kindred phenomena of death? Here, again, it used to be said that death, so far as matter was concerned, took place once for all, and that the separation between living and dead was complete. But now this is seen to be only partly true. Living matter really seems to exist only by the perpetual death and transformation of its parts, and of the different cells of which our own bodies, for instance, are composed; it is certain that millions die every day and even every second. But the cells which so die are replaced by others apparently containing within them a stronger though no more permanent principle of life, and this goes so far that in some cases the regeneration or reproduction of a dead structure may actually take place. Thus some animals, such as lizards, have the power of changing an old tail for a new one, or even of throwing out a new limb in exchange for one that has been lopped off, and the process is represented in ourselves by the renewal of our skin, hair, and nails. It is, of course, true that severe injury to any of the great organs—the brain, heart, or respiratory process—will eventually bring about the death of the whole structure, but whether this means anything more than the result of friction remains to be seen. That the heart of a frog will itself beat automatically and respond to stimulus has long been known, and a Russian doctor has lately shown by similar experiments that the same may be said of the hearts of the higher animals and even of man when placed directly after removal in certain saline solutions. Yet this affords no clue to the inquiry "What is Death?" and there is no visible reason at present why some process by which the process of decay which seems the inseparable attribute of all living matter should not be indefinitely arrested if suitable means were discovered. Such are some of the problems surrounding the phenomena of life and death, and it can no longer be said, as was once boasted by those who were initiated into Eleusinian mysteries, that "we know the end of life; we know also the divine beginning."

F. LEGGE.

Correspondence.

Scenic Realism.

SIR,—Mr. Chambers's views concerning the mounting of plays are in the main perfectly sound. He might, indeed, have gone further. If he had said that elaborate, costly, and unconvincing "settings" were responsible for much of the poor stuff staged every year, hardly any man of judgment would have opposed him. But in one point it strikes me that Mr. Chambers goes wrong. He says: " . . . an interior can, if desirable, be very tolerably imitated, since the removal of the side-wall towards the audience, whatever it should do in theory, does not in practice appear to trouble anyone." But why should it trouble anyone? The thing is perfectly natural. A person in a room is conscious only of three walls: he does not see the wall at his back. So that in this respect what appears to be a stage convention is quite natural from the point of view of the audience. If it is wrong at all it is from the actor's point of view.—Yours, &c.,

H. B. M.

Bibliographical.

SIR,—Will you allow us to correct a strange mistake into which the writer of Bibliographical Notes in your last issue has fallen? Speaking of a proposed new edition of Epictetus, he says: "Messrs. Bell published in this country (in 1891) an American translation of the 'Discourses, Encheiridion, and Fragments,' brought out on 'the other side' in 1890."

As a matter of fact, we published our edition of Epictetus—translated by Mr. George Long—in 1877; and it is rather hard that we should be accused of reprinting an American edition which was itself nothing but an unauthorised reprint of our own publication. Our edition of 1891 was only one of numerous reprints of what remains the only complete translation of Epictetus in English.—Yours, &c.,

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Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 172 (New Series).

Last week we offered a Prize of One Guinea for the best comment on any article, review, or paragraph appearing in the current number of the ACADEMY. Twenty-five replies have been received. We award the prize to Mr. R. A. Scott James, Toyne Hall, Commercial Street, E., for the following:—

SCENIC REALISM.

A sketch entitled "Art—An Admirer of Hals," forms an appropriate criticism of an article by Mr. E. K. Chambers. Mr. Chambers, in criticising the technique of the stage manager, points out the difference between the impressionism illustrated in the setting of "Bethlehem" and the realism displayed in the staging of the ordinary play. But he is inclined, like most critics, to pass over that other determining factor in the creation of illusion—the mental atmosphere of the spectators. Considerable light is thrown on this point by a remark of the "Admirer of Hals" (a character probably suggested by Stevenson's "John Keats, Sir"), "A business man like myself, sir, who always bears in mind that there's a difference between a pound and a guinea, wants a man's face and his clothes in a portrait, not his soul." There lies the difficulty in the modern theatre. Shakespeare and the greater dramatists presented, not face and clothes, but soul; whereas the spectators do not care much about soul so long as they can get faces and clothes. Hence the stage manager is confronted with an insoluble problem: how to satisfy an audience which, while it pretends to like Shakespeare, in reality wants something which does not exist in Shakespeare. The result is a production intermediate between a play and a circus, and which is neither the one nor the other. But in Mr. Housman's play the problem was rather different. The auditorium was full of wise, sophisticated people; every canon of good taste demanded that, whether they liked the play or not, they should at least pretend to like it; from which evidence we may conclude that the hypocrisies of fashion are the opportunities of the manager. For nowadays the true actors are to be found, not on the stage, but in the stalls; and none would doubt that the illusion is complete.

Other replies follow:—

"THE OUTER AND THE INNER EYE."

Rare, indeed, to-day is the "inner eye"—rare to extinction. Bradshaw and Whitaker are literature; the Army and Navy price-list an epic poem. "30,000 Facts for a Shilling!"—'tis verily of the age. Your modern man likes life drawn with a T square; for him the moon is never more than the "secondary planet" that his dictionary names it. "Absolute Reason" is enthroned. We compute the eternal and tape-measure the infinite. In an unhappy hour Carlyle cried, "Feed me on facts," and the world has ravened for the food ever since, without, however, possessing Carlyle's power of assimilation. "It takes a soul to make a body"—man cannot live by facts alone. We catalogue the universe, and think that we advance; we count the stars and cackle of progress; we boast of our knowledge of ophthalmology, and all the time we are suffering from optic atrophy. We see too much, and are, consequently, blind. Did we occasionally close our eyes, it were better for our souls. Preferable to see men "as trees walking" than merely as units for the census enumerator to total up. [B. H., Brixton.]

THE NEW ALCHEMY.

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet on his back
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion."

But how if the despised alms be the wealth of the present, and the tatters of the garment of the past be the very warp or woof of the

robe of the future? Something like this has happened in the science of chemistry, and the grand old alchemists of long ago must look down from their homes beyond the spheres and the Primum Mobile and smile to see their dream become the sober reality of modern scientists. It is not strange that all the science of our day tends to revert to the ideas of the past—it is only another proof that the men of old time were not the helpless babes, or the outer barbarians of the Dark Ages that we suppose. We are always being shown that our ancestors had more knowledge than we give them credit for, and we are never convinced: so now, when science turns, as did Albertus Magnus, and Paracelsus, to finding the "first matter" of all so-called elements, we say "there is a difference." "we shall not know how to make gold, but we shall at any rate know how gold is made." In fact, we shall be alchemists in all but name and externals, but we shall save our self-esteem and our consciousness of our own superiority, by calling ourselves chemists and analysts. And our mediæval ancestors will laugh, if they have any sense of humour left! And so the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

[M. I. E., Lampeter.]

ART.—AN ADMIRER OF HALS.

Problem: how to arouse in the men of the street a keen, intelligent interest in art. Criticism and reviews, in all other departments of life and thought, can sow the first fructifying seed; but art criticism, even from a Ruskin, is for us only a worly weariness. In your articles signed "C. L. H." there have been several experiments in the employment of a fictional method of presentation: a novelising of art criticism, which seems to me a brilliant success, and a solution of the difficulty as original as it is charming. The critic meets at the gallery some more or less apocryphal person, slightly sketches his personality, and makes that new-found friend of ours chatter about the pictures. The result is a readable article which pleasurably stamps an impression upon us—the uneducated, but not indifferent—which reveals through the medium of an expansive grocer, that art is, after all, not a matter of tones, values, middle distances, chiaroscuro, pedantry and shop-tricks, but that it is related to life and to us. To us, and to life, and to our life—let us have more expansive grocers.

[J. B., Eltham Village.]

THE OUTER AND THE INNER EYE.

This article is like "an apple of gold in a network of silver." It is as good words set to a sweet tune. It speaks to the highest part of our human nature in a kindly human way. Why, then, does the apple turn to dust in our mouth, and that sweet song sound so sad? Because God is left out. The man with the inner eye without true religion is weaker than he who sees only with the outer eye. A greater imaginative vision exists at the cost of a smaller practical strength of character. In justice it must be so.

The most beautiful plants need most support. The man with the inner eye becomes hysterical and extravagant in his expression of that vision, because in his weakness his emotion overbalances his judgment. He becomes intoxicated with the vision of the beautiful, and cannot live our plain unglided life. It frets his soul that beauty fades, friends change, monarchs expire, and dynasties crumble to their original dust. God changes not, and he gives that inner vision—which is really an imaginative entrance into the great heart of humanity—to practical-minded, matter-of-fact, everyday men as well as to the poets, and lets them also see rapturous visions of the everlastingly beautiful that grows not old, nor fades away. And the simplicity of God's service is as the simplicity of a little child.

[E. S., Belfast.]

Competition No. 173 (New Series).

In a recent volume entitled "House Mottoes and Inscriptions" we find the following; the lines appear over the door of a school-master's house in Yorkshire:—

Time is thou hast; see that thou well employ.
Time past is gone; thou canst not that employ.
Time future is not, and may never be;
Time present is the only time for thee.

This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best four-line original motto in verse suitable to be inscribed on a house once occupied by a deceased, or now occupied by a living, author.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 14 January, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Val (Raphael Merry Del), *The Truth of Papal Claims*.....(Sands) 3/6
Bullock (Charles), *Dark Days in England. Third Volume*.....("Home Words") 1/6

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

Guthrie (James J.), *The Elf*.....(Old Bourne Press)
Carroder (Conrad H.), *The Vision of Splendid Hope*.....(Unicorn Press) net 2/6
Gwynn (Stephen), *To-day and To-morrow in Ireland*.....(Hodges, Piggis) net 5/0
Gazder (N. B.), *Streamlets from the Fount of Poesy*.....(Leadenhall Press)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Steele (Francesca M.), *Anchorenes of the West*.....(Sands) 3/6
Rye (Walter), *The First Register Book of the Parish of Old Buckenham (Goose)* 5/0
Macdonald (J. Ramsay), *What I Saw in South Africa*.....("The Echo") 0/6
Wheeler (Captain Owen), *The Story of Our Army*.....(Newnes) 1/0
Janet (Paul) and Scallies (Gabriel), *A History of the Problems of Philosophy*, 2 Vols.....(Macmillan) net 10/0
Catterall (Ralph C.H.), *The Second Bank of the United States* (University of Chicago Press)

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Nietzsche (Friedrich), *The Dawn of Day*, translated by Volz (Johanna), (Unwin) net 8/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Bogg (Edmund), *The Old Kingdom of Elmet: York and the Ainsty District* (Heywood)

ART.

Lister (Reginald), Jean Goujon. *His Life and Work*.....(Duckworth) net 42/0

EDUCATIONAL.

Scott (Sir Walter), *The Fortunes of Nigel (School Edition)*.....(Black) 1/6
Powell (H. L.), *History in Biography, Vol. IV*.....(") 2/0
Herbertson (F. D. and A. J.), *Descriptive Geography: Africa*.....(") 2/0
Kirkman (F. B.), edited by, *Mon Livre de Lectures*.....(") 1/6
"Sir Walter Scott's" *Continuous Readers: The Fortunes of Nigel*.....(") 1/4
Lyde L. W., *Elementary Geography Reader: Africa*.....(") 1/4
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Yates (M. E.), *The Temple History Readers, Book II, First Term*.....(") 1/6
Smeton (Oliphant), edited by, *Kingsley's The Heroes*.....(Dent) 1/3
Scott (Sir Walter), *The Lord of the Isles*.....(") 1/4
Pope (Alexander), *Essay on Criticism*.....(") 1/4

MISCELLANEOUS.

McNeill (August), *The Egregious English*.....(Richards) 5/0
Murray (Dr. James A. H.), edited by, *A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles, Left-Block*.....(Clarendon Press) 5/0
Thorne (E.), *The Heresy of Teetotalism*.....(Simpkin, Marshall) 6/0
The Question of Divorce: *An Essay*.....(Richards) net 2/0
Trevor-Batye (Aubyn), edited by, *Lord Lilford on Birds*.....(Hutchinson) net 16/0

JUVENILE.

Darton's Sunday Pleasure Book.....(Wells Gardner) 2/6
Tourtel (Mary), *Humpty Dumpty Book*.....(Treherne) 1/6

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

Mr. Henry James has written a story entitled "The Ambassadors," and the first part of it will appear in the January "North American Review," with an introduction by Mr. W. D. Howells.

Mr. Frederic Myers's posthumous work dealing with "Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death," is now in the press. Messrs. Longman are the publishers.

Miss Alice Gardner, lecturer and associate of Newnham College, Cambridge, and sister of Prof. Percy Gardner, has collected into volume form some essays on religious and ethical questions which were originally written by her for Newnham students. The volume will bear the title of "The Conflict of Duties," and will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin on Monday.

A new work on Buddhism, by Rev. St. Clair Tisdall, entitled "The Noble Eightfold Path," is about to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock. The author's purpose is to present Buddhism at its best without taking an unduly favourable view or unfairly depreciating the system.

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The Literary Week.

AN Educational Supplement is included in the present issue, in which we notice a number of school and text-books that have been issued since the autumn of last year. Among the new volumes in general literature published during the week we note the following:—

PROBLEMS IN ASTROPHYSICS. By Agnes M. Clerke.

Miss Agnes Clerke's "History of Astronomy" was a survey of the past. "Problems in Astrophysics" looks to the future. It is long and learned, and is described as "emphatically a new century book. Astrophysics is a science still at the outset of a magnificent career. Its ways are beset with claimants for its attention. There is often much difficulty in choosing between them, yet rapidity of progress depends upon prudence in selection. Many hints for its guidance are accordingly offered in the present work, which deals, so far as possible, with answerable questions."

LONDON BEFORE THE CONQUEST. By W. R. Lethaby.

A collection of careful notes on Pre-Conquest London. In his introduction Mr. Lethaby says: "Of the hundreds of books concerning London, there is not one which treats of its ancient topography as a whole." The author sets out to reconstruct and to correct. Some of the chapter-headings read as follows: "Rivers and Fords," "Roads and the Bridge," "The Walls, Gates, and Quays." Streets, craft guilds and schools, churches and so forth are dealt with, and the volume concludes with an interesting note on the materials for the construction of maps of early London.

THE KNIGHT OF THE MAYPOLE. By John Davidson.

A comedy in four acts. The period is 1661, and Charles II. is one of the characters. This play was written in 1900, twenty-five years having come and gone since in "An Unhistorical Pastoral" the author first wrote of the Maypole. On the title-page we find this motto: "When your heart is heavy you should think of something wholly delightful; of the Nebular Hypothesis; for example, or of a Maypole."

MEMORIES OF A HUNDRED YEARS. By Edward Everett Hale.

American memories by the author of "The Man without a Country." "I live," writes Mr. Hale, "in a large, old-fashioned house which is crowded from cellar to attic with letters and other manuscripts, with pamphlets and with newspapers. Here are the diaries and correspondence of my own generation, and of my father's and mother's, and of their father's and mother's." Mr. Hale's father was a journalist, and we get glimpses of such matters as the Boston Stamp Act and President Adams's advice to Alexander Everett. The volumes are very fully illustrated, and are particularly rich in portraits.

The latest curiosity in the way of publishing lies before us. It consists of the first volume of the "Autograph" Dickens, and is issued by Mr. G. D. Sproul, of York Street, Covent Garden. The "Autograph" Dickens is to be completed in fifty-six volumes and the price is £6 net per volume. In all there will be over five thousand illustrations, many by living artists, and these bear the artists' autographs. The various volumes are to have introductions by different writers, amongst those named being Mr. Sidney Lee, Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Gissing. Curiosity is the only word we can apply to this extravagant piece of book-making. Certainly no one would care to read Dickens from these bulky volumes; the series is evidently designed not for readers, but for collectors of the unusual. There is also to be a "Dunstan" edition of Dickens, printed on vellum and illuminated. The price of each set is somewhere about £20,000.

The last library that one would expect to be in bad condition is perhaps a University library. Yet the library of the University of London, which consists of about 30,000 volumes, is in a condition described as deplorable. The books are unarranged, and are scattered through several rooms which are used as University offices. This state of affairs is to be brought before Convocation, and no doubt some effort will be made to improve matters. The annual expenditure on the library is about £150.

MR. KIPLING'S poem, "Pan in Vermont," has been printed for private circulation in London. It will be remembered that the verses recently appeared in "Country Life in America." We quote the first stanza:—

It's forty in the shade to-day; the sprouting eyes declare:
The boulders rise above the drift, the southern slopes are bare;
Hub-deep in slush Apollo's car swings north along the
Zod-
-iac. Good lack, the Spring is back, and Pan is on the
road.

The poem will probably reappear in Mr. Kipling's next volume of verse.

MR. HENRY LAWSON, who was in England not long ago, has had a serious accident. He fell from a cliff outside Sydney harbour, and sustained severe injuries. Mr. Lawson came to England to write, but found the climate too much for him. While here, however, he published a couple of books, and did some work for the magazines. Mr. Lawson's grip of bush-life has made him the typical interpreter of all sides of its rich material.

Is what is called the Irish Revival to produce its own native publisher? It would almost seem so, to judge from a list which we have received from Messrs. Hodges, Figgis, of Dublin. They are the publishers of Mr. Stephen Gwynn's "To-day and To-morrow in Ireland," and they announce other books, both in prose and verse, dealing with purely Irish subjects. This is as it should be. Scotland has had her own particular publishers for generations, and if the Irish Revival has any national vitality it is just as well that it should express itself in national publishing.

THE ideas of the "rich American" in the way of collecting would seem to have been exhausted. Yet Italy, it appears, has recently been interested by the progress through its provinces of the "King of the Books." The kingship, after all, is of a very minor order. The notion of this ingenious collector was to accumulate books by living authors, but each had to be a first edition, and the finest art of the binder was to be employed to make the exterior attractive. In addition the title-page had to bear the author's autograph, and if possible something more. We are glad to hear, on the authority of the "Pall Mall Gazette," that "some of the great men were too modest to even answer his application." One or two even "shut the door in his face." But D'Annunzio wrote a long inscription for him, as also did Lombroso.

THE "New York Times Saturday Review" prints an interesting article called "An Old-Time Publisher." The publisher is Frederick Gleason, a man who many years ago had one of the most successful businesses in the United States. "Gleason's Pictorial" was the first illustrated weekly issued in America, antedating the Harpers by a number of years. But Gleason could not move with the times; younger rivals sprang up, his business declined, and at last his great house, and his Russian sleigh, and his fur coat had to be given up. But still he kept at work, and when the writer of the article first knew him he was turning out cheap publications containing his old serials, and having new matter written round old wood-cuts at the cheapest rates. The article concludes:—

But the old man toiled on to the last, bewildered, unable to comprehend, much less to reconcile, the new order of things, his business retreating in adverse ratio to the advancement of his more energetic and intelligent c-

petitors. So it was only a question of time when the sheriff should appear and take possession of the ruins of a once magnificent establishment. The last time I heard of Mr. Gleason he was in an old men's home near Boston—a pathetic end to a career that in its heyday was so rich with priceless opportunities.

Two or three years ago considerable public interest was manifested in the action which Mr. Kipling brought against Messrs. Putnams for infringement of copyright and trade mark. In the edition of Mr. Kipling's works published in 1899 by Messrs. Putnams there were included some unbound pages and uncopyrighted poems. Mr. Kipling complained that unauthorised publications had been bound without authority into an edition bearing an elephant's head within a circle, which he claimed as his trade mark. The lower courts decided in favour of the publishers, and now the United States Court of Appeal has upheld the judgment. The Court says: "The proposition that an author can protect his writings by a trade mark is unique and somewhat startling. It is certainly offensive to æsthetic and poetic taste to place such poems as 'The Recessional' and 'The Last Chanty' in the same category with pills and soap, to be dealt with as so much merchandise."

FROM the "Morning Leader's" "Man in the Pulpit" by J. I. we cut the following nervously vivid, though perhaps rather over-wrought, description of Canon Hensley Henson:—

Cadaverously anæmic. Features a mask of death. Emaciated. Shut his eyes, and he is a figure of mortality. I should not be surprised if he wore a cravat of crossbones. The nose is a pinched emblem of famine, and the tense nostrils are worn thin. The self-conscious lips strive vainly to cover the protruding teeth. The sinews of the meagre neck rise in long lean ridges. The head is small, without salient angles or contours. The hair, mouse-colored and submissive, suggests a sensitive but unoriginal personality. The eyebrows are bristling arches of unrest, and under them blaze feverishly brilliant eyes that save the surroundings from insignificance. It is in the eyes that the sharp ardor of the man glitters. Watchfully distrustful, they are alight with concentrated purpose, which is cold rather than hot. Here is a keen will that works at high pressure, a spirit that uses the last ounce of its endowment, a force that will not bow to its own limitations.

WE have already had our say concerning the probable value of the new British Academy, but it may be worth while to quote a few lines from what the British Academy's secretary, Mr. Israel Gollancz, said to Mr. Blathwayt in a recent interview in "Great Thoughts." In answer to the question, "What do you expect to do as an Academy?" Mr. Gollancz said:—

As regards that subject there will, of course, be the question of transactions to be considered, important discoveries and literary enterprises, which will all come before and be discussed by the Fellows; there may be rewards and encouragements and diplomas to be awarded, the due recognition of great achievements in the world of learning. But most important of all is the fact that there is now a body to which workers throughout the whole empire—and foreigners also—may look for the hall-mark of merit. Learning, exact scholarship, high achievement, will no longer go unnoticed and unrewarded. It will be the duty, as it should also be the high privilege of the Academy, to call attention to and to confer honour upon all those who distinguish themselves in the world of literary science on these things too depends the glory of the British name.

Concerning which we have only to remark that "learning, exact scholarship, high achievement" need no Academy

either to notice or reward them. Mr. Gollancz, by the way, has now broken his connection with Messrs. Dent, and will in future act as Editor-in-Chief to Mr. Moring's reissue of the classics known as the "King's Library."

A WRITER in the "Forum" has been discussing the already much discussed question of Hawthorne's work and personality. Hawthorne, says the writer of the article, never so matched his individual strength against the world as to acquire from the battle confidence and serenity. He never had, either, "that savage but sustaining joy of scorn of the world." He thought like a man with low vitality, and only reached to strength in his supreme work. As an example of the supreme work "The Scarlet Letter" is cited. Of it the writer says: "In that book Hawthorne put the quintessence of all qualities which lay potentially in his previous work—an extraordinary power of visualization, a sense for the physical symbol, and a relentless pursuit of the symptoms of disordered conscience. By 'The Scarlet Letter' he stands or falls." We should be sorry altogether to agree with that somewhat sweeping judgment; for, beautiful as "The Scarlet Letter" is, it cannot stand on its psychology. The "relentless pursuit of the symptoms and disordered conscience" in the book sometimes degenerates into pretty triviality. Its power lies in its elusive spiritual atmosphere, its half-drawn inferences, and its delicacy of style. Hawthorne was too introspective to write a really great book, but he lives, and will live.

We find the following lines as motto to Mr. Albert Chevalier's just published "Limelight Lays":—

Could we behold that wonder—
The sands of Time all sifted,
Should we find some called "Gifted"
But grains by Chance up-lifted
Mere atoms both of blunder?

This strikes us, as one of Mr. Chevalier's characters might say, as rather steep.

WE can hardly open any critical journal now-a-days without finding something about the "Decay of the Novel," and most of the writers of these melancholy articles are novelists themselves. The latest contribution to the discussion comes from Mr. Benjamin Swift, who writes concerning it in the New York "Critic." And what Mr. Swift has to say is precisely what everyone else has been saying for years past. Says Mr. Swift:—

I hope I shall not be guilty of injustice or of exaggeration, if I say, that the conditions under which modern imaginative work is produced are such as to encourage the creation not of the reality, but of the counterfeit. Indeed, the literary form of this sort of unconscious caricature threatens to drive the genuine article out of the market. Like everything else, literature is invaded by a parasite which destroys the body upon which it feeds.

Then follows this:—

I have always believed that if any artist is to attain his ends he must be allowed to make not other people's but his own emotions the basis of his creative work. This does not mean that he ought to turn himself inside out for the world's inspection, but only that his choice of material and his method of handling it must be determined by his own consciousness. Otherwise he becomes a journeyman.

This, surely, contributes nothing vital to the question—it is merely a restatement of the obvious. All depends upon the individual. It is all very well to say that modern conditions, serial publication, and so forth, are entirely

against artistic work. But the strong man's work is still sometimes published serially, and he finds in modern conditions just the material for his art. And again, does not the writer who may be labelled "journeyman" often turn out the greatest things? In Mr. Swift's sense, were not Dumas and Balzac journeymen? Broadly we are in sympathy with Mr. Swift's point of view, but it is so easy to write glibly round a large question, so difficult to touch its essentials. And Mr. Swift has the irritating habit of saying the old thing over again: "The novel still remains a serious form of art because it has all human life for its basis." Of course it has: even the schoolgirl could have stated the fact in the same words. We may be sure that if the novel is in decay it is because writers are not strong enough to express their individuality, or that individuality is not worth expression. The ordinary writer writes for ordinary readers as he always did and always will. And if the extraordinary writer has anything to say he will eventually come into his own; but he must guard against the merely extraordinary, and be certain that his ideas are really worth consideration.

MRS. MEYNELL contributes to the "Atlantic Monthly" an article on "Dickens as a Man of Letters." In the main it is appreciative, and that in directions which may perhaps surprise those readers who are inclined to neglect Dickens nowadays. It is an appreciation of him as a master of style. We read:—

Dickens, however, was very much a craftsman. He had a love of his *métier*, and the genius for words, which the habitual indifference of his time, of his readers, and of his contemporaries in letters could not quench. To read him after a modern man who had the like pre-occupation, displayed it, and was applauded for it phrase by phrase,—Robert Louis Stevenson, for example,—is to undergo a new conviction of his authorship, of the vitality of his diction, of a style that springs, strikes, and makes a way through the burden of custom.

There follows this characteristic and true passage:—

The style of Dickens is assuredly not great. It has life enough for movement, but not life enough for peace. That it *has* life, whether restless or at rest, is the fact which proves its title to the name of style.

The instances which Mrs. Meynell quotes show a close and intimate knowledge of her author, as also do the instances quoted of Dickens's lapses into sentimentality:—

As you read him, you learn to understand how his vitality was at work, how it carried him through his least worthy as well as his most worthy moments, and justified his confidence where a weaker man had confessed unconsciously the ignominies of false art and luxurious sentiment. Charles Dickens seems to defy us to charge him with these. None the less do we accuse him—at Little Paul's death, for example. Throughout this child's life—admirably told—the art is true, but at the very last few lines the writer seems to yield to applause, and to break the strengthening laws of nature down. We may indeed say the strengthening laws; because in what Hamlet calls the modesty of nature there is not only beauty, not only dignity, but an inimitable strength. The limitations of nature, and of natural art, are bracing. A word or two astray in this death scene; a phrase or two put into the mouth of the dying child—"the light about the head," "shining on me as I go," phrases that no child ever spoke, and that make one shrink as though with pain by their untruthfulness—and the sincerity of literature is compromised.

With only one adjective employed by Mrs. Meynell are we inclined to disagree: she calls Dickens's writing "unrhetorical." But surely passage on passage might be quoted of almost pure rhetoric, passages in which the Macaulay influence to which Mrs. Meynell refers was rampant and unashamed.

SAYS the writer of "Literature and Life," in the "Saturday Review" of the "New York American":—

Booth Tarkington is making a novel of his adventures as a political canvasser in Indiana. He is writing also a novel of theatrical life. Gautier's "Capitaine Fracasse" is no longer true. The players of Moilère's company were intelligent, amusing, admirable. Some of them had titles of nobility in their portfolios.

But they were not of the social life. They were vagabonds, and their phrases of dignity were only make-believe. They were of an ideal world, where slaps in the face, kicks and cuffs, the penitentiary, dishonoured no one. Now it is different.

To be in the theatrical one does not have to quit the social life. The diamonds that the leading ladies wear are real. The leading man may not be kicked and cuffed on the stage. He has dignity. He is a Knight in England, a member of the Legion of Honour in Paris, a capitalist here.

He may not be beaten in a bug, as Geronte is, nor despoiled of the waistcoats that he has stolen as the valets are in the "Precieuses Ridicules." The players of to-day may not play everything. They have social obligations.

"This," the writer adds, "is why Booth Tarkington is writing a novel of theatrical life." It might have been done, we imagine, for less exalted reasons. And is Gautier's "Capitaine Fracasse" so entirely out of date after all? We doubt it.

THE current issue of "Baconiana," we learn, "marks the commencement of a new style and a new series." What formerly circulated amongst the elect of the Bacon Society is now to appeal to the world. "Baconiana," we read, "will base its faith upon facts, will print facts in preference to articles of a speculative and discursive character, and in its endeavour to pick Truth from the mud of Controversy, will be uninfluenced by the hobnail of the literary Hooligan." Who the "literary Hooligan" may be in this connection it is not difficult to conjecture, particularly when we add that the number contains articles on "Hidden Symbols" and "The Mystery of Shakespeare."

Bibliographical.

ONE cannot sympathise very strongly with Mr. F. G. Kitton in his proposal to collect and reprint the "Fugitive Verse" of Charles Dickens. The volume can have a success only of curiosity; it can have next to no literary value. I take for granted that Mr. Kitton will give us more of Dickens's verse than Mr. Shepherd included in his "Plays and Poems of Charles Dickens" (1882 and 1885); otherwise, the new collection will be doubly unnecessary. It will no doubt have the effect of introducing Dickens as a versifier to a large number of people. There are those who have never even heard of "The Ivy Green," though the song is embedded in "The Pickwick Papers," and was set to music by at least four composers—best of all, by Henry Russell. Most of the lyrics in "The Village Coquettes" have also been published separately, with the music by Hullah. It was in one of these, beginning—

Love is not a feeling to pass away,
Like the balmy breath of a summer day—

that Dickens reached his highest level, not a very high one, as a Bard. It was reprinted, along with "The Ivy Green," in "Songs from the Novelists" (1885).

In "The Woman of Mystery" Messrs. Chatto give us yet another translation from Georges Ohnet—from the pen of the translator of "Love's Depths," which they

published in 1899. We have also had from them "Dr. Rameau," translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey (1888), as well as "A Last Love" and "A Weird Gift," both translated by Mr. Vandam, and both published in 1890. Of course, the most popular of Ohnet's books in England has been "The Ironmaster," of which there were two versions in 1884, one in 1892, another in 1899, and so forth. Of "Will" there have been at least three versions (1883, 1890, and 1896). Of "The Marl-Pit Mystery" there have been two (1889 and 1893).

More letters by Mrs. Carlyle? There cannot be too many. Of course we all have on our shelves the "Letters and Memorials" of 1883. Some of us have, also, the "Early Letters, with a Few of Later Years," which were edited in 1889 by D. G. Ritchie. What of the "Autobiography of Mary Smith" (1892), which was prefaced, I think, by a letter from Mrs. Carlyle? The letters by Miss Jewsbury, published in the same year, derived at least half their interest from the fact that Mrs. Carlyle had been the inspirer and the recipient of them. There are those who believe that Mrs. Carlyle's letters have as good a chance of floating down the stream of time as anything written by the lady's over-strenuous husband.

Two new editions of Macaulay's "Lays"! Of such there is likely to be no end. There was one last year and another in 1899; there were two in 1897; there was one in 1895 among the "Penny Poets." One came out in 1893, another in 1892 (this proved specially popular, being several times re-issued), another in 1889, another in 1887 (Cassell), another in 1886 (Ward and Lock), another in 1885 (Routledge), another in 1884, another in 1882. In 1881 came one which was illustrated by Mr. J. R. Weguelin. There had been in 1847 an edition illustrated by G. Scharf, junior. It looks as if the "Lays" would survive alike the "History," the "Essays," and the "Biographies."

In adding Dryden's "Virgil" and Pope's "Odyssey" to his "World Library," Mr. Grant Richards will be doing a good thing, for it so happens that neither of these works is accessible in very cheap and handy editions. Of the latter there was an edition in 1871 limited to the first four books; the poem was reprinted with Pope's "Iliad" so recently as 1896. Dryden's "Æneid" was included in 1891 in Sir John Lubbock's "Hundred Books." It had previously figured in Henry Morley's "Universal Library" (1883).

Mr. W. E. H. Lecky's "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," of which we are to have a new edition, came out originally in 1861. Ten years later it was reissued in a revised and enlarged form. Now it has been revised and enlarged again. Its interest is just a little remote. Swift, Flood, O'Connell, and Grattan—why don't our historians leave such contentious people alone?

Ouida's "Strathmore," which Messrs. Chatto are reproducing at the nimble sixpence, came out as long ago as 1865. We have reason to be grateful to it, for it suggested the "Strapmore" of Sir Frank Burnand—one of the very best of his parodies. I fancy the latest appearance made by "Strapmore" was in the volume entitled "Some Old Friends" (1892).

Rumour has it that there is to be yet another series of small biographies of men and women of letters, one of its features being the utilisation of unpublished material. May I suggest to the projectors of the series that another feature of it should be, in every case, a bibliography full and up-to-date?

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Unrest of Euripides.

EURIPIDES. Translated by Gilbert Murray. (George Allen.)

PROF. MURRAY is one of those rare classical scholars who add to their professional erudition a fine and ardent sense of things literary. This double quality marks every page of his contribution to the series of volumes on "The Athenian Drama." It is a book which should appeal to readers of all types and of every grade of attainment; charming in outward form, with its delightful illustrations from Greek vases; and singularly complete and satisfying in its union of great critical insight with exceptional felicity in the difficult art of verse translation. With the possible exception of Browning's "Balaustion's Adventure" and "Aristophanes' Apology," we know of no work which brings the English reader more closely into touch with fifth-century Athens and with the spiritual issues which were then swaying the minds of men so different and yet so strangely akin as Aristophanes and Euripides. Out of the material available for his purpose, Prof. Murray has chosen, firstly, the "Hippolytus" and the "Bacchae," to the latter of which, in particular, he devotes his introductory essay; secondly, the "Frogs" of Aristophanes, "the chief ancient criticism of Euripides, a satire penetrating, brilliant, and, though preposterously unfair, still exceedingly helpful"; and, thirdly, a certain number of the lost plays, the outlines of which he endeavours to trace from such notices and fragments of them as survive.

The "Hippolytus" is, of course, one of Euripides' earlier plays, written in the first eager days of the Athenian hegemony, when all the world seemed breaking into flower together, before the bitterness and the disillusion came. It tells how Hippolytus served the austere wood goddess Artemis, and neglected Aphrodite, and how Aphrodite would be revenged, and through her might made Phaedra a flaming sword and brought Hippolytus to ruin. It would not be from Euripides if it had not its irony and its questioning of established things; but in the main it is marked by the serene beauty of all the earlier plays. The quality of Phaedra's love, as Prof. Murray notes, "apart from its circumstances, is entirely fragrant and clear." And, from beginning to end, the piece is full of exquisite poetry. Hippolytus enters with a prayer to his mistress:—

To thee this wreathed garland, from a green
And virgin meadow bear I, O my Queen,
Where never shepherd leads his grazing ewes
Nor scythe has touched. Only the river dew
Gleam, and the spring bee sings, and in the glade
Hath Solitude her mystic garden made.

From the choruses we select that which is sung at the crisis of the play, while the poor love-distraught Phaedra is setting her white neck to the "noose of death" behind the stage. The pastoral aspiration comes as an interlude between two passion-flecked scenes:—

Could I take me to some cavern for mine hiding,
In the hill-tops where the Sun scarce hath trod;
Or a cloud make the home of mine abiding,
As a bird among the bird-droves of God!
Could I wing me to my rest amid the roar
Of the deep Adriatic on the shore,
Where the water of Eridanus is clear,
And Phaëthon's sad sisters by his grave
Weep into the river, and each tear
Gleams, a drop of amber, in the wave.

To the strand of the Daughters of the Sunset,
The Apple-tree, the singing and the gold;
Where the mariner must stay him from his onset,
And the red wave is tranquil as of old;
Yea, beyond that Pillar of the End
That Atlas guardeth, would I wend;

Where a voice of living waters never ceaseth
In God's quiet garden by the sea,
And Earth, the ancient life-giver, increaseth
Joy among the meadows, like a tree.

Half a century elapsed between "Hippolytus" and the "Bacchae." In the interval the tragedy of Athens had been played. All the high hopes had faded. Hegemony had degenerated into empire. And then came the war, with its pitiful relaxation of moral and intellectual fibre. Athens, once "farther removed from primitive savagery" than any other people, had learnt from Cleon not to be "mised by the three most deadly enemies of empire, Pity and Eloquent Sentiments, and the Generosity of Strength." Euripides himself had incurred the dislike of his fellow-countrymen, and had had to leave Athens, under circumstances unknown to us, "because of the malicious exultation over him of nearly all the city." He fled to Macedonia, and dwelt on the wild northern slopes of Olympus:—

In the elm-woods and the oaken,
There where Orpheus harped of old,
And the trees awoke and knew him,
And the wild things gathered to him,
As he sang amid the broken
Glens his music manifold.

Here he wrote the "Bacchae," which was produced, not quite finished, after his death. It is a story of how a god came to his own and his own received him not. The god was Dionysus:—

A man of charm and spell, from Lydian seas,
A head all gold and cloudy fragrances,
A wine-red cheek, and eyes that hold the light
Of the very Cyprian!

Having won all the East to his worship, he set his foot in Thebes, the home of his mother Semele. And all the women, led by Agave, sister of Semele, and mother of the King Pentheus, followed him in his wild rites upon the hills. Even the ancient Cadmus and Teiresias took the thyrsus in their hands and set the ivy-wreath upon their heads. Here is a chant of the Bacchanal maidens:—

Where is the Home for me?
O Cyprus, set in the sea,
Aphrodite's home In the soft sea-foam,
Would I could wend to thee;
Where the wings of the Loves are furled,
And faint the heart of the world.
Aye, or to Paphos' isle,
Where the rainless meadows smile
With riches rolled From the hundred-fold
Mouths of the far-off Nile,
Streaming beneath the waves
To the roots of the sea-ward caves.

But a better land is there
Where Olympus cleaves the air,
The high still dell Where the Muses dwell,
Fairest of all things fair!
O there is Grace, and there is the Heart's Desire,
And peace to adore thee, thou Spirit of Guiding Fire!

Only King Pentheus will not hear; and calls the stranger before him, and lays gyves upon him. And the god sends a frenzy upon Pentheus, and leads him to spy out the revels on Cithaeron, and there at the bidding of Dionysus he is taken by the inspired women and torn limb from limb. In one of the best critical essays known to us, Prof. Murray endeavours to elucidate the bearings of Euripides' thought in this difficult and enigmatic play. In one of its aspects it is clearly like much that he wrote, an impeachment of the divinity.

The sympathy of the audience is with Dionysus while he is persecuted; doubtful while he is just taking his vengeance; utterly against him at the end of the play. . . . The most significant point against Dionysus is its change of tone—the conversion, one might almost call it, of his own inspired "Wild Beasts," the Chorus of Asiatic Bacchanals, after the return of Agavé with her son's severed head. The change is

clearly visible in that marvellous scene itself. It is emphasized in the sequel. Those wild singers, who raged so loudly in praise of the god's vengeance before they saw what it was, fall, when once they have seen it, into dead silence. . . . And they go off at the end with no remark, good or evil, about their triumphant and hateful Dionysus, uttering only those lines of brooding resignation with which Euripides closed so many of his tragedies.

On the other hand, there is equally clear in the play an attempt to find expression in the symbols and utterances of the Dionysus-worship for certain aspirations and ideals, which had come, at the gray end of his vexed life, to be Euripides' own. In the cool of the hills, away from the bad dream of a disillusioned Athens, he had grown, as the whole of Greek thought shortly after him was to grow, to look for glimpses of the joy and truth of life, not in the wisdom of civilisation, but in the content of a soul which has accepted the harmony of nature, and holds the key to some of her intimacies.

Knowledge, we are not foes!
I seek thee diligently:
But the world with a great wind blows,
Shining, and not from thee;
Blowing to beautiful things,
On amid dark and light,
Till Life through the trammellings
Of Laws that are not the Right,
Breaks, clean and pure, and sings
Glory to God in the height!

The quotations which we have given will serve to show the quality of Prof. Murray's translation. It seems to us very remarkable indeed. He is one of the very few translators whose work gives the effect, not of a translation at all, but of a substantive poem. More than adequate in the dialogue, he rises at times in the lyrics to heights of quite extraordinary felicity. We do not believe that he has ever published a volume of poems, but it is impossible that he should have none of his own to give us. As a translator, his method is audacious, and fully justifies itself by its success. First, he tells us, came "close study of the letter, and careful tracking of the spirit by means of its subtleties." This took shape in translations or paraphrases made for lecture use, which were "prose, stilted and long-winded prose, and the original is gleaming poetry." Then comes the second part of the task. "The groundwork of careful translation once laid, I have thought no more about anything but the poetry." The course has its pitfalls, and Prof. Murray fears that many scholars will think that he has made Euripides too "modern."

My answer is that, if in a matter of scholarship, it is well to be "safe" or even to "hedge," in a matter of Art any such cowardice is fatal. I have in my own mind a fairly clear conception of what I take to be the spirit of Euripides, and I have kept my hands very free in trying to get over it.

We should add that the one thing which has been most effectively borne in upon our minds in reading this book is that Euripides precisely is "modern." After all, the world has not moved very much, in essentials, since the fifth century B.C. We have the electric light, and we can no longer paint vases. But those are details, and the problems and the unrest of Euripides are still our problems and our unrest.

An Atmospheric Tragedy.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI. By Gabriele d'Annunzio. Translated by Arthur Symonds. (William Heinemann.)

MR. ARTHUR SYMONDS has fairly established himself as the translator of D'Annunzio's poetic work, even as Mr. Alfred Sutro has become the recognised translator of Maeterlinck. Here he gives us a rendering of D'Annunzio's latest and hotly debated drama, "Francesca da Rimini." It is Englished with the cunning grace and formal perfection which we look for from him; and which only the practised

hand, the sympathetic and plastic mind of a poet could compass. He has had a specially difficult task; for the drama is written in those unrhymed lines of varying length which English poets have only (and rarely) used for lyric purposes. "Samson Agonistes" is the best-known example. The more need have we to congratulate Mr. Symonds on the large measure of success he has achieved in a language so much less ductile than Italian—a success only to be gauged by comparison with the original, which explains features at first sight questionable.

"Francesca da Rimini" is the least morbid drama D'Annunzio has written: it is, indeed, as little morbid as is possible to the author. It does not therefore result that it is his best. On the Italian stage it is said to have obtained great success; though it is also admitted that extensive "cuts" have been required. In the closet, one would scarce conceive it a successful stage-play. There is a conspicuous lack of coming to the point, a meticulous over-loading with *minutiae* of detail, a dream-like languor of procession (though with underlying and informing passion enough). It breathes, one would say, rather the spirit of Greek than Gothic tragedy; the passion is static and slowly cumulative rather than dynamic and sweeping through swift action: and this despite the sedulous turbulence of accessory action—background action, we might say—in which it is involved. From the beginning of the second act the central situation is really in suspense, revolving round itself rather than advancing. The close is merely the fall of a calamity long foreseen, incumbent, and discounted beforehand by the reader. On the stage the effect may be different.

Of character there is little. The personages are generalised and typical, not individual. Francesca is any sweet, innocent, and Italianly impassioned woman. Paolo is the handsome young lover of a hundred plays, Giovanni Malatesta the rough, gloomy, honest husband of tradition, Malatestino the felinely cruel villain of Latin romance. The rest are supernumeraries. But there is poetic beauty throughout, at once direct and subtly suggestive; there is passion, which is dramatic passion. We cannot say that the drama (as a reading-drama) moves us, or leaves on us any depth of impression. But it excites constant admiration; there is the sense of a vital power behind the speeches, of a living conception holding the slow procession of emotions in coherence: it is, in fine, work of genius, though ourselves we cannot feel it to be triumphant genius. The depiction of innocent girlhood in the speeches of Francesca and her sister suffuse the first act with a rare beauty. The famous scene of the fatal kiss and declaration between the lovers is treated with a classic simplicity and reserve which, powerfully acted, should make it the most effective in the play. In the final scene, natural accessories are introduced with a Shakespearean pathos of reticent allusion; and something of this has also, perhaps, been learned from Maeterlinck. Quotation could give no suggestion of the poetic loveliness in the speeches; they are organic, and depend on relation to their setting in a severer way than in any other drama of D'Annunzio's. The whole play is steeped in that power of atmosphere which is wonderfully D'Annunzio's own. It is this rather than the characters, rather even than their passions, which makes the significance of the tragedy. You feel, as you feel a mist, the gathering and descent of a fate. And the slow passing over you of that sensation is the play.

John Gower.

WORKS OF JOHN GOWER. Vol. IV. LATIN WORKS. Edited by G. C. Macaulay. (Clarendon Press.)

WITH this volume Mr. Macaulay's elaborate edition of Gower—a monument of his own untiring industry and of the munificence of the Clarendon Press—comes to an end. The French "Mirour de L'Ommie" (never before

printed) and "Cinkante Balades" saw the light in 1899. Last year followed the immense English "Confessio Amantis"; and now with the "Vox Clamantis" and a few minor Latin poems the tale of this singular trilingual writer, tedious enough from the literary point of view, but remarkably characteristic, both in his defects and in his achievements, of the dying middle ages, is complete. The readers of the ACADEMY would hardly thank us for any minute or detailed criticism of the "Vox Clamantis" itself. In some 10,000 lines of elegiac couplets, evidently based upon Ovid, and divided into six books, it deals didactically and satirically with the England of about 1382, starting with a description of the peasants' rising of the following year, and passing into a general indictment of contemporary society in all its orders, of prelates and priests, of monks and friars, of knights and peasants, of craftsmen and lawyers. Afar off it recalls the temper of Langland's infinitely more vigorous and important "Vision of Piers the Plowman," a temper whose undisputed appeal to the finer spirits of the closing fourteenth century is sufficient of itself to show how near the vast structure of mediævalism was to its ruin. In a brief, carefully weighed and eminently sceptical preface, Mr. Macaulay puts together the extremely little that is known of Gower the man. His arms, his dialect and other indications show that he was of a Kentish family, although he has been claimed on the very slightest evidence for Yorkshire, and on none whatever for Wales. In 1378 he received a power of attorney from Geoffrey Chaucer, on the occasion of a foreign journey made by the greater poet. In 1398, he is described as "esquire," and Henry, Earl of Derby, presented him with a collar, worth 26s. 8d. In 1398 he obtained a licence to marry Agnes Groundo'f, who appears to have been his second wife. Clearly, therefore, he was not, as has been thought, a clerk, and the tone of his writings suggests that he was connected with the merchant interest of London. In his later years he was blind, and when he made his will in 1408, he seems to have been lodged in the priory of St. Mary Overey, where he had a "hospitium" with an oratory attached. He left property to the priory, in which he had already endowed a daily mass for his soul, and he was buried in St. John Baptist's chapel in the priory church, now known as St. Saviour's, Southwark. Here, says Mr. Macaulay, is still—

an altar tomb, on which lies an effigy of the poet, habited in a long dark-coloured gown, with a standing cape and buttoned down to his feet, wearing a gold collar of SS. fastened in front with a device of chained swan between two portcullises. His hand rests on a pile of three folio volumes marked with the names of his three principal works, "Vox Clamantis," "Speculum Meditantis," "Confessio Amantis." He has a rather round face with high cheek-bones, a moustache and a slightly forked beard, hair long and curling upwards, and round his head a chaplet of four red roses at intervals upon a band, with the words "merci ilif" (repeated) in the intervals between the roses: the hands are put together and raised in prayer: at the feet there is a lion or mastiff lying.

The painting of the tomb appears to have undergone various alterations in the course of the centuries. Miniature representations of John Gower are also to be found in more than one manuscript of his poems. One of these is reproduced as a frontispiece to the present volume, and shows him as an archer in a long fur-lined gown and a round crowned hat, shooting an arrow at the world. The beard is forked, the face prognathous and the nose flattish. *Talis, dum vivit*, was "moral" Gower.

Little Lyrics.

LATER LYRICS. By John B. Tabb. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

FATHER TABB'S previous work has secured deserved admiration both in England and America. The art in which he excels is the difficult one of the single brief poem,

seldom exceeding a stanza or two. It requires a single idea, perfectly put, and not over-put. Indeed, much of the art of such poetry is in knowing *where* to leave off. It may look easy and trifling enough to the unwary reader; but a little experiment is calculated to humble any such feelings. In the present volume Father Tabb has to stand comparison with himself; and we are not sure that he stands it successfully in all respects. There are poems which fairly sustain his reputation. For instance, "The Shell":—

Silence, a deeper sea,
Now sunders thee,
Save from the primal tone—
Thy mother's moan.

Within her waves, hadst thou
No voice as now;
A life of exile long
Hath taught thee song.

The style of that is all his own. And there is plenty like it, as we shall show. But speaking generally, and comparing the present volume with the first particularly, we notice in it a less amount of thought, and a greater preponderance of fancy. It is, of course, perfectly within a poet's right to give predominance to whatsoever quality he may please. It is a fault, however, that the fancy is not infrequently of a too resolvedly ingenious kind. It is, in fact, perilously like a conceit, in the modern and unfavourable sense of the word. "The Truant" is an example:—

Listen! 'tis the rain
Coming home again;
Not as when he went away,
Silent, but in tears to say
He is sorry to have gone
With the Mist that lured him on;
And he promises anew
Nevermore the like to do.
Alas! no sooner shines the sun
Than the selfsame deed is done.

Such an arbitrary and wirespun bit of allegory has no poetic value.

Again in "Life's Ramah" we find the like fault:—

Day after day,
The Herod Morn
Of dreams doth slay
The latest-born;
And Love, like Rachael o'er her dead,
Will not again be comforted.

It is an "ingenious fancy"—much too ingenious: it is cut out (so to speak) with a pair of scissors, like shapes in paper, rather than born of free impulse. But if these show the weaker side of the poet's fancy, examples of its excellence are not far to seek nor few. Take "Love's Repetend":—

Do ye forget the blossom-time?
Or tint for tint, as rhyme for rhyme,
Would ye, O leaves, supply;
To prove, as echo to the ear,
That Near is Far, and Far is Near,
In circling home to die?

That has a touch of something subtler than fancy. A larger number of poems than we could wish fail through sheer insufficiency of motive. "Desert-Orbs," however, has that central motive, and may fitly close our quotations:—

The world, they tell us, dwindles,
When matched with other spheres;
And yet in all their amplitudes
No place for human tears.
How sterile is the sunshine,
How masculine the blue,
That breeds no shadow, nor betrays
A memory of dew.

Fiction.

THE VOICE OF THE WORLD. By Arthur H. Holmes. (Burleigh, 6s.)

FOR the text of his book Mr. Holmes takes these sentences from Jean Paul Richter: "And now the most beautiful dawn that mortal can behold, arose upon his spirit—the dawn of a new composition. For the book that a person is beginning to create or design contains within itself half a life, and God knows what an expanse of futurity also." This, of course, implies that "The Voice of the World" is a literary novel, and so it is. But it can by no means be compared with the literary novel which is usually full of crudities and lack of knowledge. Crudities there are, and perhaps even lack of knowledge, but Mr. Holmes writes well, almost convincingly, and with a sense of the things that matter. The book is one rather of aspiration than of achievement, rather of introspection than of real human contemplation; yet it is done with a true sense of art, an actual striving to express something worth expression. Here and there we find beauty, here and there insight, here and there the thrill of humanity on the sharp and invincible note of passion. If the book fails, as we think it does, it is a failure worth a dozen easy successes.

Briefly, we have a man who goes to nature for inspiration. He is married, and has a child. But the wife grows weary of the mountain life, and though entirely loyal to him she longs to express her own individuality. They separate for a time—she to go into the world to cultivate her gift of singing, he to remain on the hills to cultivate his own soul. Then, by chance, he takes for servant a woman who had precisely the wife's idea—to cultivate her own possibilities. But she happens to be beautiful, she happens only half to understand Nane, and the tragedy follows. It is a tragedy not without poignancy, not without essential truth, yet with it begins our quarrel with Mr. Holmes. His women, with certain reservations, we may accept, but not the too literary Nane. For the man, save under the strong immediate influence of women, is never a sensualist; he is never the predominant force, he is always the receptive medium. Yet we are to suppose that he grows to a knowledge of life, to a passionate eagerness to express life, through the influence of these two women, each infinitely superior to himself both in vision and human sympathy. There, we conceive, Mr. Holmes goes wrong; and certainly Nane's desertion of Rosina (for it amounts to that, in spite of a mechanical contrivance to suggest her ultimate happiness) is entirely caddish. The comparatively complaisant attitude of the wife is equally unconvincing. We feel that Nane is hardly a man to write good literature, but certainly a man to be kicked. He gets his impression of life not from his own incentive, but from the misery which he has brought upon others. Thus, in an interview between him and his wife after the other lady has intervened, we read:—

She [Coris] sat before him the embodiment of a life, a condition, fully charged with interest; the world of feeling, of action, out of which she had stepped, it was his longing to step into; to learn its foibles, trace its tragedies, weave upon its motives.

The attitude is that of the man who wants his work done for him, the man so open to influence that he cannot reasonably command his own instincts. We feel that when Coris says, a little later, out of a rush of practicality: "You might do 'pars' for a paper, you know, if you want to write," that she measured Nane up. But Mr. Holmes appears to think otherwise.

Yet, when all is said, "The Voice of the World" is a novel far above the average. It has thought, poetry,

and style, though the style is reminiscent and the thought often curiously unclarified. Mr. Holmes has at any rate written a book which is worth serious criticism, and, more, is full of promise.

THE MISFIT MANTLE. By Charles Gleig. (Treherne, 3s. 6d.)

A SIMPLE story carried to a pleasant end by the impulse of a single picturesque idea is not very often met with. Such a one, however, is "The Misfit Mantle," the story of a peer who, to escape prosecution for an assault, assumed an alias and masqueraded as a popular novelist in a seaside boarding-house. The frankest of facetious prefaces assures us that the "purpose" of the book is to bring grist to Mr. Gleig's mill, and there is no harm in saying that we should have guessed as much without a preface. There is a briskness of movement—a little exaggerated—as of a public entertainer who dreads a yawn more than seven blue devils and (twice) a little very mild and suburban indecency. But in the main the book goes good-humouredly and humourously. A man of rank and fortune playing at twopenny cockshies with the hope of defraying "the cost of his tea" touches one's sense of the absurd, as does his reflection that "for half-a-crown he might have purchased a fair-sized sponge, or four collars, instead of wasting it in gambling." The nice girl who would have "tried ever so hard" not to love him had she known that he was a peer is a commonplace of romance, but she is in her latest rôle an excellent restorative for jaded optimism.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

BUSH STUDIES.

By BARBARA BAYNTON.

This is the fifth issue in that rather remarkable little series called "The Greenback Library." The author's name is new to us. Mrs. Baynton possesses a vigorous yet reticent power of description, and an unsentimental outlook, rare in a beginner. The volume contains six sketches of bush life in New South Wales.

THE SLAVES OF THE PADISHAH.

By MAURUS JOKAI.

Another of Jokai's almost innumerable romances. The book is a sequel to "Midst the Wild Carpathians," and centres round Michael Apafi, the last independent Prince of Transylvania. Mr. Bain's translation is good. (Jarrold, 6s.)

THE LONG VIGIL.

By F. JENNER TAYLER.

A modern story of middle-class life. "I, Gordon Pole, was a clerk to Wilkinson and Wells, merchants and bankers, of Dunselm Lane, London, E.C." Into these unlikely surroundings is introduced the figure of St. John the Evangelist. "My original act of disobedience would have to be repaired. In other words, I must do St. John's bidding; I must marry Miss Pratt or my desire to amend would avail nothing." That has a note of bathos, but the book is sincere and reasonably well written. (Unwin, 6s.)

IN CLARISSA'S DAY.

By SARAH TYTLER.

A story of the days of Blenheim and the Duchess Sarah. "In a gray old college in Oxford, two girls sat perched on a window seat in the deep embrasure of a mullioned window lighting up the dark oak of a long corridor." The two girls were Clary Hill and Bell Annesley, and the story tells of their adventures and their loves. The atmosphere of the time is not very successfully indicated. (Chatto, 6s.)

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Education Supplement.

SATURDAY: 17 JANUARY, 1903.

Conflict of Studies.

THE forces operative in bringing about a conflict of studies are the squeezing out of the classics, by practical science, the improvement in the way in which the various studies are presented, and the tendency to give teachers subjects to teach throughout the whole or portion of the school, instead of keeping them to one class for all subjects. Each specialist demands more time for his subject, and consequently a readjustment of the curriculum is inevitable; and the question arises, what subjects must be retained. One immediate result of all these forces is the lengthening of the school period; but a determination of the *relative values* of the subjects taught is the most felt need of the school world.

At the Headmasters' Conference, a fear was expressed that science was trespassing in the domain of the humanities, and in more than one daily paper, commenting on the action of the Universities in reference to the retention of Greek, it was stated that no one can be liberally educated who has not a knowledge of Greek. But such fears and such idle statements will bring us no nearer the solution of the problem. What we want to know is, why certain subjects must be taught, and how much time must be given to them. If there were a generally accepted theory of education, nothing, of course, would be easier than the solution of this problem; but there is no such theory, and so far, at any rate, the help of the psychologist is infinitesimal.

The mathematicians tell us that Euclid is dethroned, that the Universities and other examining bodies no longer demand Euclid's proofs nor his sequence. At Chelsea, last Friday, teachers from public, secondary, and primary schools met to discuss the teaching of geometry. In a well-filled hall there was not a single speaker who did not urge that geometry must be taught like any other science by experiments. The young geometer was to be sent on a voyage of discovery armed with compasses, a ruler, and squared paper. Because Euclid never used compasses for marking-off distances, is that a reason why a beginner should draw five circles in order to cut off from one line a part equal to another? And so to-day we are beginning to teach geometry in our schools precisely in the way advocated by Socrates in the "Meno."

In that dialogue a boy is asked to make a square equal to double a given square, and Socrates, instead of blurring out the method, persuades him to discover for himself that areas of squares do not vary as their sides. It is quite true that without Socrates' help the pupil would only at the end have obtained a square approximately correct, but then we are to-day in no better case. We have yet to find out a method by which a boy could be led to discover the famous Pythagorean problem for himself, as he may be led to find out that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. The result of the acceptance of this new method of teaching will be that unless more time is given to mathematics the school course will not cover sufficient ground, for as soon as this subject is taught intelligently, the barriers between elementary and higher mathematics fall down. To satisfy the teachers of mathematics is not a very difficult task, but other groups of specialists also put in their claim for a fair share of school time.

The drawing-master is no longer satisfied that his pupils should draw ruined cottages from copies on tinted papers

with a white circle scratched in to represent the moon. The drawing lessons, he insists, must be made educative, therefore the child must draw things direct from nature; he must be trained to use pencil, pen, crayon, brush. The object is not to make an artist of him, but to give him training in manual skill and in the expression of ideas by form and colour, and to increase for him his pleasure in using the language of form. Besides, unless a child has some power of drawing, how is he to get the full benefit out of his nature studies?

Next the science master urges that it is not sufficient to give class demonstrations; each pupil must set up his own apparatus and devise experiments for himself; and if it is remembered that no practical lesson can well be shorter than an hour and a half, and that a recent regulation of the Board of Education makes it a condition of giving a minimum grant that nine hours at least must be devoted to science and mathematics—more than a third of the whole time—it will readily be granted that there is very little ground left to plot out. No matter how much the headmaster would like to reserve the rest of the time for the humanities, he cannot do so.

Again what would the educationist of any school say if music were exiled from the time-table? In former days, a hymn in the morning supplemented by a lesson a week made up a total of vocal practice. But to-day the music master cannot be put off so easily, for although he does not pretend, like Molière's *le maître de musique*, that all the disorders and all the wars in the world are due to ignorance of music, yet he is rightly dissatisfied with the mere learning of tunes. Music, at the least, must include some practice in singing from notes, but if we extend the term music so as to include physical exercises and æsthetics, it becomes evident that this subject will absorb two or three hours a week at least.

So far, we have made no mention of languages. It is agreed that every boy should learn one modern language, and four or five hours a week is admittedly a minimum time to give to it. For English literature, grammar, history, and geography, where are we to get their portions of time from? It is therefore quite true that the humanities are going by the board.

From this rough sketch it is evident that with increased training teachers will become more expert, and will teach more intelligently, with the result that the struggle for possession of the time-table will become more acute. It is for the schoolmaster to co-ordinate the subjects; he must look to the end of education. He should be endowed with a sense of proportion, and remember that all specialism tends to abnormality. He is concerned with the school as a whole and with the average boy. What are the potential powers of the average boy, and how is he to actualise them? He would like to arrange the work of the school so that he might bring each pupil up to a golden mediocrity, but who is there to teach him the value of Greek, say, compared with history, of French compared with woodwork?

He feels vaguely that all boys are endowed by nature with emotions and intelligence, and that they are incessantly desirous of manifesting the life that is in them, but how is he to give the right kind of help, or to refrain from helping in order that he shall not arrest development? It may be objected that to develop all the faculties equally, supposing that were possible, is undesirable, because a world full of people of all-round development would be intolerable. It is quite true that it is the eccentrics, the over-intellectual, the over-righteous, the over-æsthetical, who make the world interesting, but there is little cause to fear that the master's tyranny will ever make much effect on nature. The schoolmaster need not trouble himself unduly: let him keep his pupils' minds and bodies in exercise, and native bias will do the rest. How much education can do for good or ill is in the present state of our knowledge indeterminate.

What we do know is that knowledge is a precious thing, and that most human beings can be trained to become experts in something or other; but beyond this, how little we know? Another moral of all this conflict and difference of opinion is surely that each master should endeavour to teach well those subjects he knows best. In this way some schools will do well in mathematics, others in classics, others in modern languages. If a subject is taught intelligently, the mind of the learners will be exercised, and this is after all perhaps in education the one thing needful.

Let us now examine the complaints of the Classicists. They contend that the ancient languages are the best for cultivating the imagination and the intellect. We ask for proof; there is none forthcoming. The masters in public schools admit that the public school boy is not, whatever else he may be, over intellectual. Mr. Benson confessed so much in his book, and in his reply to Sir Oliver Lodge he practically admits that intellectual training is sadly lacking. If Latin were taught intelligently, if, for instance, instead of wasting time in turning good literature into bad Latin, an effort was made at mastering a single book of a classical writer and then reading the rest of his works in translation; if when this was done the pupil was made familiar with the history of the century in which his author lived; if the lessons were vitalised by maps, by photographs, by discussions, then indeed there would be little room for complaint. As it is the public school boy never enters the promised land; for years he is enmeshed in accident and syntax, and never once feels the pleasure of an untrammelled walk through the field of literature. How many boys who read Cæsar or Livy really become interested in the campaigns therein described as they would have done had they followed the narrative point by point in English? Does not the mastery of a book too often mean ability to translate it badly? Does it ever mean apprehension of the arguments, intellectual sympathy with the author? Let the teachers of the ancient languages endeavour to make their pupils realise that the primary object of a writer is to express his ideas, and we should hear little of the peril of public schools.

In conclusion, then, in the absence of help from the psychologist or the educational reformers as to the values of various mental exercises, we are compelled to continue more or less as tradition bids. First, then, the exercise of faculty should be pleasurable; boys should not be compelled to learn anything they don't like. If they are too dull for studies of any kind they should be allowed to employ their time at woodwork or in a laboratory. The average boy, however, finds any lesson interesting if the teacher is well trained and knows his work. Reduced to its primary elements the curriculum must include reading and discussions; experimental work (science, mathematics, &c.), and music (drawing, singing, drill). These three, but the greatest of these is reading.

A Rare Schoolmaster.*

PORTRAITURE is the art of sacrificing those traits in a character which are common to everybody and accenting those which are peculiar to an individual. The author of the "Memoir" before us has failed to grasp this, and accordingly his picture of his very remarkable relative, Edward Bowen, will not, we fear, survive to other generations. But if the reader cares to delve indefatigably in the four hundred pages he will be rewarded; gradually the sweetness and fascination of Edward Bowen, his gentle and chivalrous spirit, his keen and delicate intellect, seem to emerge from the congested mass of technical educational matter and miscellaneous

biographical information offered us. We need say no more on this head, since it is obvious that the "Memoir" has been a labour of love to its author, and that he has brought together, with much pains, a quantity of material which at least old Harrovians will prize.

Edward Bowen, it is evident, was at heart an iconoclast in our orthodox scholastic world of imposing educational graven images. Many headmasters would have shown themselves so antagonistic to Bowen's theory and practice of teaching that he would probably have had to quit the scholastic for the political world, had not he found under Dr. Butler's rule at Harrow a mental atmosphere congenial to him. What a keen critic of pedagogic fallacies Bowen was appears from his satirical paper on those members of his profession who ape Arnold of Rugby. In a paper called "Arnoldides Chiffers" he very neatly pulls away the props by which the conventional schoolmaster holds up the Arnoldian lay figure before an admiring world; and in turn he combats the ideals of "Work while you work, and play while you play," "Let the schoolmaster be a boy among boys, at the games," "Bring your moral energy to bear on the boys," "Let boys select their friends among those only who are good"; and he demolishes with great directness various priggish assumptions of infallible virtue on the pedagogue's part. The refreshing originality of Bowen's mind led him to substitute the indirect sympathetic methods of the subtle man for the cast-iron rule of the stiff moralist. The art of teaching, he held, cannot be taught, so training colleges for teachers are more or less of a delusion, and this is admirably summed up by two questions he answered in his evidence on Secondary Education before the Commissioners:—

Q. Then you take the view that the art of teaching in practice, and discipline in particular, may be considered as very largely the reflex of a man's character upon the children?

A. Yes.

Q. And therefore nothing but inherent character can go a very long way toward effective teaching?

A. I would go a very long way towards that.

How admirable this is, and how far its penetrating sense goes to expose the central fallacy which underlies our whole educational system. Instead of carefully selecting the born teachers, those men whose "tone and temper of mind," whose natural sympathy with the young qualify them for the extremely delicate art of instruction, we throw open the profession to any ordinary young man who can pass college examinations. In the practical walks of life we select our gardeners or our coachmen for their innate and trained skill in dealing with plants or horses; but let any man look back at the list of assistant schoolmasters whose hands he passed through, and he will have been lucky if he can remember one man out of his half-dozen masters who showed any strong aptitude for training the young. As with the Church so with schoolmastering, to allow the ordinary man to find his "profession" in the one or the other is to invite failure and to damage the machine. The refreshing originality of Bowen's mind is also well represented in his paper on "Teaching by Means of Grammar." How apt and witty is the remark "the use of grammar has been defended on the score that it, after all, does give something for dull boys to do. The argument is perfectly clear. It is upheld as being, after all, an excellent substitute for education." And again his comment on "fine scholarship" should be commended to all schoolmasters: "A man is a fine scholar, a beautiful scholar, a finished scholar. What does that mean? It is simply that he remembers accurately the words and phrases that each particular Greek or Latin author was most in the habit of using—or, it may happen, of abusing. . . . How far in intellectual growth has such an accomplishment brought him? . . . One is driven, sometimes, in thinking of these and similar mistakes,

* "Edward Bowen: A Memoir." By the Rev. the Hon. W. E. Bowen. (Longman, 12s. 6d.)

to the verge of asserting that books are the great obstacle to education. Whether this be too audacious a paradox or not, *our teaching wants sadly to be humanized.*" The clause italicised indicates the secret of Bowen's charm and power better than any formal summary. He humanized his pupils. He detested pedantry of every kind; all routine work, all conventional ideas. He made work pleasant for his boys, he set them personally the highest standard in keenness of mind, gentleness of heart, and of pluck and endurance in athletics. He aimed at developing his pupils' intelligence, not in making them walking receptacles for learning, but in stimulating their perception of beauty both in conduct and in nature. Therefore he was beloved by his boys, and remained an influence in their conduct for life. Bowen's own opinions on various subjects outside the sphere of his profession always testify to his engaging originality of mind. His excellent letters from Paris in 1871 in defence of the Commune, his hatred of militarism, his dislike of the late Transvaal war, his distrust of all formal influence, over centralisation, and of what we may call, for lack of a better term, the Prussian ideal in discipline and conduct, show that that dangerous career of professional schoolmastering had no dangers for a man of his rare intellectual honesty. We are not surprised to learn that Bowen was rather of Anglo-Celtic than of Anglo-Saxon blood. Would that he had attained ultimately to the headmastership of Harrow, for then by his influence on the humanizing of education he might have left a great tradition in the scholastic world, a tradition which would have notably enriched the science and craft of that educational world which has so narrow an outlook to-day.

Reviews.

Aristotle.

ARISTOTLE'S PSYCHOLOGY. By W. A. Hammond. (Sonnenschein. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS volume contains not only a translation of the "De Anima," but also of the "Parva Naturalia," a series of opuscles dealing with psycho-physiological subjects and forming a supplement to the "De Anima." Too high praise cannot be given to Mr. Hammond for the masterly way in which he has done his work. The English reader of Aristotle can gather from this book just the information he wants; every difficulty is carefully considered, and, in addition, there is an introduction in which is discussed very fully and lucidly the essential principles of Aristotle's teaching on the Soul. Indeed, so admirable is the exegesis, that the young Aristotelian will, on turning to the original, feel that his editor has lapped him into a false security. It is not, of course, that every interpretation cannot be justified by the text which makes it unwise to read the introductions first, but that certain aspects of the reasoning are thrown into relief which in the original are found commingled with others. Then, of course, there is the bias of the editor, and if he is a psychologist himself, an almost unconscious tendency on his part to bring his author up to date and to make him anticipate modern discoveries. Mr. Hammond is himself aware of this defect, and, in quoting an interpretation of Wallace's, hints that it is coloured by English Hegelianism. Here and there it seems to us that Mr. Hammond's treatment of Aristotle's ideas on "creative reason" errs by a too great consistency; it is only fair to say, however, that Mr. Hammond expressly warns his readers against regarding his interpretation as more than "tentative and speculative." For instance, is it not dangerously near a misinterpretation of Aristotle to write: "It (the creative reason) is no part of the entelechy of the body, but is transcendent . . . it acts as the 'unmoved mover' who is immanent in the world without being a part of it." If this is genuine Aristotle, how slight the progress psychology has made along some lines. Compare the above statement with this taken from a modern text-book: "The world of material phenomena presupposes a system of immaterial agency. In this immaterial system the individual consciousness

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originates. To it, in some way, the sensational experiences are due which form the basis of our knowledge of the material world." There is, of course, a difference here, but how little, and, for all our knowledge, are we not left to-day with many questions still unsolved which the Greeks propounded? "We are still anxious to know whether our perception of a real world comes to us by the exercise of thought or by a simple impression of sense" (Wallace, "Outlines of Philosophy of Aristotle," page 16).

Although Mr. Hammond has written this book primarily for the use of the historical psychologist, yet it will prove of the greatest service to the student of Dante and of mediæval writers generally, who were saturated with Aristotelianism. At a time when Christianity was on the point of dying of sheer inanition, the translation into Arabic of Aristotle by Averroës, supplemented by the higher culture of the Arabs generally, gave it new life and produced that curious amalgam of Christianity and Paganism called Scholastic Philosophy. Much that is in Dante only becomes intelligible in the light of Aristotle's writings. It is an extraordinary fact that Aristotle, the first great genius who deserted the "high *a priori* road," the first great philosopher who built his philosophy upon ascertainable knowledge, did himself indirectly become the greatest obstacle to advance in the study of natural phenomena. And to-day the Aristotelian system of logic is the only one taught at the Universities to the great detriment of the art of reasoning. We reverence the masters of antiquity by reversing their methods, and we honour the master of those that know by stereotyping his "formal logic" and refusing to admit its inadequacy for modern dialectics.

School History.

ANCIENT HISTORY FOR BEGINNERS. By G. W. Botsford. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

THIS volume will make an admirable reader for fifth and sixth form boys. The author has so written it that the recommendation of the American Historical Association may be easily carried into effect in those schools where time can be found for ancient as well as modern history. The story is told of Greece from earliest times to the battle of Arbela, and of Rome from the beginning to the close of the eighth century. There are chapters devoted to Art and Literature. Many maps and illustrations make the reading more interesting, and at the close of each chapter a list is added of books suitable for more advanced students. The first essential of a history is that it shall be readable; no matter how accurate the author is or how careful he has been to exclude difficult details, unless he has the gift of holding the schoolboy's attention his work is vain. Mr. Botsford has this faculty of clearness and interestingness in a very unusual degree. When one reflects how great a number of school-histories are turned out every year, and how deadly dull most of them are, one is driven to recommend the use in school of the Chronicle writers, although this means the substitution of naïve credulous narratives, indispensable to the historians, but unsuitable in many respects for school purposes. We do not want a boy to think with nausea of his school studies. It is of the very greatest importance that when a boy leaves school he should have the technical skill to enjoy and master the works of at least one Olympian writer. For Europe as for America there is the danger of overlooking the fact that neither mathematics, nor science, nor manual skill can quite satisfy the cravings which most minds have for reality, and the most real things in the world for man are his social environment, and the world of thought and imagination found in books.

Our space has only permitted reference to one essential of a school history; but are we never to have a history in the class-room written entirely from the sociological and geographical point of view? For instance, how could Mr. Botsford refrain from following up his account of Thessaly, without hinting at the effect of living in a plain surrounded by mountains?

School Management.

PRINCIPLES OF CLASS TEACHING. By J. J. Findlay. (Macmillan.)

MR. FINDLAY, as a former lecturer on education for the College of Preceptors, and as headmaster during the last four years at a secondary school, is well entitled to a hearing on the subject of his life's work. This book is written to help the teacher just

beginning his career, fresh from college or university, it may be, who finds himself in front of a class of boys, very often with no more notion what to do with it than a child with a complicated piece of machinery. And it is because this is the deliberate aim of the author that we think the book as a whole unsatisfactory, though full of good things. If considered in regard to actual practice in schools, it serves to show the dark places in English practical pedagogy. But the very first essential of a volume on teaching is to avoid the obvious, to give the reader surprises, to give an impression of freshness. In the slow movement of his style and in his labouring of the obvious, Mr. Findlay resembles Sir Joshua Fitch. Mr. Findlay follows up a lesson in geometry by five pages of a wearisome dialogue between the "author" and "old school," of no possible use to anyone so far as we can see. Let the dead bury their dead. But the author betrays that he himself is still interested in Euclid's order, else why trouble us with a lesson to boys of 13 on parallels? Again, the lesson on Boyle's Law is defective. It is evident that the author is a much more competent teacher of literature and languages than of either science or of mathematics. His series of lessons in German is in every way admirable. The author's method of teaching history by readings from contemporary writers followed by discussion, is much more intelligent than the current methods, even the best of them; but why does Mr. Findlay dilute the effect of the reading by such remarks as this: "Why did the people of England honour him (Earl Simon) so much above all the other barons? Because he was faithful to his duty to the nation, instead of taking the part of his brother-in-law, the King, in opposing the people. The old chronicles compared him with Simon Peter; we may compare him more fitly with that great Bible hero who 'chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.'" Why draw obvious morals, and spoil the effect of a quaint writer by drawing attention to our own pietism?

For Schoolmasters.

THE SCHOOLMASTERS YEAR-BOOK DIRECTORY FOR 1903. (Swan Sonnenschein. 5s.)

BEFORE opening the book the question occurs, Why Schoolmasters Year-book? Schoolmistresses are engaged in precisely the same occupation, and are as interested in all matters relating to teaching as schoolmasters. Why should this Directory divide what common aims, common aspirations, innumerable guilds and societies have brought together?

Within, we find, on a rough estimate, the names of from 7,000 to 8,000 teachers, who represent, allowing thirty pupils to a teacher, about a quarter of a million boys in attendance at non-primary schools in the British Isles. Again, in a large town like Leeds, we find some 1,200 boys in secondary schools accounted for. Clearly the Editor's nine months' labour needs supplementing.

The first part contains much useful information concerning organisations and examinations, and the third part of 100 pages is filled with articles by educational experts and reviews of educational books.

Mr. Minchin, in an article on the reform of mathematical teaching, covers with well-deserved ridicule the staunch adherents of Euclid—the book whose authority has done so much to keep geometry out of the schools.

Mr. Gull writes ponderously on military training in secondary schools, and Mr. Cloudesley Brereton, whom we learn played La Crosse for Cambridge University, states the case for the Education Bill of 1902 very effectively. We must find space for one sentence: "The strength of English education lies in its diversity and elasticity; to substitute for it a rigid uniformity untempered by that passion for knowledge that is the *virida ris* of German education, would be a national disaster."

The Editor has done a little well, but the Directory is very incomplete in many respects, and we hope that before long no master's name will appear unless he can produce a teacher's diploma. Meanwhile the most pressing thing is a complete list of secondary and proprietary schools classified as efficient and inefficient. This is a task which the new Education Committees will have to undertake.

Text Books, School Books, &c.

English.

THE business of selling school-books, especially annotated texts, is evidently a very profitable one, although but little of the profit generally finds its way to its actual compiler; and there is a good deal of competition amongst rival publishers to secure a cut of it. This shows itself, on the one hand, by much ingenuity in the devising of new and often experimental features; on the other, by a less desirable tendency to multiply practically identical editions of the more obvious texts, or to apply the old methods to others, which, perhaps because they were not really suitable, have escaped being so handled before. And in the meantime, in the opinion of many well competent to judge, the day of annotated texts is at an end. It is rapidly coming to be recognised that, though they certainly save labour for the teacher, they equally save the necessity for an expenditure of mental energy on the part of the pupil, and the school-book of the future will probably be a well-selected and well-printed but plain text, the comment to which, where comment is wanted, will be supplied by the teacher himself.

MACBETH. Edited by George Smith. "Temple Shakespeare for Schools." (Dent. 1s. 4d.)

HAMLET. "The Picture Shakespeare." (Blackie. 1s.)

NEITHER series makes its appearance for the first time. Each in its way is good. "The Picture Shakespeare" has brief, although sufficient explanatory matter. No form of treatment, however, will make "Hamlet" a possible play for junior classes. Messrs. Dent's plays are adaptations for school use of a well-known edition for the general reader. Although a trifle less full, it is on the scale of the well-known "Pitt Press" and "Warwick" series. Its archaeological illustrations are interesting, but occasionally need explanation. Both editions have also imaginative illustrations by modern artists, which seem to us less helpful. And the coloured ones should certainly be excluded, for nothing is so unattractive as cheap colour printing.

MACBETH. "The Student's Shakespeare." Edited by A. W. Verity. (Cambridge University Press.)

MACBETH. "The Pitt Press Shakespeare for Schools." Edited by A. W. Verity. (Cambridge University Press.)

Two new editions of Macbeth, both having the same editor. The "Student's" edition is an amplification of the "Pitt Press" edition, the former being especially designed for candidates preparing for such examination as that for the Higher Certificate of the Oxford and Cambridge Joint Board. Both editions should admirably serve their purpose, though we should be inclined to recommend the fuller edition to all students who are interested in more than mere "cram."

PARADISE LOST. Books V. and VI. Edited by Flora Masson. (Dent. 1s. 4d.)

THIS has the minimum both of introduction and notes, and these are largely drawn from the excellent editions by Miss Masson's namesake. The chief defect of the book is that the print, although clear, is a trifle too small for young eyes.

MILTON'S LYCIDAS. (Blackie. 2d.)

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SELECT POEMS OF KEATS AND SHELLEY. Edited by E. H. Blakeney. (Blackie. 2d.)

MESSRS. BLACKIE have succeeded in producing these little paper-covered volumes (of about thirty-two pages each) at a wonderfully cheap rate. An extra penny will procure a cloth binding. The editorial work, however, is unequal. The two excerpts from Milton are well enough done; but Mr. Blakeney's Keats and Shelley are a great deal too ambitious and literary. The parallel passages quoted are alone more than we should either expect or desire for the money.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. Edited by E. E. Smith. (Black. 1s. 4d.)

UNFORTUNATELY Miss Smith does not give us Bunyan, but Bunyan pruned and abridged with a liberal hand to serve as a "Continuous Reader." This is a very different thing and a very unnecessary bit of vandalism. Several pencils have contributed to the illustrations; one of them, responsible for the designs representing "Experience" and "Worldly Wiseman" has a vigorous and effective touch.

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SKELETON FRENCH GRAMMAR. By Prof. H. G. ATKINS, M.A., King's College, London. Printed in red and black, 1s. 6d.

The Modern Language Quarterly (Dec. 1902) says:—"This appears, in my opinion, the best attempt that has been made to provide us with the essentials of French Grammar in as small a compass as possible. Hitherto such a book has not been known to me, but now Prof. Atkins in these 51 pages has given us sufficient for the first two or three years of a student's career. The device of printing in red the important points, such as the endings of verbs, is an enormous advantage, and must strike a student's eye at once, should remain photographed in his memory. The book is so good that I venture to suggest a few points that, in my opinion, would make it even better still."—DR. V. PAYEN-PAYNE.

The Guardian (Jan. 7th) says:—"This is, on the whole, one of the best summaries of mere elementary grammar at present available."

The School World (Jan. 1903) says:—"It seems a pity that the book was not written in French; at least that is what the teacher on reform lines will think. Others will welcome it unreservedly."

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The School World (Jan. 1903) says:—"The most noteworthy books of 1902 (classics). There is one which may be said to mark a new epoch in the teaching of Latin, and this must have the place of honour. A First Latin Course, by Scott and Jones (Blackie). This is quite the best book published hitherto for beginners, and we venture to prophesy that this, or others written on the same principle, will supersede all existing manuals."

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SCOTT'S LORD OF THE ISLES. Edited by F. H. Flather. (Pitt Press. 2s.)

MR. FLATHER'S work is well and conscientiously done, but the notes are rather difficult for boys of the "Scott" age; and the introduction is too much inclined to quotation. The opinions of Jeffery, although not without interest to the student of literary criticism, hardly concern nowadays the reader of poetry. A more important objection to the book is that "The Lord of the Isles" could scarcely be preferred either to "Marmion" or to "The Lady of the Lake," and that no boy would have time to study a third poem by Scott in so minute and detailed a fashion.

SELECTIONS FROM THE MORTE D'ARTHUR. Edited by C. L. Thomson. (Marshall. 2s.)

TALES FROM THE GREEK. Arranged for Children by C. L. Thomson. (Marshall. 1s. 6d.)

MISS THOMSON'S school-books always seem to us amongst the most attractive of those which we receive. The two before us have decorative covers and delightful illustrations by the Misses Stratton. A child could have no more fascinating introduction into the happy fields of Greek and mediæval romance. Beyond the selection in the one case and its retelling in the other, there is hardly any editing; but as we have pointed out above, that is the goal to which we are now tending.

THE HEROES. By Charles Kingsley. Edited by Ernest Gardner. (Pitt Press. 2s.)

FOR more than one generation Charles Kingsley's book has been the introduction to romance, and doubtless will be for many more. Prof. Gardner, than whom could be no better authority, has equipped "Perseus," "Theseus," and "The Argonauts" with notes which can do no harm, and with maps and a series of reproductions from Greek vases which are a very real gain.

THE FAERY QUEENE. Book I. By Edmund Spenser. Edited by William Keith Lensk. (Blackie. 2s.)

THE editor, because "young gentlemen generally has been over-dosed with taters," in his notes has cut down the philological element to the utmost, though he has preserved the Spenserian spelling for the sake of its piquancy. His notes comprise a good deal of such comparative criticism as makes them proper for the use of schools in which the Latin classics hold their own as the standard of letters.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM. By Alexander Pope. Edited by B. M. Wantilove. (Dent.)

AN excellent contribution to Dent's "Temple Series of English Texts." The introduction is sound and lucid; the text is clear and faithful; the notes are scholarly and sufficient.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES. By Sir Walter Scott. Edited with Biographical Introduction, Notes, and Glossary by W. Keith Lensk. With numerous illustrations. (Dent.)

IT is good to see Scott frankly recognised as a classic. "There is no rank or condition," said Ruskin, "of which he has not shown the loveliest aspect." And his present editor lays a wise finger on the secret of the momentary neglect which has befallen his work when he writes: "His very simplicity, like that of Homer, has perplexed the smaller critics." This poem is well printed, with sufficient serviceable notes.

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL. By Sir Walter Scott. With Introduction and Notes by Ernest S. Davies. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 6d.)

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL. ("Sir Walter Scott" Continuous Readers.) By Ernest S. Davies. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 4d.)

THE editor of these two books is making progress with his laudable work of introducing Scott to the modern British boy. Eight of the novels have been reproduced under his editorship, and the present is the tenth of the "Continuous Readers." In both cases the work of Sir Walter is introduced with a broad and wise discretion, and annotated with tact and simplicity that does not exclude occasional snatches of curious research.

THE DALE READERS. Book I. Written by Nellie Dale. (Philip. 1s.)

FURTHER NOTES ON THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH READING. By Nellie Dale. (Philip. 3s.)

BOTH volumes belong to a series in which Miss Dale endeavours to put the teaching of reading upon a scientific basis, and to correlate it with the natural development in childhood at once

of the perceptions and of the instinct to find means of expression in rudimentary artistic and dramatic forms. It would be impossible to speak too highly of the freshness and ingenuity with which the methods suggested are worked out, and illustrations provided for them. The whole scheme is a little difficult to follow in this fragmentary shape; but it is clearly capable of affording endless stimulus and suggestion to the kindergarten teacher, who has succeeded in thoroughly grappling with it. The "reader" has the advantage of innumerable and most charming little drawings by Mr. Walter Crane.

ENGLISH HISTORY ILLUSTRATED FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES, 1660-1715. By J. Neville Figgis. (Black. 2s. 6d.)

THE selections from contemporary narratives here gathered together are intended to form a history-book for the upper and middle forms of schools. The idea is a good one, and it is well worked out, the material available during the period chosen being of course abundant. It is suggested that the book might "supply the place of text-books, in the hands of a class." We should have thought that it was admirably designed to supplement a text-book. Some thread of continuous narrative is essential to form a background for the series of exceedingly interesting scraps provided. And even then there will be a good many allusions which will require a wide and detailed knowledge in the teacher to supplement Mr. Figgis's rather sparse notes.

COLONIAL CHILDREN. Selected and Annotated by Albert Bushnell Hart. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d.)

THIS book belongs to a series of "Source-Readers in American History," and is much on the lines of that by Mr. Figgis. But it was rather idle to import it into this country, as, however useful in America, it would serve no purpose in the education of English children.

THE COMPLETE HISTORY READERS. Book V. (Blackie. 1s. 6d.)

TWO hundred pages cover the whole of English history from the "Celts or Britons," to the coronation of Edward VII. Naturally the result is terribly arid and chippy. There are a number of illustrations, but they are not very attractive, and the coloured ones are particularly hot and ugly.

JAMES I. to JAMES IV. History in Biography (Vol. IV.). By H. J. Powell. (Black. 2s.)

THIS book, according to the scheme of the series to which it belongs, presents the history of its period in the form of biography. The inevitable element of partisanship is neutralised by a frank recitation of authorities; by reference to which, for instance, the youthful reader may evade the peril of conversion to the standpoint of High Church Anglicanism, while he is stimulated to a serious study of the history of his country. "Illustrative maps, pictures, and genealogical tables are also given, and a full index, which, it is hoped, may be found useful in training young students to compare and rearrange facts for themselves, and to work out subjects from the incidental references scattered through the different biographies."

THE MAKING OF ENGLAND. The Temple History Readers. Second Book. By R. T. Yates. (Dent. 1s. 3d.)

THIS is a Reader for Standard IV. The story starts from a Druidical Altar near Bradford and concludes with the Great Charter in a passage (adapted) from Macaulay. Edward "did, however, build a great church close to his own palace at Westminster, on the site of an older church, and which was known as the Church of the Abbey of Westminster, but now generally called Westminster Abbey, though" Such is the style of it.

Latin and Greek.

POEMS OF OVID, SELECTIONS. By Prof. Wesley Bain. (Macmillan. 6s.)

A NEW feature of this volume are word-lists grouped according to their roots; for instance, under the root H A B, besides the ordinary words which will occur to all, we find "debeo" (de + habeo) praebeo, habena. As far as we know this is the first time that Aryan roots have been used as an aid to memorise kindred words. Another feature is the selections, with notes at the foot of the pages, for sight reading. The volume represents a lot of work, and few students will desire a more intimate familiarity with Ovid's work than is here supplied.

THE ODES OF HORACE. By Stephen Gwynn. (Blackie. 5s.)

THE most interesting part of this edition of Horace's Odes is the introduction. "Horace," says the editor, "is pre-eminently the poet of those who do not care for poetry." We would gladly have spared Mr. Gwynn the trouble of writing notes which are in no way distinguished, for essays on Horace as a literary artist. Why Horace ever got into the class-room at all is a question much better worth Mr. Gwynn's consideration than sparking his notes with excellent paraphrases. Horace is the very last poet to put into the hands of a schoolboy, not that the schoolboy has an instinct for poetry, but because the experiences upon which Horace draws are alien both to the imagined and realised experiences of youth. His patriotic odes at the beginning of the third book do not ring true. The real Horace comes out in his odes to his mistresses and in the pathetic insincerity of the Seventh Ode, book IV. "You may turn over Horace," truly says the editor, "from cover to cover without meeting a thought which might not have occurred to anyone; there are platitudes on almost every page."

We hope Mr. Gwynn will not follow this volume with volumes on the Epistles and Satires—Messrs. Wilkins and Gow may be left securely to that task—but we do hope that he will continue to interest us along the lines of the present felicitous introduction.

LATIN ELEGIACS. By C. H. St. L. Russell. (Macmillan.)

THE whole of the material for practice in writing elegiacs is here—all that the pupil has to do is to so re-arrange the order of words that the metrical rules are kept. In this way he learns very rapidly quantity and scansion, a necessary preliminary to the writing of nonsense verses or bad paraphrases of good poems.

CÆSAR'S GALLIC WAR. Book I. Edited by Prof. A. S. Wilkins. Books II. and III. Edited by A. C. Paterson. (Dent.)

IN the absence of a preface we do not know what the ideas are of the editors in publishing these books. In most respects they resemble many other editions of Cæsar's Commentary. Both volumes are well done; notes, illustrations, introduction, and vocabulary overcome for the pupil every difficulty saving the difficulty of his own initial effort.

STUDIES IN THEOGNIS. By E. Harrison. (Cambridge Press.)

THE object of these studies is to demonstrate that Theognis "wrote all or nearly all the poems which are extant under his name." It is a learned work almost wholly taken up with textual criticism, and we are confident that students of Theognis as well as classical scholars generally will welcome this addition to the literature of the poet. The text of about 1,400 lines with variants is prefixed to the essays for reference.

CICERO PRO LEGE MANILIA AND PRO ARCHIA. By K. P. Wilson. (Blackwood. 1s. 6d.)

LIVY. Book 28. By Middleton and Souter. (Blackwood. 1s. 6d.)

WE have referred so frequently in high praise of this series that it must suffice to say here that these books maintain the standard of the earlier volumes.

THE ILIAD. Vol. ii. Books 13–24. By W. Leaf. (Macmillan. 18s.)

THE first edition of this volume was issued in 1888. This edition does not differ in any important particulars from that. The attention of scholars need not be called to this work, but the young student who finds Homer only moderately difficult would do well to keep this volume by him for reference. The appendices are particularly interesting.

THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO. By James Adam. Vols. I. and II. (Cambridge Press. 15s. and 18s. net.)

WE cannot pretend to do more than call attention to this very able and learned work. Mr. Adam has prepared these volumes for scholars, and has, we regret, carefully avoided discussing those questions which are interesting to the intelligent reader of Greek literature who is not, however, necessarily interested in textual criticism and detailed exegesis. At the same time the fixing of the text and the examination of disputed meanings must necessarily precede fruitful discussion. How well Mr. Adam could write these essays on Platonism a very cursory glance through the notes and appendices abundantly proves. Such studies the editor is so far from undervaluing that he expressly states that he has held himself back from these discussions in order that he might the better do his work as commentator. The appendices deal mainly with readings, but

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they also contain valuable, if brief, articles on Plato's theory of ideas, astronomy and education. These volumes represent years of patient labour, and yet the editor sends them into the world glowing with an ardour which we associate rather with a neophyte than a ripe scholar.

A FIRST GREEK READER. By R. A. A. Beresford and R. N. Douglas. (Blackie. 2s.)

THE text is made up of simple sentences and short consecutive pieces composed by the authors, the subject matter of which turns on the myths and history of Greece. It is admirably illustrated and carefully graduated. The beginner can use it as soon as he knows the simple tenses of a regular verb and the declension of nouns and adjectives. The vocabulary gives the principal tenses of all irregular verbs.

ANCIENT GREEK LITERATURE. By H. N. Fowler. (Hirschfeld Bros. 6s. net.)

"THE book," says the author, "contains little or nothing which should not be familiar to every educated man and woman." This sentence sets forth a curious heresy of writers; the idea of makers of text-books seems to be that what is in their books should be known by all, whereas our conception of an educated person is one who has used his time and brains to lay hold of principles and to interpret life through his experiences. Let us look at two ways of writing a literary history: one way is, to give the reader a concrete example of a writer's work, to give him a chance for a brief moment of watching an antique mind at work; and, to indicate the intellectual, artistic, social, economic environment of this mind. With such history the student gets a glimpse of the coming age, sees the moving drama; his imagination and intelligence are stimulated to anticipate the future. Another way is to take a writer like Aristotle, say where and when he was born, what he produced, and what school of philosophy he created. The latter is Mr. Fowler's method, a method which is only useful in so far as it supplements the reader's knowledge of Aristotle gained through his works. Therefore we consider that had Mr. Fowler definitely formulated to himself what is meant by being educated, he would not have confused an educative process with the mere acquisition of facts. He would know, for instance, that the only justification in this century for a text-book is that every person using it intelligently would be in process of being educated. This much has been called forth in criticism because this book purports to be abreast of the best thinking of the time, and is produced under the agis of Harvard, Yale, and Princetown Universities. No writer of a twentieth century text-book can afford to ignore the psychological data which the scientific departments of these and other American Universities are steadily accumulating.

On the old lines, then, the book is well written; it is full of illustrations, and contains a useful bibliography.

SENECA'S TRAGEDIES. By W. Bradshaw. (Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d.)

"SENECA'S TRAGEDIES" reach the nadir of dulness, and we cannot respect Dr. Bradshaw sufficiently for carrying through this self-imposed task to the end. It is true that Dr. Bradshaw is angry with the critics who deny the title of poet and tragedian to Seneca, and is finely careless of the "aspersions" that have been levelled at the character of Seneca, but this only proves Dr. Bradshaw's superiority to the critics, and in no way detracts from the monumental grandeur of his work. Had it not been for Dr. Bradshaw we might never have had an English translation of these forgotten tragedies; for, as the translator very wisely notes, those who cannot read the foreign language in which the translation is made would naturally be "quite at sea in comprehending them" (the tragedies). Our gratitude to Dr. Bradshaw can only be faintly indicated here by giving a quotation—all too short—from the *Oldipus*:—

TIRESIAS. "Which of the two was the more lively, after the smaller wound, or did the blood flow more freely after the deeper gashes?"

MANTO. "A perfect river flowed from the opening where the chest was laid bare—the heavy blows only resulted in a small escapement, but a great quantity of blood seemed to make a retroflex course, and showed itself about the eyes and mouth."

After this we can believe quite readily, without reference to the Latin, that Dr. Bradshaw has rendered Seneca into English prose "as equivalently as the idioms of both languages permit."

ST. MARK IN GREEK. By Sir A. F. Hort. (Cambridge Press.)

FOR boys who are ready for an easy reader this Gospel is well adapted for the purpose. The editor has done his work as if interested in it, and there must be few difficulties left when those in the notes are known.

XENOPHON CYROPAEDEIA. Book i. By E. S. Shuckburgh. (Cambridge Press.)

THE notes and introduction are founded on those of H. A. Holden. This edition contains a complete vocabulary.

XENOPHON'S ANABASIS I. Edited by C. E. Brownrigg. (Blackie.)

THIS is a reprint of the 1894 edition; it is illustrated, and much improved in many respects.

French and German.

SIEPMANN'S PRIMARY FRENCH COURSE, FIRST TERM. (Macmillan. 1s. 6d.)

SIEPMANN'S PRIMARY FRENCH COURSE, FIRST YEAR. (2s. 6d.)

WE have advocated in these columns for several years the use in teaching French of the phonetic script, preferably that of the Association Phonétique Internationale, because it is an invaluable aid to correct pronunciation. Also, since it is better that a child should learn one thing at a time, the words in his first reader in any language should be spelt phonetically and the ordinary spelling should be carefully kept out of sight. If English people were to read through a newspaper in phonetic symbols, they would learn with surprise how many words they habitually mispronounce. Again, when a reader is illustrated the pictures should be pictures and not symbols, nor should they do violence to a child's experience by crowding together a quite impossible series of forms merely for their symbolic value. And finally, the language learnt must be learnt in the language itself. This does not mean, of course, that English should never be spoken, it only means that each pupil should have as much conversational practice as possible each lesson. The above primer satisfies all these conditions, and we hope that those teachers who still stand aloof from the reform method will give it a trial. After the first term Mr. Siepmann resumes the ordinary script, but we think that for quite a year this change might with advantage be deferred.

RACINE'S *ATHALIE*. By Prof. F. C. de Sumichrast. (Macmillan.)

ALL that careful and sympathetic editing can do Prof. de Sumichrast has done for this play. The high place which Voltaire gave to Racine in referring to this play as "*le dernier effort de l'esprit humain*"—an estimate which he afterwards withdrew—is no longer held by critics. When the editor says that *Athalie* is not inferior to the greatest work of *Æschylus* or *Sophocles*, he is using the language of predilection, not of criticism. The plays of *Sophocles* give us the age of *Pericles* at its highest; we can, through them, think ourselves back into Athenian life and ideals, but Racine's art does not enable us to re-create his age. The slow movement of the action, the long explanatory speeches, the complete absence of everything which we think of as characteristic of the Gaulois spirit are sufficient to forbid our leaving a place for *Athalie* among the world's few great masterpieces; but it is a great play—perhaps the greatest derivative play ever written. The author's high opinion of Racine nowhere interferes with its usefulness as a class-book, and we heartily commend this volume to all teachers in search of a well-edited play of Racine.

LE *BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME*. Edited by M. A. Gerotwohl. (Blackie. 8d.)

YEAR by year we wait, apparently in vain, for the editor of French classics who will give us the notes, in French, at the foot of the page, and where a vocabulary is added to trust us with French-French rather than French-English. It is often said that boys do not use the notes in a book; it is quite true, they abuse them by reading the English. If a French metaphor is turned into a corresponding English one, he does not stop to ask the literal meaning of the French or how it would be expressed unmetaphorically. For instance, why should not the equivalent of "*tient bien au cœur*" be given in French rather than in English? If French were used throughout, the objection to notes at the foot of the page would disappear, and the pupil would, from beginning to end of his lesson, hear and read nothing but French. Let such editions of classical and modern texts be published, and we are confident that they will soon banish from the schools the hybrid stock.

CONTES ET PRÉCEPTES. Edited by F. B. Kirkman.

RIRES ET LARMES. Edited by F. B. Kirkman. (Black. 6d. each.)

THE interest of these books is in the promise they contain of companion volumes which will supply the teacher with questions for *voir et oïre* work in the text, with exercises in grammar and composition. The illustrations are to be used too according to the

Reform method. Here a caution seems necessary: the pictures must be primarily interesting as pictures. To draw a head or a human body and map it out with parallel lines with numbers at the end of them is to learn a language at the expense of aesthetics, a tendency which must be resisted, especially in these days when science and mathematics are encroaching on the domain of literature and drawing. It is only fair to add that some of the drawings are quite tolerable.

MEDIEVAL FRENCH LITERATURE. By Gaston Paris. (Dent. 1s.)

No one was more competent to write on mediæval literature than M. Gaston Paris. All workers in that field know well their great indebtedness to him, and few are the books dealing with linguistic research which do not bear witness in some form or other to his labours. But just as it by no means follows that a Wrangler will be able to write an elementary text-book on geometry, or to treat, indeed, any branch of his subject freshly, so something more than scholarship, accuracy and gifts necessary for writing books for students is needed for compressing into a primer an enormous quantity of material, and of arranging the matter in such a way that the reader ignorant of the original literature may find the reading not only interesting, but also helpful to him as a guide through the maze of mediæval literature. M. Gaston Paris has done for a part of French literature what Stopford Brooke's little book did for English. This admirable primer supplements two other books, recently noticed in these columns: Prof. Weekley's "Primer of French Literature," and Messrs. Strong and Barnett's "Historical French Reader." All three volumes prove conclusively that a primer need not be a "cram" book, and that an elementary knowledge of a subject need not be superficial.

We have left space for a short quotation, which may give some idea of the interest of the book, if not of its structure and completeness:—

It is in reading them [the prose passages of "Aucassin and Nicolette"] that we understand why the French of the middle ages seemed so "délicable" to foreigners; impossible to imagine a language at once more precise and more expressive, more simple and more supple. It is handled by an artist who knows the value of words and the rhythm of phrases, and who joins the candour of a child's soul to a certain malicious irony, and who, besides, has a very lively sense of the picturesque and plastic . . . This work, both delicate and simple, naïve and affected, recalls the most daintily wrought mediæval ivories bequeathed to us by an art comparable with the author's; with the song of Roland of quite a different kind, it is without doubt what posterity will preserve as most representative of French poetry in the middle ages.

BERTHE AUX GRANDS PIEDS. By Mrs. J. G. Fraser. (Black. 6d.)

THE only justification for re-telling Adenet's dull story is probably that Mrs. Fraser chose to do it. We are certain that from the coinage of her own brain Mrs. Fraser could find something which would better repay the young reader's time than this forceless and wearisome fairy tale. There are a few notes, a vocabulary, illustrations and an amusing preface—in charming contrast with the legend.

COLUMBA. By P. Mérimée. Edited by E. T. Schoedelin. (Blackie. 1s. 6d.)

THIS famous story of a vendetta may have a new lease of life granted it by Mr. Gosse's inclusion of it in his translations of nineteenth century French masterpieces. For the last fifteen or twenty years it has been familiar in the class-room; and the reason of its being such a favourite with boys is not the impeccable style in which it is written, but Mérimée's marvellous gift for telling a story without once letting the reader's attention flag. Besides a full vocabulary, there are sixty pages of notes.

CHICOT CHEZ HENRI DE NAVARRE. Edited by A. Florian. (Black. 6d.)

THIS excellent selection from Dumas' "Quarante Cinq" is a delightful reading-book for boys.

MADemoiselle de la Seiglière. Edited by A. R. Ropes. (Cambridge Press.)

THIS edition contains an introduction followed by text, and nearly 60 pp. of notes.

SELECTIONS FROM L'INSECTE, Michelet; CONTES FANTASTIQUES, Erckmann-Chatrian; POEMS FOR RECITATION; AN EPISODE DE GUERRE, Stendhal; LA MULE DU POPE, Daudet; SELECTIONS, Buffon; SELECT BALLADS, Schiller; THE NIEBELUNGENLIED, Part I.; DIE HARTZEISE, Heine. (Blackie's Little Classics. 4d. each.)

A USEFUL little series of texts, which we have commended in former issues.

GERMAN IDIOMS AND PROVERBS. By A. Oswald. (Blackie.)

MR. OSWALD has collected in this book of 116 pp. some very important idioms. He does not suggest how they are to be learnt.

PRACTICAL GERMAN COMPOSITION. By A. Oswald. (Blackie.)

THIS book has three parts: hints to the translator; pieces to be done into German; special vocabulary for each piece.

Science.

Natural Science.

A NATURALIST IN INDIAN SEAS. By A. Alcock. (John Murray. 18s. net.)

TEXT-BOOK OF PALEONTOLOGY. Volume II. By Karl A. Von Zittel. Translated and edited by Charles R. Eastman. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

A UNIVERSITY TEXT-BOOK OF BOTANY. By Douglas H. Campbell. (New York: The Macmillan Company. 17s. net.)

MINERALOGY. By Henry A. Miers. (Macmillan. 25s. net.)

DR. ALCOCK's handsome volume, written as it is in simple, interesting language, irresistibly reminds the reader of certain books which have become biological classics—books like Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle," and Wallace's "Malay Archipelago," to name two examples. It is the story of four years with the Royal Indian Marine ship "Investigator," which Dr. Alcock joined in 1888 in the capacity of surgeon-naturalist. The "Investigator" was only a wooden paddle-steamer of 581 tons displacement, but the life aboard her, to judge from the narrative before us, and the numerous important memoirs which have come under our notice from time to time, must have been both exhilarating and scientifically profitable. The task with which the crew of the little steamer was entrusted was to assist, by careful surveying, in safeguarding navigation along the local lines of commerce, and as opportunity should offer, to gain some knowledge of the hydrography of the local sea-basins, of their depth and temperature, of the deposits forming in their abysses, and of the life that inhabits them. Of this oceanic life Dr. Alcock has much to say that will prove absorbing even to the general reader, and his narrative reads in places like a fairy tale. In one part we are told of a blanket-crab,—the result of an extraordinary partnership: "a hermit-crab and a sea-anemone live together; the hermit-crab, being by nature a very ill-clad and vulnerable animal, acquires by the partnership a thick and easily adjustable greatcoat, while the sea-anemone, being by nature a hopeless lump of an animal, dependent on chance currents for its food and oxygen, acquires an engine and an intelligent engine driver all in one, which are always carrying it in the way of the necessities of life." In another place the strange doings of a little beast, half amphibian and half fish, are described. This tiny goby fish, though it breathes by gills, has a passion for the land, and may always be seen ashore during the daytime, basking in the sun or hunting for food, raising itself on its breast fin as a man whose legs are paralysed might use his arms. When pursued, it takes great springs, and if it cannot escape into the sea will dive down a crab's burrow, or dash into a bunch of mangrove roots. But these two instances are merely typical of a multitude of wonderful cases of adaptation to surrounding circumstances; if space permitted, details of the way in which crabs have grown to look like the coral among which they live, might be given, or the history of a deep sea shrimp in which the eyes are completely aborted, and the eyestalks reduced to scales so that the animal is completely blind.

The volume is, indeed, full of interesting information about the inhabitants of Indian seas, and it reveals Dr. Alcock as an ardent and sympathetic observer of nature. The descriptions are accompanied by 98 beautifully reproduced illustrations—some of which, by the way, are from drawings by Babu Shih Chunder Mondul and his predecessor, Babu Abhoya Charn Chowdry, artists to the Marine Survey. The book can be confidently recommended as an inspiring addition to a school library, or as a gift book to any person interested in natural history.

The second volume of Prof. Zittel's "Text-Book of Palæontology," is wholly taken up with detailed descriptions of fossil fishes, amphibians, reptiles, and birds, and corresponds to the third volume of the author's "Handbuch." In preparing this English edition, Dr. Eastman has had the assistance of Dr. A. S. Woodward in

dealing with the fishes, of Dr. E. C. Case in the section describing the amphibians, of Profs. Osborn and Willeston, and of Dr. Hay and Mr. Hatcher in writing the chapters on reptiles, while Mr. Lucas has assisted in the description of the birds. The result of this strong combination has been to produce a book better adapted for the use of students than the original, and in closer touch with recent work; Dr. Traquair's discoveries of fossil fishes, for instance, are fully described. Somewhat technical as the book is, a glance through it is enough to remind the student that there has been a gradual evolution in the animal forms which have from age to age appeared on the earth. But while many animal types have completely disappeared to give place to others more suited to the existing environment, here and there the record of the rocks reveals traces of animal forms which have persisted from one geological age to another, and are to be found living in some parts of the earth to-day. For instance, the mud-fishes of certain South African and South American rivers, *Protopterus* and *Lepidosiren* as they are respectively known to zoologists, and the Burnett salmon of Queensland, differ very little from dipnoid fishes found in abundance, as fossils, in Palaeozoic and Mesozoic rock formations in each one of the great continents. Then, there is the lizard-like reptile of New Zealand, *Hatteria*, which is the sole survivor of an ancient and primitive order of reptiles which reached the zenith of their glory in the geological age called Triassic. Other examples could be given from the present volume, while, if the preceding parts of the text-book could be drawn upon, quite an imposing array of these persistent types could be marshalled.

This new volume of the English edition of Prof. Zittel's Text-Book is one of those standard works of science which the student who would make real progress must consult. There is no other book which so well represents the present state of knowledge of the branches of palæontology.

In passing to the consideration of Prof. Campbell's treatise on botany, the animal kingdom is replaced by the world of plants. But the phenomena of life are still the subject of study, and as Prof. Campbell shows in his introductory chapter, the essential structure of plants and animals is extraordinarily similar,—so similar, indeed, that among the simpler forms it is often difficult to decide the kingdom to which they belong. Reviewing, as the author does, the whole of the vegetable world, there is to be found in his book a description of the remarkable diversity which characterises plant life. In one place the bacteria are described; they comprise the simplest of all known organisms, as well as the smallest; but nevertheless the existence of all the higher forms of life more or less directly depend upon them. Then, after acquainting himself with organisms such as these, so small some of them that it is difficult to make out their structure under the highest practicable magnifying power, the student may find in another part of the volume a description of the oak, while the frontispiece shows one of the big trees of California, the largest living specimens of which are probably over two thousand years old.

Though almost everything that Prof. Campbell has to say is the direct outcome of experiment and observation, his book is in no sense a laboratory manual; it is rather a work of reference, and intended as it was primarily for American students, the greater number of illustrative examples are taken from American plants. This will in some measure detract from its usefulness as a text-book in English classes, though it should serve a very useful purpose as a supplementary volume to those which deal exclusively with British flora. The illustrations are abundant and good, and the treatise may be consulted with confidence.

Prof. Miers writes on a branch of inanimate nature; but though minerals are non-living things, some of their characteristics suggest the phenomena of life; for crystals grow, not only in size, but sometimes in such a way as to repair any damage which they may have experienced. But apart from these facts, minerals have little in common with living things. Prof. Miers, who is one of our highest authorities in mineralogy, only treats of the characters and properties of minerals. He has left on one side the consideration of their modes of occurrence, their geological distribution, their origin, and their artificial reproduction, so as to give more space for the task he had in hand. The consequence is that we are here provided with a work on the characters and properties of minerals which will take its place side by side with Dana's "Text-Book of Mineralogy" and similar standard treatises. The letter-press is illustrated by 666 figures and two plates, which are excellent examples of three-colour colotype printing.

Students of mining and crystallography have looked forward to the publication of this book, and now that it is available they will have at hand a trustworthy book of reference that will clear up every difficulty as it arises, and provide material for the identification of doubtful minerals.

Physics.

WAVES AND RIPPLES IN WATER, AIR, AND ÆTHER. By J. A. Fleming. (S.P.C.K. 5s.)

THIS book represents a course of Christmas lectures delivered at the Royal Institution. Starting with waves in water, Dr. Fleming first explains the way in which these waves result from movements of the separate water particles, movements which are repeated again and again while the several particles along any line perform the same motion one after the other, that is lagging behind each other, and not simultaneously. A more detailed examination of surface waves follows, and a distinction is drawn between waves and ripples. Then follows an examination of the interference, reflection, and refraction of waves in water. The waves and ripples made by ships, the waves in air which constitute sound, a comparison of sound and music, electric oscillations and electric waves, and a study of the waves and ripples of the æther form the subjects of successive lectures. No one can read these clear expositions without appreciating what an important part waves take in producing natural phenomena. Without air waves there would be the most absolute silence; without the wave motion in the æther a profound darkness would reign perpetually, and the wonders of wireless telegraphy be unknown. Though it is difficult for a person with no scientific training to understand fully the question of wave motion, Dr. Fleming's simple language and lucid explanations will go a long way towards clearing up the difficulties surrounding the subject, even though sometimes it is difficult to imagine some of the results described without seeing the experiments which accompanied the lectures. The book deserves to be widely popular.

Logic.

AN INTRODUCTORY TEXT-BOOK OF LOGIC. By Sidney H. Mellone. (Blackwood. 5s.)

DR. MELLONE deals with what is often regarded as an uninteresting subject in a pleasing and instructive manner, and he will probably secure many readers. His treatment of logic is characterised by the abundance of the examples he has drawn from various branches of science, and this should go a long way to interest students of science in his book, a result which is to be hoped for since they are perhaps a little too apt to think their logical faculty is sufficiently developed by the series of mental exercises their own work necessitates. Dr. Mellone does not pretend to have exhausted the essentials of logic in his book; he intends it rather as an introduction to the numerous, more complete treatises, which are already available.

Geography.

A GEOGRAPHY OF EGYPT AND THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN. By H. W. Mardon. (Blackie. 2s.)

THE BRITISH EMPIRE. By L. W. Lyde. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 4d.)

THESE books both reflect the improvement which has taken place in recent years in the teaching of geography in schools. Instead of the arid lists of names to be learnt by heart, the pupil is provided with interesting descriptions of countries and peoples. In these descriptions are to be found facts about the natural forms of the countries as well as of their climates and natural productions; while the industries of the people and what they have done in the way of communication, government, and education are all given due prominence. It is particularly noteworthy that successful efforts are being made by the writers of school geography books to exercise the reasoning powers of the pupil in addition to supplying attractive information.

Mr. Mardon's book is especially to be commended. His position in the Tewfikieh Training College at Cairo has provided him with an opportunity, of which he has made good use, to obtain a first-hand acquaintance with the country he describes, and with the assistance of numerous figures and a dozen coloured maps he has produced a text-book which should secure a good circulation. Mr. Lyde's book, too, is profusely illustrated, but some of the pictures scarcely justify their inclusion, since they do very little to form ideas of the places described, and are often unnecessarily large. The text is concise and simple, and will hold the reader's attention.

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THE WORLD'S WORK is the magazine of the educationalist and the efficient man; of the employer who desires to avail himself of all the latest methods, and the intelligent workman who wishes to rise in the world. In the December and January numbers there were articles (to mention only a few) on "How British Trade is Handicapped," by Sir Christopher Furness, M.P.; "Should We Abandon the Mediterranean," by Sir William Laird Clowes; "The Day's Work in a London Board School"; "Life Assurance and Civilisation"; "Music and Mechanism"; "Municipal Ownership"; "Men and Matters in America"; "Toy Making in France"; "Garden Cities in Theory and Practice"; "The Game and the Business of Football"; "Winter Sports"; "A School for Domestic Servants," &c., &c.

A series of articles on "Our Education: What it Is and What it Ought to Be" was begun in No. 1, Dr. Macnamara, M.P., writing on "Primary Education," and continued in No. 2 by Mr. Sidney Webb on "Higher Education." In the February number, the third article, by Professor W. J. Ashley, of Birmingham University, explains the new methods of an efficient Commercial Education.

THE WORLD'S WORK full-page portraits have already made a name for themselves. For the January number the PRIME MINISTER, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, M.P., Mr. John Redmond, M.P., the Rev. Canon Hensley Henson, and Mr. J. M. Barrie gave Specialittings for their portraits. The first number contained similarly exclusive full-page portraits of the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P., Rev. Dr. Clifford, Lord Hugh Cecil, M.P., Mr. Lloyd-George, M.P., and Mr. R. L. Morant, C.B., the new Secretary of the Board of Education.

A Special Portrait of PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT will appear in the February number (ready January 25th), which will also contain articles on "Lord Curzon's Work in India," by Mr. Ian Malcolm, M.P.; "British Cables and Public Administration," by Sir Edward Sassoon, Bart., M.P.; "The Romance of the Fur Trade"; "Science in British Hospitals"; "Manchester: its Commerce and Culture"; special contributions from America and Germany; and many other articles on topics of the day, and 82 illustrations.

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The Beginnings of an Author.

If the truth of the maxim that the boy is the father of the man can be proved anywhere, it should surely be capable of demonstration in the department of letters, when the boy happens to have left written memorials which may be compared with those of the man. Such memorials remain for ever for the most leisurely and minute examination, and if evidence of paternity is to be found, supporters of the maxim may be relied upon to find it. The question is one of peculiar interest to critics, who are constantly being whipped with scorpions for not having prophesied before the event—as, for instance, in the case of Stevenson. On the whole, it must be asserted that the maxim is true—sometimes, but not by any means always. The critic too obtuse to perceive that the girl who wrote at fourteen—

She calls her ear

And lightly sweeps the liquid fields of air,

would ultimately “do something,” had deserved scorpions. But is there a single solitary trace of the future man in “Poems by Two Brothers,” or in that early volume of Shelley’s issued a few years ago? There is not. Could anyone be blamed for not foreseeing that the author of “Desperate Remedies” would write a book as good as “The Return of the Native” within seven years? Perhaps, for “Desperate Remedies” has atmosphere with its melodrama. Would Sainte-Beuve himself have guessed that Balzac, writing “Wann-Chlore” in 1825, would write “The Wild Ass’s Skin” in 1831? No. And so instances for and against the demonstration of the maxim might be adduced indefinitely. The evidence would seem to be divisible into four classes of case. First, that in which there is absolutely no proof whatever of coming greatness. Second, that in which the proof is doubtful, is in fact rather less than proof—a vague presumption. Third, that in which the proof is indubitable, but not definitive. Fourth, that in which the proof is indubitable, definitive, and complete. This fourth class is no doubt the smallest. Instances of it do not throng into the mind. One striking example of it has, however, recently been added to the museum by the publication of the “Early Prose Writings” of James Russell Lowell (Lane), the first American literary artist who lived by his pen.

This slender volume, with its prefatory note by the venerable Edward Everett Hale, and its Introduction by Mr. Walter Littlefield, stands in no need of the somewhat elaborate double apology which is offered for it. There is a great deal of difference between republishing the first printed writings of a man of genius and republishing the mature but negligible trifles which were written by a man of genius in hours when his genius was reposing after fatigue. But the facts in Dr. Hale’s brief reminiscences, if not entirely new to the public, are diverting enough to read of again, and it is good to hear him state positively once more that Lowell’s Harvard friends knew as well in 1838 that Lowell was to be a distinguished poet, as they

have since known that he became a distinguished poet. As for Mr. Littlefield’s appreciation of “Lowell in 1842,” it is a sound and just piece of work in the main, and the biographical detail in which it abounds will be the more welcome in that Mr. Scudder’s “official” Life of Lowell has not left any deep impression on the great heart of the British and American publics. Mr. Littlefield, by the way, makes short work of our maxim. “The early writings of a man of genius,” he says, “are usually unimportant.” Not often unimportant, but usually unimportant. He does not say in so many words that Lowell’s contributions to “The Boston Miscellany” and other superior short-lived periodicals are important. He is content judiciously to call them interesting. We think some of them, the essay on John Webster, for instance, might almost be deemed important.

In laying stress on Lowell’s youthful literariness, Mr. Littlefield shows perhaps less than his usual acumen. “He passed much of his time in tranquil book-walled alcoves. Often the college bell failed to arouse him; through the open window in summer would come the shouts of his mates at play, but Lowell, deep in the old poets—French and English, and later his dearly-beloved Calderon—would rarely heed these things except when awakened to the consciousness that his monthly reports from the Dean would give his reverend father distress.” Such studiousness is not a sign of genius. It is merely a sign that life is imitating fiction—say, a novel by the late Charlotte Yonge. Geniuses as a rule do not “do these things.” And when Lowell got rusticated for his depth in the old poets, life was really overdoing it.

Eight of the ten items in the present book appeared in “The Boston Miscellany,” which was owned and edited by Lowell’s friend, Nathan Hale, junior. The “Miscellany” deserves to rank with the famous “nursery-of-genius” magazines of Europe, for its contributors included Nathaniel Hawthorne, E. A. Poe, N. P. Willis, Mrs. Browning, Edward Everett, W. W. Story, James T. Fields, and Lowell. It was to the fifth number of this remarkable monthly that Lowell contributed what Mr. Littlefield describes as his first and last attempt at fiction—a “short story” entitled “The First Client.” In Longfellow’s diary for 29 November 1852 occurs this passage: “Met Lowell in the street and brought him home to smoke a pipe. He had been to the bookseller’s to buy a blank book to begin a novel, on the writing of which his mind is bent. . . . Lowell will write a capital novel.” And a fortnight later: “Lowell came in. He has begun his novel.” That novel came to nothing, and indeed we should like to know upon what grounds Longfellow, if he had seen “The First Client”—as he probably had—opined that Lowell would “write a capital novel.” If ever an early piece of fiction proved conclusively that its author could write everything well except fiction, “The First Client” is that piece. The point is not that it is an unsatisfactory short story, but that it is not a short story at all. It is a sketch, and should be called a sketch, a very bright and clever sketch of the traditional conventional young lawyer waiting for clients. Fourteen pages are pure sketch; on the fifteenth page a man enters whom the young lawyer takes for a client, but who in half a page proves to be the sign-painter with his bill! And that is all. The English of the sketch is quite admirable, and quite characteristic of a maturer Lowell. The maturer Lowell’s inveterate habit of allusiveness is already at full strength. In a dozen lines we have references to Pythagoras, Wordsworth, and “the Emperor Nicholas’s French-horn band.” It must be remembered that an allusion to Wordsworth at that date was scarcely so hackneyed as it would be to-day.

The five essays on Elizabethan dramatists, which make up the second part of the book, seem to us to be remarkable to be an absolutely convincing testimony of the

truth of our maxim. "In his riper years," says Mr. Littlefield, "Lowell utterly ignored 'The Boston Miscellany' articles. . . . His literary executor, Charles Eliot Norton, his semi-official biographer, Horace E. Scudder, and his authorised publishers . . . have religiously respected his wishes on this point." All we can say is that Prof. Norton and the rest, though pious, were too discreet, and that Mr. Littlefield is abundantly justified in his resuscitation. Take this exordium :—

We shall now say a few words about John Webster, a writer who will not afford us so many beautiful extracts as Chapman, but who stands far above him in most of the qualities of a dramatic poet. Chapman aimed at being classical, and from the columns which he had chiselled out for his never-finished Grecian temple, we can take one and set it up alone without feeling the want of the rest of the building; or we can, at least, break off acanthus-leaves of the most delicate workmanship, and which are beautiful in themselves. But we can give no idea of the irregularly-regular vast Gothic pile which Webster heaps together, with all its quaintness, mystery, and ever-aspiring grandeur, by any single portion small enough to come within the narrow limits of our cabinet.

The adolescent faithfulness is charming in its naive immaturity; and at the same time there is nothing in the passage, except its manner, to differentiate it from Lowell's best critical passages, or even—shall we say?—from all but the best critical passages of Hazlitt. It has imagination; it has the visual quality; it renders.

The rest of the essay is on the same plane of freshness, verve, and distinction. Here is another illuminative piece of Webster: "He might be called the Coleridge of the old dramatists, with a good deal of Dante in him, too. We never go by a smithy in a misty night and see the bloody glare which bursts from all its chinks and windows without thinking of him." And the conclusion of the essay is delightful in its modest sincerity and effectiveness: "We must end. We shall resume the subject in some future number, and will try to do more justice to it. We had hoped to have written something better than we have. But, alas! these children of the soul, which seem so fair and lovely at their conception and birth, become but pitiful, weakling changelings, when laid in the cradle of words."

There are a hundred and fifty pages in this book which certainly ought to be published with Lowell's formal "Works." That Lowell ignored them is beside the point. That he wished his executor to ignore them is beside the point. No one has the right to dictate to posterity, and as a matter of fact posterity will not be dictated to.

Two Points of View.

To Count Leo Tolstoi, as to Carlyle, the Greeks are a people quick at copying the nude figure, but essentially lacking in "religious perception." Profoundly antagonistic to the most artistic people the world has yet seen, the great Russian has none the less written a volume on art which challenged the attention of Europe. Whatever else Tolstoi is he is sincere, and for him art is not at all to be elucidated by the phraseology of this or that doctrine of modern aestheticism. Art is a reality; but how does it fit in with other realities? Everybody knows his simile of the puzzle map; most of us have read his analysis of sixty expositions of writers on aesthetics, no single one of which, according to him, fitted in at all. And for Tolstoi, groping after the larger synthesis of the soul, an analysis of art which should fit in with the actuality of human companionship, and the actuality of a profound instinct towards right, is absolutely necessary. Curiously enough, the results arrived at in this volume are in close harmony

with those books "written in his former style," of which "Anna Karenina" is perhaps the most significant. In each case the goal is to be reached by humility and simplicity. But what the ordinary man can accomplish only by sharing the peasant's close contact with the earth, the artist accomplishes by reason of his "moral infection." In either case the common brotherhood of man is insisted upon, and the universality of art, as a means to its promotion, follows as a natural consequence.

To the English generally, that is to a people profoundly distrustful of art as a means to salvation, this view is only partially acceptable. They prefer to stand or fall by the objectivity of the moral sense, but the note of Terence is for the most part alien from their nature. With the Russian, on the other hand, the impulse towards self-sacrifice seems to be often almost a physical necessity, and to him there is nothing incongruous in the surrender of the personal and the exclusive.

Such an enthusiast will accept in a moment of such surrender the union of "men with God, and with one another." He will accept the statement that "art, all art, has this characteristic, that it unites people." He will admit that "only two kinds of feeling do unite all men: first feelings flowing from the perception of our sonship to God and of the brotherhood of man; and next, the simple feelings of common life." And so Sophocles and Beethoven give place to the writer of a village tale, and the singer of a moujik's song. The spirit of sacrifice has been carried from life to art. What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

For such an one the moral sense alone determines man's development, and his degeneration begins with its weakening and reaches its climax in its loss. Art has its *raison d'être* in the infusion of moral purpose into one's fellow beings. To the artist the magic touch that is so difficult comes easily; to him it is permitted not only to feel the right, but to make others share it. For him it is to illumine the nobler and simpler impulses of the soul, the impulses towards reverence and kindness. To him also it is granted to lead man to God through beauty, but through beauty interpreted in a larger sense than that limited to the symmetry of the body. Such an artist will stamp upon the furrowed brow of to-day some far-off reflection of the halo of the crucifix, and will throw into the simple story of common life something of the universal kinship of sorrow. Such an artist may desire that his work shall live after him, but he will be conscious always of the littleness of the personal comment. He will feel that that moment is best in which he best expresses the suggestion of immortality, the moment in which he comes nearest to making his fellow creatures appeal to the sense of rightness within them. That is his motive, that is his inspiration—to suggest the divine goodness through the symbol of his art.

"La bontà! La bontà!" comes scornfully the Pagan challenge: "Credi tu dunque che il lume debba venire dalla bontà e non da quell'istinto profondo che volge e precipita il mio spirito verso le più superbe apparizioni della vita?" The energy of art has its origin in the denial of death. It does not seek the remote triumph of piercing the barrier of mysticism and entering upon a newer and nobler spiritual existence. Its claim is ever the *hic et nunc* of the actual and the real. Whenever and wherever art served the mysteries of religion, so this apologist will urge, she faded and drooped. Faded and drooped whether she produced the dark, brooding idols of Egypt or the starved limbs of mediæval saints. Only when she has been true to the instinct of survival has she created what is nearest to immortality. The exaltation and the austerity of religion have alike distressed her: for her there is no radiance save that of colour, no severity save that of form. They have called her the hand-maid of religion, but once only since the dawn of time has she

ministered to religion, and then not as hand-maid, but as supreme priestess.

Again, to those who would deny to art beauty as a necessary concomitant, the answer will be equally unequivocal.

One does not wish to preserve that which is already conquered by time. One does not wish to render immortal that which contains within it already the commencement of death. Why should we leave after us the wrinkled forehead, the dulled glance, the arid, weary lines of thought, all the pain of memory which binds us to the past, all the impotence of reflection with which the future mocks us? No, no! Preserve the supreme moments of endurance, the moments of Phryne unveiling her beauty before Athens and of the Discobolus casting across the chasm of time the radiance of his strong glad youth. And because beauty is the token of the unconscious and harmonious endurance of life, it is for the artist to infuse into his art before all other things that which makes not for righteousness, but for beauty. It is for him to present the symbols of effortless life, not to solace beings stricken by an ancient sorrow or cowed by an approaching doom.

And so the doctrine of human sympathy is thrust contemptuously aside. For, it will be urged that man, who, presumably, alone of animals is conscious of the law of survival, has by reason of that consciousness developed the wish to differentiate. He who is most implacable of all is by his nature antagonistic to that spirit of fraternity which has been with all animals a means to a larger end. Applied to art, this theory will lead to the supposition of the artist as an intense egotist, an egotist yearning to breathe into things finite, something of infinite endurance. It will be claimed that in the tomb of an Egyptian king and in a statue by Praxiteles the same strange persistence is manifest, the desire to express the glory of the individual life and to carry that glory beyond the barriers of death.

In this sense Art becomes national when it expresses the egotism of the race, universal when it interprets the goal of man's will. But the artist himself must have before all other men the arrogant certitude of being, and the courageous wish to project something of that being into the future. That is what life meant for him, that is his comment: let the gods play with him as they will, this much he has placed outside of the narrow circle of the years. It is, in fact, the old question as to the self or not-self as incentives for action; self-sacrifice, or self-development? Again and again the smooth paragraphs of dialectic take up the for and against of each, weighing casually the balance between him whose soul is evolved by the triumph of his brain and him whose soul becomes conscious through the sacrifice of his heart.

Well, the petty verbal declamations of approval or dissent must alike fall faint and feeble upon the ears of this dying lion of the North. But it is one of the larger ironies of life that Gorki, who is already heralded as his unchallenged successor, has in his veins the very essence of this newer, fiercer Nietzscheism. It is the eternal antithesis between two half-seen phases of the great Truth which is veiled to all. On the one side, the strenuous Titan shuts out from consciousness the mystery of being in the face of which his little entity is as a weed carried out into the night. On the other, the seer, supremely conscious of the relativity of all human energy, forgets in the presence of the great silence the hot, passionate promptings of the human heart. "Ah!" in the words of Merejkowski, that other successor of the great Russian, "if thou canst make one the truth of the Titan and the truth of the Galilean, thou wilt be greater than any that have been born of women."

Impressions.

XV.—Confidence:

I WOUND up my watch, noticed that the hour was near midnight, and glanced significantly at the bed that the guard had prepared. But my companion who had joined the train at Dijon still talked. This stranger had come through from some outlying part of France; he sat on the edge of the couch; his fur rug was tucked around his knees, his voice came from the depths of his fur coat. He talked easily, as those do who have been profoundly moved, and who remember.

"I can hardly believe it only happened this afternoon," he said. "I was sitting in my bedroom writing, vaguely thinking that if it got much darker I should have to light up. I put on my glasses, then the lightning caught the metal, blazed round my eyes, and I was blind—stone blind. I sat quite still trying to realise it, looking ahead through the years, and wondering if I should ever get used to not wanting to live. It was the grimest hour of my life. Then suddenly I began to see. The glimmer grew brighter, and slowly my sight returned. I used to think I knew what happiness meant, but I didn't. To think that you are blind: then to begin to see! That's happiness! Nobody else in the world can have known happiness as I knew it this afternoon. Why doesn't it last? How do people make it last?"

Unable to answer his question, I climbed into my bunk and placed my head upon the pillow, but he would not let the subject lie. On he rambled:—

"I once knew a man whose happiness lasted all day, and every day. He was a Roman Catholic priest who had a tiny flock, mostly Irish visitors, up in a mountain health-resort. He dressed in broadcloth and wore snow boots; he was always busy and smiling, and he played the organ, I remember. He would come cheerfully into the hotel late at night, when we were all yawning, shake the snow off him, and go off to sit with one of the servants who was ill; then out again through the snow to his lodging. He was always smiling. I suppose he saw very clearly. Perhaps he never thought about being happy. I don't know. When he had nothing else to do he searched for Alpine flowers, and made quite a fine collection of them. Once he asked me to call and see him. His study was a narrow room like a corridor, with windows all down the weather side. There were five glass frames on the wall containing his collection of Alpine flowers. In this corridor-room there was a press, too, and cocoa-nut matting on the floor. I wondered how he could sit there without a fire. Outside there was nothing but snow, white fields of it running down ever so far. 'It's a bitter outlook,' I said. 'But you should see it in the spring,' he answered—'one mass of narcissus.' Why did he look so happy when he spoke?"

My companion removed his glasses, and examined them. "Thought I was blind: then began to see. It's upset me, I suppose, or why should I mix up my happiness with that little priest's happiness! Fields of narcissus! They're not as white as snow!"

He tumbled into bed, then raised himself on his elbow to draw the shade over the lamp. The glass was half-darkened when he paused, "They're not the same kind of happiness. Mine comes to an end like this light, when I cover it up with a black shade. So! But his never stops. I believe he smiles when he's asleep."

Drama.

A Nursery Classic.

"The Water Babies" has long ago become a classic of the nursery, and now, with "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass," holds that place in the imagination of a second generation which a more simple-minded and traditional childhood gave to the folk-tales of Mother Goose. And yet neither Lewis Carroll nor Charles Kingsley was successful in keeping a single eye on the immediate task of writing for children. The Cambridge historian, like the Oxford mathematician, had his Olympian interests and a pen that glanced readily to these; so that if the one turned aside down countless by-paths of literary parody or logical paradox, the other was equally ready to neglect the business in hand for a vigorous tilt at some favourite bugbear, such as the arrogance of science, falsely so-called, or the defects of the examination system. Alike in this doubleness of purpose, which, singularly enough, does not seem to have affected the popularity of their books one whit, the two writers diverge widely enough in their general mental tendencies. They are related to each other, much as board and denominational schools are supposed to be. The freer play of intellect is undoubtedly to be found in Lewis Carroll; in Charles Kingsley the more unhesitating control of the ethical temper. For all its fun and fancy, you will not readily find a more didactic book than "The Water Babies." The moral, indeed, is almost obtruded; certainly there is not the slightest attempt to drape or conceal it. It need hardly be said that this causes no stumbling whatever to the nursery mind. It is fashionable at the moment to talk of childhood as an essentially "unmoral" state, of the child as a practical and unconscious, but thorough-going follower of Nietzsche. Nothing could be much less true than this literary notion, a reflection upon "the golden age" of an ideal really belonging to a much more sophisticated period of life which is, no doubt, impatient of the moral. Actually the child dwells in the most complete familiarity with the categorical imperative; nor could anything be likely to perplex and bewilder him more than a reading of existence from which the "mustn't" and the "ought" were left out. It is not he who is going to shy at Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid and Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby, or at the strenuous moral law which, to our thinking, suits so incongruously with the translucent regions below the wave.

The "Alice" books were dramatised several years ago with some success and much amusement to the author; and it was only natural that a similar experiment should be tried, sooner or later, with "The Water Babies." Lewis Carroll's heroine was played, if I remember right, by Miss Isa Bowman, and it is a namesake of hers, Miss Nellie Bowman, who puts so much spirit and talent into the somewhat exacting part of Tom the chimney-sweep. It is obviously not I, but a much younger and more competent authority who ought to be criticising the play. I can only make a guess as to how it would probably appear to the true judges. I am sure that they would in no way be affected by the fact that the book does not at all adapt itself to dramatic form. Our notions of a drama are founded upon a number of formulas about unities and complications and resolutions and the presentation of character through action and the like, which mean nothing whatever to the child. What he wants is incident and plenty of it; and whether it comes in an ordered plot or in a succession of episodes, is to him indifferent. Nor is he difficult on the score of illusion. His perceptions are quick, but inexact; and the apparatus of wires and trapdoors and limelight and shutters, which to us soon become intolerably tedious and artificial, may work upon his imagination like veritable grammar. On the other

hand, he is a purist about the story. He knows what ought to be in the play, as well as an Athenian audience knew the legends of the houses of Atreus and of Pelops; and he is no more likely to sanction a departure from tradition, than were they to accept Euripides' new readings of the familiar myths. So far as the performance at the Garrick goes, I do not think that he will have much ground for discontent. Naturally a selection has to be made from the marvellous beings whom Kingsley introduced with no sparing hand. But there are Tom and his master Grimes, and Grimes' good old mother. And there are Ellie and the Squire, and the water-babies themselves, and the fairy in her many and puzzling disguises. And there are the lobster and the otter, who fight in the lobster-pot. And there is Tom's dog, spotted and most life-like. And there is Mother Carey, with her white hair and her "two great grand blue eyes, as blue as the sea itself," in her icy throne at the back of Shiny Wall. And finally there are the Blunderbuss and his six Truncheons, who guard the repentant Grimes amongst the roofs and chimneys of The Other-End-of-Nowhere. All of these are old acquaintances for whom a rapturous recognition is ensured. Some reasonable exception might, perhaps, be taken to the introduction of two or three quite new characters, such as the pug and the poodle who come in to dance a round with Tom's terrier, and the Frozen Sailor who chants an explorer's ditty out of a peep-hole in Shiny Wall. In this last innovation I fear that I detect once more the ubiquitous influence of the Navy League.

A final criticism the playgoers of the nursery will probably not make. One misses in the play the honest ring of Kingsley's wholesome and manly English. "The Water Babies" is almost all narrative, and there is but little dialogue available for dramatic purposes. The delightful songs, "When all the World is Young," "Clear and Cool," and "I Once had a Dear Little Doll, Dears," are made use of. But these are eked out with other lyrics for which the adapter, Mr. Rutland Barrington, is responsible, and which did not appear to me delightful at all. They were topical and up-to-date, with references to motor cars and such, and had a distinct music-hall ring about them. Nor do I feel quite sure that the good old school-dame would wholly have approved of some of the much-befrilled dancing which solaced the playground recreation of her scholars. But I do not wish to be hypercritical. The performance as a whole was full of go and ingenuity, and the child who is fortunate enough to be taken to it will have occasion to mark the day with the reddest of letters in the calendar of his holidays.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

In the Large Manner.

So varied, so unequal in merit is the winter exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House, that the visitor may be advised to take the collection in instalments. An examination of two rooms, and a peep into a third, sufficed me for one day. On my first visit I found it difficult to leave the first room. The second was equally attractive. There are forty-one landscapes in these two rooms, but I spent all the time at my disposal before seven of them—two Wilsons, two Cotmans, two Turners and a Constable. The surprises were Richard Wilson and John Sell Cotman, and the surprise began early with the picture marked No. 1, "Lake Scene," by Richard Wilson. There is light in it—lighted water, that has been shining there a hundred years and more. Time has not dulled the glow of this lake so still beneath the hills. What a sure touch had Richard Wilson, who "failed to hit the popular taste" of the eighteenth century, and who fell into "straitened circumstances." How tender is the line of those distant hills;

and look at the tree on the right against the sky. That tree was painted when the paint of the sky was dry. Wilson knew that every touch of leaf or bark in sloppy paint must remain, that no erasure was possible, and yet how certain he was of himself. A sure eye and a firm hand had this old master. Personally I could do without the tree, and the ruin on the left. It is the lake and the hills that give such quiet happiness to the eye. But we must take Wilson as he was, a composer of pictures, one of the greatest of that band of British landscape artists, who saw nature grandly as well as beautifully, and who painted in the large manner. Wilson and Cotman had gusto, and like the Elizabethan dramatists, they give the idea of having grappled whole-heartedly with life, wrestling to the end even if they were thrown. In painting we have explored many byeways since their day, learnt a little, talked more, but we have lost the spacious outlook, and the large manner has gone out of fashion like the three volume novel.

The large manner is very reposeful to eyes dazzled by the shreds and patches of multitudinous modern talents. Not only is John Sell Cotman's "Homeward Bound" decorative, and suffused with the magic of the sea; it has also that air of finality that the large manner does not always convey. This great three-masted ship that comes sailing out of the sunset right towards the spectator is alive. Huge though she be, she does not dwarf the vast blood-red sky behind, or the sailing boat that greets her. The three—ship, boat, sky—are one. The eye takes them all in at a glance, or rather this triumphant composition seizes you and compels your admiration in the moment of looking. The Cotman who could paint such a picture as this is an unfamiliar personality, as is the Wilson of "The Lake." These two works offered so much for reflection that, for a time, I thought I would postpone an examination of the other pictures till another day, when suddenly "The Opening of Waterloo Bridge," by Constable, forced itself upon my notice. Cotman's large simplicity had not left me in an amenable mood for Constable's brilliant studies of the minute by which he hoped to suggest nature's eternal ripple of movement, and to set half a county dancing through a picture. But the gaiety of this Thames picture was not to be resisted. The Prince Regent is embarking at Whitehall Stairs; he is accompanied by a flotilla of gaily decorated barges; the canvas is crowded with figures, and beyond curves the river, with Waterloo Bridge in the distance. "Waterloo Bridge" is not in the large manner, but it is very amusing.

I looked at my watch. An hour and a quarter had passed since I entered the gallery, and the portal of the second room was still to cross. Of the pictures in the first room I had only really examined three. Should I proceed, or should I retire with the memory of those three in my mind?—the outshining light of Wilson's lake, the onward rush of Cotman's ship, and Constable's gaiety. Irresolutely I stood when, through the doorway of the second room, I caught a glimpse of something all a-shimmer with colour, and delicacy, and iridescent mists; something that was neither a picture nor real life, a flash of beauty, caught by the dreamer just before the flame blinked itself out in the light of day. This was Turner's "Approach to Venice," as unlike nature as it is unlike any other picture in the world, but what a shimmer of beautiful colour! Unfaded, too! Opposite is another gossamer Turner, "Modern Italy," equally fairy-like, a thing to be seen with the eye, no more to be described with the pen than sunlight dappling the ground in a spring orchard. Close by was another Wilson, and another Cotman, but Wilson's view of "Woburn Abbey," a wet blue scheme of paint, fat and rich in texture, accomplished with easy precision, has not the attraction of the Lake picture, fine though it is. Cotman, in his "Heath Scene," speaks again in the grand manner. The heath rises solemnly to

the windmills, by a road contrasting with the cool grass and air on the little heights. There is something final about this picture, as about Cotman's "Homeward Bound," something that I feared I should not find in an adjoining room where hang 18 pictures by four recently-deceased members of the Royal Academy—Henry Moore, John Brett, Vicat Cole, and M. Ridley Corbet.

Comparisons are as odious in the painting as in the pedagogic world, and I do not propose to contrast Brett, Vicat Cole, Corbet and Moore, with Turner, Constable, Cotman, and Wilson. But it was impossible to stand in the doorway of that third room and not be struck by the facility of the talent of Brett, Vicat Cole, and Corbet. Pretty, attractive, nice are the epithets that rise easily to the lips before their pictures. But Wilson's "Lake" or Cotman's "Homeward Bound" unload no adjectives. They flush a feeling into the spectator that cannot be labelled with a faded word. This is the way of masterpieces.

"What about Henry Moore?"

I started at the question, so closely was it allied to my thought of the moment. In the speaker I recognised an acquaintance—a bad painter, but an excellent critic, one of those who can interpret and explain, but who are quite unable to create. "This is sad," he said, waving to the works by Brett, Vicat Cole, and Corbet; "but how about Henry Moore?"

It is unnecessary to be literary with a painter, so I merely said, "His 'Newhaven Packet' is all right, and there isn't much wrong with his 'Nearing the Needles.' Of course I don't mean to compare them with Cotman's 'Homeward Bound.'"

"'Homeward Bound' is a fine picture, but it isn't by Cotman."

"Not by Cotman!" I said. "Nonsense! I was beginning to apotheosize him. The catalogue says it's his."

He smiled gently. "I never go by the catalogue. Have you seen the Tintoretos?"

"No!" I snapped.

C. L. H.

Science.

The Dietetic Value of Alcohol.

If there is one thing more than another that has been dinned into our ears by the advocates of total abstinence, it is that alcohol is not a food: and while the self-evident fact that its abuse is an evil has been asserted with much unnecessary vehemence, it has been impressed upon us that its moderate use could never, under any circumstances, make for our good. As it could never afford the slightest nutriment, and any stimulative effect that resulted from its ingestion was certain to be followed by a greater amount of depression, it followed, said these latter-day Encratites, that the only thing to be done was to prohibit its use, even as a medicine. As the logical faculty of the Anglo-Saxon is still very little developed, and most of us are in the habit of accepting any proposition which is shouted at us with sufficient violence, hospitals for the treatment of disease without alcohol have sprung up on both sides of the Atlantic; and—if the newspapers are to be trusted—the last terrible railway accident in America was made memorable by the spectacle of a truculent apostle of abstinence smashing the bottles of brandy brought by the doctors for the relief of the wounded.

Luckily, perhaps, for the rest of the world, those Latin races who have, according to Dr. Archdall Reid, purchased a partial immunity from alcohol by centuries of intoxication, have never taken the new gospel very seriously, and have even ventured to show its weakness by experiment. Dr.

Duclaux, Director of the Institut Pasteur, has demonstrated that guinea-pigs can be kept alive, in the absence of other food, by strong hypodermic injections of alcohol, to which it has been objected by the advocates of abstinence that guinea-pigs are not men, and that their inconvenient survival under the experiment must be accounted for by a double dose of original sin in the guinea-pig's constitution. Then, Dr. Chauveau, substituting for the vile body of Dr. Duclaux's experiment that of man himself, devised a sort of cage in which an observer could ensconce himself, surrounded by thermometers, dynamometers, spirometers, and all the latest apparatus for testing heat, strength, and energy, and could thus establish experimentally the effect of different foods upon his own system. The expense of construction, which is said to have been enormous, for some time prevented this experiment from being carried into practice; but at length the usual American millionaire was found to endow the scheme, and several such machines were erected in the laboratory of an American University. In these three students, trained in observation, two of whom had been total abstainers from their youth, were shut up for a considerable period, and were fed on a varied diet of meat, farinaceous substances, vegetables, sugar, and water, until something like a normal standard of nutrition, as evidenced by temperature, energy of grip, and the like, was attained. Then certain parts of the meat and sugar ration were withdrawn, and its presumed equivalent in alcohol was substituted. The result, which the reader will find detailed in the *Annales de l'Institut Pasteur*, was to completely upset the confident assumptions of the total abstinence theory. No loss whatever of weight, of heat, of strength, followed the substitution of alcohol for other forms of food. The experiments were varied, checked, and controlled in every way possible. The subjects, one of whom was a Canadian, one an American, and one a Swede, were made to spend part of their imprisonment in repose, part in violent gymnastics; the substitution of alcohol for other foods was made sometimes gradually and sometimes abruptly; but the effect produced remained always the same. It seems impossible to avoid the conclusion, drawn reluctantly enough by the experimenters, that alcohol is really a food.

This is, of course, not to say that alcohol is the best or even an advantageous food for man, still less that it is one that can be taken inordinately with impunity. Apart from the fact that alcohol, being a manufactured and not a natural product, must always be costly out of all proportion to its nutritive value, its directly stimulating effect on the heart must render its use dangerous to the general health of that organ unless kept within sharply-defined limits. But if, leaving these medical details, which are perhaps rather out of place in these columns, we look further afield, we find that alcohol has a dietetic value quite apart from its nutritive properties. That wine maketh glad the heart of man is as true now as when it was first given to the world in the Vulgate, and for this reason, if for none other, it has proved an inestimable blessing to the human race. As Dr. Dumas, a specialist in such matters, has shown in his recent work on "*La Tristesse et la Joie*," cheerfulness, however obtained, is in itself one of the finest tonics to the bodily system yet discovered. Under its influence the respiration, the circulation, and the bodily strength alike increase, while the reverse consequences follow the inroads of "loathed melancholy." That the moderate use of alcohol will induce this cheerfulness is part of the common experience of humanity, and hence it is not surprising that in all ages its common imbibition has been exalted into a social function, or even into a religious observance.

On this last side, too, it becomes a benefit, not only to the individual, but to the race. One of the most important factors in the evolution of civilised man has been the periodical gathering together of individuals for the purpose of festivity. At first it is probable that this took

place for the sake of commerce, and that the ancient market was really the first link between the scattered families who lived in primæval times in their separate caves. But even thus, the practice of taking their food in common must soon have become a matter of convenience, as is seen in our modern institution of farmer's ordinaries, and thus the foundation of intercourse for purely social purposes seems to have been laid. When alcohol was first discovered, it seems to have quickly become an attendant on these meetings for the sake of barter, a memory which still survives in many places in the habit of drinking upon a bargain, and thus took its share in the civilisation of the human race. That the exhilaration, temporary though it may be, produced by its use, has on the whole made for the welfare of the race, seems to be established by the fact that the European and Mongoloid races among whom it has been longest known and most widely used are now at the head of civilisation, while those who have most stoutly resisted its introduction, such as the fanatical Semites of Asia and Africa, are pretty nearly at its tail.

Thus we see that one of the assertions most vociferously made for partisan purposes by well-meaning but unreasoning faddists, has been proved on scientific grounds to be false. That many kindred follies will in time be exposed, none can doubt who watches the general tendency of research. In these days, when the best thought-out scientific theories are spoken of by their propounders as only "working hypotheses," it does not, indeed, become us to be dogmatic; and the fact that any assertion of a sweeping character is loudly and noisily made is enough to put those who really strive to know upon their guard against its reception. So may we hope that in time we may shake off the bad habits of thought which we have received along with much that is admirable from our barbarian ancestors, and may come to perceive the truth and beauty of the old Greek rule of life, "Nothing in excess." F. LEGGE.

Correspondence.

Lear's Fool.

SIR,—“And of course, there is the poor faithful fool of Lear, whose hanging comes as such a wanton and remorseless touch, at the close of the bitterest of tragedies.” So writes Mr. Chambers in a recent dramatic criticism in your pages. But is this so? The Fool stays not till the even of the play, he “goes to bed at noon” to use his words before making a final exit. He is almost forgotten as the great tragedy develops. Surely Lear is not hearkening back to him, but is thinking of the dead daughter in his arms, when he says:—

And my poor fool is hanged, no no, no life.

Follow out the speech and it is proved.

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all?

* * * * *
Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,
Look there, Look there.

“Fool” as used by Shakespeare in this and other plays, has more of pity than of scorn in its meaning; it may be an almost tender pity.—Yours, &c., JOHN CARMONT.

12, Warrender Park Terrace, Edinburgh.

Scenic Realism.

SIR,—The question of the whereabouts of the stage wall referred to by Mr. Chambers is not perhaps of much practical importance, but, if not trespassing too much on your space, may I suggest that “H. B. M.’s” explanation is

hardly satisfactory? Surely to insist that we, the audience, are in a room where certain things are happening, and not somewhere outside the room, raises rather formidable difficulties. The question immediately arises, what business have we in a room where something with which we have nothing to do is going on—and how do the people whom we are watching there regard us, the intruders? This, “H. M. B.” may say, is absurd, since it is part of the convention of the playhouse that certain things are taken for granted, and that our presence in the room is an incorporeal presence, a presence unseen. That, however, is to my mind asking too much of us in the way of make-believe. It is better, I think, to ask as little of us as possible—to set up a theory that leaves as little as possible to be explained—and we do this, we leave much less to be explained, if we say that what is going on before us in the theatre is external to ourselves, that we are privileged to see it, not by being admitted to the room, but by being brought to the outer wall and given the chance to peep. In that case the wall would not be seen by us, as we should be in the position of those looking into a room through a window.

Lest, however, “H. B. M.” should contend that his view is borne out by the practice of certain actors and actresses who are for ever smiling amiably at the audience and in other pleasing ways establishing a friendly connection, may I add that this practice is to my mind quite inexcusable and could not be indulged by any but those who have a fatal misconception of the meaning of their art.—Yours, &c.,
G. J. P.

Picturesque Old Houses.

SIR,—In your review of Mr. Fea’s “Picturesque Old Houses,” your reviewer has fallen into the same error as Mr. Fea in associating the house of Houghton Conquest with Sir Philip Sidney. Mr. Fea even conjectures that in it Sir Philip wrote his “Arcadia,” whilst staying there with his sister. As a matter of fact, there is no evidence that Sir Philip was ever at Houghton in his life, for his sister did not possess the estate until nearly thirty years after his death, and the house of which Mr. Fea speaks was not built until the reign of James I.—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP SIDNEY.

Wanted a Word.

SIR,—What is the correlative antithesis of sequel used in the sense of showing the relationship, in one word, of the first part of a literary work to another? “We Two” is the sequel to “Donovan.” What is “Donovan” to “We Two”? Prelude, prodrome, proem, or introduction might be used. I, however, cannot bring to mind any precedent, and so invite opinion. Failing the suitability of any existing word, will someone coin one?—Yours, &c.,
“CATALOGUER.”

Two Poets.

SIR,—“The Bookworm” seems a little hazy in his bibliographical notes on Mr. John Davidson. The volume which Mr. Fisher Unwin brought out in 1890 under the title of “Scaramouch in Naxos, and Other Plays,” included “An Unhistorical Pastoral,” “A Romantic Farce,” and “Scaramouch,” but neither “Bruce” nor “Smith.” This volume was, moreover, previously published for private circulation. Your reviewer is in error as to the sex of the author of “Sonnets of a Platonist.” Jesse Berridge is, as indeed his name implies, a poet, not a poetess, to use a somewhat outmoded word.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM G. HUTCHINSON.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 173 (New Series).

Last week we offered a Prize of One Guinea for the best four-line original motto in verse to be inscribed on a house once occupied by a deceased, or now occupied by a living author. We have received forty-six replies. Many competitors have not named the author: we meant, of course, that each motto should have a special and not a general application. We award the prize to Mr. Ward Muir, Hotel Victoria, Davos Platz, Switzerland, for the following:—

STEVENSON.

Here I fought: here was my body slain:
Here I wove spells which winged their kindly flight
Soothing for others, as for me, earth's pain:
—Go thou and likewise fight.

Other replies follow:—

SHAKESPEARE.

Serve first thy God, for there is none above:
Serve then thy King, else shall thy nation fall:
Serve then thy friend, if thou a friend would'st prove:
Serve last thyself, for self's but least of all.
[N. W., Liverpool.]

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

He not alone his Pegasus could ride,
But galloped gaily down the country side:
A brilliant parson, singer of that blast
From the north east which struck him down “At last!”
[F. B. D., Torquay.]

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The darkness and the strife without
Should make all wanderers in doubt
Knock at this door and pray to win
The sweetness and the light within.
[J. H., Hempsted.]

CHARLES DARWIN.

Here dwelt the man whose god was Nature's law,
Who solved the riddle of Creation's scroll,
Who worshipped Truth with reverence and awe,
And only doubted God and his own soul.
[M. I. E., Lampeter.]

W. W. JACOBS.

The tide of fortune flows from many a source;
Keep ye the shore, as well as river, scanned;
Lest it may, all unheeded, run its course,
Not on the stream alone, but through the strand.
[F. Fitz-G., Haverhill.]

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

If thou at morn uplift thy heart
To choose and live the higher part,
Sweet Peace shall flood at starry night
Thy soul with sweetness and with light.
[S. C., Hove.]

COWPER.

With what slow-footed hours, quaint, simple, sad,
Time lingered here, and smiled but was not glad!
Time may forget, but whatso'er its fate,
To gentle heart, these walls are consecrate.
[K. K., Dublin.]

DICKENS.

Here dwelt a master-mind whose wondrous pen
Impressed its words upon the hearts of men:
He wrote of grief and joy—he lived to prove
All else's dross save only human love.
[T. P., Manchester.]

ROBERT BURNS.

Gie me to mak' for “Scotland's sake” a ballant or a sang;
A lass to pit her arms aroon' my neck when a' gangs wrang;
The lift aboon, an' at my feet the gowan-speckled grun';
An' whies, no' often, juist at times, a gless an' rowth o' fun.
[T. McE., Belfast.]

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Stranger, remove thy hat, take off thy shoes.
This was the dwelling place of Tom Carlyle;
His teaching glorifies a fit of blues,
And shews how closely linked are brain and bile.
[T. McE., Belfast.]

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

To one another say: "Twas here
In quietude she dwelt apart,
Coining her messages to cheer
The sad and the bereaved heart."
[S. M., Addiscombe.]

LANDOR.

Beneath this roof, within this porch
One lived and lit Athenæ's torch:
Another now, for his brief turn,
Uplifts that torch, and bids it burn.
[R. F. McC., Whitby.]

SHAKESPEARE.

These silent walls his gentle presence knew.
Who read the heart and all its passions drew:
Here seek not his memorial to trace—
Know that he clasps the world in his embrace.
[A. E. W., Greenock.]

He that late did sojourn here
Little reck'd of worldly gear:
Fill his ink-pot to the brim,
And you well contented him.
[E. B., Ipswich.]

An author lived here—and is dead—
Another now writes in his stead;
And fifty more their pens may twiddle,
But only life can solve life's riddle.
[G. C., South Norwood.]

Competition No. 174 (New Series).

This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best set of verses, not to exceed sixteen lines, on an old School Book. The title of the book to be given.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 21 January, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Gardner (Alice), *The Conflict of Duties* (Unwin) 7 6
Conder (Col. G. R.), *The First Bible* (Blackwoods) 5 0
Holden (H. W.), *Dissenting Orders and Church Status* (Skeffington) 0 3

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

Davidson (John), *The Knight of the Maypole: A Comedy in Four Acts* (Richards) net 5 0
Bateman (Stringer), *As Crowned Queen, and Other Poems* (Simpkin Marshall) net 5 0
Hill (Roland), *Songs in Solitude* () net 5 0
Cranmer-Byng (L.), *The Never Ending Wrong* (Richards) net 5 0
A Layman, *The Church Calendar, and Other Thoughts in Verse* (Drane) 6 0
Courlander (Alphonse), *Perseus and Andromeda* (Unicorn Press) net 2 6
Hodgkin (L. V.), *The Happy World* (Headley) net 1 6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Lethaby (W. R.), *London before the Conquest* (Macmillan) net 7 6
Barine (Arvede), *La Grande Mademoiselle, 1627-1652* (Putnam's) net 12 6
Bourne (H. R. Fox), *Civilisation in Congo-Land* (King) net 10 6
Wright (Arnold) and Smith (Philip), *Parliament, Past and Present*. Vol. II. (Hutchinson) 7 6
Wilkins (W. H.), *Our King and Queen*. Vol. II. () 7 6
Hale (Edward Everett), *Memories of a Hundred Years*. 2 Vols. (Macmillan) net 21 0
Richman (Irving Berdine), *Rhode Island*. 2 Vols. (Putnam's) 21 0
Jones (Rufus M.), *A Boy's Religion from Memory* (Headley) 2 6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Pierson (Dr. N. G.), *Principles of Economics*. Vol. I. (Macmillan) net 10 0
Clarke (Agnes M.), *Problems in Astrophysics* (Black) net 20 0
Savage (Minot J.), *Can Telepathy Explain?* (Putnam's) 3 6
Lee (Gerald Stanley), *The Lost Art of Reading* () 7 6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Herring (Frances E.), *Among the People of British Columbia* (Unwin) net 6 0
The Geographical Journal. Vol. XX. (Royal Geographical Society)

EDUCATIONAL.

Verity (A. W.), edited by, *The Tragedy of Macbeth* (Cambridge Univ. Press) 2 6
Thim (Capt. C. A.), *Hindustani Grammar Self-Taught* (Marlborough) 2 6
Norman (Leonard), *How to Work Arithmetic*. Parts I and II. (Over) net each 1 6
Barter (A. A.), with introduction and notes by, *The History of Henry Esmond* (Black) 2 6
Herbertson (E. D. and A. F.), *Descriptive Geographies: Asia* () 20 0
Frazer (Mrs. J. G.), *Chevaliers De Charlemagne* () 0 6

MISCELLANEOUS.

Douglas (Elizabeth), *The Soup and Sauce Book* (Richards) 2 0
Washington (Booker T.), *Character Building* (Richards) net 6 0
Reynolds-Ball (E. A.), *Practical Hints to Travellers in the Near East* (Marlborough) 2 6
Campbell (Alexander Colin), *Insurance and Crime* (Putnam's) net 10 6
Mudie's Catalogue of Principal English Books (Mudie's Library) 1 6

NEW EDITIONS.

Bateman (Stringer), *King and Cardinal* (Simpkin Marshall) 1 6
Newman (Cardinal), *Select Essays* (Scott) 1 6
Galton (Francis), *Life History Album* (Macmillan) net 6 0
Prentiss (E.), *Stepping Heavenward* (Ward Lock) 1 6
Walsh (George E.), *The Mysterious Burglar* () 0 6
Willing's Press Guide, 1903. (Willing) 1 0
Holden (H. W.), *Justification by Faith* (Skeffington) 3 6
Guest (William), *Stephen Grellet* (Headley) 3 6
Dickens (Charles), *Pickwick Papers (Autograph Edition)* (Harrap) 0 6
Spencer (Herbert), *Education* (Watts) 0 6

PERIODICALS.

Mind, Journal of Philology, Lady's Magazine, Forum, Current Literature, Book Buyer, Humane Review, St. George, Girl's Realm, London Magazine, English Historical Review, Edinburgh Review.

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

The "Life of Robert Buchanan," by his sister-in-law, Miss Harriet Jay, will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin this month. Miss Jay inscribes it: "To the memory of Robert Buchanan, who adopted me in my childhood, and who, throughout his life, was to me the kindest of fathers, the best of friends." The volume includes correspondence with Mr. Herbert Spencer and other well-known men.

Mr. Arthur Sheppard, private secretary to Dr. Randall Davidson, the newly appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, has written a book, entitled "How to Become a Private Secretary: Qualifications, Training, Work." It will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The book enumerates in a clear and concise manner the necessary qualifications, and describes in detail the varied character of the work and the kind of preparation desirable for it.

The publications of "The Free Age Press," comprising the cheapest authoritative editions of Tolstoy's books and booklets, will in future be published by Thomas Laurie, 15, Paternoster Row, London. These are the only editions produced in direct communication with Tolstoy—of whom the editor is a personal friend. The profits on this series are wholly expended in spreading a knowledge of Tolstoy's principles in other European countries—the doctrine of peace on earth and goodwill to men.

A new volume of verse by Mr. Bernard Malcolm Ramsey, entitled "London Lays and Other Poems," is about to be published Mr. Elliot Stock. Though the pieces in the book are chiefly on the various aspects of London life, a few relate to country scenes in England and Scotland.

"Education Law," by Mr. T. A. Organ, B.A., is announced by Messrs. Butterworth & Co. It is founded on "Organ's Law (with Acts) relating to Schools and Teachers," which was published in 1900, and which had a very extensive sale. Mr. Organ is well known in the educational world, and is a recognised authority on the subject. In this work will be found the full text of all the statutes bearing on the subject.

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The Literary Week.

THE new books published during the past week do not make a very imposing show. Mr. Dooley has again spoken, and among the novels we note "The Circle" by a new writer. For the first time in its history "The North American Review" has admitted fiction to its pages. Mr. Henry James is the chosen novelist, and the title of the story, of which the first three chapters are printed, is "The Ambassadors." Among the books of the week we note the following:—

OBSERVATIONS. By Mr. Dooley.

It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Dunne, the creator of Mr. Dooley, is the most popular humourist of the day. Those who read him must read him carefully: his spelling compels the roving eye to concentration. The present volume contains thirty-odd papers, treating such subjects as "White House Discipline," "King Edward's Coronation," "Rights and Privileges of Women." "An' do I object to th' pursuit iv lithrachoor?" asks Mr. Dooley. "Oh, faith, no. As a pursuit 't is fine, but it may be bad f'r anny wan that catches it."

AGNOSTICISM. By Robert Flint.

Being the Croall Lectures for 1887-88. The author excuses himself for the late appearance of the book on the ground that he had other work in hand which had prior claims. Of the matter contained in the volume he says: "The lectures delivered in St. Andrew's Church, Edinburgh, cannot now be regarded as more than the nucleus of the present volume; but there is certainly nothing now published in that volume except what is not only consistent with, but supplementary to, what was said in the lectures."

CHINESE PORCELAIN. By W. G. Gulland.

The second volume of Mr. Gulland's interesting work. The illustrations are numerous, and in the present volume are arranged in chronological order; in the earlier volume they were grouped into classes. The author says: "Although photography best preserves the touch of the Chinese artist, which is apt to be lost or distorted in hand-made copies, still it is not always as successful as can be

desired." The difficulty in most cases arises from the high vitrescence of surface. The dates of the examples given range between 1506 and 1875.

M. MAETERLINCK contributes to the January "Pall Mall Magazine" an article on the Battle of the Spurs, that great struggle on the plain of Groeninghebeek, which saw "the whole of the chivalry of Philip the Fair, fighting under the orders of Robert of Artois . . . annihilated." M. Maeterlinck describes the battle with vigour and picturesqueness; the scene moves and glitters; but M. Maeterlinck can never be wholly detached, and in the concluding words we get back to his old note: "It was the first great defeat of mediæval chivalry, and one of the first victories of the mysterious justice which quickens that strange harmony of spiritual and moral forces which is called Mankind."

THE Royal Academy elections on Wednesday night aroused more than usual interest. There were three vacancies among Associates, and one among Academicians. The R.A. chair was filled by the election of Sir E. A. Waterlow, who was run close by Mr. Macbeth. The main interest, however, lay in the voting for the Associateship. The leading candidates were Messrs. J. H. F. Bacon, Arnesby Brown, W. L. Colton, Edward Stott, and Frank Brangwyn. The first to be selected was Mr. Bacon, who defeated Mr. Stott in the final ballot by twenty-seven votes to twenty-four. Then came Mr. Colton, who beat Mr. Stott by thirty-two to nineteen. In the third case Mr. Stott again reached the final stage, but was again beaten, Mr. Arnesby Brown receiving twenty-eight votes to Mr. Stott's twenty-three. The election was therefore somewhat disappointing. We had hoped to see Mr. Stott elected.

THE difficulty of a subject is often its main attraction, it would seem, to some people. To write a play on the subject of "Dante and Beatrice" would appear to be the most difficult of tasks, and no doubt it is, but Miss Emily Underdown has cheerfully attempted it. On a less exalted theme we can believe that she might have achieved some success, but here we see only unsuccessful effort. To introduce upon the stage an emblematic figure of Love when Dante and Beatrice are together is to outrage even the weakest imagination.

THERE reaches us from New York a beautifully printed thin volume which bears upon its title page: "Some letters, by Robert Louis Stevenson, with an autroduction by Horace Townsend." Mr. Townsend tells us that these letters were addressed to Mr. Trevor Haddon, at that time (twenty-three years ago) an unknown but aspiring art student. Mr. Haddon wrote to Stevenson as an admirer, and from that introduction followed the letters here first printed. They are delightful and characteristic letters, hardly touching Stevenson's highest in the way of correspondence, perhaps, but full of wisdom, kindness, and good counsel. We extract the following from a letter dated from Hyères, where Stevenson, it will be remembered, was so happy and contented:—

In your own art, bow your head over technique. Think of technique when you rise and when you go to bed. Forget purposes in the meanwhile; get to love technical processes, to glory in technical successes; get to see the world entirely through technical spectacles, to see it entirely in terms of what you can do. Then when you have anything to say, the language will be apt and copious.

And again:—

Cling to your youth. It is an artistic stock-in-trade. Don't give in that you are aging, and you won't age. I have exactly the same faults and qualities still; only a little duller, greedier, and better tempered; a little less tolerant of pain and more tolerant of tedium. The last is a great thing for life but—query?—a bad endowment for art?

The last letter was written in 1884. Stevenson had been seriously ill, and had "fallen into a kind of blindness." "This more inclines me," he says, "for something to do, to answer your letter before I have read it, a safe plan familiar to diplomats." Then he falls into his old habit of sermonising, but how excellent and strong it all is:—

You seem to me to be a pretty lucky young man; keep your eyes open to your mercies. That part of piety is eternal; and the man who forgets to be grateful has fallen asleep in life. Please to recognise that you are unworthy of all that befalls you; . . . but indeed we are not worthy of our futures; love takes us in a counterfeit, success comes to us at play, health stays with us while we abuse her; and even when we gird at our fellow man, we should remember that it is of their good will alone, that we still live and still have claims to honour . . . I have been getting some of the buffets of late; but I have amply earned them—you need not pity me. Pity sick children and the individual poor man; not the mass. Don't pity anybody else, and never pity fools. The optimistic Stevenson; but there is a sense in these wanderings.

All this is real Stevenson.

THE monument to R. L. S., which it was hoped would be ready by midsummer of last year, is not yet complete. M. Saint Gaudens, who was chosen to execute the work, has been suffering from ill-health; but he has now re-modelled the bas-relief which forms the body of the Memorial, and it is being cast in Paris. It is expected that the monument will be ready for erection in Saint Giles' High Kirk, Edinburgh, in five or six months.

AFTER six years of wandering and litigation the Académie Goncourt has become a legalized institution. The history of the affair is well known. The brothers Goncourt had the amiable idea of founding a literary society which should be a kind of rival of the Académie Française, but instead of forty immortals there were to be only ten. Eight of these were nominated by Edmond de Goncourt, amongst them being Alphonse Daudet, Octave Mirbeau and the brothers Rosny. When Edmond de Goncourt died in 1896, leaving money to his pet scheme, his

relatives challenged the ten immortals to prove their right to it. After six years the law has spoken in favour of the ten, and the other day the first meeting of the Académie Goncourt was held. There is to be a prize for a poor author of rich potentialities, and already, no doubt, many a struggling writer feels the money in his purse. It only remains for some ingenious person to form an Academy of one.

CONCERNING the Académie Goncourt, Mr. Edmund Gosse wrote the other day in the "Daily Chronicle." Of its members he said:—

With the exception of M. Léon Daudet, these gentlemen are not very young. Few of them, I think, will see fifty again, although none have yet seen sixty. Without resembling one another closely in detail, they have a certain likeness in their common leaning to the fantastic side of realism, in their enthusiastic study of the art of writing, in their comparative indifference to the public.

Mr. Gosse continued:—

The parallel between living English and French fiction is too uncertain to enable us to conceive an Académie Goncourt in this country. But one may entertain one's self by fancying what would have happened if it had been instituted and endowed amongst us. Imagine the seven original academicians convoked in 1900. I see them in my mind's eye: Mr. Conrad, Mr. George Gissing, Mr. Robert Hichens, Mr. George Moore, "Mark Rutherford," Mr. Wells, and Mr. Zangwill. Mr. Wells is chosen president, and then they proceed to elect three more members to make their number complete. After a really delightful conference, and the omission of some amazing paradoxes, the scrutiny would be made, with, shall we say, this result: Mr. Bernard Capes, Mr. Arthur Morrison, Mr. Benjamin Swift? Would that not be a very amusing little "académie des talons-rouges Anglais"?

The members of the Académie Goncourt, however, have distinct material advantages: they dine together once a month and each receives an annual income of £250.

WITH the current issue of the "Review of Reviews," the "romance that is never to end" begins. In the introductory paragraphs we read:—

The principle upon which this story is constructed is very simple. We take the chief events of the month, and use them as the central incident of a series of short stories, each of which, while complete in itself, is linked on to all its predecessors and those which come after it by its bearing upon the fortunes of the Gordon family, whose widely scattered members are at the heart of most human affairs in all parts of the world.

And here is the first sentence of the story:—

It was New Year's Eve in Rockstone Hall, the seat of Lord Gordon, on the confines of Windsor Forest.

THE number of the weeklies is to be increased by the "Weekly Critical Review," the first number of which is due this week. So far as we can gather the journal is to be a kind of minor "Cosmopolis," since amongst the contributors we notice names French, English, and American. Each issue is to contain three leading articles by well-known writers, and music is to receive particular attention. The review has its home in Paris; the English agents are Messrs. Simpkin Marshall.

THE "Edinburgh Review" publishes a careful appraisal of the work of Mr. Henry James. The list of Mr. James's books, which heads the article, is rather surprising; it contains the titles of thirty-four volumes. The first,

"Watch and Ward," was published in 1871. Towards the conclusion of the article the writer says:—

If he has dropped a line but rarely into the deep waters of life, his soundings have so added to our knowledge of its shallows, that no student of existence can afford to ignore his charts. He has lived, as it were, in the chains with the "lead" in his hands, intent on definite knowledge of the channels and shoals of the human heart, where so many another pilot has been content to steer by the mere appearance of the surface water.

In the "North American Review" we also have an article concerning Mr. Henry James's later work. The writer is Mr. W. D. Howells, and his essay comes as a kind of introduction to the first instalment of Mr. James's new story, "The Ambassadors." Of "The Awkward Age" and "The Wings of the Dove," Mr. Howells says: "These are really incomparable books, not so much because there is nothing in contemporary fiction to equal them as because there is nothing the least like them. They are of a kind that none but their author can do, and since he is alone master of their art, I am very well content to leave him to do that kind of book quite as he chooses." "The Ambassadors" appears to be of "that kind" also. On the second page we read:—

After the young woman in the glass cage had held up to him, across her counter, the pale pink leaflet bearing his friend's name, which she pronounced, he turned away to find himself in the hall facing a lady who met his eyes as with an intention suddenly determined, and whose features—not freshly young, not markedly fine, but expressive and agreeable—came back to him as from a recent vision. For a moment they stood confronted; then the moment placed her: he had noticed her, the day before, at his previous inn, where—again in the hall—she had been briefly engaged with some people of his own ship's company.

Certainly only Mr. Henry James could have written that.

THE other day Mr. Andrew Lang had in the "Morning Post" an article in his lightest and merriest mood. It all grew out of Mr. Watts-Dunton's sonnets in a recent issue of the "Athenæum," which told how Percy Aylwin stood in front of a chalet at midnight. "I was much pleased," says Mr. Lang, "by the idea of a novel 'to be continued in our next—in sonnets.'" And at that moment both of Mr. Lang's hands "began to tremble and jerk, each clutched a pencil and took a piece of paper, and as I am a living and honourable man—set off writing without my conscious interference." Mr. Lang, as he puts it, has recently "obliged the town with a romance," and each hand dealt with one of the two heroes.

Will nobody boom me?

Oh, Robertson Nicoll!

My prospects are gloomy,

Will nobody boom me?

With scorn they review me,

With pen-points they prickle.

Will nobody boom me?

Oh, Robertson Nicoll!

After which Mr. Lang's fancy carried him to the offices of the "Athenæum," and elsewhere, even to "An English-woman's Love Letters" and "The Confessions of a Wife."

C. K. S. has drawn from Major Drury, author of "Bearers of the Burden" and "The Passing of the Flag-ship," some interesting particulars of his experiences. Says Major Drury:—

Whatever grievances, real or imaginary, I may have had during my twenty-two years service as "soldier and sailor too," lack of variety has certainly not been one of them, for I have served repeatedly in each of the garrisons of Chatham, Walmer, Portsmouth, and Plymouth, have been "on detachment" (and listened for thunder!) at Marchwood Magazines

in the New Forest, built huts and thatched them with the Royal Engineers at Upnor, studied astronomy and other bewilderingments with the Royal Navy at Greenwich, and compiled secret intelligence tomes (profusely illustrated) at Whitehall.

Major Drury's adventures afloat, which he describes as "no more than those of the average marine," have ranged from a collision in the North Atlantic to landing a picket at Singapore during a Chinese riot. Major Drury was in command of the marines landed from the "Camperdown" and "Astræa" on the occasion of the massacre of Christians and attack on the British camp at Kandia in 1898. The camp was safely reached, and the marines had to exchange their sea-sodden garments for the trews and glengarries of a Highland regiment.

M. DE BLOWITZ, the late Paris correspondent of the "Times," who died a few days ago, was a remarkable personality. He was, in a way, the founder of a new journalism, the journalism which relies more upon general knowledge of men and things than upon note-books. His acquaintance of international affairs was remarkable, so that the American paper which called him the "European Correspondent" of the "Times" paid him a genuine, if unintentional, compliment. M. de Blowitz's style was familiar to all newspaper readers; it was a good many things which style should not be, and yet he expressed his meaning with precision. His method was to dictate his articles to a shorthand writer, who then translated the copy into English. We are told that his work was almost literally translatable into English; yet a good deal of credit is certainly due to the anonymous translator.

Why should a journal which has lived happily and in comparative security in the Isle of Wight suddenly have ambitions towards a wider circulation as a "London monthly review"? The question is hardly answered by "Vectis," which, this month, floats its wider appeal at the modest price of threepence. Yet we wish Dr. Dabbs success in his enlarged venture; it is at least simple and unassuming.

THE "Young Man" prints this month the opinions of various writers concerning the decay of the novel. The opinions, naturally, differ, and none are particularly illuminating. We like best what Mr. Jerome and Mr. E. F. Benson have to say. Says Mr. Jerome:—

The form of the novel will change with the changing ages. But delight in the pictured story—in the imagined life—will remain with us till man has ceased to dream.

And Mr. Benson writes:—

Personally, I don't believe novels are any worse now—i.e. the best of them—than they ever have been. Because an enormous number of indifferent novels are written, it does not follow that the art of novel-writing is perishing, but only that an increased number of folk are attempting to practice it. If I go on, I shall express an opinion, so I will stop.

If other opinions had been expressed with equal simplicity we should have thought them better worth reading. When Miss Barlow says "there are at present no great novelists" we begin to doubt her critical faculty.

THE new catalogue of the London Library is to be issued to subscribers in February. The library contains something like 220,000 volumes, and the catalogue contains a matter of 2,170,000 words. The actual printing was commenced about a year ago, and 8,000 words a day have been submitted in proof. The difficulties of such a task are obvious, but so great a library needs all that can be done in the way of cataloguing.

THE first production of the Stage Society for this season will take place at the Imperial Theatre on Sunday at eight o'clock. There will also be a performance on Monday at three o'clock. The play selected is Ibsen's "When We Dead Awaken." The cast is as follows:—

Professor Arnold Rubek (a Sculptor), G. S. Titheradge.
Mrs. Maia Rubek (his Wife), Miss Mabel Hackney.
The Inspector at the Baths, A. Morrice Seaton.
Ulfheim (a Landed Proprietor), Laurence Irving.
A Stranger Lady, Miss Henrietta Watson.
A Sister of Mercy, Miss Edith Craig.

MR. CUTCLIFFE HYNÉ has achieved the distinction of being the subject of the "World's" seven-hundred-and-eighty-third "Celebrities at Home" article. From it we learn that Mr. Hyné's early tendencies were towards athleticism rather than literature; "he was so good an oar as to be in the University (Cambridge) trial eights, while he materially assisted in working his college boat to a place higher up the river than it had ever attained before." Mr. Hyné is a great traveller and knows Africa extensively. Concerning Captain Kettle we read:—

In was on his journey home, sailing from New Orleans on a tramp steamer, that he met the redoubtable "Captain Kettle," though not of that name. Passengers not being permitted on that kind of craft, Mr. Hyné had to sign articles before the Consul as doctor or mate, and so as one of the crew Mr. Hyné ran the risk of being shot by the fiery little skipper like any other of his shipmates. But Mr. Hyné's Captain Kettle of his famous "Adventures," he admits, is somewhat of a composite creation, embodying the brave spirit, the foul-mouthed imprecations, and the Methodism of the captain with the accordion-playing of the engineer and the poetical effusiveness of the fourth mate.

We like Captain Kettle, but we can never quite forgive Mr. Hyné for depriving him of a leg.

Bibliographical.

Now that Fanny Burney has been adjudged worthy of inclusion in a series of "English Men of Letters," there is every likelihood that reprints of her books will become "lively" in the market. Messrs. Dent have already set the ball rolling with a new edition of "Evelina," which they issued in two volumes just ten years ago, along with "Cecilia" in three volumes—both illustrated, and both under the editorship of Mr. Brimley Johnson. There had been two cheap reprints of "Evelina" by Cassells in 1888, and one cheap reprint of that story (by Ward and Lock) in 1881. In 1881–82 Messrs. Bell sent out an edition of both stories, edited by A. R. Ellis. Of "Evelina" there was an illustrated and a cheap edition in 1898. In Miss Burney's "Camilla" and "The Wanderer," the booksellers, one notes, do not now speculate, though the lady received originally £3,000 for the one, and £1,500 for the other. But the truth is, they are poor things. Miss Burney's sister-novelist, Miss Kavanagh, went so far as to call "The Wanderer" "dull." For Miss Burney's drama, "Edwin and Elgitha," there is naturally no demand. On the other hand, her Diary and Letters have had fair attention paid to them. The "Early Diary" was edited by A. R. Ellis in two volumes in 1889. The "Diary and Letters," edited by W. C. Ward, appeared in three volumes in 1890–2 (Vizetelly), and, edited by her niece Charlotte Barrett, in 4 volumes, in 1891 (Bell). The best popular account of Miss Burney is that published by Messrs. Seeley in 1889, and again in 1895, under the title of "Fanny Burney and Her Friends." It was Macaulay, of course, who started what may be called Miss Burney's modern vogue.

The title of the latest translation from Nietzsche is "Dawn of the Day" (Morgenrothe). The first "Englishing" of this writer appears to have been undertaken in 1896, when Messrs. Henry published a volume translated by T. Common, and another translated by A. Tille. The latter was "Thus Spake Zarathustra," a work which reappeared in 1899 and again in 1901. In 1899 came "A Genealogy of Morals: Poems" and another version of "The Case Against Wagner." For the purposes of the ordinary reader, who does not want to go too deeply into the subject, the volume published in 1901, entitled "Nietzsche as Critic, Philosopher, Poet, and Prophet," may be pronounced sufficient.

Mr. Albert Chevalier, the singer and entertainer, who was photographed the other day "in his library," seems ambitious of literary fame. Not long ago he published his autobiography, under the title of "Before I Forget," and now he has given us a little book of "Limelight Lays." Some of his dramatic pieces are no doubt in print: they range from fantasy to burlesque. The theatrical scribe is nowadays quite a "common object" on the literary shore. Mr. R. G. Legge, the author of the new play at the Shaftesbury Theatre, "For Sword or Song," has thought sufficiently well of it to publish it in book form.

I find Mr. Goldwin Smith writing in the "Daily News" to this effect: "Personal libel under the term of fiction is of all kinds of libel the most cowardly and disgraceful. It is absolutely free from the restraint of truth, and the person libelled has no means of vindicating his character. If he resents the calumny, he is said to be putting the cap on his own head." I wonder whether Mr. Smith, when penning these lines, had in his mind a certain sketch of an Oxford Professor in a certain novel by a late Prime Minister?

The "Edinburgh Review" says of Mr. Henry James: "One has somehow regarded him as the reverse of a prolific writer . . . yet there have been published for the English reader close upon a hundred novels and tales." Of full-blown novels, I think it would be found, Mr. James has not given us even a score since "The American" came out in 1877. So far, I have counted only some sixteen, though there may be more. Where Mr. James has been really fertile has been in short tales. Of volumes made up of such he has produced, over here, some fourteen or so, from "The Madonna of the Future" in 1879 to "The Soft Side" in 1900. It was by his short stories, and notably by "Daisy Miller" and "An International Episode" (in the "Cornhill"), that he first caught the ear of our public. It is even now open to anyone to argue that Mr. James will always be best remembered by his swallow-flights of prose. One regrets that he has apparently deserted the stage since the production of "Guy Domville." I believe he turned his "Daisy Miller" into a comedy which has been printed. Why has it not been played in England?

The late Dr. Gatty's contributions to literature, putting aside sermons separate and collected, appear to have been fairly varied. His earliest volume, it would seem, was "Fancies of a Rhymist" (1833). He is credited with two topographical-historical works—"Hallamshire" (new and enlarged edition, 1869) and "Sheffield, Past and Present" (1873). He wrote a book on "The Bell, its Origin, History, and Uses" (1847). The publications on literary subjects include "Literature and the Literary Character" (1858), "The Poetical Character" as illustrated in the works of Tennyson (1860), and "A Key to 'In Memoriam'" (1881). His clerical labours and experiences were the basis of two other books—"The Vicar and His Duties" (1853), and "A Life at One Living" (Ecclesfield) (1884).

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Young Milton?

NOVA SOLYMA; OR, JERUSALEM REGAINED: An anonymous Romance written in the time of Charles I., now first drawn from obscurity, and attributed to the illustrious John Milton. With Introduction, Translation, Literary Essays and a Bibliography. By the Rev. Walter Begley. (Murray.)

AFTER two hundred and fifty years of obscurity it is claimed that the message of Milton's youth has reached us, and, indeed, so insistent is the chain of cumulative evidence that the general reader will be convinced that he is listening to the interpreter of Milton and to no other. Moreover, when he has been reduced to this state of complaisant acquiescence he will see in the hero of "Nova Solyma" the portrait of Milton himself. For here the urbane persistence of the translator leaves him but little choice. Page after page vibrates with the exaltation of Joseph, and in a long series of footnotes Mr. Begley claims for Milton alone the right to such homage. The reader, caught as it were between two flames burning before one altar, will be content to waive criticism as incompatible with worship.

It is a complex personality through whose lips Milton is thought to have uttered the wonderful secrets of his youth. It is a personality infused at once with the awe of holiness and with the craving for beauty. Joseph is dominated by the stern dictates of the Hebrews, but he is none the less haunted by the far-off whisper of Hellas. Shaken by the passion for sanctity, he peers into the inner depths of his own soul, but he also looks outward, wooed by the mysterious earth-call of nature. Surely we find in this picture that subtle blending of the two spirits—the Hebraic and the Hellenic—which is so conspicuous in "Samson Agonistes."

But it is only here and there, in "purple passages," that one catches the tameless energy of Milton's genius. Ordinarily one feels the weight of a laborious rectitude, the terrible didacticism of Adam without the storm and the genius of Satan. Joseph is illuminating, but not sympathetic—he is impressive, but not magnetic. It is, in short, the third something of the story-teller that one looks for in vain in these pages. And in a romance no amount of abstract reasoning can take the place of this indefinable facility which the labours of Sisyphus can never acquire. Compare the wily Odysseus with the pious Æneas. Both are governed by the lot apportioned to them by the gods. Both break ruthlessly the ties of passion at the call of the hidden fate. Both are fearless and resolute, bound by no fetters other than the threads of their destinies. But what a difference between them, a difference which not even the imperishable charm of Virgil could obliterate!

The book opens with the return of the hero to his fatherland. Two young Englishmen accompany him, and to them Joseph and his father expound the teachings of this Utopia. Then follows a series of discourses on topics of primary interest, such as religion, love, and education. In the treatment of the first we catch a glimpse of Miltonic Arianism. In the second, we are reminded of the "Lady of Christ's." In the third, the anonymous author exhibits the practical knowledge of education which is known to have belonged to the great English poet.

Again, Mr. Begley quotes Prof. Dowden as attributing the absence of a great Puritan literature to the shortness of the Puritan dominance, and it is true that "we can only surmise on the question whether righteousness would have flowered in beauty and severity have worn the garments of joy." He then proceeds to cite the more hostile authority of M. Taine in order further to convince us that Milton was the only Puritan who was able to pass

beyond the fetters of English sectarianism. He further cites the curious parallel between Apollos and Milton's own private tutor, Thomas Young.

But it is on the question of language that Mr. Begley is most convincing. He says in his introduction:—

Milton is acknowledged to be the best Latinist of his time in England, and as a versifier following the best classical models of Rome, he was in the first ranks. But he was no pedant. . . . He was careless about his prosody. . . . He was fond of coining words, not always most correctly built up. He has a short vowel twenty-seven times before *ap* and *æ*. He has hexameter lines now and then without a caesura (strong). He has one or two fine examples of those rare lines where the sound goes musically with the sense, e.g.:—

Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum.
Elegia, IV., 119.

Now all these marked peculiarities without one exception can be shown to be the common property of the author of "Nova Solyma" as well.

That sounds like strong evidence, but in the coined word *Belgia*, used both by the author of this romance and by Milton, the translator advances a most startling proof of the latter's authorship. The book is obviously the work of a poet and a musician and a scholastic, and Milton, without being in the least a pedant, was certainly all three. Moreover, there were between 1600 and 1650 only three romances in England, and Mr. Begley considers that one of these, *Mundus Aliter et Idem*, may be from an Italian pen. On the whole, then, the translator concludes that no other person than Milton could have written the Utopia known as "Nova Solyma."

Mr. Begley's erudition and his adroitness in handling this literary brief will have an interest for scholars. Some of his eulogies, however, sound excessive, and it is difficult to accept the suggestion that an Englishman at twenty wrote better Latin Hexameters than Virgil. Be this as it may, and setting aside the historic glamour attached to this book, the general reader will naturally look for those unmistakable marks of genius that made the English Puritan one of the world's poets. He will look for the Milton of "Lycidas," he will hope for a faint suggestion of "Paradise Lost." He will seek a hint of that artistic perfection of form which found expression in "Samson Agonistes." He will hope for a glance at that vivifying power to which Wordsworth appealed in the hour of England's need. All these things the general reader will search for in these pages, and in no one instance will he be wholly disappointed.

In the poetry scattered through these volumes you will find classical myths woven into the web of Christianity just as in "Lycidas." In the chapter entitled "Joseph's Ecstatic Vision" it is difficult to avoid seeing a faint foreshadowing of him whose destiny it was "the secrets of the abyss to spy." After alluding to Mr. Begley's comparison of Milton with Virgil, it is hardly necessary to dwell upon the technical finish of the lyrics in "Nova Solyma." But it is in the philosophic morality of the young Joseph before everything else that you will find the beginning of Milton's wisdom. Yes, but the story! In a romance, even from the pen of Milton, may we not look for the elemental thrills, the glamour of love and the eternal mystery of hate? The story, as a story, is a failure in the sense that its author did not aim at producing a work of art as we understand it. Allowing for the differences of time and language, ignoring the tedium of many *longueurs*, passing over the tiresome conventionalities of bandits and disguised heroines, the romance leaves us indifferent, for in it the simple passions of humanity are treated as abstractions. The story is too reasonable, too emphatically upon the side of the angels to satisfy those who wish merely for an interpretation of life. But, after all, why should we expect a "story" from the creator of one of the world's epics?

Good History.

A HISTORY OF SIENA. By Langton Douglas. (Murray. 25s.)

"MAIS voici Naples. Êtes-vous comme moi ? à l'approche d'une grande et belle ville, je suis prise de palpitations, d'inquiétudes. Je voudrais prendre la ville pour moi." These words of Marie Bashkirtseff express that subtle emotion which the very names of some cities, particularly of Italian cities, recall to many sensitive beings. To such people a city is not an area of brick and stone, a conglomeration of public buildings and private dwellings. It is not an entity merely because it contains so many thousands of inhabitants, or because its haunting associations are plastered over with the aggressive usefulness of modern comfort. For such people it possesses the magnetism of a human being, ennobling or dangerous, but never banal, never to be defined by the prices of its hotels or the relative vigour of its commerce. In short, for these people a city has a soul which is not registered in its directory or exploited in its guide-book. And, though the modern tourist has done his work conscientiously and well, there are still some cities whose souls he has not vulgarised.

Mr. Douglas shows us Siena from this stand-point, and in every page of this attractive volume the author's personal feeling for the Tuscan city is visible. It is his pride to hold a brief for Siena. It is the irony of history that compels him to hold it against Florence. At first one feels acutely the incongruity of one who loves Italy so well indulging in mordant dialectic against the city of Dante. But Mr. Douglas sees Siena as the victim of endless Florentine misrepresentation. For the Sieneſe, indeed, almost from the beginning right on to the fall of their Republic, Florence was the hereditary foe.

This author maintains that the nature of the conflict between these two communes has always been misunderstood. Florence was not a democracy and Siena was not an aristocracy. Neither the union of the former with the Pope nor the union of the latter with the Emperor was "much more than a *mariage de convenance*." The real, inherent policy of both was commercial. In fact the author rather repels us in the chapter entitled "A Nation of Shopkeepers," so emphatically does he dwell upon the money-making instincts of the Sieneſe. Assuredly it is not in this that we are to search for the soul of Siena. But little by little the personality of the commune grows upon us as the author reveals the curious contrasts of her nature. One quality alone seems to be theirs always and without alloy—the joy of life. Tested by their long conflicts with the feudal nobles, harassed by the merciless warfare of Florence, lacerated by the Foreign Companies, and finally beaten to their knees by the Spaniards, the Sieneſe emerge apparently as reckless and as insouciant as ever.

The defeat of Manfred at Benevento brought despair to the Ghibellines, but it was not until the battle of Colle in 1269 that the Sieneſe lost all hope for the doomed cause. There followed the ill-omened alliance with Florence and the immediate recuperation of Sieneſe commerce. After this we hear of constant internal factions, and the Duke of Calabria is called in to establish order. In 1335, through the agency of Charles IV., the impotent oligarchy of the Nove is expelled from the city. It is followed by an oligarchy of tradesmen of whom the author observes: "The Twelve were the worst of the rulers that ever held sway over this ill-governed State." These are driven from power by The Reformers "after thirteen years misrule." The next phase of discipline to which the Sieneſe are subjected is a series of ruthless incursions by the Foreign Companies who preyed over the whole of Italy. St. Catherine attempts to bring the solace of her calm to the

distracted city of her birth, but is only partially successful. And so, on and on, from one conflict to another the Sieneſe burn out the swift flame of their destiny, until at last, under the heroic Montluc, they surrender to Cosimo in 1555. With the occupation by the Spaniards the history of Siena closes; two years afterwards the Republic ceased to exist.

It was a desolate city [writes Mr. Douglas] that the Spaniards took possession of. In two years its population had been reduced from 40,000 to 8,000 souls. But famine and bereavement could not change the nature of the Sieneſe. Their chronic light-heartedness and mobility, their irradicable hospitableness survived all shocks. They could not help giving a welcome to the brave Marignano. Even for him was the city's greeting inscribed over one of her gates—*Cor magis tibi Sena pandit*. The women hung out their brocades from their windows, and smiled down upon the Spanish cavaliers as they rode by, even as they had welcomed Charles himself twenty years before.

An extraordinary picture, but not yet has the riddle of this wayward people been expounded to us.

The second part of this book is devoted to Sieneſe art, and it is in the Duomo that we are shown the very soul of Siena:—

Sensuous and mystical, shrewd and yet prone to pleasant folly, with a child-like faith in tradition and legendary story, yet unconventional and liberty-loving, passionate alike in love and in hatred, this strange people has here expressed itself in stone.

In his chapter on sculpture Mr. Douglas strongly opposes M. Raymond's theory that none of the reliefs on the façade of the cathedral of Orvieto were the work of Sieneſe sculptors. He traces the artistic development of Nicola and Giovanni Pisano after their transplantation to Tuscan soil. Of Jacopo Della Quercia he writes: "Weaker men, from Sodoma to Burne-Jones, have borrowed his motifs and emasculated them, thus offering Quercia the sometimes doubtful compliment of imitation." He claims that, with the exception of Marrina, this "artists' artist" was "the last sculptor of the highest rank that Siena gave birth to."

The chapter on Sieneſe painting is, naturally, by far the most important in the book. "The Sieneſe," he says, "is the first-born of the great Italian schools of painting." It was the art in which "Siena expressed herself more completely than in any other medium." For Duccio he claims that "in his own sphere, in tempora painting," he had "no superior amongst his contemporaries." He champions him against the misrepresentations of Vasari, who asserted that "the Sieneſe master's greatest followers were disciples of Giotto." Amongst many of the admirable studies contained in this chapter we would call particular attention to those of the brothers Pietro and Ambrogio Lorenzetti and to the profound analysis of Sodoma. Of the antithesis to Sodoma, the respectable Beccafumi, he observes that his "work suffered because of the faults of his virtues." The chapter closes with the statement of three reasons for the comparative deficiency of artistic vitality in the Sieneſe. Briefly these reasons are: (1) exhaustion from war; (2) loss of wealth; (3) the absence in Siena of any "independent epoch-making genius like Massaccio." The book concludes with two chapters dealing, respectively, with the minor arts and the literature of Siena. There are nearly eighty illustrations in the volume, including photogravures.

Except for the fact that the banality, "there is not a dull page in the book," would be offensive as applied to a work essentially serious in its erudition, in its aim, and in its achievement, we should certainly apply it to the "History of Siena."

Intellectual Poetry.

A HERMIT OF CARMEL AND OTHER POEMS. By George Santayana. (Brimley Johnson.)

HITHERTO Mr. Santayana has only been known to us by some æsthetic disquisitions, and by some rather striking sonnets quoted in Mr. William Archer's "Poets of the Younger Generation." He is, we understand, of Spanish birth,

from the wind-swept moor,
Where Guadarrama lifts his purple crest,

and actually a lecturer in philosophy in Harvard College. Poetry of distinction is at this moment so rare a thing in American literature that we open his volume with some interest. The sonnet is, certainly, his strong point. Its elegiac manner suits his temperament, and he has thoroughly mastered its difficult architecture. Here are two examples from the half-dozen or so in the book:—

BEFORE A STATUE OF ACHILLES.

Who brought thee forth, immortal vision, who
In Phthia or in Tempe brought thee forth?
Out of the sunlight and the sapful earth
What god the simples of thy spirit drew?
A goddess rose from the green waves, and threw
Her arms about a king to give thee birth;
A centaur, patron of thy boyish mirth,
Over the meadows in thy footsteps flew.
Now Thessaly forgets thee, and the deep
Thy keeled bark furrowed answers not thy prayer;
But far away new generations keep
Thy laurels fresh, where branching Isis hems
The lawns of Oxford round about, or where
Enchanted Eton sits by pleasant Thames.

THE RUSTIC AT THE PLAY.

Our youth is like a rustic at the play
That cries aloud in simple-hearted fear,
Curses the villain, shudders at the fray,
And weeps before the maiden's wreathed bier.
Yet once familiar with the changeful show,
He starts no longer at a brandished knife,
But, his heart chastened at the sight of woe,
Ponders the mirrored sorrows of his life.
So tutored too, I watch the moving art
Of all this magic and impassioned pain
That tells the story of the human heart
In a false instance, such as poets feign;
I smile, and keep within the parchment furled
That prompts the passions of this strutting world.

There can be no doubt of the dignity and the felicity of this writing, of its technical accomplishment, of the largeness and ease of its movement. And the same qualities are to be found in the two fragments of a blank verse drama, in the lyric and elegiac pieces, and in the occasional and lighter rhymes which make up the volume. And yet it leaves us cold; probably because it is altogether cold itself. Mr. Santayana may feel deeply, for all we can tell, but if so, his emotions are frozen before they come out at his pen-point. The general impression left is that of a rather impeccable artist and a solitary and austere thinker, with but little of that rich and lyric humanity which is the life-blood of song. The following lines strike perhaps his most personal note:—

MIDNIGHT.

The dank earth reeks with three days' rain,
The phantom trees are dark and still,
Above the darkness and the hill
The tardy moon shines out again.
O heavy lethargy of pain!
O shadows of forgotten ill!
My parrot lips, when I was young,
To prove and to disprove were bold.
The mighty world has tied my tongue,
And in dull custom growing old
I leave the burning truth untold
And the heart's anguish all unsung.

Youth dies in man's benumbed soul,
Maid bows to woman's broken life,
A thousand leagues of silence roll
Between the husband and the wife.
The spirit faints with inward strife
And lonely gazing at the pole.
But how shall reptiles pine for wings,
Or a parched desert know its dearth?
Immortal is the soul that sings
The sorrow of her mortal birth.
O cruel beauty of the earth!
O love's unutterable stings!

And even here it is less direct and immediate emotion that we get, than emotion highly intellectualised and directed to the abstract.

Daemonic Religion.

THE RELIGION OF PLUTARCH. By John Oakesmith. (Longmans. 5s.)

THIS book is a careful study of a great man's religion, and it must be confessed at once that the interest of the essay is not so much in the ideas herein disclosed as in the fact that these ideas are those with which Plutarch propped his mind. To most of us Plutarch is a lively chatterer of men and their deeds. Had he lived to-day he would have edited the Dictionary of National Biography. Men interested him, and his own bias was never too strong to twist him from contemplating the eccentric curves of others. If it were not that Sir Leslie Stephen himself lives to-day to disprove the hypothesis we should have concluded that the essential of a biographer is that he shall himself be non-religious. Therefore we are grateful to Dr. Oakesmith for throwing into relief those parts of Plutarch's "moralia" which relate specifically to the subject of the essay. No other English scholar has attempted this task, for admittedly Prof. Mahaffy's account is insufficient; indeed, this volume may be regarded as a counterblast to the Professor's blast ("Plutarch is a narrow and bigoted Hellene"). If we mistake not this essay will send other scholars to work on this theme, and we may expect before long to see attempts made to undermine Dr. Oakesmith's position. In this reprint the author has, wisely we think, translated most of the Greek and Latin passages, and accordingly in its present form the book appeals to the general reader as well as to the scholar. We hope that if another edition is called for an index will be added.

Dr. Oakesmith repeatedly insists that Plutarch was neither a very consistent nor original thinker—a statement which the reader will be able to prove without straying beyond the covers of this volume. At the very outset he will continually be asking himself the question, "What would Plutarch do without Daemons?" What Hell was to the theology of the middle ages, and what the Devil is to the narrow Calvinism of our own day, that Daemons were to Plutarch. After enunciating that reason must help us to understand the mysteries of religion or that philosophy must be our mystagogue to theology, we find him calling in the aid of the Daemons to extricate him from every knotty point of his speculation. Postulating a good and merciful God, he bids the Daemons acknowledge their fatherly care of all that is evil in the world in the hope that he (Plutarch) may go on rejoicing in this best of all possible worlds. So the Daemons are the "scapegoats for everything obscene, cruel, selfish." How modern it all seems. We must not infer in a world so populous with Daemons that God himself is quite immune from Daemonic taint, for does not God delay punishment that he may the more effectively bite it in later (p. 110)? Sometimes, however, God punishes "violence, profanity, obscenity," before the actual outbreak of the sin, that is, to put it another way, when the innocent suffer they are being punished for their potential crimes. Now if a deity delays to

punish crime in some and yet punishes potential crime in others, it is clear that we are dealing not with a power but with a nullity. Again, the sins of the father are visited on the children, and yet the fathers are punished in the after-world for ever. It is difficult to distinguish *Daemon* from *Deity*. Dr. Oakesmith sums up Plutarch's teaching on the punishment of evil in these amazing words:—

It is clear in every part of this interesting dialogue that the god whom Plutarch believes in is a personal deity, a deity full of tender care for mankind, supreme indeed by virtue of his omnipotence and justice, but supreme also by virtue (p. 119).

The early chapters of the volume deal with the morality of the pagan world, and the author seeks to corroborate the statement that the pagan ages were not more immoral than the Christian; in this chapter there is also a brief sketch of Roman religion. We have only space to refer to one or two points. On p. 31 we read that "excess of reason in Plato has produced a similar result to that produced by excess of emotion in modern religion." Assuming that excess of reason is possible, can we draw a parallel between Platonism and the emotional religion of to-day? Is it not the fact rather that excess of emotion simply destroys the power to reason, whereas excess of reasoning has made the Hellenes a spring of intellectual life for all time? Excess of emotion brings religion down to the lowest intellect. Plato's religion was beyond the reach of the ordinary man. But did Plato err by reasoning overmuch? On the contrary, we think that Plato erred, when he did err, by refusing to keep always to the path of experience.

In conclusion, looked at from any point of view, this book is a learned, thoughtful presentation of theological speculations which in differing forms have pleased humanists in all ages.

"Of the Flamboyant School."

WIT AND WISDOM FROM EDGAR SALTUS. By G. F. Monkhood and George Gamble. (Greening. 3s. 6d.)

MR. EDGAR SALTUS, novelist and essayist, has, we believe, a serious reputation in America. It is, at any rate, so far serious that two writers have thought it worth their while to confer on the English public a series of extracts from his writings, designed to exhibit the treasures of style and substance which are found in his work. Of course, this book conveys no idea of his merits or demerits as a novelist; and but an inferential idea of his qualities as essayist. But it is worth while to examine what are the powers which can secure an American reputation as a brilliant master of style. For it is specially in this character that Mr. Saltus is commended to us by the writer—or writers—of the introduction.

The foremost feature (it seems) of Mr. Saltus' style is that he is death on *clichés*. Remember that; for Mr. Saltus dissembles his hatred with singular ability. He has a wonderful vocabulary, the colour and glitter of a diamond, aims largely at dazzling, is full of point, originality of similes, and occasional unusualness of diction. So far the Introduction. Well, reader, the fact is you know Mr. Saltus. He is one of the flamboyant school: his representative in England is Mr. Capes. The difference is, that Mr. Saltus is crude, terribly crude. He is like this:—

In a second the bull was on him; but in that second a tongue of steel leaped from the muleta, glittered like a silver flake in the air, and straight over the lowered horns it swept and then cleaved down through the parting flesh and touched the spring of life.

That is the way of it. "A tongue of steel leaped from the muleta." How came this exterminator of *clichés* to talk about "a tongue of steel"—a very bad *cliché*, if we

know anything of the breed? "Touched the spring of life"—another *cliché*, banal and pretentious enough to satisfy any penny-a-liner. "Glittered like a silver flake in the air." A "flake," we take it, is the worst word in the world by which to describe a long, narrow, pointed object like a sword-blade. The whole passage is a typical example of tawdry pretentiousness in the expression of a plain thing. "A delicious young girl with the Orient in her eyes, and lips that said, Drink me." There you are again! "The Orient in her eyes" is a *cliché* of purest ray serene. But the last phrase is all Mr. Saltus' own:—

The vicar still calls it damnation to sip
The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip;

but only Mr. Saltus has dreamed of drinking the lips themselves.

She was a pale, freckled girl, with hair the shade of Bavarian beer. She was not beautiful, but then she was good—a sort of angel bound in calf.

That is wisdom, we suppose—it cannot be wit. But "Bavarian beer," unlike the girl, is beautiful—very beautiful. Another lady is "the sort of woman that ought to be gagged and kept in bed with a doll." Which, unless it were labelled wit or wisdom, we might have taken for mere rudeness. But the cream of Mr. Saltus is perhaps what follows:—

Her hair was Cimmerian, the black of basalt that knows no shade more dark. . . . Her eyes were not oval, but round, and they were amber as those of leopards, the yellow of living gold. . . . When she laughed one could see her tongue; it was like an inner cut of water-melon, and sometimes, when she was silent, the point of it caressed her under-lip.

The most hardened novel-reader might gasp before this lady with Cimmerian hair, eyes at once amber and yellow gold (though gold is not amber nor amber golden), and a habit of licking her lip with a tongue like a slice of water-melon—the last carnivorous trait, possibly the result of possessing leopard-like eyes. Can it be that this is style in America? In England we should send its author to do war-correspondence—perchance for the "Daily News."

Other New Books.

EMERSON'S WORKS. 4 vols. (Routledge. 20s.)

THIS handsome complete edition of Emerson is printed from the stereo plates of the well-known "Riverside" edition, but the twelve volumes of that issue are here compressed into four. All the prose and verse published during Emerson's life-time is included, together with the two volumes of *Essays, Lectures, and Speeches* prepared by his literary executor, Mr. J. Elliot Cabot.

It would be interesting to discover, if such discovery were possible, what influence Emerson has upon this generation. It is hardly, we think, so great as in the past, but that for no reason inherent in the work. He delivered his message at a time and to a people just broadening into the great commercial conditions which seem to govern to-day. His appeal to the non-material and the inner spirit of the material gave a touch of actuality to the force of his message. The actuality in fact remains to-day, but it seems more remote; conditions have altered; much of what he saw coming and deplored has established itself as part of our world; therefore his ideas, or some of them at least, have an air of desuetude. But to turn over these pages is to be impressed once more with the clean outlook, the noble endeavour, of their writer. Emerson's transcendentalism, sometimes too far removed from life, often goes to the

heart of it. Always when he talks of Nature he is inspiring:—

One look at the face of heaven and earth lays all petulance at rest, and soothes us to wiser convictions. To the intelligent, nature converts itself into a vast promise, and will not be rashly explained. Her secret is untold. Many and many an *Œdipus* arrives; he has the whole mystery teeming in his brain. Alas! the same sorcery has spoiled his skill; no syllable can he shape on his lips. Her mighty orbit vaults like the fresh rainbow into the deep, but no archangel's wing was yet strong enough to follow it and report of the return of the curve.

Narrow in certain directions Emerson undoubtedly was, chilling in others. Yet he always had a disarming candour, and confessed his own limitations when he recognised them. Aloofness was his weakness, as when he says, "... though I prize my friends, I cannot afford to talk with them and study their visions, lest I lose my own. It would indeed give me a certain household joy to quit this lofty seeking, this spiritual astronomy or search of stars, and come down to warm sympathies with you; but then I know well I shall mourn always the vanishing of my mighty gods." It was that lack of the support and knowledge of "warm sympathies" which perhaps narrowed his influence.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROYAL PARISH. By Patricia Lindsay. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mrs. LINDSAY is a daughter of Dr. Robertson, of Hopewell, Aberdeenshire, who for thirty-three years enjoyed the privilege of intercourse with Queen Victoria and her family at the times when they sought the privilege of privacy at Balmoral. Her little book is a kind of note to the published leaves of the Queen's Journal. It contains glimpses of various members of the family, and particularly of the Prince Consort and the Dowager-Empress of Germany.

Here and there, amidst matter of secondary interest, it throws a light upon the more frivolous side of a great sovereign. The office of court jester, it would seem, has survived the name:—

The late Dowager Duchess of Athole, to whom the Queen was much attached, was an excellent *raconteuse*. I have often heard my father speak of the Queen's intense amusement on one occasion when he was present and the Duchess told the story of the comical advertisement regarding the Dunkeld and Blairgowrie coach, which was once posted in the village of Dunkeld. The coach was named "The Duchess of Athole," and the inn from which it started was "The Duke's Arms." The notice ran as follows: "The Duchess of Athole leaves The Duke's Arms every lawful morning at six o'clock."

There is interest of another kind in the details of the Queen's intercourse with the peasantry, to whom she was no more than the great lady of the neighbourhood. "Come awa ben and sit doon, Queen Victoria," was the hospitable bidding of one woman, to which the Queen of England and Empress of India could respond without sense of degradation. "Is this you, my Sovereign?" was the splendidly simple salutation of another neighbour.

And here is a letter in which that kindly gentlewoman, the Queen of half the globe, condole with Mrs. Lindsay upon the death of Dr. Robertson, her father:—

Dear Mrs. Lindsay,—Tho' I telegraphed to you yesterday, I wish to write to express to you and your brother and sister my true sympathy with you in the irreparable loss of your beloved father, whose last days you have all helped to cheer. I wish also to express my deep regret at the loss of one who was so bound up with former happy days at Balmoral, and with all connected with this my beloved Highland home. . . .

Fiction.

BUSH STUDIES. By Barbara Baynton. (Duckworth. 1s. 6d.)

A BOOK that contradicts a preconception is always interesting, and when, as in the case of "Bush Studies" it is full of the fine art which interprets as well as presents, it must be allowed to stand out honourably from what are too justly called "the ranks" of fiction. Speaking generally, we may say that while Australia's climatic rigours have been freely drawn on to give an impressive local colour, and the picturesque blackguardism of Captain Starlight's type has never lacked a historian, the murk and squalor contingent on a state of soul-deadening isolation have scarcely been peered into by artists of Australian repute.

Here, however, we have an artist who instinctively chooses to draw an Australia which is not of Rolf Boldrewood or Louis Becke or Mrs. Campbell Praed. It is grey and drouthy and blasphemous. It is lonely and it offers cavernous leisure for the doing of foul things. Instead of the bunyip we have the blow-fly; instead of the bush-ranger we have a swag-carrying Tarquin. Instead of the pretty Miss, insuperably charming in her breezy gaiety and white blouse, we have the lady of faulty ancestry who was told "that any red black-gin was as good as a half chow"; and, in short, we have the foul side—the "East End"—of Australia instead of our preconception (in rose colour) of all sides.

And "foul is fair," to misapply Shakespeare, because the writer before us has a powerful brain which controls her invention in almost every instance. The exception is the first story where the grim features are accumulated rather too ostentatiously. There is something so tragic in the bare fact of making a journey of reconciliation in vain; it is so lamentable to miss a last living look of kindness from a mother that the anger of a swollen stream appears a superfluous contribution to the tale called "A Dreamer." What strikes modern minds as the essence of tragedy is rather the feeling of fortuity in calamity than the sense of premeditated blows.

It is quite clear that Mrs. Baynton is fortified and amused by an ironic perception, both daring and original. The secret is out when we find that the murdered wife in the last story might have been saved if a superstitious Irishman had not mistaken her flying form for the Virgin Mary. An ironic perception implies the sense of humour which flourishes bravely in "Bush Church" and "Billy Skywonkie." In the former we see how a wag collected a congregation for a minister by pretending that the man of God was a government spy. The reaction was of the bush bushy, and in all the chatter and gabble and bad manners of the relieved audience we enjoy a perfectly adjusted view of a community in which the midwife is called a "rabbit ketcher" and "a fair sized damper" is "taken from a pillow slip" during a sermon. Billy Skywonkie is a "rouseabout," out of whose mouth we get—"by cripes"!—an excellent piece of art criticism.

She spoke once only, "What a lot of frogs seem to be in that lake!"

He laughed. "That's ther Nine Mile Dam!" . . . "Lake!" he sniggered . . . "Thet's wot thet there bloke, the painter doodle, called it . . . An' 'e drors ther Dam an' ther trees . . . an' 'e puts in ther 'orses right clost against ther water were the frogs is. 'E puts them in too, and damned if 'e don't dror ther 'orses drinkin' ther water with ther frogs, an' ther frogs spit on it! Likely yarn ther 'orses ud drink ther water with ther blanky frogs' spit on it!"

The writer, we may add, has something of Ouida's almost agonising power of individualising animals. She has drawn two unforgettable dogs whose kennels Gulliver might have visited with the reverence he gave to his horses.

BUNNY AND THE TYRELLS. By B. A. Clarke. (Ward, Lock.)

STORIES about real boys are rare, so rare that when we come across them we must needs praise them gladly. And there can be no doubt that these stories by Mr. Clarke are good; the actual boy lives in them, not that manufactured boy who is something between an heroic baby and a sentimental prig. Not that Mr. Clarke leaves out heroism and sentiment, but neither is morbid. We have detected hardly a false note in this little sheaf of studies; here and there are improbabilities and coincidences which the author is quite strong enough to do without, but beyond such trifling matters the work is true.

The "Rabbit" may at first strike the reader as being a little overdone, but Mr. Clarke keeps him down to reality with so much skill that we soon accept him. The three Tyrell brothers are excellent, particularly the youngest, he who begins by quarrelling with the "Rabbit" over the justice of certain applause at an amateur cricket-match in Parliament Hill Fields, and ends by loving him.

"Well plied, sir-ir," screamed the ragamuffins, dwelling lovingly upon the title. (It was only upon the cricket-field that they permitted themselves to use it.)

"Oh! well scraped!" trebled Claude.

Hero worship is ever resentful of criticism, and the result of Claude's efforts to create a higher standard of taste was to bring the cads about him in an angry circle. He thought it time to stand up.

"You think a fat lot of yourself!" said a child of Claude's own age, who was removed from his companions, socially, by the gulf that divides patches from rags.

"Dot him, Rabbit!" cried the expectant ring.

But Rabbit did not "dot" him at that moment. Why he didn't readers of the story will discover pleasantly for themselves.

In matters of sentiment Mr. Clarke strikes us as particularly happy. "The Passing of Pharaoh" tells of the death of a dog, a subject that has been mishandled so often that we approached it with misgivings. But Mr. Clarke suggests the sorrow of the household, and particularly the sorrow of the youngsters, with real and quite human pathos. There are both tears and laughter in the tale.

Altogether we welcome Mr. Clarke to the thin rank of authors who can write naturally about boys. A great point in his favour is that he never makes them smart. The smart boy in fiction is almost worse than the smart boy in real life, and both are unendurable.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

LORD LEONARD THE LUCKLESS.

By W. E. NORRIS.

The story of a failure, told with all Mr. Norris's minute knowledge of the ways and habits of the class in which Lord Leonard moves. The narrative is rather depressing, but the note of ill-fortune is never forced, and the sad and civil hero wins our sympathy, if he does not arouse our admiration. Lord Leonard was born to be a sailor, but fate, by means of an accident to an express train, made him a wealthy peer. A well told, unemotional story. (Methuen.)

THE CIRCLE.

By KATHERINE C. THURSTON.

The motto is: "In youth, we dream that life is a straight line; later, we know it to be a circle—in which the present presses on the future, the future on the past." The heroine is Anna, daughter of Old Solny who kept a curio shop. In Chapter XIV. she receives an amazing letter—with an offer. Before she goes she asks a question of her father: "Which is easier to mend—a broken heart or a cut throat?" A strong story. (Blackwood. 6s.)

THE SHUTTERS OF SILENCE.

By G. B. BURGIN.

The motto is from "Kim"—"We be all Souls, seeking the way," the scene of the story is Canada, and the Prologue describes the Trappist Monastery at Mahota, where the Abbot, "cumbered with many cares, sat alone, his head resting between his hands as he listened to the howling of the bitter Canadian blast." This is Mr. Burgin's nineteenth novel. (John Long. 6s.)

BY THE RAMPARTS OF JEZREEL.

By ARNOLD DAVENPORT.

The frontispiece is a picture called "The Syrians rolled up a ram to the gate," and the pages, which are printed from American plates, are crowded with names that the Old Testament has made familiar. "And in the prophet's ear shrilled a thin voice, the word of the dead Elijah: 'Behold, I will bring evil upon thee, saith the Lord, and will utterly sweep thee away, and will cut off from Ahab every soul in Israel.'" (Longmans. 6s.)

BY A FINNISH LAKE.

By PAUL WAINEMAN.

A novel of Finnish life and character in a Finnish parsonage. It is mainly a love story that is developed amidst the romantic scenery of Finland. "Year by year the solitude of her life shrivelled her up—the intense solitude of ten endless Finnish winters in the depths of the country, the always aching solitude of a barren woman. Only in the springtime did the strange apathy that had stealthily crept over her senses relax." That was Selma Woiren, the pastor's wife: such were her feelings at the beginning of this story. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE LITTLE WHITE NUN.

By MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

A story of intrigue, of an heroic Englishman, and a convent. "Here she comes," said Lady Anson, with a faint tremor of excitement in her voice. "Now what do you think? Did I say a word too much about her beauty?" The beauty in question was Lady Mary Desmond, and the Honourable George Tristram immediately fell in love with her. But before the last chapter, some thrilling things happen, concluding with a rescue from the convent dungeon. (White. 6s.)

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

By LUCAS CLEEVE.

"The Man in the Street" is Robert Latreille's confidential secretary, and Latreille is well-born and by way of being a politician. The girl selected by his family as a suitable wife does not appeal to him; he finds his fate in a beautiful actress. But she is subject to hypnotic influence, hence tragedy and the awakening of "The Man in the Street" to action. A melancholy story. (Unwin. 6s.)

THE MAN WHO LOST HIS PAST.

By F. RICHARDSON.

Humorous, with pictures, and dedicated "to my Aunt Imogen Briggs of New York City." Here is a specimen of Mr. Richardson's humour: "There is an upholsterer in the Edgware Road, who has proposed marriage to all the murderesses who have been executed within the last seventeen years. He is quite a good upholsterer, and he never mentions his unsuccessful love affairs except to the objects of his affections." (Chatto and Windus.)

THE WILFUL WAY.

By HERBERT COMPTON.

By the author of "The Inimitable Mrs. Massingham." The sub-title reads: "Being the Reconstruction of Fallowfield, deceased." When the story opens Bourke Fallowfield is "stony-broke, excepting for fifty pounds in his pocket," and he is "going the way of many transgressors before him—vaguely, to Klondyke, or as near it as cash and circumstances would take him." The man in the lower berth of the liner dies in the night, and by a mistake is supposed to be Fallowfield. So Fallowfield accepts the situation and dies vicariously. An ingenious book of the impossible order. (Chatto. 6s.)

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The Grip of the Past.

No student of certain of our modern tendencies, and particularly no student of modern literature, can fail to take into account what is generally known as the Celtic Revival. The movement has been discussed in many quarters: here by people who took the term for an almost meaningless shibboleth, there by those who brought to the question only sentiment and vague enthusiasm. It may safely be asserted that the truth lies with neither of these classes. That the movement has current vitality there can be no doubt, but will it permanently effect any definite change, will it touch the life of a people or merely express itself in individual art? If only the latter, it is a movement interesting indeed, but not of wide moment to a nation, and we refer particularly to Ireland, which is essentially a non-reading nation.

The whole matter is raised by Mr. Stephen Gwynn's recently published "To-day and To-morrow in Ireland." Mr. Gwynn is an Irishman who has found his work in London. "Till I left college," he writes, "Ireland was my home; in the truest sense my home has always been there; and though I have earned my living for the most part in England, a year has never passed by me of which I did not spend a month at least in my own country." There we have two things characteristic of the active Irishman—absence from the land of his heart's desire and the constant backward longing for the places of his youth. And in this we touch the very heart of the matter; that backward longing makes Ireland very much what she is to-day; she dreams of a past charged with visions, colour, battles, and the shows of life; and like the dreamer who half awakes, she turns to her sleep again. This we believe to be true of the nation; individuals there are, of whom Mr. Gwynn is one, who strive in the intervals of more strenuous occupation to revive activities in letters and in material affairs. Of the difficulty in arousing interest in material affairs the history of the last five-and-twenty years speaks, and for those who really want to get near the bed-rock facts we commend Dr. O'Gara's remarkable "The Green Republic" rather than Mr. Gwynn's volume. Concerning the land question, we have seldom read anything so illuminating as Dr. O'Gara's pages; the author leads logically and with cumulative cogency to his honest and broad conclusions. But here we have not to deal with matters of politics or the land; our concern is with temperament and literature.

The Celtic influence in literature has, of course, been great, but, like all partisans, Mr. Gwynn is inclined to overrate it. Indeed, until quite recent years, it has been a small influence. Here is a statement the second sentence of which gives us pause: "Mr. Meredith, by common consent head of those who write in English to-day, is Celt and Welshman, but he is the Celt become cosmopolitan. A Celt may recognise the Celt in him; the Englishman may feel, and probably does feel, in his work an element that is bewildering and alien." But surely all great writers have been cosmopolitan in their appeal. And

observe Mr. Gwynn's remarkable assumption that only the Celt can appreciate the Celt; it indicates a narrowness of view, and, we may add, of knowledge, which is astonishing. It may, indeed, safely be asserted that Mr. Meredith's public is essentially an English public; the Celtic imagination in general does not lend itself to such conciseness, such preponderating thought, such heat of actual passion, as make Mr. Meredith's work supreme. The sensitiveness to the "beauty of vagueness, of large, dim, and waving shapes" may be his, but all his philosophy and art tend to concreteness and the facing of facts. From these things may be drawn a loveliness and music of far greater actual value than from "dim and waving shapes." For the Gaelic Revival in Literature we have nothing but goodwill; it seems necessary, however, now and then to remind the enthusiast that exaggeration does not help a cause. We can hardly believe that the effective influence of the Gaelic League and the Irish Theatre is so great as might appear. Certain people are interested, certain intelligences find occupation, but how far does the influence spread? We fancy that interest is stronger in England than in Ireland, at any rate, and that the lovers of Mr. Yeats's verse, for instance, are largely English. As for the revival of the Gaelic tongue in Ireland, we can only say that we watch the experiment with interest. And if it is revived, we very much doubt whether it will greatly help literature. For that literature must largely be created, and the Celts are not a reading people.

Anyone who knows anything about Ireland knows that the Irish Celts are not a reading people. Traditional songs and stories they have, which make the glamour of their twilights articulate and stir those half-conscious memories which are implicit in generation after generation. But the story which circles about the fire, the song that plucks at the heart, does not necessarily imply love for or even a rudimentary appreciation of literature; it signifies the continuity of tradition, the reaching after the unknown, the love of a past which seems to shed light upon a perhaps inglorious present. The love of song and story is common to all races, and the more primitive they are the stronger is that love. It is one of the wonders of our time that a people so near to the greatest activities of the world should have remained so primitive; it is a wonder and at the same time a joy. For behind all the economic failure of Ireland, behind all the sadness of a race backward in physical prosperity, we feel in some sense that that race is a nurse of the things of the spirit, a home for almost forgotten waifs of music, a keeper of the mysteries which can never wholly die and never wholly be understood. No nation, of course, can be made literary, and least of all, we think, could Ireland; for literature must of necessity be self-conscious. Even now we know of places where the "good people" have somewhat fallen from their high estate; the breath of a utilitarian world has reached valleys where not long ago the fairies were accepted as part of the scheme of things. Whether this be well or ill is a matter which we cannot discuss; but it is certain that progress and the printed word are not good for fairies and intuitive symbols. Mr. Gwynn believes in material progress, and he believes in the value of a "background of dim half-comprehended shapes." How shall these two be reconciled? Progress, certainly, we must work for; we cannot nowadays afford to cultivate a preserve of dreams, unless they be such dreams as become revitalized in action.

We wrote recently in these columns of the tragedy of the Celt, and true tragedy there is; but it is a tragedy with divine mitigations. Love of the past is not wholly a Celtic virtue, as some writers would have us suppose; it is as strong in the Anglo-Saxon blood as in the Celtic. But the Anglo-Saxon builds upon the past, and in his activity can project his mind into a future which shall respect his building and assimilate the best of his little labours. The Celt finds his home in the past; it is his

sanctuary from the sordidness of the present, a place of secure and serene retreat. And in that lies the mitigation of the personal tragedy, though regarded in terms of nationality it perhaps hardly counts. To be the champion of lost causes is to the individual as fine an impracticable ideal as may be, and in a sense the past is the very battleground and symbol of lost causes. Therefore to live in the past is to confess oneself weak for the present. The present must always have some battle-cry, even though it sound but faintly through formless tumult and ignoble dust; there must always be the forward view, even though the men whose vision can search it out are but a poor twelve in an upper room.

That forward view is foreign to the average Celtic temperament. If it sees the future at all it sees it as a re-created past; it is a temperament which declines upon the old order, feeding upon time vanished as upon living pastures. It is the way of dreams, of delight, of sadness, of unavailing unrest. It is one way of literature as well, but hardly a way to rouse the spirit, to give the call to action, to wrest from circumstance the reluctant jewel of crowned endeavour. Says Mr. Yeats in his "Cloths of Dreams":—

Had I the heaven's embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light—
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light—
I would spread the cloths under your feet.
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly, because you tread on my dreams.

It is good to have dreams to offer, but what of the future? No literary revival will awaken a race. Only from the inside, from the impulse of the people, can that be accomplished. The grip of the past may be as sinister as the grip of a dead hand; to brood upon glory departed may be to forfeit the possible glory of time to come. Yet out of this brooding there has sprung, and may spring, real literature, for literature is as wide as all human experience.

Books Too Little Known.

Mr. C. M. Doughty's "Arabia Deserta."

It would seem to be a point of honour with certain literary masterpieces to hide themselves soon after birth from the eyes of the unconscious world. Standing in silent eloquence out of the garish light of day, like butts of some great vintage, these masterpieces seem too rich in their own self-communings to need any ephemeral patronage. The world shouts its own daily doings down the jarring streets, the while the masterpiece securely lies in the dim vaults of its disciplined publisher, waiting the day of Judgment, that great Remainder day when the indifferent public shall rise up and buy the volumes at a fourth of their published price, and carrying home the purchase, sit down before it in bewilderment. Then, as the years roll on, the public, growing less obtuse, learns at last to drink and like the splendid wine.

This train of thought is suggested by a volume (Vol. II.) of Doughty's "Arabia Deserta" (Camb. University Press 1888). The book is a masterpiece, but whether more than three hundred copies have been put in circulation in fifteen years the publisher's ledger,—it knows, it knows. No doubt a dozen or two of Eastern travellers, and a score or so of Arabic scholars, have Doughty on their shelves, and for aught I know it may be a classic in Germany, that Germany which sends us its learned men to help us to the meaning of an early Irish literature; but of the

public that cares for a book primarily as a piece of fascinating literature, what of that public? If such a public exists (and wise men are known to deny its existence) has it ever heard of the book at all, and will it ever hear of it, while the bulk of the edition (at three guineas) lies on the shelves of the Cambridge Press? We know indeed that Mr. Wilfred Blunt has dedicated his translation of "The Stealing of the Mare" to "Charles Doughty, Esq., in recognition of his knowledge, the most complete among Englishmen, of Arabian things," and we are told by a friend of William Morris that Morris used to keep "Arabia Deserta" by his bedside to refresh himself with it, nightly, after the dusty travail of the day; also that it was Burne-Jones's boast that he was one of the first who discovered Doughty; but of the various good men and true, librarians and literate I have questioned, only one had read the book.

I plunged straight into the middle of it (a capital plan when you wish to taste an author's quality, and catch him off his defences), and chancing on the pages that describe the author's departure from Kheybar I could not lay the volume down till the last page was turned. How Doughty got into Arabia, how he sojourned for months in the tents of friendly Beduins, his minute description of their manner of life, his journey with the great Caravan, his adventurous coming to Hayil and many things besides the reader will find in Vol. I.; but we specially invite the reader to take up Vol. II. first and begin it at about page 212. By following this plan he will find an extraordinarily fine narrative unwinding itself before him. For three hundred pages Doughty's adventures will hold him spellbound, and I affirm that if the good Cambridge Press Syndics would reprint these three hundred pages simply as a story of romantic adventure, they would bring to the knowledge of thousands of Englishmen a masterpiece of English literature, a masterpiece which, for the great vigour, and for the cunning fascination of its style, is among the classics of our language.

Here is an Englishman of that old-fashioned, stubborn, yeoman stamp which re-appears through all the changing generations, a national type strong in evidence in our literature from the days of Chaucer to the days of Ben Jonson, from Ben Jonson to Defoe, from Defoe to Cobbett, from Cobbett to William Morris. Superficially the type changes; but of all professions—scholars, poets, merchants or seamen, dons, clerics, or men of business—the men of this old-fashioned sturdy stamp are unalterable in character; they may disguise themselves to-day as modern bankers or wall-paper manufacturers, but, thank God, they are of a type that for real humanity of spirit, for sturdy honesty of purpose, for an old-fashioned independence of all men's opinion, have raised the name of Englishmen in whatever land they have trod. Knotty in grain, but sweet in the fibre, obstinate and prejudiced, often ungracious in manner, but of kindly and gentle heart, these men standing among their countrymen resemble English oak amid the many growths of inferior wood.

And so with Doughty, this Englishman of the old stamp, stubborn as an old country miller, learned with the learning of a ripe scholar, who has sucked in from the breast of his mother University something of that affectation of speech which borders on preciousness, alone he journeys for many long months in the deserts of Arabia, going each day not very sure of his life, yet obstinately proclaiming to all men, to sheikhs and shepherds, to fanatical tribesmen in every encampment, that he is a Nasrany, a Christian. With a pistol hidden in his bosom, and a few gold pieces in his purse, with a sack of clothes and books and drugs thrown on the hired camel of his rafiks, or wandering guides, he goes onward, a quiet man of peace, a scholar of scholars, applying all his stores of learning to interpret all the signs and tokens of the Beduins' life, gaining thereby now a draught of camel's milk in the sickness of

exhaustion, and now drawing on himself an Emir's irony by his rough bluntness of speech. He goes, this good man, this Norseman, alone into the heart of hostile Arabia, insularly self-conscious yet lost in the sensation of his adventurings, keenly alive to every sight and sound, very shrewd in his calculations, often outwitted and sometimes despitely treated, a great reader of men's characters, always trusting in God, yet keeping a keen watch on the Arabians' moods; and as he journeys on, this scholar, geologist, botanist, archæologist, philologist, and anti-Mohammadan, we see Arabia as only a genius can reveal it to us; we see, hear, and touch its people as our own most intimate friends. And all these Arabs' characters, [daily cares, occupations, pleasures, worries, their inner and outer selves, are closer to us than are the English villagers living at our own doors. It is a great human picture Doughty has drawn for us in "Arabia Deserta," and not the least testimony to the great art of the writer is that we see him in the Arabians' minds. But wherever the wandering Englishman goes (Vol. II.) he cannot stay long. He must move on. From town to village, from village out into the wilderness, from nomad's tent to nomad's tent he is carried, fetched, dropped, left by the wayside by his uneasy *râfiks*. The fingers of the most fanatical itch to cut the Nasrany's throat, but with the chief sheikhs and the rich elders of the towns it is an instinct of living graciousness and humanity to shelter him, show him true hospitality, and drive away the mob of base-born fellows clamouring at the stranger's heels. So Doughty makes strong friends wherever he journeys, finds kindly shelter with liberal-hearted hosts who love to sit and question him about the wonders of the Western world, and hear him speak his learned mind on Eastern ways; until at last, a little tired of the Nasrany's power of sitting still, tired of the constant clamour in the town, and of their own growing unpopularity because they shelter him, they open suddenly some postern gate, pack the Nasrany and his saddlebags upon some worthless beast, and send him forth into the desert with some brutish serving-man to act as faithless guide. So Doughty goes, protected by the stars, by his own shrewd weakness, by chance and by his sturdy obstinacy; he goes quite safe, yet ever in jeopardy, trusting in Arab human nature, and in his own command of Arab lore, yet humanly alarmed and ready to cry out when his fanatical companions eye his bulging saddlebags, and feel the edges of their knives.

The style in which Doughty brings before us a mirage of the strange wildness of the upland stony deserts of Arabia, a land of rocky lava drifts girt in by savage crater peaks, and interspersed here and there with green valley oases, where villages and walled towns have been built because there only is there water—the style by which Doughty communicates to us the strange feeling of his traveller's days and nights, his hourly speculations and agitations, his inner strength, his muttered doubts, his own craft and purpose, is the style of a consummate master of English. There is affectation and preciousness in the language, as I have already said. Many, however, are the travellers and few are the styles. Palgrave's style is flat and colourless and tame beside Doughty's; Burton's style is ordinary, more overloaded, vigorous, commonplace. True, there is *Mogreb-el-Aksee*, of which the style is both brilliant and tender; but Doughty has succeeded better than any English traveller I know in fashioning a style and forging and tempering it so as to bring the reader into intimate contact with the character of the land he describes, while contrasting with it artistically the traveller's racial spirit. Doughty forges and smelts words as only a learned man can; he goes back to the Old Testament for a plain, smiting simplicity of speech; he lifts straight from the Arabic the names of the creatures, the plants that Arabia has fashioned in her womb, the names for the weapons, the daily objects, the slang and

the oaths that are in the mouth of the Arab. And into this rich medley of idioms he mixes the old English words, the Norse words he loves as only a cunning craftsman in language can. He is an artist therein, for, as I have said, the main vision his book leaves on the mind is a vision of a stubborn latter-day Norseman (mixed with the blood of an Old English cleric) adventuring forth amid the quick-witted, fierce, fanatical, kindly and fickle Arabians. Doughty's style is that of a man with a great instinct for the shades of language, his vocabulary is very rich and racy. If there is a spice or more of affectation in his speech we welcome it as a characteristic ingredient in the idiomatic character of the whole.

Here I must stop, and bid the reader rise up and investigate the book for himself. The last three hundred pages of "Arabia Deserta" I repeat is the finest narrative of travel, and one of the most racy pieces of English prose, that our century can show. Just as Defoe and Cobbett, those men of the old-fashioned English breed, are living in English literature, so also will Doughty live. How long, I wonder, will his masterpiece lie, practically unknown, on the shelves of the Cambridge University Press?

EDWARD GARNETT.

Impressions.

XVI.—The Unemployed.

We stood, the overworked man and I, watching the procession of the unemployed crawling towards Hyde Park. Thin, pinched, undersized, with the furtive look which hunger brings, they marched four abreast, and the traffic stopped to let the failures pass. Their meagre figures looked piteously small beside the robust policemen who escorted them; over their heads floated dingy red banners with "Unemployed" scrawled upon them; along the footpath ran the collectors, rattling the money boxes, and thrusting them into the faces of the lookers-on. With many stoppages the procession passed along the frozen street, bringing with it another banner on which was inscribed the words, "Work for All, Overwork for None." My companion smiled bitterly. "There's work for them all in the country," he said, "if they would only be content to go back to the land. Curse these cities! Well!" he looked at his watch, "I must go back to my fifteen hours working day." The sad procession passed on slowly, and when it stopped the men stamped on the ground, blew on their fingers, and huddled their thin garments closer about them. "Still freezin'," remarked one; "I must keep my 'ounds in the kennel for another day. The Duchess 'ill be disappointed." The policeman to whom he addressed the remark said nothing.

Suddenly the sun shone out. It flashed on the telegraph wires, transformed the windows of a house into a dazzle of light, and I saw, in quick vision, another regiment of the unemployed, but these were neither hungry, nor cold, nor unhappy. The frost had brought them joy. They were skating on a lake, tall fir trees bending beneath their white burden on the margin of the lake, and on them, on the tops of the mountain, on all that wide land, the winter sun glowed. There was no wind. "Still freezing," cried one, laughed joyously, and glided away with his companions across the ringing ice, the flush of health on their faces, the joy of living in their eyes.

Then the sun disappeared, and I was back in London streets face to face with the other unemployed. Mournfully I watched them pass, and later in the day met them again. It was twilight, but the fog had made an end of daylight early in the afternoon. Over everything hung

that murky gloom, over the procession of the unemployed, over the faces of the employed who left their work to watch. The day's tramp was ending; they were going eastwards—home—but the fog was so dense that I could only see those who slouched close by. Somewhere far in front the head of the procession felt its way through the dim streets, somewhere far behind the tail followed obediently, and out of the thick night came the rattle of the coins in the collecting boxes. A woman near me pushed the box contemptuously away. "Want work, do they?" she cried; "I've been a week trying to get a man to mend a window-sash."

Then, as I walked with them, a naphtha lamp flamed out from a costermonger's barrow, and again I saw in quick vision that other regiment of the unemployed. With them, too, it was freezing, but there was no fog in that clear air, and the moon rode high in the night-blue sky. A rocket shot upwards, and at that signal their procession started. Japanese lanterns, green boughs of trees, flags and streamers waved above them, bonfires blazed beside their path as down the mountain side they raced on the crisp snow laughing, shouting. Lighted torches were in their hands, the flush of health was on their faces, the joy of living in their eyes.

The barrow with the naphtha lamp passed on. I watched the last straggler of the London unemployed disappear into the fog.

Drama.

The Taste of Queen Bess.

A LEGEND, which cannot be traced before the early years of the eighteenth century, has it that Shakespeare wrote "The Merry Wives of Windsor" at the express bidding of Queen Elizabeth, who was determined to behold Falstaff in love. "She was so eager to see it acted," writes John Dennis, who in 1702 "improved" the play into "The Comical Gallant; or The Amours of Sir John Falstaff," that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased with the representation. In spite of its late date, there is no reason to doubt the substantial truth of the story. Disappointed with the failure of "Henry V.," probably presented before her at Shrovetide, 1599, to redeem the promise of the epilogue to the Second Part of "Henry IV." and "continue the story, with Sir John in it," Elizabeth may well have imposed on the peccant author the task of repairing his omission in time for the Garter feast on the following St. George's Day, April 23. That it was intended for production at a Garter feast, I am pretty sure, although the literary historians, so far as I know, have failed to seize upon the point. Obviously it was played at Windsor, and the singing-children of St. George's Chapel, who are said more than once to have rivalled their better known fellows of the Chapel Royal in the acting of plays, supplied the ouphes and meadow-fairies of the last scene. The feast of St. George was invariably kept at Windsor, while at Christmas and Shrovetide, the more usual seasons for plays, the court was generally at Greenwich, or some other palace in the neighbourhood of London. There is an elaborate compliment in the same fairy scene to the Garter itself, and its motto; and in an earlier passage an allusion to that "Cousin Garmombles," the Duke of Wurtemberg and Count of Mompelgard, whose persistent endeavours during 1598 and 1599 to obtain the knighthood which had been promised him, must have formed a standing joke amongst the members of the Order.

Elizabeth's whimsy has exposed her to the ridicule of the critics. "That Queen Bess should have desired to see

Falstaff making love," writes Hartley Coleridge, "proves her to have been, as she was, a gross-minded old baggage." And they go on, with a remarkable unanimity, to demonstrate that Shakespeare only made a show of yielding to the royal demand, and that Falstaff, the misused gull of "The Merry Wives," is in reality quite another personality from the Falstaff of infinite jest and triumphant mendacity, who "coruscates the facts of life away" in "Henry IV." Hear Prof. Dowden, the best, to my mind, of all the "aesthetic" critics of Shakespeare:—

Shakespeare yielded to the necessity. His "Merchant of Venice" might pass well enough with the miscellaneous gathering of upper, middle, and lower classes which crowded to a public theatre. Now he had to cater specially for gentle-folk and a queen. And knowing how to please every class of spectators, he knew how to hit off the taste of the "barbarian." "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is a play written expressly for the barbarian aristocrats with their hatred of ideas, their insensibility to beauty, their hard efficient manners, and their demand for impropriety. . . . But Falstaff he was not prepared to recall from heaven or from hell. He dressed up a fat rogue, brought forward for the occasion from the back premises of the poet's imagination, in Falstaff's clothes; he allowed persons and places and times to jumble themselves up as he pleased; he made it impossible for the most laborious nineteenth century critic to patch on "The Merry Wives" to "Henry IV." But the Queen and her Court laughed as the buck-basket was emptied into the ditch, no more suspecting that its gross lading was not the incomparable jester of Eastcheap than Ford suspected the woman with a great beard to be other than the veritable Dame Pratt.

I can imagine no more delightful employment for an "aesthetic" critic than this, of discussing the psychological identity of two of the figments of Shakespeare's brain. I am myself of opinion that such speculations presuppose a much nicer literary conscience in Shakespeare than he would have laid claim to; and I can imagine the gust of laughter, "broad as ten thousand beeves at pasture," with which he would have greeted the suggestion of another talented Irishman, Prof. Boas of Belfast, that the Falstaff of "The Merry Wives" is his "literary crime." To me, after making allowance for the fact that the humour of any comic character is likely to wear a little thin, especially at a fortnight's notice, by the third time of asking, the two creations seem sufficiently similar. I make no doubt that they did, not only to Queen Bess and her ladies, but also to the groundlings of the pit. It is true that, in the wit-encounters of Eastcheap, Falstaff always came out on top, with the laugh on his side; and that at Windsor the laugh goes woefully against him. But the difference in the circumstances must be taken into account. We have seen Falstaff triumph over a careless prince, who, after all, only bided his time, and the riff-raff of the Boar's Head tavern; never before have we seen him at odds with the impenetrable chastity and practical wit of the English middle classes. What avails a power to "coruscate away the facts of life" as a weapon against Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford and their buck-basket?

Any stick is, of course, good enough, in these days of the Catholic revival, to beat Queen Elizabeth with. But one can hardly be surprised that she thought "The Merry Wives" a good play. It is a good play; much better for the purposes of the stage than either part of "Henry IV.," wherein, indeed, as a dramatic artist, Shakespeare probably touches his low-water mark. Even the Falstaff scenes, leading as they do to nothing in particular, can hardly galvanise the tedious chronicle into life. "The Merry Wives," on the other hand, has tremendous go in it, especially when Mrs. Page is Miss Ellen Terry, with her infectious high spirits and her delightful scorn for the text. It is a little overweighted by the elaborate modern staging, which delays the rapid action suitable to a farce. But this Shakespeare could hardly have foretold; and the two central scenes fully retain that vivacity which so much of Elizabethan comedy, depending as it does upon fashions of verbal

fence, has unfortunately lost. The piece is a farce, not, of course, in the modern sense, but in the sense of fifteenth century France, according to which the farce is an acted *fabliau*. And of an acted *fabliau* it is the best English specimen, just as Chaucer's "Miller's Tale" and "Reeve's Tale" are the best English specimens of the narrative *fabliau*. It has all the well-known characteristics of the *genre*: the realistic portraiture of contemporary types; the frankness, not to say coarseness, of manners; the slight esteem for the marriage-tie; the love of "scoring-off" someone, and by preference in a matter of venery. The fact that the someone is the man of rather better birth could only give an added spice to so eminently *bourgeois* a literary form as the *fabliau* has always been. Nor was the victory of the "wives" over the gentleman a subject in any way adapted to offend the susceptibilities of Elizabeth and the company at the Garter feast. The great nobles who filled the stalls of St. George's Chapel were not likely to trouble themselves about the dignity of a Sir John Falstaff or a Justice Shallow. They could look on with complacency while a mere "knight" or an "armigero," from whose social aspirations they had not improbably suffered, was made ridiculous by persons only a degree further removed from themselves in rank. And for Shakespeare himself, the irrepressible poet, there was that wonderful forest scene at the end, of which the full beauty is brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre, and which makes such a delightful contrast to the bustling realism of the rest of the play.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

Ruskin Intervenes.

BEFORE me lie five volumes. The covers are faded, the end papers have changed colour, faint are the pencil notes on the ample margins, but the well-spaced type is as clear as when, forty-three years ago, the volumes were printed. The day for reading these volumes carefully through has gone by: they have passed into that place where abide those books that having been once absorbed are now dipped into, never without illumination, often with astonishment. I know no other writer who gives so vivid an impression of a still active personality as does Ruskin in these volumes of "Modern Painters." He is more alive than many of the living. Perhaps it is because, with all his gifts, he is so human. Other writers hide their weaknesses, and blur their inconsistencies: he wears no armour. "I have arrived" is not his motto: he is always the student, no more ashamed of his slips than he is proud of his triumphs, and (in these days this is almost a distinction) he has a Faith on which he leans, in which he glories, and which, through all vicissitudes, remains.

To the writer with whom time is precious and parcelled out, these volumes of "Modern Painters" have their disadvantages. They delay the work in hand if you use them for reference: you desire to know what Ruskin says about Cuyp, but Corregio catches the eye first, and Cuyp and your duty wait.

At the Old Masters exhibition at Burlington House there is a room full of pictures by Albert Cuyp, described as the "distinctive feature" of the exhibition. I spent an hour among them to discover that my feeling for Cuyp was neither like nor dislike. An able and conscientious maker of landscapes was the verdict. Then I bought some newspapers and read the columns of comments that have been written on Cuyp during the past week. Enthusiasm was not their note. "Among the more tedious of the lesser Dutchmen," said one; "an unloving nature and

unlovely manner," said another; "he bears repetition ill indeed, and the sense of manufacture becomes distressing," said a third. Poor Cuyp! Stay. What is this? "Never has winter sunlight been represented as it is in Cuyp's 'Scene on the Ice,'" said a fourth; and a fifth eulogised "a truly marvellous 'Castle of Nemwygen.'" The desire to know what bookmen thought of Cuyp had, by this time, seized me, so I walked down to the British Museum and turned up Cuyp in the nearest encyclopædia. The criticism was as succinct as a market report. "Born 1605. He excelled in the painting of cattle grazing or reposing, moonlights, wintry landscapes, still waters with ships, horse-markets, hunts, camps, and cavalry fights."

From a business point of view the dusty encyclopædia's criticism was admirable, but, surely, there was something more to be said for Cuyp, and that something, if anywhere, should be somewhere in the five volumes of "Modern Painters." I consulted the index. Good! There was an inch and a half of references to Cuyp. I selected one at random, this: "no sense of beauty i.75," then proceeded to search for the passage, but it was long before I found it. This amazing book makes for delay on every page. Pursuing Cuyp, I found myself reading about Angelico, Salvator, Durer and Giorgione. Two passages I could not forbear transcribing. These:—

"In Durer, you have a far purer conscience and higher spiritual power [than in Salvator], yet, with some defect still in intellect, contending with evil, and nobly prevailing over it; yet retaining the marks of the contest, and never so entirely victorious as to conquer sadness."

"In Giorgione, you have the same high spiritual power and practical sense; but now, with entirely perfect intellect, contending with evil; conquering it utterly, carting it away for ever, and rising beyond it into magnificence of rest."

The man who wrote these passages could not be expected to admire Cuyp unreservedly. Ruskin acknowledged that Cuyp "painted the sunshine," but no more. Turner painted the sun colour. But Ruskin's quarrel with Cuyp was of a piece with his quarrel with all the Dutchmen. They were just painters; their pictures had no other significance. This attitude is the essence of Ruskinism, for this the world has either loved or derided him. Nothing happens in Cuyp's pictures, says Ruskin, except some indifferent person's asking the way of somebody else. "For further entertainment perhaps a red cow and a white one; or puppies at play, not playfully; the man's heart not going even with the puppies."

There you have the essence of Ruskinism again. The Dutch painters do not care about the people, he complains, but about the lustres on them. Cuyp cares nothing about the puppies as puppies; he sees only the shine on the flaps of their ears. The fault, he adds finely, does not lie in the thing's being little, or the incident being slight. Then follows this: "Titian could have put issues of life and death into the face of a man asking the way; nay, into the back of him, if he had so chosen. He has put a whole scheme of dogmatic theology into a row of bishop's backs at the Louvre. And for dogs, Velasquez has made some of them nearly as grand as his surly kings."

Ruskin has delayed me so long, that there is small opportunity, even if one were willing, to say much about the Cuyps at Burlington House. It is difficult to be enthusiastic about any of them, even the "Scene on the Ice," or "The Castle of Nemwygen," but Cuyp has a name, and there are those who will go to Burlington House because of the room hung with his pictures. "There are some beautiful Cuyps here," I heard an old gentleman say to an acquaintance, as he gave up his umbrella in the vestibule. His face wore a look of happy expectation.

Among the other pictures in this heterogeneous collection is one that might well form the subject of a separate article—Tintoretto's "The Nine Muses in Olympus." It asks and receives unbounded admiration, but I cannot say that it gives me any personal pleasure. The work of a Titan often fails in this respect, and this picture is Titan's work. These buxom muses sprawl their athletic limbs across the clouds, almost blotting out the sun shining through the clouds in the background. Magic it has not, nor charm, nor suggestion of that gracious welding of spirit and substance that we might expect from the muses in Olympus; but the boldness of the design, the modelling of the limbs, and the consummate ease with which they roll from shade to shine, and shine to shade assures the modest speculator that, although he is quite willing that the King and not himself should be the owner of this picture, he is in the presence of a masterpiece. Cast your eye on Bonifazio Veneziano's "Emblematical Subject" that hangs close by, and you will see at once the difference between great and medium painting. After the Tintoretto it was a drop into dulness to stand before Calcott's studio-stormy-sky, lit by a studio-sun; Linnell's worried "Storm in Harvest" brought no refreshment, but beyond in the corner I found David Cox's small "Thames at Purfleet." Here was the little thing done beautifully for its own sake—the poet's vision, not the crash of the Titan's thunderbolts, in a word—peace.

When I reached home that night it was not to read Ruskin on Tintoretto, but that last chapter of "Modern Painters" called "Peace," with his promise of the Morning Star, and his confession of faith: "Blind from the prison-house, maimed from the battle, or mad from the tombs, their souls shall surely yet sit, astonished, at His feet who giveth peace." That "astonished" starts from its setting.

C. L. H.

Science.

The Beginnings of Language.

DR. ARTHUR EVANS, in the first of what promises to be a very interesting series of lectures on the Pre-Phœnician Alphabet, asserted last week that primitive man drew before he talked. At first sight, the statement sounds like a product of the scientific imagination merely, because it has generally been supposed that one must think before one draws, and thought has been always looked upon as the child rather than the mother of speech. Thus the well-known lines of Shelley:—

He gave man speech, and speech created thought,
Which is the measure of the universe.

But the services which the learned keeper of the Ashmolean has rendered to anthropology by his discovery in Crete of the relics of a hitherto unsuspected civilization have given him the right to have his words examined carefully, and it is quite possible that here he and not the poet is right. We are in such matters so much under the influence of tradition, that even Haeckel, who can hardly be accused of superfluous respect for it, talks about "the articulate language of words" as being "the real and chief characteristic of man." Yet it is plain to all of us that articulate language is by no means confined to man alone. The parrot, for instance, can articulate as clearly and distinctly, when carefully taught, as any human being; he can also, unlike man, pronounce all languages with equal facility, and he can even, as Darwin thought, use his words with appropriate reference to the matter in hand, or, in other words, to express his thoughts. That a trained parrot, when angry, will scold in English or in any other language with which he is acquainted, is,

indeed, common knowledge, and he can even be taught to say "good morning" and "good night" at the appropriate time of day. So, too, it cannot be doubted that dogs understand a great part of the words of their masters, and form, as has been said, "actual general concepts" on hearing them, as when a terrier displays excitement at the whisper of "Rats." But dogs, although in domestication their barks acquire a great capacity for modulation, and thereby become the medium of expression of various emotions, do not possess an articulate language, and it is evident that in this case thought precedes instead of following the gift of speech.

We see, therefore, that the very fount and origin of language is thought, or the power of forming general concepts, and that this is shared by man with the more intelligent of what he calls the "lower" animals. But at what time in the evolution of man did language become articulate? We may or may not believe with Haeckel that there existed before the appearance of man as we know him upon the earth, an ape-like and speechless being whom he calls *Pithecanthropus alalus*. But that man like his predecessor up to a comparatively recent period of his development was without articulate speech seems deducible from the fact that even now it remains one of the accomplishments which have to be taught to him. The baby when first born is as incapable of articulate speech as any ape, and although quite capable of expressing his emotions by howls, only acquires language by a long and presumably painful course of training. Yet his glottis and other bodily apparatus for the production of speech are as fully formed at his birth as afterwards, and are never, perhaps, better adapted to their purpose than the corresponding organs in the parrot. We may, therefore, conclude that articulate speech was the result not of any natural gift, but of some change in man's environment, and we must associate this with some particular epoch before we can give even an approximate date for its origin. Such a change must have occurred at the termination of the Glacial Period, when the advance of the glaciers drove quaternary man to huddle in caverns; and thus to associate with his fellows under circumstances which made speech much more a necessity for him than it had ever been before. As to the way in which it came to be introduced, we can only again refer to the parrot and to the baby. In both these cases the talker learns to articulate by imitating the sounds made by his teacher, and it was Darwin's opinion that imitation was in like manner the first factor in the evolution of speech. Baboons have been observed, when feeding together, to set sentries who, on the approach of danger, warn the rest of the herd by peculiar cries, and Darwin conjectured that the first step in the formation of language was taken when some unusually intelligent ape-sentry first differentiated his warnings by imitating in his cry of alarm the noise made by the approaching lion or other cause of terror. But this step has never been shown to have been taken by baboons or other existing variety of monkey, and, if it has been, was never followed up, else would they now possess a language. On the other hand, it may very well have occurred to our ancestors who dwelt in caves, where they would be peculiarly exposed to the attacks of wild beasts. We are, therefore, thrown back for the beginnings of language to the middle of the Quaternary Age.

How does this agree with Dr. Arthur Evans' statement that man drew before he talked? Art, as was said in the ACADEMY of 30 August 1902, also had its origin among the cave-dwellers whom we have noticed as the most probable inventors of speech. Yet some of the means of art were certainly in existence earlier. The first thing that was necessary to man before he could draw was a pointed tool with which he could do it, and chipped flints have been found which go back beyond the Quaternary Age and which seem to belong to the Tertiary. It is quite true that M. de Mortillet and others are of opinion that

these flints were worked, not by man as we now know him, but by the being—*Pithecanthropus* or other—whom they call the "Precursor" as being man's immediate predecessor in time. But this need hardly detain us. If the Precursor were capable of chipping flints to a point, there is no reason why he should not draw with them, and if he did, Dr. Arthur Evans' point would be established. For the Precursor, whatever he was, almost certainly did not talk. Although he may have known the use of fire, he seems to have been a solitary being, living almost entirely in trees, and subsisting—perhaps entirely—on a vegetarian diet. He must have ranged freely over a large stretch of country, and as most of the existing seas—the Channel for instance—were then non-existent, he probably saved himself from the fiercer animals by flight rather than by combined resistance. Hence he had never the necessity for speech which pressed upon his successor of the cavern.

On the other hand, it must be said that no drawings or other attempts at art going back to the Tertiary Age have yet been found, although, as all our collections of Tertiary tools, weapons, and other relics, are as yet very limited in extent, there is yet plenty of time for them to be discovered. But drawings, some of them executed with rare skill, of the early Quaternary Age are common enough, and on the whole, it seems most probable that the origin of drawing is coeval, and not prior to the origin of speech. This corresponds with the few inquiries that have been made into the condition of deaf-mutes, who can seldom be taught even the rudiments of drawing until they have learned to express their thoughts in words. We shall do well, therefore, until some remains of Tertiary art are discovered, to believe that drawing, instead of preceding talking, came to man at about the same time. But we must not forget that one grain of actual proof in such a case will upset a ton of theory.

F. LEGGE.

Correspondence.

A Poet of a Hundred Lines.

SIR,—The reviewer of Prof. Murray's "*Euripides*" expressed a doubt and a hope that some original poetry by him had appeared. Two months ago Prof. Murray contributed some hundred lines of great beauty to the "*Glasgow University Magazine*." They were entitled "*An Introduction to a Narrative Poem*." The following is an extract:—

And certes some have won their hope, and caught
The flash and held it; but most fail, and seem
As one that starts to tell his last night's dream
Of marvel and strange joy; and as he tries,
Finds he has half forgotten, and his eyes
Cloud, and he tells perforce, as best he dare,
Something a little like it, here and there
Amid false places and invented things,
Holding some ravelled shreds, some echoings,
Of the lost wonder of his dream of dreams.

In the preface the poet remarked that the work itself would probably never see the light of day.—Yours, &c.,

NIGEL CARLYLE GRAHAM.

12, Windsor Quadrant, Glasgow.

Scenic Realism.

SIR,—If such considerations as whether we watch a play through a fourth wall of a room or whether we should regard ourselves as within the room, if these nursery considerations interfere with your correspondent's enjoyment

of the drama, then have I a suggestion. Let the managers provide small pieces of board with a hole in the middle labelled "keyhole." These implements might be given out to such of the assembling spectators as wished for them, and who would then no doubt experience complete illusion and might become even more enthusiastic over "The Christian King."—Yours, &c.,

M. B. A.

"Or, by a Potion, end them."

SIR,—The line in "*Hamlet*": "and, by opposing, end them" cannot by any stretch of interpretation be made to harmonise with the words which follow: "To die, to sleep." A man who should kill himself to escape the troubles of the world could not be said to take arms against and oppose them.

On the other hand, if it be taken in conjunction with the preceding line: "Or to take arms against a sea of troubles," it expresses what Shakespeare knew to be an impossibility. The sea of troubles is composed of the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, the pangs of despised love, and other things, against which no arms avail.

Moreover, if by taking arms and opposing them, it were possible to end these troubles, no question could arise as to whether this was nobler than suffering them.

Again, the alternatives of endurance and opposition do not exhaust the modes in which we may meet troubles. There is the third cause—suicide. *Hamlet* asks himself which of the first two is the nobler. According to the usual rendering he makes no inquiry relative to the third. Yet it is on the third his mind dwells longest.

Is it not possible, then, that instead of "and, by opposing, end them," Shakespeare meant to say:—

—Or, by a potion, end them?

He could not have stated confidently that by opposing them they would be ended. Yet the line expresses confidence that the effect would follow the cause. But, while there is no room for confidence, that opposition would end the troubles, it is absolutely certain that a potion would do it.

Another argument for the "potion" reading is that it leads naturally to the thought of death which follows.—Yours, &c.,

T. F. MANNING.

10, Coptic Street, London, W.C.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 174 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best set of verses, not to exceed sixteen lines, on an old School Book. Thirty replies have been received. We award the prize to Miss Violet M. Wainwright, 6, Grand Avenue, Hove, Sussex, for the following:—

TODHUNTER'S ALGEBRA.

When on thy shabby back the name I see,
"Todhunter's Algebra" in letters gold,
My thoughts fly back to bygone hours with thee,
To far-off days ere thou and I grew old.

Thou, little book, alone did'st point the way
To calculate results when C, self-willed,
Would water casks of wine he sold to A,
Or empty out B's cistern newly filled.

But when from Euler's proof I fain would flee,
Equations shun, where $x + y$ are n
Though $y^2 = 40m + 3$,
Another service thou did'st render then.

Cover for notes in school, from hand to hand
From friend to friend did'st pass. Now on the shelf
I lay thee, thy work done. There shalt thou stand,
Whither I soon shall follow thee myself.

Other replies follow:—

CURTIS' GREEK GRAMMAR.

O woeful book of which I speak
That every scholar once was put in!
Whereof each single word was Greek
That was not Latin.
My master was a blue-eyed man,
And I a fine-haired Celtic dreamer:
Quoth he: "Now, do the best you can,
And mount the 'Bema.'"
The Bema was his desk sublime
From which I had to say my grammar—
To-day—O strange revenge of Time—
I am a crammer.
And once—(I was but nine)—he said,
"Come, Alpha Beta, no more crying!"
To-day, the kind old man is dead,
And Greek is dying.

[G. M., S. Norwood.]

OLLENDORF'S FRENCH TEACHER.

Dear Ollendorff—when I was young
How bitter were the taunts I flung
At your benign and reverend head:
How loth was I to leave my bed
To struggle with the Gallic tongue;
But vainly to my quilt I clung,
And vainly hid the sheets among;
No rest for me till I had read
My Ollendorff!
What splendid moral teaching hung
Upon your phrases aptly-strung:
How each man grab'd his neighbour's bread,
And how that evil fashion spread;
No longer shall you live unsung,
My Ollendorff!

[J. E. B., Ipswich.]

CLARENDON PRESS "TEMPEST."

Herein I found what glorious fastime
When wakening to the poet's spell
And scornful precepts given in class-time
I followed after Ariel.
On note and gloss I looked askance,
A truant waiving commendation,
Lured on through thickets of romance
To fail in my examination.
And have I in due time repented?
Nay, as I read once more the story
I smile and own me well contented,
The pedant failed to dim its glory.
For was it really worth the while
Youth's dawning fancies thus to encumber.
And in the ruck of Prospero's isle
Shoot all this pedagogic lumber.

[F. H. C., Tunbridge Wells.]

Competition No. 175 (New Series).

This week we offer a Prize of One Guinea for the best account of
"My Day's Work," not to exceed 250 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition. THE ACADEMY,
43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first
post of Wednesday, 28 January, 1903. Each answer must be
accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of
Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending
more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt
with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.
Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

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NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

An interesting volume will be published early in the
New Year by Messrs. George Routledge and Sons. It will
bear the title of "The Jesuits in Great Britain: a
Historical Inquiry into their Political Influence." The
author is Mr. Walter Walsh, author of the "Secret
History of the Oxford Movement." For this book Mr.
Walsh has been collecting material for the past fifteen
years. It will contain, we are informed, the secret history
of several well-known personages in British History, who,
while outwardly professing Protestantism, were at the same
time members of the Church of Rome, such as Esme
Stuart, Duke of Lennox; Anne of Denmark, wife of
James I. and Charles II., whom Mr. Walsh claims to have
been a Roman Catholic all through his reign.

Mr. Fisher Unwin has nearly ready "Shakespeare's
Church, otherwise the Collegiate Church of the Holy
Trinity of Stratford-on-Avon." The book is an archi-
tectural and ecclesiastical history of the Fabric and its
Ornaments, and its author, the Rev. J. Harvey Bloom, is
the editor of the "Victoria History of the County of
Warwick." He has devoted many years to the work,
and has had special facilities for obtaining original
information.

Mr. Brimley Johnson will publish immediately in his
"Carpet Plays" the little twenty-minutes comedy, entitled
"Amelia," which has just been put on at the Garrick
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The Literary Week.

THE week has not been prolific in new books, if we except the supply of novels, which has begun again with some vigour. Mr. George Gissing's new volume, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," which appeared serially in the "Fortnightly Review," may also be classed under the heading of fiction. In religious and ethical literature we have received such dissimilar volumes as Mr. Charles Voysey's "Religion for all Mankind"; Mr. Clair-Tisdall's "The Noble Eightfold Path," and Mr. Webb's new edition of "The Devotions of St. Anselm." We are also asked to draw attention to the Nietzsche Library, of which the fourth volume has just been published in this country. Among the new books of the week we may note the following:—

ROBERT BUCHANAN. By Harriett Jay.

Inscribed "To the Memory of Robert Buchanan, who adopted me in my childhood, and who, throughout his life, was to me the kindest of fathers, the best of friends. To him I owe all that I have and am; and now that he is gone, it is my proud pleasure to remember that, during his last bitter hours of pain I was able to return to him, even if ever so slightly, a little of the great tenderness and devotion which he had always given to me." The volume deals fully and sympathetically with the life of a remarkable man. So far as possible Miss Jay has allowed Buchanan to speak for himself; "he knew himself better than any man or woman could possibly know him."

SPIRALS IN NATURE AND ART. By Theodore A. Cook.

Mr. Cook has been content to give this delightful volume a text-book title. It is research touched with enthusiasm, based on the author's discovery that the open staircase at Blois in Touraine is the work of Leonardo da Vinci. The book, which is well illustrated, has a long sub-title, of which the first sentence is "A study of spiral formations based on the manuscripts of Leonardo da Vinci." Prof. Ray Lankester contributes a cautious preface.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF GEORGE BARLOW. Vols. I. and II.

This issue of Mr. Barlow's poems is to be completed in ten volumes. The quantity of Mr. Barlow's work is remarkable, even allowing for the facts that the volumes are not bulky and the type large. The poems are divided

into sections. Mr. Barlow is fond of the sonnet sequence; there are thirty-six sonnets addressed "To Gertrude in the Spirit World." The second volume contains "A Life's Love."

HISTORY OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE. By Johannes Janssen.

The fifth and sixth volumes of Mr. Janssen's presentation of the German People at the close of the Middle Ages. The sixth volume concludes with the "so-called Religious Peace of Augsburg, 1555." Each volume is provided with full indexes of places and persons.

OUR correspondent's enquiry the other week for a word which should be the correlative antithesis of sequel has brought us two suggestions. One is as follows: "How would precent do? If Donovan were a singing person, he might be a precentor. As he is a book let him be a precent to his sequel." The second is: "If we adopt prelit and for sequel substitute postlib we may then read adlib." So far we do not feel particularly encouraged.

No man has ever lived up to his theories of physical and mental life more consistently than Mr. Herbert Spencer. His system of education included, at the time his book on Education was first published, matter which appeared revolutionary to many of his contemporaries. A child's instincts, he said, were right, even to a taste for sweets and sugar. Cramming he detested and condemned, putting physical fitness before mere mental accomplishment. Of his method of work Mr. Iles in the February number of the "World's Work" gives some interesting particulars. "First Principles," which Mr. Spencer began in 1860, was dictated to an amanuensis. "He was spending the summer by the shore of a Scottish loch. His habit was to dictate for a quarter of an hour, then row for an equal period with the object of so stimulating the circulation of the blood as to carry him through another fifteen minutes' dictation, and so on through the forenoon. Neither then nor afterward has he worked in the afternoon." Yet the greatest care has not saved Mr. Spencer from the effects of overwork. He has never been much of a reader, and used to say that if he read as much as other people he would know as little as they. It is rather curious to note that "he has a hearty admiration for 'Tristram Shandy,' and dislikes the coarseness of Fielding."

MR. W. H. MALLOCK has been endeavouring to add to our knowledge of the Bacon-Shakespeare question by a discussion of certain symbolical title-pages, which have been reproduced for our guidance in the "Pall Mall Magazine." We do not propose to go fully into the question, but we wish to suggest certain points on which Mr. Mallock appears to have gone rather curiously astray. Let us take the title-page to the sixth edition of Sidney's "Arcadia"; the same design was used for an edition of "The Faerie Queen," the title-page of which is the one reproduced by Mr. Mallock. No one, Mr. Mallock admits, can contend that Bacon was the author of the "Arcadia"; "but the design, if it refers to him, can mean only that he was connected with its production in some unspecified way." Mr. Mallock then proceeds to build up a theory which seems to us entirely unwarranted, and in one particular, and that the most important, entirely wrong. The crest on the title-page, which Mr. Mallock takes to be "a hog with a halter round its neck" (Bacon's crest was a hog), is not a hog at all, but a hedgehog "collared and lined," which was a Sidney crest. Surely here is a serious error on Mr. Mallock's part? And certainly Mr. A. W. Pollard's explanation of this title-page, in spite of Mr. Mallock's assertion to the contrary, is much more plausible. It appears clear to us that what Mr. Mallock takes to be a rose-bush is a bush of rosemary, as Mr. Pollard suggests. Can Mr. Mallock point us to any contemporary or indeed any drawing in which roses were represented as they are here? As for the supporters to the crest, one a bear, the other a lion, Mr. Mallock tells us that the bear stands for Leicester, the lion for Elizabeth, and that Bacon believed himself to be the son of these two. Again, Leicester was Sidney's uncle (his mother was Mary Dudley, daughter of the Duke of Northumberland), a fact which accounts for the bear much more naturally than Mr. Mallock's hypothesis. As for the lion: well, a lion is a beast which symbolizes certain aspects of Sidney's career so well that no fine-drawn symbolism is needed to account for it. In his second article Mr. Mallock gets more and more tenuous; it would be as easy to draw a dozen conclusions as reasonable as those he sets forth. And again he makes mistakes. But we cannot enter more fully into the question. Mr. Mallock may be right—we are quite unprejudiced—but his evidence seems to us too thin, even apart from obvious inaccuracies of interpretation, to be worth much. Indeed, we could almost suspect Mr. Mallock of perpetrating a laborious joke.

A CORRESPONDENT of "Macmillan's Magazine," who signs himself "An Unhappy Englishman," is much perturbed by the insidious advances of the "Times" to Americanized English. Archbishop Tait was quoted as having written: "An apparent combine of much-respected names." "An Unhappy Englishman" fled to a friend who had upon his shelves "The Life of Archibald Campbell Tait," turned up the passage, and lo! the Archbishop had not written "combine" but "combination." Why should the "Times," asks this alarmed writer, "change the eminently respectable *combination* into the disreputable *combine*?" And since then, adds this "Unhappy Englishman," the "Times" has printed such "ineffable abominations as portraiture and landscapist."

MR. HAROLD ISMAY, in "Longman's Magazine," has also been writing about words, but he writes concerning the joy of them:—

"Jerry Abershaw! Jerry Abershaw! Jerry Abershaw!" cries Robert Louis Stevenson in one of his familiar letters; rolling the syllables under his pen in a kind of ecstasy. "The two most lovely words in English. Jerry Abershaw! D—n it, sir, it is a poem."
Jerry Abershaw! So it is.

Here is the essence of romance, the cloaked night-riding horseman of his childish nightmares come staring to light in five syllables.

The appeal of words, however, like all appeals, is mainly individual. Mr. Ismay, for suggestive place names, goes to Cornwall; but it is all a matter of association, and your North countryman will get as much romance from names which sound barbarous to Southern ears. And sometimes Mr. Ismay makes curious statements. He writes: "It has been written somewhere that chosen words grouped in a proper manner form good prose, the best words grouped in the best possible manner good poetry." That is a definition of poetry which suggests the body and ignores the soul. But Mr. Ismay's enthusiasm has a certain infection, so that when he says, "no familiar language is richer than blessed English in words worth speaking a second time, brave vigorous monosyllables, and sonorous compounds," we naturally agree with him.

PROF. WRIGHT'S "English Dialect Dictionary" is to be completed before the end of 1905. Four of the six volumes are already printed, and the fifth is now in the press. The extensiveness of the work—invaluable though it should be—appears to have made publishers fight shy of it, so that Prof. Wright has himself been obliged to undertake all the financial liability. Many of the original subscribers have been lost by death, and Prof. Wright now appeals for new subscribers. There should be no difficulty in securing these, as the total payments, spread over six years, amount only to twelve guineas. The price of the completed Dictionary to non-subscribers will be eighteen guineas.

THE publisher of "Collier's Weekly," Mr. P. F. Collier, is about to set up a publishing business in London. Mr. Collier proposes to secure work from the best English writers, and he also intends to float an English edition of "Collier's Weekly." Mr. Collier is reported to have said lately that in his opinion "Great Britain produces the ablest writers who use the English tongue," but he thinks that American methods of mechanical presentation are in advance of ours.

THE "Weekly Critical Review," the first number of which has just appeared, proposes to have a weekly illustration competition. The first subject is taken from a volume of short stories, entitled "Melomaniacs," by Mr. James Huneker. Here is the passage:—

He saw bleached, shaven faces in a half circle; they seemed like skulls fastened on black dummies—so immobile their expression, and so deadly staring their eyes. The brilliant and festal appearance of the scene oppressed him and his eye-balls ached. Symphonies of light were massed over the great high walls; glistening and pendulous, they illuminated remote ceilings. There was colour and taunting gaiety in the decoration; the lofty panels contained pictures from the classic poets which seemed profane in so sacred an edifice, and just over the Throne gleamed the golden tubes of a mighty organ. Then Baruch Mendoza's eyes, half blinded by the strange glory of the place to which he had been haled, encountered the joyful and ferocious gaze of the Grand Inquisitor. Again echoed dolefully the tap of the drum in the key of B, and the prisoner shuddered.

The prize is to be awarded to the illustrator whose drawing is "most in sympathy with the above passage," and the amount to be won is twenty-five francs. The sum hardly seems commensurate with the subject. But there are always, we suppose, people who yearn to illustrate such meaningless phrases as "symphonies of light."

WE read in the "New York Times Saturday Review":—

Jack London, the author of "Children of the Frost," is an ardent student of sociology. He travels a great deal. In November last he was observing life in the East End of London, being dressed as an American sailor looking for employment, with little or no money in his pockets. At present he is living in a bungalow near San Francisco with an outlook over the Golden Gate.

Perhaps the bungalow near San Francisco is by way of an attempt to escape from such sociology as Mr. London may have discovered in the East End.

THE last issue of the "Ancestor," as we noted at the time, accused Sir Conan Doyle of certain gross heraldic errors in his romance, "The White Company." The current number of the "Ancestor" contains a reply from Sir Conan Doyle, and comments upon that reply by the "Ancestor's" editor. It must be admitted that in this battle of the experts Sir Conan Doyle comes out second best—nay, he is soundly beaten. The question is one of pure fact, and the professional antiquarian scores. Sir Conan Doyle writes:—

To take a few concrete examples where the editor in accusing me of inaccuracy has been inaccurate himself: he says that the cadency mark of crescents for the second son only came in two centuries later than the date of "The White Company." That date is 1367. The editor will find—and it is a real pleasure to give him some information after all he has given to me—that in a window of the Collegiate Church of St. Mary, Warwick, erected in 1361, the arms of the six sons of Thomas Beauchamp, fifteenth Earl of Warwick, appear differenced with a crescent, mullet, &c. It is probable, therefore, that the custom was perfectly well known to the prince's "herald or scrivener."

To which the "Ancestor" replies:—

No such window, we believe, exists at the present day, although the figures of the earl's sons are found in seventeenth century drawings, at which date there remained some in the window of the choir, and some in the great north window. The choir was not built in 1361, having been begun in pursuance of the will of the Earl who died in 1369. . . . But Sir Conan's date matters little. What does matter is that, although the younger sons difference their arms, as did many fourteenth-century knights, with small charges, the "cadency mark of the descent for the second son" is not to be found, the second son differencing with a ring.

It is pretty obvious that the "Ancestor" is right and Sir Conan Doyle wrong. Sir Conan has been misled by the "makers of bad handbooks." The pity is that Sir Conan Doyle should have thought it worth while to defend himself from experts in a matter which only casually touches actual romance.

THE ways of advertising are wonderful and sometimes shameless. The following extraordinary communication has been sent to us by a correspondent whose name appears to have been got from a directory. At any rate, he knows nothing of the writer. We have the title of the book and the name of the publisher:—

MY DEAR —,

—'s book is now on sale. . . . Has he, or his brother, mentioned that he has adopted the "nom de plume" of . . . and that the work is entitled . . . ? (published by . . .)

You might, for Auld Lang Syne's sake, give him a leg-up by inducing friends and the book-agents in your neighbourhood to promote inquiries about his initial effort.

As you already know, — is nothing if not satirical, and in this book his satire has found ample scope. . . . Several of our friends have been caricatured, yet yourself not escaping, for there's no mistaking the "original" of his character of C. R.

However, his sarcasm, tho' keen at times, is never spiteful, and I don't think your annoyance will prove long lasting.

Trusting you're in the best of health, with kind regards from wife and self,

Yrs. sincerely,

It is, of course, possible that the thing is intended for a joke, but, if it be so, so pointless a joke, sent out broadcast, becomes something of a public nuisance.

A WRITER in the "Daily Mail" recently considered the Suburban Library, and found it wanting. In the early morning the general reading-room was occupied by eager perusers of the advertisement columns; at ten o'clock the "sprightly suburban misses" came in. Here is a sample of the conversation which is recorded between borrowers and the assistant at the desk:—

"Oh, I say," said one maiden in that pigtail stage which at Oxford is called a "flapper," "you were just horrid to give me such a mawkish piece of twaddle as 'The Little White Bird,' by Barrie. Do you think I am not yet out of the nursery?"

"Well, you don't look it, miss," said the pimply youth, showing his teeth.

"Oh, don't I?" said the damsel, tossing her head with what the penny novelettes called "extreme hauteur." "Well, I'll trouble you to hand over something more sensible. I like a novel with a bit of spice in it."

At one o'clock the library emptied, and the furtive luncher arrived—everyone knows the furtive free library luncher. After which nothing seemed to happen of much interest until the evening, when the newspaper files were "thronged by City men" who used the library to save the daily halfpenny. We think the "Daily Mail" observer was at fault there. However, the fact remains that one suburban library at least is not doing much good to culture or letters, and that is true of a good many more. The fact is that the enthusiasm for education in the form of reading has overreached itself, and that free libraries provide more mental dissipation than mental stimulus.

WE notice in a contemporary magazine a short story called "The Ebb Tide." It is a pity that writers cannot find titles for themselves. We should have thought that Stevenson's "The Ebb Tide" would have kept smaller men away for at least a generation.

It was inevitable that the "Confessions of a Wife" should be parodied, and the inevitable has happened in "Punch." Here is a passage from "More Confessions":—

Where shall I find a name for that which has befallen me? If I call it joy I shrink away from the word, and if I call it fear, that would be a lie pure and simple.

"You — have — promised — a — MAX — that — you — would — become — his — wife."

Nobody in the world has ever done such a thing before. But the Wilderness Girl doesn't mind this.

Mr. Helose's hair does curl beautifully.

THE "Glasgow Evening News" has been making merry over an imaginary School of Fiction. It is, of course, a London school, and has its habitation at Crouch End, N. Students are trained in observation, realism, applied mechanics, and so forth. Style is learnt from text books, and analysis charts of all the "classic stylists" are provided. The "Glasgow Evening News" may be prophetic. We should not be surprised to see even so great an absurdity as a School of Fiction.

CLAUDIUS CLEAR tells us in the "British Weekly" that he reads on an average two books a day. We wonder what Claudius Clear means by "read."

THE late Mr. Augustus Hare was a most prolific writer; he travelled, talked to everybody, and put all he saw and heard into print. His autobiography runs to six large volumes, volumes which contain many excellent stories, and particularly ghost stories. Mr. Hare had an effective way of dealing with ghosts which was quite his own. His life ended in some melancholy, yet he could write in the last chapter of "The Story of my Life":—

Except that I have seen more varieties of people than some do, I believe there has been nothing unusual in my life. All lives are made up of joys and sorrows, with a little calm, neutral ground connecting them; though from physical reasons perhaps, I think I have enjoyed the pleasures and suffered in the troubles more than most. But from the calm backwater of my present life at Holmhurst, as I overlook the past, the pleasures seem to predominate, and I could cordially answer to anyone who asked me, "Is life worth living?" "Yes, to the very dregs."

Bibliographical.

THE particulars made public in connection with Messrs. Routledge's promised reprints of "Half-Forgotten Books" do not, so far, impress one with a sense of novelty in the choice of the books to be re-issued. To take first Mrs. Radcliffe's "Romance of the Forest" and "Mysteries of Udolph": both of these have been reprinted by Messrs. Routledge themselves within the last twenty years—the "Romance" at 6d. in 1882 and at 2s. in 1887; the "Mysteries" at 2s. in 1882 and again in 1891. Then there is Dickens's "Memoirs of Grimaldi": this was published at 6d. in 1883, both by Messrs. Routledge and by Messrs. Dicks; again, at 1s., in 1888; and yet again at 6d. by Messrs. Routledge in 1893. Haliburton's "Sam Slick" was brought out at 6d. in 1884 both by Messrs. Routledge and by Messrs. Warne. Messrs. Routledge, again, revived Albert Smith's "Pottleton Legacy" at 6d. in 1891. Miss Martineau's "The Hour and the Man" was republished by Messrs. Cassell in 1886 at 2s. and 1s. Morier's "Hajji Baba in Ispahan" is also mentioned in connection with the new series, but can it be described truthfully as a "half-forgotten book"? It was published in 1890 at 6d. by Messrs. Dicks; in 1895, at 7s., by Messrs. Methuen, and at 3s. 6d. by Messrs. Macmillan; in 1895, at 21s., by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen; in 1897, at 6d., by Messrs. Dicks; and in 1898, at 2s., by Messrs. Macmillan, whose edition has the distinction of an introduction from the pen of the present Viceroy of India.

I note that "The Man who Lost his Past," a new story by Mr. Frank Richardson, starts upon the basis of a railway accident, the shock of which deprives the leading character of his memory. This, one remembers, was also the basis of one of Mr. Pinero's early comic pieces—"In Chancery," in which Mr. Edward Terry represented the bewildered victim of a railway collision. Of course, it is the mere motif only that is common to the play and to the story. The idea is developed by dramatist and novelist on widely differing lines. A somewhat similar, but much more original, notion lay at the root of a play which preceded "In Chancery" by two or three years—Mr. Gilbert's "Foggerty's Fairy," in which Foggerty, by supernatural aid, and in order to escape unpleasant consequences, deliberately annihilates a portion of his past.

But for that period of his life another set of events has to be substituted, and, by the irony of fate, Foggerty is as much hampered by these events as he would have been by the real happenings which he has blotted out. "Foggerty's Fairy" was too ingenious to please the average playgoer, and it is a long while since Mr. Terry was last seen in "In Chancery." Mr. Richardson, therefore, has the field to himself, in the meantime.

Talking of the theatre, the stage is about to do another of its rare services to literature. Next week Mr. Forbes Robertson will produce a play based upon Mr. Kipling's "The Light that Failed," and we may expect that there will then be a brisk demand for the book both at the libraries and at the booksellers. If I remember rightly, it has been before the public for a dozen years, and there was a new edition of it at least as recently as the autumn of 1899. The approaching demolition of the Gaiety Theatre should lead to requests for Mr. John Hollingshead's "Gaiety Chronicles" (1898), which the author may be counselled to bring down to date, and re-issue. A new Gaiety is rising rapidly within a few feet of the old one, but it cannot inherit the memories which will always attach themselves to the older and doomed building.

Mr. B. M. Ramsay, whose "London Lays" are "out," or on the point of being so, is by no means the first Scotsman who has felt the poetic fascination of the Great Metropolis. To go no farther back than 1866, there are the "London Poems" of Robert Buchanan, a volume full of genuine sympathy with the more pathetic sides of London life. It is not easy, nowadays, to find a new title for such a volume as Mr. Ramsay's. We have had, of late years, "London Lyrics," "London Nights," "London Visions," "London Voluntaries," and what not; and, even now, Mr. Ramsay's title is only new in a sense, for did not Mr. Clement Scott present us, just twenty years ago, with the "Lays of a Londoner"? "London Rhymes," by the way, was the name of a privately-printed selection from Frederick Lockyer-Lampson's poems.

Side by side with the announcement of Mr. James Bryce's "Biographical Essays" comes that of Sir M. E. Grant-Duff's "Out of the Past: some Biographical Essays." These, it is understood, will be mainly of the nature of personal reminiscences, though they start with a chapter on "Chesterfield as an Educator." In only three cases will the two authors deal with the same subject; each will have something to say about Cardinal Manning, Dean Stanley, and Lord Acton. Mr. Bryce's book will have the greater literary interest, though among Sir M. E. Grant-Duff's subjects are Walter Bagehot, Matthew Arnold, and Henry Reeve.

Two new literary enterprises for which there is ample excuse are the promised volumes on Bishop Bedell (edited by Mr. E. S. Shuckburgh) and Claverhouse (written by Mr. C. S. Terry). There is already a little biography of Claverhouse by Mr. Mowbray Morris, but there is room for something more elaborate and comprehensive, the available material being very considerable, and Napier's "Memorials" being now out of date. The best Life of Bishop Bedell, that by his elder son, was printed both in 1871 and in 1872, being, in the latter case, edited for the Camden Society by Mr. Wharton Jones. Then there are the Lives by Barnet (1685) and Clogie (edited in 1862). But Mr. Shuckburgh, apparently, is in a position to give us much new and valuable matter.

I gather that the edition of "The Compleat Angler," which is to be added to the "St. Martin's Library," will include the editorial part of the edition which Sir Harris Nicolas produced in 1836, and which was reproduced in 1875.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Hampshire Poet.

THE POETRY OF GEORGE WITHER. Edited by Frank Sidgwick. (Bullen. 12s. net.)

This edition of George Wither's poems contains all that is of poetical value (though the long poem "Britain's Remembrancer," not included, has historic value for its detailed description of the Plague in London, which preceded the epidemic afterwards described by Defoe), and quite as much as the modern reader will care to peruse. It is edited by Mr. Sidgwick with the excellence and care to which we are accustomed in Mr. Bullen's publications. He has collated all known editions, supplied a very good introduction, both biographical and literary, and careful notes. Nor has he omitted a bibliography of the early poetical works—which alone come within the scope of the edition. For Wither virtually abandoned poetry in after-life; nor are the few exceptions to this statement of any poetic merit. It is another seventeenth century poet rescued from neglect; and we are thankful for it.

Not that the Hampshire poet is a writer over whom to effervesce, despite the enthusiasm of Lamb and Lamb's illustrious friends. They were in the position of pioneers and discoverers: all exhumed merit was treasure trove; and enthusiastic appreciation of that merit was more necessary than a dispassionate appreciation of its amount and relative proportion to the substance exhumed. It was needed to show gold in the ore, not the exact percentage of the gold. The gold is now admitted, not only admitted but fully recognised; and it becomes legitimate to inquire the richness of the ore. Well, no impartial critic can say that Wither is rich ore. The really fine verse in him is well known, and can all be quoted in a few pages of any anthology. They who found on it their expectations of Wither will assuredly suffer deadly disappointment in these two volumes. Nearly all his work follows the pastoral convention, and (speaking of it in the bulk and the average) its great merit is a certain manly sanity. It is quite sincere, quite direct. The phrase of Crashaw is most apt to it:—

A clear, unwrinkled song.

It never for a moment strives to be more or other than it is. The language is that which all men would use, if all men knew sound English, and were purged of inert custom. Withal it is distinguished—just enough, but not eminently—because it is quickened by a facile but sufficient and custom-quelling energy. As the diction, so is the metre. His most personal and characteristic metre is the trochaic couplet of seven syllables and four accents, which he handles with a level mastery that is not the highest. It is unfailingly smooth, sweet, and even—with a fluent smoothness, a fluent sweetness, a fluent evenness, which is somewhat thin. It has variety, but a shallow variety. It reminds one of Orlando's too tinklingly sweet octosyllabics, which Touchstone (a shrewd critic) denounced as the "right butterwoman's rank to market." These too easy and regular heptasyllabics, taking at first, become monotonous in sequence. So it is with the poet's substance. His contemporaries thought little of him: Dryden, Swift, Pope, sneered at him. There was more reason for this depreciation (under-estimate though it was) than the reaction of our criticism allows. Wither is impermissibly copious and dilute, with a careless and easy-going, though not slovenly, diffuseness. If he is not, like Wordsworth, prosy, he is quite as voluble, and does not fall into Wordsworth's priceless amends. Yet while mediocrity follows the heel of mediocrity, that fresh, pellucid frankness of diction raises it above commonplace, and lures you with promise persistent but unfulfilled. You perpetually expect him to quit the ground; and that air of present flight as perpetually deceives you. When (how

seldom!) the flight does come, your attention is fatigued and asleep. Arriving even at his finest verse across these levels of easy copiousness, it is odds you but half savour it. To Lamb and his fellows this was perhaps less an obstacle than to us. They were themselves given to diffuse verse; and one remembers with awe that they relished the sonnets of the gentle Mr. Bowles, which are like unto rocking-cradles.

That Wither wrote thus because he was too careless to write otherwise, we have the best of evidence—his own. In "Fair Virtue" he tells his critics:—

If this prologue tedious seem,
Or the rest too long they deem,
Let them know my love they win,
Though they go ere I begin.

For I will for no man's pleasure
Change a syllable or measure,
Neither for their praises add
Ought to mend what they think bad,
Since it never was my fashion
To make work of recreation.

I disdain to make my song
For their pleasures short or long.
If I please I'll end it here;
If I list I'll sing this year.

He knew his faults; and being a pugnacious man, elected to stand by them and make them his favourite virtues. Despite his defiant couplet—

Pedants shall not tie my strains
To our antique poets' veins—

it is pity (we think) he followed those poets so far as to adopt the pastoral convention. He reached his very best, it seems to us, in the direct utterance of emotion, whether dramatic or his own. Such is that exquisite passage on Nature, which anticipates Wordsworth in manner and substance, and is unique in his work. Such is the deservedly famous "Shall I wasting in despair?" Such is "Hence, away, thou Siren, leave me." They are both straight from Wither's nature: one uttering that virile disdain for mere love of the senses which he so often repeats; the other, an expression of his characteristic rugged independence, even in love. Of his power in what we might call the dramatic lyric, there is a good example in "Fair Virtue." A lover is tempted into soliciting his mistress dishonourably, and she thus finely rebukes him:—

"Sweetheart," quote she, "if in thy breast

Those virtues real be,
Which hitherto thou hast professt,
And I believed in thee,
Thyself and me, O seek not to abuse.
Whilst thee I thus refuse
In hotter flames I fry;
Yet let us not
Our true love spot,
Oh, rather let me die.

"Are we the two that have so long
Each others' loves embraced?
And never did affection wrong
Nor think a thought unchaste?
And shall, oh, shall we now our matchless joy
For one poor touch destroy,
And all content forego?
Oh no, my dear;
Sweetheart, forbear;
I will not lose thee so.

"No vulgar bliss I aimed at
When first I heard thee woo;
I'll never prize a man for that
Which every groom can do.
If that be love, the basest men that be
Do love as well as we,
Who, if we bear us well,
Do pass them then
As angels men
In glory do excel."

We have not space for the whole poem; but what we have quoted is quite noble. In this expression of emotion and truth dear to his heart Wither's special gift rises to a height it does not attain in mere pastoralisms, or the conventional celebration of a mistress. The language is of every day; the effect is not that of every day. When the average "poet" (so-called) writes in what is styled a simple and a direct fashion, he is neither simple nor direct. His banality comes of mental slovenliness. He thinks, not in words, but in blocks of words, in whole phrases, habitual phrases which save him the trouble of finding the true word. It is the lees and heeltaps of language. Hence the jaded sensation which such verse produces on us. But Wither is indeed simple and direct; each word is conceived with a fresh intention.

One whole poem, "Fidelia," is dramatic; the letter of a girl to her faithless lover. And if he does not throughout reach the simple truth and strength of feeling in the poem just quoted, it yet has much of the same quality:—

And lastly, for that love's sake thou once bar'st me,
By that right hand thou gav'st, the truth thou swar'st me.
By all the passions, and, if any be,
For her dear sake that makes thee injure me,
I here conjure thee—no, entreat and sue,
That if these lines do overreach thy view,
Thou would'st afford me so much favour for them
As to accept, or at least, not abhor them.

Which if it prove, as yet methinks it may,
Oh, what a burthen shall I cast away!

Come, kill me then, my dear, if thou think fit,
With that which never killed a woman yet;

And for these wrongs my love to thee hath done,
Both I and it unto thy pity run:
In whom if the least guilt thou find to be,
For ever in thy arms imprison me.

There is a Byronic directness of passion in that, and a vigour in the movement of the lines. For Wither's descriptive vein we care less. It is fresh and simple, but lacks magic; it is too much of an inventory. On the whole he is a poet with great *longueurs*; but when he really closes up the ranks of his verse, it becomes vital and memorable.

An Egoist's Autobiography.

SOCIAL GERMANY IN LUTHER'S TIME: Being the Memoirs of Bartholomew Saströw. Translated by Albert D. Vandam, with an Introduction by Herbert A. L. Fisher. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE respect we feel for the author of these memoirs is quite unmingled with any personal liking. If there was an amiable side to his character he has contrived to veil it. From beginning to end we find no trace of tenderness, of generosity, of charity or of humour. Yet to have read these rugged memoirs is to have gained somewhat. It is to have made the acquaintance of what, in his excellent Introduction, Mr. Fisher calls the pedestrian side of German life in the sixteenth century, and to have won many a personal glimpse of the strenuous actors of a cardinal epoch.

This loud old egoist, Bartholomew Saströw, was born in the year of the publication of Luther's three great Reformation tracts—"Appeal to the Christian Nobility of the German Nation," "Babylonish Captivity," and "Freedom of a Christian Man." His mother had brought Lutheranism with her into the Saströw family, and Bartholomew was reared a Protestant and fully conscious of the superiority implied in that condition. His life was throughout a warfare. The narrative opens with "Abominable Murder of my Grandfather" (two accounts:

Saströw's and another); the third chapter purports to show "the Ingratitude, Foolishness, and Wickedness of the People, and how when once infected with a bad Spirit it returns with Difficulty to Common Sense." As a lad, in the acquirement of the art of law-writing, he suffered at the hands of society the extremes of hunger and poverty. He knew what it was to have his *peculium* filched and his victuals begrudged him. His family was constantly engaged in litigation, in which it need hardly be said they always had justice on their side. He himself, as he passed through the phases of life which led him at last to the enviable condition of being able to boast daily for 46 years: "I am better off to-day than yesterday," owed his success (so great as to make the devil and his acolytes burst with envy), he tells us, to his talent as a law writer; a fine art of which, till we read his account of it, we had underestimated the dignity:—

Many folk after me [he writes], dazzled by my success, tried in their turn to become law writers, but they very soon succumbed to the monotony of the business, to the incessant labour, to the protracted vigils, to hunger, thirst, cares and dangers. Barely one in a hundred succeeds.

But this shows but one side. His boasting was very commonly in the Lord. He is convinced, with the conviction of a true egoist, that alike the good fortune that waits upon his own affairs and the evil that befalls such as have the assurance to rank themselves among his foes—such cattle as the Horns, the Brusers, and the Lorbeers—represent respectively the reward of the righteous and the punishment of the ungodly. Thus, for instance, for the edification of his children, he writes on the text, "For in the hand of the Lord there is a cup. . . . As for the dregs thereof all the ungodly of the earth shall drink them and suck them out":—

Yes, the Almighty has comforted me, he has permitted me to see the scattering of my enemies. The two principal ones, Hermann Bruser and his fraudulent wife, fell into abject misery; they lived for many years on the bounty of parents and friends. . . . The devil, moreover, twisted Bruser's neck at Stockholm. He was found in his master's wardrobe, his face all distorted. His daughter, dowered in *fraudem mei patris*, did for all that not escape very close acquaintance with poverty. . . . Bruser's son, it is true, rose to be a secretary in Sweden, but far from prospering he committed all kinds of foolish acts everywhere. . . .

And so on with Bruser's son's sons. Whereas when he was himself at the point of being upset into the Elbe by a heavy waggon in the wheel of which his stirrup was entangled:—

When our distress is at its height, when neither our father nor mother is able to save us, Providence stretches forth his protecting hand. It happened then, by this merciful grace: the rotten strap suddenly gave way, leaving the stirrup entangled in the wheel and freeing my leg. It was a startling confirmation of the Divine word that the righteous shall see good come out of evil; for had the equipment been brand-new, of the most solid leather and even embroidered with gold and pearls, that harness would have sent me into the stream as food for the fishes.

And in joyful confirmation of this moral, only nine days later he sees a Spanish lord with gold chains about his neck, and mounted on a superb beast, drowned in the Saale. "Nine days before this, at Wittenberg, a rotten strap had, with the help of God, saved my life. The gentleman covered with gold and dressed in velvet, on the other hand, miserably perished." Similarly of a chance wayfarer who saved him from the worst consequences of a fall from his horse, and had the magnanimity to decline a finger's breadth of wine at the next inn, he declares: "I shall never cease to believe that my saviour was a holy angel." In an explosion that destroyed a house and seven persons, including a miser's innocent housemaid, but

not the miser, is plainly to be discerned a heavenly admonition to that miser to be free with his money. In Rome, whither he journeyed with some peril, out of which he quibbled himself with notable ingenuity, he believed the worst he heard and more than the worst he saw; that was in his character of a pious Christian.

For twelve months, during the sitting of the Diet, he was at Augsburg, and with a clumsy realism he sets before us the things he saw. Here is the Emperor Charles V. eating:—

He began by cutting his bread in pieces small enough for one mouthful, then attacked his dish. He stuck his knife anywhere, and often used his fingers, while he held his plate under his chin with the other hand. He ate so naturally, and at the same time so cleanly, that it was a pleasure to watch him. . . . He did, however, not utter a syllable, albeit that the jesters behind him were amusing. Now and again there was a faint smile at some more than ordinarily clever passage between them. He paid not the slightest attention to the crowd that came to watch the monarch eat.

This is he of whom we are told:—

Before retiring to rest, his Imperial Majesty, to the terror of many, had a gibbet erected in front of the town-hall; by the side of the gibbet, the strapado, and facing it a scaffold at about an ordinary man's height from the ground. This was intended to hold the rack; and the beheading, the strangulating (*sic*), the quartering, and kindred operations were to be carried out on it.

Bootless severity, as Sastrow's narrative everywhere bears witness. The human remnants that strewed the countryside at a time when war formally had ceased bore witness to the atrocious demoralisation of the Spanish mercenaries. Sastrow spares you none of the details, just as he gives you, in his plain, blunt way, the incidents of all the langings, rackings, mutilations, garottings, and strapado-dislocations at which he enjoyed the privilege of being present. These seemed to this product of his age all very seemly manifestations of human justice, and they give a grimness to his autobiography which is, after all, the flavour that lingers.

“Laughter, holding both His Sides.”

AN ESSAY ON LAUGHTER. By James Sully. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

LAUGHTER is one of the few things—fancy calling laughter a thing!—which refuse to fit into the frame of an explanation or a theory. Everybody laughs, and presumably knows why, but everybody else laughs, and at what it is difficult to guess. The present writer once had a domestic afflicted with hip-disease. It was her habit to seem convulsed with merriment when telling a friendly inquirer that she felt bad all over. Such a laugh as hers induced the idea that laughter is a mere jet of vitality which may co-exist affluently with disease.

Nevertheless, it behoves the psychologist to grapple with the mystery of laughter at the risk of smothering his own, because the majority of human laughs proceed from a kind of sudden criticism contingent on a surprise. Dr. Sully treats his subject scientifically, as befits a man of science, and chattily as befits an essayist, with the result that laughter remains, thank heaven! a happy mystery. He does not find it hard to refute Hobbes, who referred laughter to a sense of “sudden glory arising from sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison with the inferiority of others, or with our own formerly.” Still we opine that Hobbes was on the right track. The expression “sudden glory” poetically reveals the sensation of laughter, which is essentially surprise. It is the breach in the sameness of things which lets in the light of humour. As soon as we are

accustomed to the breach we cease to laugh at it. Hence the impotence of thrice-told jests.

Naturally this sudden glory is most often experienced by children, about whom Dr. Sully makes many instructive observations, though, judging from p. 171, his labours have not permitted him to study babies personally with much attention. He suggests that a baby's “sucking movements” after a meal may be the origin of “the first smiles.” As a matter of fact the “sucking movements” would seem to be either a symptom of the delusion that feeding continues, or a sensual habit of the lips induced by nature to encourage alimentativeness.

The smile is a quite separate manifestation, and arises, it may fairly be said, from a sense of “sudden glory,” which a baby under three months old is quite capable of receiving. Such a child's smile, when its eyes catch a bright look meant for it, or (to cite a case) it sees a bell-glass sedately playing pendulum over a lighted gas-jet, is impossible to mistake (unless one be triumphantly scientific) for a development from instinctive “sucking movements.” That smile is certainly a sign of satisfaction in seeing moving or eloquent things, and it may be noted here that stationary objects incapable of sparkle do not win a baby's smile.

Laughter is naturally more generally associated with jesting than are smiles, and Dr. Sully makes “the principle of play” fundamental in his theory of laughter:—

The play both of animals and children is largely pretence, that is to say, the production of a semblance of an action of serious life, involving semi-consciousness of its illusory character. . . . In both cases we find the love of pretence playing pranks with the real world, divesting things of their significance and value . . . and transmuting them by fancy into mere appearances for our amusement.

Here it is interesting to observe that Dr. Sully ascribes a kind of intellectuality to the gambols of animals; but it is possible that when they seem to play at war they are really seeking friendly titillations. Tickling is certainly a venerable game, and laughter is perhaps as much a friendly signal to the tickler, as it is an irrepressible outburst from a patient overcharged with sensations. That tickling laughter is a “reaction of escape”—“a vestigial reflex handed down from ages of parasitic pestering”—is a theory which provokes us to that diabolical laugh which begins with “huggle-duggle” and ends with “ha! ha! ha!”

It is certainly a far laugh from such elementary cachinnation to that of the erudite Schopenhauer over the angle formed by the meeting of the tangent and the circle; and even to all the laughs wrung out of us by books. For book-laughs, Dr. Sully seeks discreetly. We will not follow him, except to say that Miss Mary Kingsley's laughter was evidently dear to him, and she, for her part, found “the West African, unadulterated, the most humorous form of human being there is.” This brings us back to the physiological side of laughter, though fortunately not to parasitical reminiscences. Miss Kingsley's statement shows that laughter is essentially non-literary; there is most of it indeed where there is least thought, and the spur of laughter has rowels more painfully compelling than a horseman's.

Laughter may spell disaster, and one must still laugh. An aunt of the writer once refrained from going to a party with her guest, who was unknown to the party-giver. “I know why,” he insisted cheerfully, when she advanced some conventional excuse. “I know why; you dared not introduce Mr. Bullock to Mrs. Bull. No, no,” he added, rapidly waiving argument away, “the thing couldn't be done.” One can see that it could not; but the gods would wonder why. They would see in “bull” and “bullock” only two sounds susceptible of an infinite variety of meanings, and the party-giver and her guests to them would only be animals of a kind more complicated than

bullocks and bulls. Human beings may find fun in untidy rooms, cripples, affectations, ignorances; the gods can only see in them distortions and limitations.

And that is why we should cling to laughter, if we dare speak of clinging to that which runs and thrills. It is particularly human, even when it is irony or the perception of incongruities which produces it, and the man who can smother his own hearty laugh is likely to achieve self-extinction.

Poetic Drama.

THE KNIGHT OF THE MAYPOLE: A Comedy in Four Acts.
By John Davidson. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)

SETTING aside the question of actual acting quality, Mr. John Davidson is among that most narrowly limited number of living writers who can produce poetic drama. Drama that is veritably poetic yet—in varying degree—dramatic. He is also the sole living writer who upholds with strength the Elizabethan tradition of drama. (For Mr. Stephen Phillips has avowedly aimed at an adaptation of the classic French convention, rather than the Shakespearean.) His work is Elizabethan, yet poetically vital, unlike the mass of shadowy, faintly reminiscent work in this kind. The present play, though now first published, was written (he tells us) in 1900. Unlike his recent work, it is a comedy, and light—almost slight—comedy. It is evidence of no small versatility that it should proceed from the same grim and iron pen which inscribed the "Testament of an Empire Builder," or "Of a Vivosector." Throughout it is light, adroit, almost gay, with but few touches of Mr. Davidson's sterner and truculent self. To a reader in the closet, indeed, it appears, more than Mr. Davidson's usual work, adapted for the present English stage. One can easily imagine it successful and effective with a modern audience, looking only to be amused. It has an unforced sequence of naturally developing incident one has not marked in his previous plays; a sequence which catches and holds the interest of the reader in itself, apart from dialogue and literary treatment. Having taken it up, we found ourselves lured on to the end, agreeably and without pause. This cannot be said of much "literary" drama nowadays.

Being light comedy, it has a larger proportion of prose, while the metrical passages are briefer and less fully poetical than in most of the author's work. Yet for all its open and direct limpidity the power is there, and shows itself effortlessly when occasion demands it. Mr. Davidson's characteristic gift of strength grows steadily with the years and each fresh production. It eases itself progressively of the spasmodic and violent quality which once marred it; grows masterful and masterly, assured, so that one ceases to feel suspense in reading, and acquires that reposeful confidence in the poet's resource without which complete pleasure is impossible. There-with has come a calm command of that intermittent beauty which accompanies strength, and is more captivating in its severe rarity than the most luxuriant allurements of a poet who seeks beauty primarily and for itself. Mr. Davidson is here so dramatically and rightly sparing of mere "beauties" (as apart from beauty) that it is difficult to find anything which will impress, torn from its living relation to the organic context: there are no ornamental patches, no careful spangles to justify the title of a poetic comedy. But this slight passage must evince its mastery even in the disadvantage of detached quotation. The heroine speaks of her father who died the moment he unharnessed himself from work, and sought leisured rest:—

He hoped for twenty years of rest, and died
For lack of tribulation; when the cares
That seemed to press to death were lifted up,
His ready spirit took too high a leap
And lost the way to earth.

That might have come straight from an Elizabethan dramatist. It has the sinewy ease in boldness of image, thought, word, and metre which has lapsed from modern writing. Nor is the prose, even the lowest comic prose, less close-knit, vernacular, and Elizabethan in texture. Nay, in this play Mr. Davidson's strength is evinced almost more by the prose than the verse. His mastery of that Elizabethan prose dialogue which he has always studied has, we think, materially gained since his earlier plays. The character-drawing is not striking; though some of the female characters are pleasingly natural: Grace Myrtle, in particular, is a fresh and bright little sketch. The humour, on the whole, is broad and spontaneous, with a lighter touch than we are wont to look for in Mr. Davidson's humour. The play, in fact, as we have said, goes brightly and almost gaily.

We would not be understood to say that the poet entirely escapes the pitfalls of his Elizabethanism. There are two comic constables, one of whom, ancient and full of Malapropisms, smells Dogberry "against the wind a mile." He is weak Dogberry, too, and his Malapropisms are rather heavy and forced. Then his comrade, in somewhat staggering contrast to his archaic-talking companion, speaks the English of a modern peasant who has been through the Board School. Now and again throughout his prose, indeed, Mr. Davidson's vigilance lapses, and a modern locution slips in. It is the almost inevitable penalty of imitating archaic diction; but Mr. Davidson's lapses are very much fewer than one might reasonably expect. But the mixing of two periods in the language of two companion characters is a more serious matter. The incidents of the play, varied and interesting though they be, sometimes turn upon well-thumbed stage-conventions; such, for instance, as the locking of the heroine in the Merry Monarch's bedroom, by way of bringing about a compromising situation. (We might add, that in the hurry of making matters pleasant all round, at the close of the play, the King totally forgets to clear the lady's honour—which one might have thought a trifle advisable, under the circumstances.) But when all is said that can be said on the adverse side, this remains a remarkably well written and a well contrived little drama.

The Syllogism that Failed.

RESPONSE IN THE LIVING AND NON-LIVING. By Prof. Jagadis Chunder Bose. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.)

At first we did not understand why Dr. Bose should have chosen, for a well-conceived, necessary and all but fundamental line of scientific research, the imperfect consummation of a book which, we must believe, has been designed for the reader who is less than non-scientific. The work contains no bibliography, and the references are few and imperfect; but still more significant is that vice of diction which consists in the adaptation of terms to a subtle misuse, well fitted, we will not say nicely calculated, to confuse the processes of an untrained mind. Dr. Bose has shown—we must, for the moment, anticipate, and assume, as from the internal evidence we may, that his observations will be confirmed—that the phenomena of electric response, long observed in animal tissues, are also displayed by plants and metals. That vegetable tissues would be found to possess these properties, any biologist might have predicted. Plant and animal life are, we know, the divergent yet parallel (if we may be forgiven the paradox) limbs of the vital V, and we thank Dr. Bose for this further demonstration—though he will not thank us for our thanks. But our first question begins to find an answer hinted in the insidious use of such phrases as these, "the transitional world of plants," and "curiously enough, I have found parallel instances in the response of plants." Curious it is that Dr. Bose should think the

parallel curious, or suggest that it supplies the link between a strip of muscle and a strip of tin. Dr. Bose has been led astray by the electro-physiologist, and they have "gone one better" than their scriptural analogues, who fell into the ditch. These have pulled one another into it. This so-called physiologist, who is but a physicist in gossamer disguise, tells us that "the most general and most delicate sign of life is the electrical response." Our author, working upon this supposed definition—which merely ascribes a property—has found the "electrical sign of life" in platinum and tin. The implicit syllogism (for Dr. Bose has avoided any formal statement) is palpably imperfect. Instead of proving that vital phenomena are to be found where we had thought no life to be, Dr. Bose has shown that the phenomena which his guide thought vital, are no more than the indications of a physical molecular disturbance. The "electrical sign of life," as a crucial criterion, must away to the limbo of not wholly valueless, but too presuming things.

We confess to a whole-hearted joy in the discomfiture of the electro-physiologist. His sensory defect is not actual blindness, not an irremediable amaurosis (Carlyle has justified the word), but an extreme and voluntary contraction of the visual field. He and Dr. Bose alike have sinned against the light. They have not, breathlessly and monocularly, watched a phagocyte and a malarial parasite in hour long conflict in a drop of blood upon the warmed stage of a microscope. Virelow, whose being was at first contained within a single cell—conceive it!—is but yester-week dead, and these have already sinned against the living cell whose apotheosis he achieved. In their self-concerted overthrow is its avenging. "They sought a sign in the magnetic needle and forgot me, the living, moving, feeding, breathing, feeling *me*," it says.

Phases of Truth.

THE CONFLICT OF DUTIES. By Alice Gardner. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

DUTY, the "wondrous thought" of Kant's definition, is from first to last the motive of this volume. Half-educated people talk so persistently now-a-days of self-development that it is a pleasure to listen to a scholar who champions the less articulate theory of life. This scholar, moreover, is a woman, and her message is infinitely soothing after the exploited aphorisms of so many feminine seers.

The scope of the book is necessarily modified inasmuch as, with three exceptions, all these essays have been read "at the Sunday afternoon meetings of a society of students of Newnham College." The tone is, naturally, in harmony with the special requirements of a culture, spiritual and mental, still slightly exotic and certainly detached from the common life of English womanhood. Under these conditions the temptation to be didactic is usually irresistible. It is so easy to hold a brief for this or that personal prejudice and at the same time to claim that one is pronouncing a verdict defining abstract truth. It is just as easy to air one's whims and fancies under the mask of Pagan as it is under the mask of Christian erudition. In short, because a lady of culture calls Plato to witness, it by no means follows that her real sympathies would not have been with Xanthippe rather than with Socrates. But in these essays one finds no suggestion either of the pompous or the trivial.

The subjects discussed are those which have an intimate and practical bearing not only upon our social existence, but also upon *la vie intérieure*. "Hatred and Charity," "Truthfulness," "Religion and Good Taste," "Wear and Tear," are the significant titles of some of the essays. It is perhaps in the qualities of reserve and self-restraint that this author is most conspicuous. The temper in

which these subjects are approached is admirable. The complete absence of the spirit of the doctrinaire, the unostentatious search for truth, suavity towards those who differ—all these things throw into the intellectual life of women that indefinable distinction which Matthew Arnold has interpreted in his essay on "Eugénie de Guérin."

For example, let us glance at the chapter entitled "Sectarianism"; if there is any subject in the world inseparable from rancour it is this, for the tolerant themselves are intolerant on the subject of intolerance. But there is no rhetorical animosity in the following:—

What we really want is to be raised into a higher atmosphere, to lead a larger life, to become familiar with great ideas. While we dwell among the wrangle of the sects we hear their discords. At a distance the jarring cries blend into a pleasing roll of sound. True, we must live among them, must, as duty dictates, ally ourselves with one against another. But it is most refreshing to withdraw ourselves at times to different regions. Sectarianism, like a spoiled child, becomes more troublesome the more it is indulged.

To present certain great truths in their broadest and simplest significance, and at the same time to reveal the fact that each is but a phase of truth—that is the object of these essays. But the author has also unconsciously embodied in her work the reflection of a fastidious temperament which finds expression neither in the rhetoric of emotion nor the subtleties of dialectic, but rather in self-effacement and detachment from side-issues. And it is precisely this which gives charm to the sanity and wisdom of her gospel of life.

Other New Books.

GOLDEN STRING. By Susan Countess of Malmesbury and Violet Brooke-Hunt. (Murray. 5s. net.)

This is not a birthday-book, because there is no space for autographs; and it would hardly be fair to call it an anthology, because that would imply greater critical responsibility than the ladies who have compiled it probably would care to assume. "A day-book for busy men and women" is their own description of it; which being compared with the epithets we reject may suffice to indicate its scope. The phrase chosen for its title is from Blake:—

I give you the end of a Golden String,
Only wind it into a Ball,
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

A page is assigned to each day of the year; and in the grouping of their excerpts the compilers have evidently had it in view to concentrate the reader's attention daily upon a given point of ethical culture. The list of authors includes all that is standard in English literature together with a heterogeneous host of contemporaries. There are five "quotes" from Mr. H. G. Wells, ten from Mr. William Watson, nine from President Roosevelt, three from Ibsen, four from Mr. Kipling; and Mrs. Meynell's "The Shepherdess" graces the second of February. There is quite as much prose as poetry, and we have not lighted on more than one scrap that was not worth while.

TRUE TALES OF MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE, FOR NON-CLIMBERS YOUNG AND OLD. By Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond (Mrs. Main). (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

Mrs. LE BLOND disclaims all intention of writing for the expert mountaineer; but it is not only the non-climber, young or old, who will find her volume a fascinating one. She has gathered together within convenient compass a

number of the masterpieces of Alpine literature, quoting the original accounts for the most part, instead of re-writing or condensing them. The preface contains acknowledgments to a gallant company of climbers, who, with a generosity bred of the mountains, have allowed her to make free use of their writings. Mr. Gosset tells of the avalanche on the Haut-de-Cry, Mr. Charles Pilkington of the ascent of the Meije, Mr. Whymper of the conquest of the Matterhorn and the mountain's terrible revenge on its conquerors, Mr. Clinton Dent of his many attempts, crowned at last with success, on the Aiguille du Dru. The non-climber will come to Mrs. Le Blond to be instructed, thrilled and humbled; the climber to be reminded of narratives which he has read before, and is willing to read again until he knows them by heart. The perils and catastrophes of the mountains play a conspicuous part in this volume, and in a volume designed for the inexpert it is well that they should. The supreme duty of prudence, of matching ambition to capacity, is emphasized and enforced by a weight of authority. "Men get careless and too confident," writes Mr. Matthews. "This does not matter or the other does not matter. The fact is that everything matters; precautions should be not only ample, but excessive." "The prudent climber will recollect what he owes to his family and his friends. He will also recollect that he owes something to the Alps, and will scorn to bring them into disrepute."

There are some strong expressions in this book on the subject of incompetence in guides. But ample testimony is paid to the truly heroic qualities that go to make the great guide. Here are Mr. Whymper's words on the death of Jean-Antoine Carrel in 1890, "upon his own side of his own mountain, almost within sight of his own home":—

"It cannot be doubted that, enfeebled as he was, he could have saved himself, had he given his attention to self-preservation. He took a nobler course; and accepting his responsibility, devoted his whole soul to the welfare of his comrades, until, utterly exhausted, he fell staggering on the snow. He was already dying. Life was flickering, yet the brave spirit said, 'It is nothing.'"

This narrative recalls the sober words of Baedeker's familiar preface: "It need hardly be added that the relations between the traveller and his guide should always be pleasant and cordial."

ANCHORESSES OF THE WEST. By Francesca M. Steele (Darley Dale). (Sands. 3s. 6d.)

IN some of the parish churches of England the clerk will show you a chamber which he vaguely describes as "the priest's." It abuts, as a rule, upon one of the exterior walls, and by a narrow window commands a view of the altar. In many cases this was the living grave of a man or woman who, in ages of untroubled faith and difficult living, had retired from the world to hide in Christ. Mrs. Steele gives at the end of her interesting volume a table of the recluses, male and female, whose lives of renunciation are little gems in the spiritual crown of the English Church in Catholic times. Little is known of these persons; in many cases even the name is lacking; in some the name is known, but not the place. So it is in the case of the anchoress for whom was written the "Ancrer Riwle" from which we learn most of what is known of the manner of life, and gain a glimpse of the directions in which laxity was liable to creep in. Of one we have literary remains. That is Mother Juliana of Norwich, whose "XVI. Revelations of Divine Love" have been reprinted more than once even in our own day. They are full of a rapturous sense of union with Him of whom she writes: "It is easier to know God than our own soul." "Of all sight that I saw this was most comfort to me," she tells: "that our Good Lord that is so tender and so dreadful is so homely and so courteous." She, too, was afflicted by the terrors that beset the

age, and that form still the dark background in the fair picture of the Christian revelation. The office for the Enclosing of Anchorites is included in this volume. It is full of tragic beauty, but it would have been more readily intelligible if some typic distinction had been made between rubrics and prayers. Also it is unfortunate that the word anchorite should be explained as deriving from a word that exists neither in Greek nor in any other language.

WELLINGTON'S LIEUTENANTS. By Alexander Innes Shand. (Smith Elder. 7s. 6d.)

THE story of eight of Wellington's lieutenants, told without preface and without afterword; but giving the general reader a very thorough insight into the Peninsular campaign as seen through the glasses of individual commanders.

This biographical method of reading history is entirely agreeable; and teaches a proper estimate of those military units who made up the reputation of Wellington. Perhaps one's respect for the master mind is slightly weakened when one thoroughly appreciates how much was due to the lieutenants; but, on the other hand, much genius was needed to select these lieutenants and weld their difficult and different natures and methods into one coherent whole.

Of necessity some of the ground is duplicated, and a short preface might well have knit the several narratives together; but, all the same, the work is well done, though perhaps not of any critical merit.

There are many good stories, and the following is told of the first Marquis of Anglesey:—

Before he left for the war—he sat to Lawrence for his portrait—as the hurried sittings were drawing to a close, the painter apologised for the trouble he had given, but added that he was not satisfied with the right leg, and begged for one other hour. Lord Uxbridge (afterwards rewarded by a marquessate) answered that it was impossible, saying, "I must be off tomorrow morning, so the leg must wait till I come back." He came back, but he had left that leg to be buried at Waterloo.

There are many good portraits, and some four hundred pages of matter, and the author has the happy gift of writing sympathetically of those he portrays; he does not spare them, nor whitewash them: if they swore, he gives their oaths, and if they failed or disobeyed orders, the whole truth is told. But each of these lieutenants possessed a strong personality and some gifts of leadership, if not of supreme command. How obviously Wellington controlled and developed to advantage this material is shown in this volume.

VOLCANIC STUDIES IN MANY LANDS. By Tempest Anderson. (Murray. 21s. net.)

THIS large and handsome volume consists of reproductions of photographs by the author, to which are added brief and pointed explanatory notices. Dr. Tempest Anderson is no less a serious artist in photography than a passionate devotee of volcanoes. His studies comprise a large number of Vesuvius in various phases and its minor neighbours, of Etna, of craters and deposits in the Lipari Islands, Auvergne, Ardèche, Teneriffe; in Iceland, Prussia, Ireland, England (Teesdale), the United States, and the West Indies. Scenes from St. Vincent and Martinique close the volume, of which the final plate (CV.) shows Mont Pelée in eruption. Dr. Anderson's skill in the composition of his photographs makes them things of beauty. They will doubtless also serve admirably the more serious scientific purposes for which they are designed.

AMONG THE PEOPLE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA. By Frances E. Herring. (Unwin. 6s. net.)

CONCERNING the red, white, yellow and brown people of British Columbia. Mrs. Herring writes with knowledge, and in an entirely unaffected style which is not without charm. The narrative takes the form of a desultory story; detached incidents jostle one another, and there is a love affair which emerges now and then. Mrs. Herring tells us that what she records "is fact, even to the finding of the diary with the skeleton, although the former could not be given verbatim." The diary referred to is a piece of disconnected raving sufficiently horrible to have been still further abridged.

Mrs. Herring touches upon many customs of these mixed and curious races, and gets her contrasts by the introduction of white settlers. From a Chinese funeral we turn to a Caledonian ball, where we get touches of both Scots and Irish dialects. One of the most interesting things in the book is the account of a great gathering of Indians to see a representation of a Passion Play at Chilliwack. Indeed, the Indian chapters are the best. They give a distinctive and most suggestive picture of what may be accomplished by the Roman Catholic Church.

We have already noticed at some length the earlier volumes of the "Jewish Encyclopædia." The third volume now lies on our table. Two-thirds of it is still devoted to the letter B (Bencemero—Chazanuth). Into this volume, therefore, comes the Bible, to which an excellent series of articles, covering sixty pages, is devoted. This Encyclopædia is of the utmost value not only to students of Judaism, but also to the general student. The biographical notices continue to be all that could be desired.

We have also dealt at length with the earlier volumes of Dr. Murray's "New English Dictionary," the sixth volume of which (Lief—Lock) has just reached us. "This double section contains 1,600 Main words, 597 Combinations explained under these, and 382 Subordinate entries; in all 2,597." The portion of the English vocabulary here covered is rich in Germanic (Old English and Scandinavian) etymology.

Various additions have been made to the 1903 issue of Mudie's "Principal English Books" catalogue, especially in the division of "Classified Fiction," and a special arrangement has been made for Juvenile Books. There are also some new indexes. This catalogue forms a most useful reference book to books in ordinary circulation.

Fiction.

THE CIRCLE. By Katherine Cecil Thurston. (Blackwood. 6s.)

Mrs. THURSTON'S book is one concerning which it is difficult not to say too much or too little. There are passages of real power, but also there are passages full of effort which fall far short of strength, which, in point of fact, leave no emotional impression upon the reader. The author often seems to lose her grip on essential emotion by reason of her desire to reproduce its physical effects. In scene after scene facial expression, gesture, the play of light and shadow are obtruded to the weakening, almost ruining, of the heart of the situation. It is as though we were reading a drama encumbered by the minutest stage directions. Every motion of the actors is recorded, almost to the numbers of their steps across a room. It is clear that such a method must break continuity, must take the edge off dialogue, and reduce the fire of passion to a remote and rather unkindling glow. Remoteness is

perhaps the word which best generally characterises "The Circle." Only in patches and as it were by chance do we seem to touch actuality. The old curio shop appeals to the imagination, but not so much as a fact as an idea; and the London street in which it is set is hardly a London street at all. The girl Anna, again, is an idea, a beautiful idea, rather than a living creature. When the story opens she is sixteen, when it closes she is eight years older; into those eight years have been crowded wide experiences, artistic triumphs, and love; but at the end we are not much nearer to a true knowledge of the character than we were at the beginning. Perhaps the best character in the book is a timid and faithful cripple whom Anna rescued from a pursuing crowd at the beginning of the story; he is human enough, yet even his humanity is aloof. We confess that we do not believe in Mrs. Maxted. The American lover, Strode, is rather colourless; when he touches us at all it is through Anna, and the girl's father is a mere abstraction; the whole business of his madness and death is overwrought.

"The Circle," however, is a book which impresses the reader; the care, the elaboration of minor detail, the genuine effort to present difficult situations and subtle moods, all have a cumulative effect of a curiously distinctive kind. The first three chapters are in their way remarkable, and the concluding book has a nervous tension which is now and then almost insupportable. The pity is that simple emotion is so seldom touched, that pure nature is overpowered by artifice. Our feeling in closing the book is one of disappointment, for "The Circle" comes near to being a fine performance. Simplicity is what it lacks, and perhaps sympathetic imagination; of constructive imagination it has enough and to spare.

THE LONG VIGIL. By F. Jenner Tayler. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THERE is a tradition—based on certain Scriptural words—that St John never tasted death, that he is still living, awaiting the Second Coming. Some hold that he dwells obscurely on the island of Patmos. Mr. Tayler transfers him to London, dresses him in the garb of the modern man, and imagines him taking an interest in the affairs of one Pole, a clerk on a hundred and forty pounds a year and a stool in a city office. Pole is a mild young man with a taste for the organ, and St. John appears suddenly on the bench as he plays with the announcement that it is Pole's duty to ask Miss Pratt to marry him. Now Miss Pratt is the girl who types in the office, and she is threatened with blindness and has notice to leave; moreover she is a singularly unattractive girl; finally, Pole wants to marry someone else. But Pole cannot withstand the influence of St. John, who talks at large about the will of God and rambles off into reminiscence. There are long pages of argument and reminiscence:—

"You mention Cana," he replied, undisturbed, "and there is truth in your belief that His turning of water into wine at the marriage feast dispelled our doubts, but not once and for all, as you say . . . we stood about watching the filling of the jars with water at His command, and were all prepared for some exposition of divine power; but foreseeing the magnitude of His intention were fearful for the result. However, when the jars were filled, and at His word the servants drew forth ruddy wine from where we had seen water, we looked at one another in amazement. That was just the kind of evidence we wanted."

So St. John gossips about miracles and life, death, and that great forever in the intervals of arranging the love affairs of Pole and Amelia Pratt (and Mildred). And in the meanwhile Amelia Pratt is mixed up with the Anarchists, the attempt on Greenwich Observatory and the explosions on the Underground Railway. So this is by no means an ordinary novel. It has startling contrast

And the introduction of St. John, with his interminable gossip about the disciples, borders on the offensive. Mr. Tayler gives us many delightful minor characters. The Vicar and the pike are excellent. But St. John is out of place. Mr. Tayler has not in the least convinced us of the reality of the apostle in modern dress.

A CANNY COUNTRYSIDE. By John Horne. (Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.)

The discriminating reader of novels, whose eye falls upon such story-headings as "Jessag Shearer's Victory" or "Casting the Gauger" or "How Nelly Bain Got her Man," will have no difficulty in determining to what school the author of "A Canny Countryside" belongs. Says Mr. Horne:—

As you rise on the lift of the South road from Wick you work into a splash of grey thicked houses dropped in between a jagged sea-border and hillsides throng in heather. You have come to Knockdry.

That is all very well, and of course Mr. Horne may call it Knockdry or whatever else he pleases; but it is by no means the first time we have been there, and fine we ken it is Thrums. Nevertheless, Mr. Horne is not without powers of observation, and though he talks the kail-yard dialect and tells the kail-yard tales, he ought to be readable by any but the most cynical Southron. We do not care particularly for his sentiment, either in its domestic or its religious variety. That is very much put in with the palate knife. But there is a vein of humour in the more light-hearted episodes, especially in those, such as "Getting it Out of Him" and "How Dizzily did it," which chronicle the triumphs of rustic cunning. While for that amiable merchant, Nickie Bell, and for that woman of resource and strenuous speech, Jessag Shearer, we can feel nothing but respect and affection.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE WIFE SEALERS. By L. C. ALEXANDER.

In a prefatory note the author "thinks it right to explain that he is not, himself, a Mormon, and that this story is in no way founded on fact." The story opens with a row in a public-house—Covent Garden way—in which Mr. Nulty, otherwise "Grizzly," comes into possession of a pocket-book. It contained "English, American, and French bank paper amounting to four or five thousand pounds, and memoranda showing investments of a substantial nature." A novel with considerable go and vigour, but no great show of probability. (Richards. 6s.)

THE GATES OF WRATH. By ARNOLD BENNETT.

"As Arthur Forrest closed the eyes of his dead friend, he thought of a verse from the oldest of the sacred books of the East: 'Let him that inherits riches take heed lest peradventure he enter thereby into the gates of wrath.'" The sub-title of the story is "A Melodrama." That it is, but well-written melodrama, neat and concise. A note informs us that "The Gates of Wrath" was published serially before the issue of "The Grand Babylon Hotel" or "Anna of the Five Towns." (Chatto & Windus.)

ROSEBURY. By L. T. MEADE.

The story of a village tragedy. In the third chapter two love-letters are disposed of—one destroyed, the other lost. The tragedy springs from the destroyed letter.

There is a murder, a false accusation, and a death. "Annie sleeps in the churchyard at Rosebury, and daisies, the most innocent flower in the world, cover her grave." (Chatto. 6s.)

ANTHEA'S WAY.

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

Another novel by the prolific author of "Barbara's Money." The story opens with the crash of a cricket-ball "through the plate-glass of the drawing-room window." Jack threw it, and Anthea was watching. "She was Jack's particular chum, the nearest to him in age, and his most ardent lover and admirer." Anthea's way was largely a way of self-sacrifice, but "fate was too strong for her." She came to her own in the end: "Anthea, I have loved you for so long!" "And I," she said, with a sob, "have loved you longer: I have loved you all the time." (Methuen. 6s.)

THE COUNTESS LONDA.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

A story of mystery in Mr. Boothby's usual manner. "Should you happen to hear that the Countess Londa, alias Mrs. Ferrars, Saidie Dexter, Margaret Belton, Dora Mitford, Paula Wexford, Lady Millicent Duffield, was arrested some six months ago for attempting to sell certain Russian plans, you must not believe the fact." The volume has for frontispiece three bare-headed men and a helmeted policeman standing before a coffin. (White. 5s.)

OUTSIDE AND OVERSEA.

By GEORGE MAKGILL.

"Being the History of Captain Mungo Ballas, styled of Ballasburn, in the Shire of Fife; with some account of his Voyages," &c. A story with a foreword in verse. The first chapter contains a letter dated from "Something-spruit, South Africa, August 1, 1900," and the letter refers to an "old book." The old book was a "curious old weather-beaten folio volume in soiled vellum," and of course in places it was "soiled with mildew and damp." This old volume makes the material for the story, which concerns an attempt to found a kingdom in the South Seas. (Methuen. 6s.)

A MIXED MARRIAGE.

By MRS. FRANK PENNY.

When the story opens Mrs. Carlyon (who "worshipped blue blood") is waiting for the arrival of the prince. "He was not a reigning prince, nor heir to any throne; but he was of noble birth, and as proud of his descent as the Nizam himself." Mrs. Carlyon has daughters, and Lorina fascinates the prince. Thence the mixed marriage. In spite of a good deal of cheap and rather obvious melodrama the story has interesting situations and quite legitimate racial points. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE FETICH OF THE FAMILY.

By EDITH A. BARNETT.

Described as a "Record of Human Sacrifice." The story deals with the lives of two sisters; one is weak and clever, the other strong-bodied but mentally unfit. "You'll give up to your sister Blanche, because—poor Blanche." That is the note of the book,—an over-painful book, but written with strength and conviction. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE LIVING BUDDHA.

By ROY HORNIMAN.

The theme is the conflict between Christianity and Buddhism. "The Living Buddha" who gives the book its title is an English officer's child. He falls into the hands of wandering Hindoos who, believing him to be a re-incarnation of Buddha, carry him off to make him the spiritual Head of a great monastery. "The Living Buddha" is brought unconsciously into opposition to his mother who has come as the wife of a Christian missionary into the neighbourhood of the monastery. Later he falls in love with an English girl. (Fisher Unwin.)

THE ACADEMY.

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Spadework.

THE Earth keeps her treasures well. Sometimes she hoards them against the due day when history is shown to be myth, or when myth is shown to be history. The results of Dr. Evans' spadework at Crete prove that Dædalus, the "flying-man" of the fable, was a maker of history, and the first European genius. They prove that the alphabet was evolved in Crete, at least a thousand years before the reputed date of its carriage, ready-made, from Phœnicia to Greece.

This Dædalus was an Athenian refugee who fled to the Court of Minos, King of Crete: and he was one of the greatest of the sons of men; almost, in his day, "a man to make the sun forgotten"—in Emerson's noble phrase. This "immortal mortal" was the founder of high art and of mechanical science. He was a great sculptor and, withal, though he certainly guessed it not, the first anatomist. Hippocrates and Galen and the rest of them were as long after him as we are after them. He was a brilliant fresco-painter and cut cameos with a microscopic eye and an artist's temper. He was a greatly daring and successful architect, and, excepting, possibly, Moses the law-giver, the first hygienist, though the goddess from whom that word is derived was conceived long after his day. In 1800 B.C. his ideas of sanitation and of ventilation were far in front of those which troubled our immediate ancestors in 1800 A.D.

There were need of warrant before writing in such a strain of a hero of mythology. And, indeed, we have not attributed to him the power of flight, though the fable goes so far. We write of sober history—history made long ago in Crete, the easternmost island of Europe, and discovered, after four thousand years, by a native of its westernmost. This most distinguished digger of the soil, Dr. Arthur Evans, after manifold delays and difficulties, has found, embedded in the Cretan hill of Kephala, the astonishing proofs which have made history of the myth, and have revealed facts incredibly stranger than what sixty generations or more have regarded as fiction.

The Royal Academy, to their winter Exhibition of the Old Masters, have, with a fortuitous fitness, added a "side-show" of the works of the oldest Master, which was to have been open for only a month. But, in deference to the astonished and delighted expert, it has been arranged that until the close of the winter exhibition we are to see this collection, of such interest to the archaeologist, the artist, the historian, the ethnologist, the biologist, and, indeed, everyone for whom Crete was the stepping-stone by which civilisation passed from Asia to Europe, from Egypt to Greece.

Here were letters born. The Greeks attributed their alphabet to Cadmus the Phœnician, who, about 800 B.C., left the Syrian coast for Greece and founded Thebes, bringing with him (as his hosts' descendants thought) that supremest of present-day commonplaces, the letter. But Cadmus did not introduce letters into Europe—nor did anyone else. To Europe itself, aided in all probability by Egyptian suggestion, belongs this final device for bridging

the "seas of misunderstanding" that roll between man and man. This great advance in the evolution of mind (for letters were not invented, but evolved) was the first glory of Europe, and its final steps date from at least a thousand years before the Phœnicians. Whilst the rest of Europe, with Greece itself, were wrapped in the darkness of the Stone Age, Crete was already receiving from the Nile Valley the germs of civilisation; and she was fostering them to such purpose that we may boast of their vitality to-day.

After six years' delay, due to local stupidity and jealousy—for Crete has fallen from her high estate—Dr. Arthur Evans has been enabled to carry out three campaigns of excavation, in which he has dug further into the bowels of the Cretan hill of Kephala, upon the summit of which his eye had recognised traces of prehistoric building. He is gradually unearthing one stratum after another, the earliest of which, many feet below the Minœan palace of Knossos (built in the eighteenth century before Christ), contains associated Egyptian relics indicating a date in the fourth millenium before our era. This far date, indeed, by which man had already accomplished so much, closely corresponds with that whereto an almost forgotten chronology ascribed the Creation of our still "rotatory isle," our now "lukewarm bullet."

To that date, therefore (*circa* 4004 B.C.), we may now refer the evolution of letters on Cretan soil from a pictographic script, itself of Egyptian origin. Either there was direct intercourse between Crete and Egypt or the two were connected by Libyan intermediaries. The Cretan letters were, however, derived from the form of native—not Egyptian—objects, as well as from gestures, an admixture of gesture-writing with picture-writing being universal, found in every part of Europe, in Asia, and in North America. In the palace of Minos at Knossos, built for the tyrant by Athenian genius, when Athens was but an infant city, Dr. Evans has found a series of clay archives; and these demonstrate the development of the literal and arbitrary forms which probably constituted hardly so much an alphabet as a syllabary, many being doubtless equivalent to such a closed syllable as "but." Some of these forms, now definitely linearised, are almost identical with the letters of the Greek alphabet. In much of primitive Europe we had already seen evidence of pictorial writing; in the Nile Valley, throughout Syria and in Asia Minor, a more or less formalised pictographic script had been found; Schliemann had demonstrated a high degree of prehistoric civilisation at Mycenæ and at Troy; yet until Dr. Evans began to dig at Knossos it was believed that "pre-Homeric Greece was a stranger to writing, there being no trace either in the Peloponnese or the rest of Greece of anything before his time that even distantly resembled any kind of writing." The belief in "man before writing" so late as six thousand years ago he has dispelled.

But Dr. Evans has done much more than discover the birthplace of letters and their ancestry. If he has disposed of Cadmus he has reinstated Minos and Dædalus. The palace of Knossos, there can be no doubt, was the Labyrinth of the story of Theseus and Ariadne and the Minotaur. How much more is really history the decipherment of Dr. Evans' tablets may reveal.

Certain of the statuary which Dr. Evans has unearthed seems to us the most significant of his finds. The statuettes of flying youths and some others constitute the oldest anatomical records known. Of course we except Egyptian work which tells us that man walked upright long before Knossos. That we could well have guessed. But Dædalus' work demonstrates this, that four thousand years ago, at least, the arrangement and mutual relations of the surface muscles of the forearm, and the manner in which the minute venules on the back of the hand join to form the main superficial veins of the arm, were precisely

the same as in each of us to-day. This, too, we might have guessed, but by no means with such certainty. We take it that, as Dr. Evans has revealed the evolution of the alphabet, and therein a phase of the evolution of the human mind and of the functions of the human brain, so he has added one more proof, not so much of the slowness of physical evolution as of its essential completion many thousands of years ago. And so it is. Nature has given this particular planet over to the Vertebrata, and to them, early in their history, she granted four limbs. At first used for progression alone, these became gradually differentiated in function, until, in the finale, a series of modifications in the vertebral curves, hurriedly epitomised by every infant to-day, permitted Man the Erected to walk Erect. Spared from locomotion, his fore-limbs have made of him even a Dædalus, the Admirable Crichton of four millenia ago. These venturesome limbs may, indeed, have subtly urged forward the cerebral development which is the mark of our race. But there are no more limbs to spare. Our eyes are placed before and not upon our spines; our physical horizon can be no further widened. Physical evolution, properly so-called, is an accomplished fact. Adaptation to environment still continues, no doubt. Our hair must go, our fifth toes are already palpably doomed—they are not perfect in many of us. Our appendices are going—none too quickly, and our nails and teeth will follow. Already our hair and teeth fall in the fight before we do.

This elimination of the superfluous, however, is not the process which has made of the free-swimming single cell of the sea a hundred million years ago the man of to-day. That process, for so many ages in climax, has reached in us, or rather in our far ancestors, its physical acme. But, though since their day we have learnt and ceased to write in pictures, and to talk in gestures; though we write in letters and talk in words, and make the ether carry them for us; though we have evolved systems of government which owe little enough to Minos; though we recognise a system of ethics the germ of which was not in Crete nor yet in Egypt, we have yet to traverse an infinite vista of evolution in another and a loftier plane.

Antiseptic Humour.

To put it shortly, one must distinguish between telling the truth in jest and jesting at the truth. The first process compels men to swallow an antidote, the second cheats them into swallowing a poison. And the humour which has helped to cleanse the world has always been the telling of the truth—not the laughing at it. You may check that statement from the records of all the jesters the world has seen from Aristophanes, who told the bare truth about democracy and the feminist movement, down to Mr. Dooley, whose "Observations" have just reached our table from Mr. Heinemann's office. Now and again the jester has gone wrong, mistaking his mission. Mark Twain—usually antiseptic—was poisonous when he wrote "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." For he was simply laughing at two ideals. He was jesting at truth, and not telling truth in jest.

It was a very true instinct that maintained the King's jester as a Court official, the only official who was privileged to tell the truth to His Majesty. Now and again the jester lost his head for his pains; but the King kept his head, and the jester's work was accomplished. Europe would probably go to bed with an easier mind if it knew of a good jester, domiciled in each Royal Palace, licensed to sell laughter, and with no closing hour.

But in these days the centre of gravity—and merriment—has shifted. We can all laugh at kings, and in America they are almost beyond a joke. Now we have to

laugh at ourselves, and the task of the humourist is by no means lightened. That task is no longer to laugh at kings, but to laugh at humanity, and with the laughter to bring healing. The post of king's jester, the man who told the truth as a joke, has been taken up by men half unconscious of their mission, men such as Mr. Gilbert, Mark Twain, and many others. For democracy has its period of hysterics, just as the palace. We go suddenly mad about æsthetics, or Imperialism. There is a Woman Question. Christian Science comes to the front. A Durbar is held in India, a Coronation in England. America has a difficulty with the Philippine Islands. What is to be said about these things? The world flies into a sudden fury. Only the humourist keeps his head. Our debt to Mr. Gilbert will probably be paid on his tombstone, where people will remember that he saw through æstheticism to the sense that lay behind it. But, of course, he merely joked about it. He has joked about many things, including the sons of kings.

On the whole we are
Not intelligent,

say the sons of "Gama Rex"; and the Almanach de Gotha is less instructive. But this is not the sort of thing that can be said seriously—in a leading article, for instance. It can be said only in jest. And Mark Twain, who, as we have said, made one big mistake, made one big hit with his nonsense about Christian Science. It could not have been done seriously. But as mere nonsense it is a clean and swift antidote to hysteria.

How then does Mr. Dooley come out of the ordeal? For we have implicitly placed him in the succession of the humourists who count. The function of the humourist—the world's antiseptic—is to stand aside and watch. Then he must tell what he sees. He must tell the truth. The inventor of Mr. Dooley has invented a man who looks across a bar in New York and sees the world between him and Mr. Hennessy. Dooley talks of many things, of Arctic Exploration and Swearing, of Books and Woman's Rights, of the End of the Boer War, and the Home Life of Geniuses. He is funny enough. Dooley has been talking long enough now to enable us to be certain of laughter when he faces Hennessy and discourses at large on men, women, and things. One may dip here and there among these "Observations" and get the happy epigram on nearly every page. To take an example or two:—

Hogan says all janiuses was unhappily marrid. I guess that's thrue iv their wives, too.

Ivrything seems to be some kind iv wurruk. Wurruk is wurruk if ye're paid to do it, an' it's pleasure if ye pay to be allowed to do it.

I don't think we injye other people's sufferin', Hinnissy. It isn't aeshally injyement. But we feel betther f'r it.

I tell ye what, Hinnissy, th' Day's Wurruk has broke up more homes thin comic opry. If th' coorts wad allow it, manny a woman cud get a divorce on th' groun's that her husband cared more f'r his Day's Wurruk thin he did f'r her.

A king nowadays is no more thin a hitchin' post f'r wan pollytician afther another. He ain't allowed to move himsilf, but amny crazy pollytician that ties up to him is apt to pull him out be th' roots.

There is laughter enough there. But it is not enough to be funny in order to perform the antiseptic functions of the humourist. And if—when the laughter is over—you will take those extracts quite seriously you will find they are really quite serious. The humourist's function—if he is to be anything more than a funny man—is to see things as they are, without passion or prejudice, and to present them as he sees them to an astonished public. Now, Mr. Dooley has much of that intellectual aloofness which is the mark of the great humourist. He sits quietly behind his bar and observes. He does not go to the

Coronation; he is not married; he does not hold with reading, but he knows of each of these things "the way an astronomer knows th' stars. I'm studyin' it through me glasses all the time." He is never carried away by popular enthusiasm, and even Mr. Carnegie's free libraries fail to move him.

Th' thruth is that readin' is the nex' thing this side of goin' to bed fr' restin' th' mind. With mos' people it takes the place iv wurruk. A man doesn't think whin he's readin', or if he has to, th' book is no fun.

That is a thing which ought to be said in counteraction of the dim delusion that the march of mind goes step by step with the manufacture of printer's ink. But one can hardly say it seriously.

Too much truth is perhaps dangerous. Enthusiasms, hysterics, delusions have been strangely helpful in the world's history. And a whole generation of humourists would probably stand still and laugh at each other. But it is a wholesome tonic to find here and there, and now and then, a man who sees things as they are. The humourist is really but a man who sees a little more clearly than the enthusiast or the dullard, and gets a little nearer to the truth. And the truth, well told, is one of the newest things in the world. It brings the shock of surprise.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

"JEAN COSTE, instituteur de village" (Ollendorf), is a remarkable and powerful study from life of the tribulations of the unfortunate lay schoolmaster of France. The style is crude and harsh, that of the serious, semi-literate wholly inartistic pedagogue; but what sincerity, what poignancy in all the simple details of a tragic life! It is a book to put into the hands of every discontented person as a lesson against discontent with bearable ills. Gorki paints us the unmitigated misfortunes of the ragged and the ruffianly with that large and seizing understanding of the miseries of the poor and the humble that the Russian writers have the secret of; but, however tragic their lives to our beholding, the poor have a satisfaction in their recognised position denied that far poorer and more miserable portion known as the shabby genteel. The poor can fraternise, and they do most generously and mercifully help each other; and they can go naked and unashamed, and gratefully accept chance alleviation of their woes. But the tragic misery of such a life as that depicted in this little poignant tale is unmitigable, because of the dignity and pride the situation as wretchedly paid village schoolmaster claims, because of the sufferer's intolerable isolation between two hostile parties of a not benevolent community: the clerical party which detests the lay teacher and boycotts him inhumanly, and the peasants from whom he has sprung, who are jealous of his elevation to the rank of *monsieur*, and who despise him because of his poverty. Add to the vexations of unfriendly neighbours, the inadequate salary of £40 a year, with which to support a wife and family, to appear decently clad, with the strict prohibition to accept presents for the sake of that false personal dignity the poor devil would so gladly dispense with.

All this is told with poignancy and pathos in "Jean Coste," if not with literary art. The hero's resignation and unceasing effort to make the best of it, catch you by the throat in the face of destiny's implacable pursuit of him. He accepts his nomination as village schoolmaster on a salary of £10, with an added ten pounds as the mayor's secretary,

with hope and delight in the prospect of being his own master instead of an under-teacher with a better salary in a provincial town. His delicate wife, with surer instinct, dislikes the change, and here begins the poor fellow's woes. He and his wife love one another devotedly, and it cuts him to the quick that there should be division between them. But he is an incorrigible optimist, however hard he may be pelted, and only at the end, cowed and broken by unmerited suffering he has striven to bear cheerfully, does his brave patient spirit break down in leaden despondency. Twins are added to the family of four and the ailing wife grows worse. To help to buy medicine and meat for her, he sends away the charwoman, and before and after class hours does all the household work himself, mends the children's clothes and his own, patches his boots as best he can, and heroically strives to cheer his unhappy wife. His mother, a grasping ill-natured peasant, grows blind, and he receives her as an added burden, the gloom of his house deepening with the declared hatred between the two women he loves. Still neither resignation nor cheerfulness forsake him, though a more hopelessly miserable existence than his could not be imagined.

The repulsive figure of the suspicious, avaricious old mother is wonderfully well drawn, and it is a relief to find her dead on guard over the few pounds she risked death to keep from her almost starving son and sick daughter-in-law. But while the whole book is irremediably sad, perhaps the most touching picture is that of poor Coste at the meeting of local schoolmasters under the scrutinising gaze of the inspector. The reading of it, so simple and unaffected, causes a physical ache of anguish, because here there is no cruelty or injustice to excite. There is nothing felt but sympathy and indulgence for the poor fellow in his broken shoes, threadbare coat and insecurely mended trousers, but he is crushed by the timidity of poverty and misfortune. He wished to walk the twelve miles to the place of meeting, but false pride prevented him from refusing to join the schoolmistress in the diligence, and he set out, already worn from having spent half the night mending and improving, with brush and ink, his poor clothes. Even a sympathetic reception cannot put him at ease; he can think of nothing but his ragged trousers and broken boots, and it is only the discovery that among the twenty teachers gathered, more than one is nearly as miserably clad as himself. The inspector, perfumed and elegant, arrives, and it falls to Coste's lot to address the audience. "All eyes are turned towards the teacher of Maleval. He trembles in every member, his ears hum, his heart leaps within his breast; he hears nothing, and with a wandering look, stays in his place, unable to move, to understand. His colleagues regard this as the effect of emotion, and try to encourage him. He only thinks of one thing: his persistent ill-luck. Taken thus by surprise, he would be ridiculous and pitiable. Oh no, it was not fair he should be so pursued by misfortune, he who strove to pass unnoticed to be obliged to affront all that eyesight which hurt him already, all those looks examining him, contemplating his piteous aspect and the garments of the poor devil. For a mortal half-hour must he speak in this space before the black-board which terrifies him, under the eyes of his chief, who will judge him unfavourably." The inspector, well-dressed, well fed, is all indulgence, though privately noting him as "badly dressed" for report, but while Coste is stuttering through incoherent nonsense on the theme of the dignity and greatness of the teachers' calling in compliance with orders, he longs to cry out from the depths of his suffering: "I have four children, a blind mother, a sick wife. I work like a black after my class, without an hour of leisure for study or thought. I am dying of shame. What can you expect me to say?" Politics is the canker at the heart of all things in France to-day. Coste and the curé are regarded as traditional enemies. Both esteem each other, and at heart are friends,

but their friendship dare not show itself openly and helpfully. The curé, an excellent, large-minded and kindly creature, falls into disgrace with the clerical fanatics because of his sympathy with the lay-teacher, and Coste is reproached by the Republican for his timid relations with the curé, though neither of them have any politics to speak of. "Jean Coste" is a tragic bit of life.

H. L.

Impressions.

XVII.—The Meaning.

THROUGH the open window came the lash of the waves on the beach, and the rush of wind, but those in the room were hardly conscious of nature's noises. Without, the elements raged; within, the few, come together for a little while, were united in spirit, removed from external things. It was Schubert this time, and he who played, when he had finished one composition, waited a minute in the silence, of which the sea and the wind were part, then touched the notes enquiringly again.

The faint green walls of the room, over which the eye could roam and rest, were in keeping with the art which cannot be explained in words, which calls emotions from the depths of being that march and soar with the music, and stop when it ceases with the suddenness of a parting.

The owner of this room who played Schubert that afternoon had broken the simplicity of the walls at two points—no more.

Here stood a dull green cast, like old bronze, of the Winged Victory of Samothrace, that was pieced together to make one of the treasures of the Louvre. Headless, maimed, yet still instinct with the joy of life, you see her just alighting on the prow of the vessel, swiftly bringing the news of victory to the shores of Greece. The wind blows back her garments, the salt sea air flies past her, victory in her eyes, triumph in every line of her on-rushing figure. So she stands, the embodiment of young joy, fixed in that supreme moment, silent, but eternally eloquent, unassailable by time or her ancient companions, the sea and the wind, still raging outside.

On the other wall was a photograph of a picture of music, the art hardly known to the sculptor of the Victory. In the recess of a dimly lighted studio, their faces hidden, two men are playing—the elder the violin, the younger the piano. You can feel the music; you can feel the silence of the five listeners, and the emotions that move them. One buries his face in his hands; another stares like a somnambulist, his fingers clasped about his knees, his eyes peering into veiled adventures of the soul; a third gazes helplessly at the violinist—hypnotised; the eyes of the fourth are on the ground; the fifth is a woman. And above their heads—white, calm, content—is the death-mask of Beethoven.

Such was the room by the sea where Schubert was being played—the faint green walls, the Winged Victory, held but not stilled, and that wordless picture of music brooding on immortal things. He who was playing Schubert stopped. One of the company broke the silence, and bending towards him whispered: "What does it mean?"

He played the piece over again, then turned and said, "That is what it means."

Drama.

Ibsen, Symbolism, and some Musical Plays.

LAST week was one of dramatic experiments. Nor could any experiment well be more daring than that of the Stage Society (which appears to be enjoying a longer lease of existence than is usually granted to such leaders of revolts) in producing the difficult and enigmatic utterance of Henrik Ibsen's old age, "When We Dead Awaken." Ibsen has always had the good fortune, in England at least, to attract interpreters of intelligence and cultivation beyond the common. Earlier performances of his works were made memorable by the genius of Miss Elizabeth Robins; this no less by that of Miss Henrietta Watson, who held the audience spellbound by a thrilling and finished representation of the uncanny woman from out of the past. Miss Mabel Hackney was also extremely good, although a trifle restless, in the more mundane part of Maia Rubek. The men, I think, were rather less adequate. As for the play itself, it is of course, in its directness, in its elevation, in its absorption in the things that matter, in its scorn for humorous relief, and for all that is mere literature, a hundred times more interesting than the stock conventions and outworn formulas that do duty, week in, week out, in the majority of contemporary dramas. Here is a man who at least has still, even though the accents begin to falter, something to say. It is Ibsen. But it is not, frankly, at any rate upon the boards, the best of Ibsen. The ideas and the situations are from his forge, and have his mark upon them, but the intellectual force which should weld them into a firm and consistent dramatic whole has abated. The piece is called an epilogue, and is possibly, in a certain degree, autobiographic. At any rate it is a comment upon the artistic temperament. Arnold Rubek, the sculptor, has deserted the dreams and ideals of his youth, has thirsted for the facile splendours of success, and has married the pretty Philistine, Maia—the illusion of the world. But the draught proves bitter on the palate, and the dreams and ideals awake in the person of his old model, Irene, the mysterious lady whom ordinary folk think mad. With Irene, who gave her soul for him long ago, he climbs once more to the tops of the mountains, leaving Maia to live the life of the lower slopes with the "bear-killer" Ulfheim, who typifies the average sensual man, and will help her to the earthly raptures, the "glory of the world," for which she pines. So far the main theme is fairly plain sailing, although there are countless details which are puzzling and confusing enough. But what of the issue? What is Ibsen's ultimate word on the problem which he has set? Is it an irony or a prean, that clash of the elements which whirls the aspiring pair, Rubek and his art, in an avalanche, as they set out on their upward journey? I do not feel sure. *Pax vobiscum* are the last words of the play, and what is *Pax* but Irene. But if this is what is meant, it must be admitted that Ibsen's optimism has all the gloom of other people's pessimism.

The weakness of the play, however, does not depend mainly upon its philosophical inconclusiveness, for obviously a dramatist, like anybody else, is entitled to ask questions and not to answer them, but rather upon an almost inevitable result of the symbolic method adopted. Irene and Maia stand for the two spiritual forces that sway in turn the soul of Arnold Rubek. For the purposes of the allegory it is all well and good that Maia, who is illusion, should be discarded and sent away with the bear-killer. But unfortunately, when the theme is presented dramatically, the abstractions become human beings and necessarily appeal to the interest of the audience as such. Maia is now essentially the wronged wife, and one's sympathies are bound to be turned against

Rubek, although it is most important for Ibsen's intention that he should retain them. I must say that I was uncomfortably conscious of this during the whole of the long scene in which Rubek casts Maia off. As symbolism it may pass, but as humanity it is rather intolerable. A little more subtlety on the part of Mr. Titheradge, who played the sculptor, and even on that of Miss Hackney, who for all her cleverness seemed to me imperfectly to comprehend what the whole piece was about, might have helped matters. But I think that the fault really lies with Ibsen himself, and that the situation might have been made more plausible if a definite statement of the issue as between husband and wife had been evaded.

Ibsen's symbolism never lends itself very well to expression in terms of scenic art. The high mountains are a conception quite beyond the resources of the ordinary stage-manager, who glues tufts of vegetation on to cardboard rocks and rolls cannon-balls or something of that sort to represent thunder. Possibly Mr. Gordon Craig might make a reality of it. The *tableaux* which he contributes to the musical play of "Sword or Song" at the Shaftesbury are very good scenic symbolism indeed. They are intended to suggest the struggle of good and evil spirits over the destinies of the hero. The evil spirits are mopping and mowing creatures with fearsome skulls, shaggy hides and black tufted claws: the good spirits have long white robes extending far beyond their feet, in curves like those of angels in pictures by William Blake (not, as a well-meaning contemporary has it, William Black). I could wish that Mr. Craig did not find it necessary to use so much coloured lime-light. But the first *tableau*, which represents a birth-chamber, seen through a great window which covers the whole front of the stage, is quite beautiful. Within, immense blue curtains are draped from the roof on either side of a bed in the centre; six tapers in wooden candlesticks are ranged on a high shelf at the back; and the white-robed figures chant to the child. Without, the demons leap up in impotent fury at the panes. Unfortunately Mr. Craig's scenes do not blend very well with the rest of "Sword or Song," which probably appears by comparison even more tawdry and artificial than it really is. It is a romantic piece with a good deal of singing and dancing in it, and a bustling and noisy band of musical gipsies. I trust that I may be excused from any analysis of the melodramatic plot. The sight of so handsome a woman as Miss Julia Neilson, dressed as a lad, but not even beginning, either in gait, gesture or expression, to look like a lad, is not one which I can pretend to find attractive. The other new musical play of the week, which is "A Princess of Kensington" at the Savoy, makes no attempt at symbolism. It has its fairies, indeed, Oberon and Titania and their train, daintily dressed and dancing very prettily. But their function is only the traditional one of complicating the love affairs of unhappy mortals by their tricky arts. The entertainment is a very good one, with many gay effects of colour and some capital fooling.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

The Householder and the Crafts.

VISITORS to the Arts and Crafts Exhibition at the New Gallery differ from the ordinary frequenters of picture shows. The attitude of collector, connoisseur, and student-craftsman towards the exhibits is more critical than that of the picture dilettante: they are judges rather than admirers, and their comments have point. "Appalling! He hasn't the slightest feeling for colour," was the remark of a young craftsman on a certain

recess containing printed cotton hangings and Axminster carpets, arranged by an eminent member of the society. "Did you ever see such a fire-place!" fell from the lips of a householder after gazing at a screaming chimney-piece, that might suit one of the palaces of the late King of Bavaria, certainly not an English drawing-room. But whether one likes the majority of the exhibits or not, the collection is singularly interesting, and so apparently the public think. At no other exhibition of the past few years have the rooms of the New Gallery been so crowded. Cramped is hardly the word to describe the arts and crafts here gathered. Their variety, and the way they hustle one another, bewilder the eye, which soon longs for repose. It was a positive relief to retire from time to time to the entrance hall and to gaze upon a pulpit, in oak inlaid with ebony, not because it was a particularly ingratiating pulpit, but because it was large and alone.

Repose is the quality that this seventh exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society lacks. The members have, for the most part, strayed from the narrow road of simplicity and usefulness, of beauty in form and colour, and have sought the easier ways of the extravagant and fantastic. The custom of printing the names of the designers, as well as of the makers and sellers of the articles, has produced the effect that was to be expected. Designers have determined to be original at all cost, and when the unoriginal man strives to be original, he usually ends in being merely vulgar. Excessive decoration and oddities of form, which may be beautiful or not so long as they are novel, would seem to be the characteristics of the "new art" in furniture of which we were shown such terrible examples in a room at South Kensington a few years ago. And judging by a "Foreword" (not preface, or note, you observe) to the catalogue by Mr. Walter Crane, the members of the Arts and Crafts Society are not ill-content to work under the banner of the "new art." I do not know if Mr. W. Tingey would call his "Writing Table" an example of the "new art." Certainly it rivets the attention, if for no other reason because the four legs emerge from above as well as from below the table. The design is certainly novel, but what are these corner pilasters for? Presumably they are intended for candles, but two candles behind the shoulders, and two in front, are hardly the lighting arrangements that a sensitive writer desires. So few designers of furniture remember that the object of their labours should be directed mainly to the convenience of the purchaser. A piece of furniture is not like a bonnet or a silk hat which may be discarded at the end of the season: it will probably be the owner's companion for the rest of his life. Beauty of form is essential, but if the article is not comfortable and convenient, mere originality of design may become sheer annoyance. For whom can Mr. Henry's arm-chair, with one arm, be intended? Then how many designers of writing tables give a thought to the size of paper? They supply endless drawers with dazzling hinges and cavernous pigeon-holes, but it is rare that drawers or pigeon-holes will accommodate the ordinary sizes of foolscap or note-paper: they are usually either too large or too small. Then as regards the easy opening and closing of drawers and cupboards. I tried a drawer in one of the most lavishly decorated cabinets. It needed gentle persuasion to make it open at all. First and foremost, the householder wants good workmanship, such an honest taking piece of work, for example, as Mr. Charles Spooner's "Oak Dresser." There are craftsmen exhibiting at the New Gallery who are bent on producing good work, simple, severe, and useful; who are not led away by the advertisement attractions of originality; whom the vice of over-decoration has not assailed. A Secessionist movement from their ranks would be an interesting experiment.

One is bewildered by the abundance, variety, and, if I may say so, splendid uselessness of many of the exhibits.

I can imagine the hopefulness with which a young couple with a hundred pounds, say, to spend on pretty and useful things would enter the West Gallery, and the despair that would gradually settle upon them. They might mildly admire, but they would certainly not wish to spend £31 on four drawings by Mr. Heywood Sumner for Fitzroy School pictures. A drawing-room cabinet of Italian walnut, inlaid with holly, satinwood, and rosewood, exhibited by Messrs. Morris & Co., would attract them, but they would postpone inquiries about the price until they could afford to live in Park Lane. Three guineas for a Head carved in wood with a Penknife! "Yes! within our means," they might say, "but not exactly useful." Neither would they feel justified in laying out money on a Model for a Presentation Sword, or for a Crucifix in Champlévé Enamel. A Painted Screen representing a battle between Blake and Van Tromp might be worth all the £30 asked for it, but—no, not quite suitable for a small drawing-room in Streatham.

While looking at these objects the lady, we will imagine, noticed four embroidered silk panels hanging on the second wall, each with a single figure that reminded her of Botticelli or Burne Jones, she could not be sure which. The titles were "The Entrance," "The Stress," "The Despair," and "The Victory," and she had never seen before such wonderful needlework. "Astonishing!" she cried. "See, there's actually sunshine in the silk. But where could we hang them. Oh! the price is £1000!" Meanwhile her companion had been studying a sketch for the decoration of a double staircase and landing. A line of huddled figures streams along the wall parallel to the upward flight of steps, and beneath their eager forms these words are inscribed: "Concerning the vicissitudes of the social struggle carried on from father to son, and of the wide and noble prospect that rewards success." (On the landing above the staircase is a square panel showing a terrace with a group of agitated figures grouped about a youth winged like Mercury. Beneath is this: "And how Icarus, the Mystic, took flight into the Empyrean." Under the line of tottering figures descending the wall on the downward flight of steps this is written: "And disappeared from the pleasant life of men instead of descending the ladder in accordance with the natural law." They gazed at it for some minutes, then the man said: "It's called 'The Social Ladder'; it would certainly give our guests material for conversation, but that will be in the Park Lane days." "Look!" the exclamation came from the lady. She was bending over a case of jewels, waistbelt of silver and cloisonné enamel; cloak-clasp in carved silver; belt-clasp in silver and enamel, with six other delightful articles, and the entire case was priced ten guineas. There was something so complete about the exhibit as well as beautiful that they bought it. They also admired a china cabinet in bright wood, so designed that every piece of china can be perfectly well seen; and a set of silver-grain bedroom furniture, inlaid with pewter and blue wood; but the only other purchase they made was a knife, fork and spoon in silver, a quaint and pretty design. Two pounds ten shillings did not seem an excessive price to pay for that. Then they absented themselves from the temptations of further purchases. "There are many beautiful things in the exhibition," said one as they passed through the swing doors, "but they must be sought for, not without labour." "Yes," answered the other, "and it would take a week of afternoons to examine everything."

The surprises of the exhibition are the jewels and metal work. The day of humble stones in beautiful settings has come. In no other branch of the industrial arts has the advance during the past decade been so marked. In printing one is glad to see a tendency towards legibility—none too soon. However beautiful a Morris page may be decoratively and in spacing and printing, it is

far from being a joy for ever if the page begins to dazzle, and the eyes to tire, after half an hour. Legible and beautiful is Mr. Cristie's type for "The Sermon on the Mount," and to read Waller's "Go, lovely Rose," as executed by the Pear Tree Press, is to find in that poem a new morning freshness.

C. L. H.

Science.

The Study of Science.

THE Science Masters of Public Schools assembled in conference at the London University lately decided that Greek ought no longer to be a compulsory subject for matriculation at any University, and it was—as Mr. Dooley would say—the sense of the meeting that Natural Science might fitly take its place. Thus did the cobbler in the fable convince himself that there was nothing like leather, and were the professors of (say) Swedish Calisthenics consulted in such a matter, they would no doubt come to a similar recommendation of their own particular nostrum. But the subjects required at matriculation must always govern the course of study at our public—and for that matter of our private—schools, and if the resolution of the Science Masters were to find favour in the eyes of the University authorities, the teaching of Natural Science to boys in their teens would quickly become a good deal more general than it now is. Would this be for the benefit of the boys or of Science?

Now it may at once be said that if every boy before leaving school could really pick up even a superficial knowledge of Natural Science, we should as a nation be much better informed than we now are. Nothing has more astonished me since I began to write these articles a year ago, than the utter and complete ignorance of the commonest phenomena of electricity and the like displayed by the Man in the Street as typified by many of my correspondents. It is also quite true that the study of science is as good a mental gymnastic as any other, and that the boy who spends his time in observing and classifying the facts of Nature is rather more profitably employed than if he were to devote himself to the investigation of the laws which govern the inflexions of the Greek verb. But it does not follow that everything that is good to know is easily learned, and there are many things which would prevent the average public schoolboy from acquiring even a smattering of science did the Science Master charm never so wisely. In the first place, the facts at the disposal of the science student have lately increased so enormously in number that it requires the close and unremitting attention of a great part of one's life before one can boast of a working acquaintance with even a considerable part of them. But such attention is quite out of the question for a public schoolboy, who has, unless he is to pass through life as a man of one idea, to acquire some knowledge of history besides giving time to games and the other things which go to make up the politics of his little world. And if it should be said that it is only the rudiments of science with which he is to be required to acquaint himself, who shall say at this time of day what these rudiments are? Thanks to the immense though silent advance that has been made during the last two decades in our knowledge of the constitution of the universe, there is not one single branch of Physical Science but has had what were once thought to be its fundamental principles rudely upset. Take, as an instance, electricity, which for the present bulks perhaps more largely than any other in the public eye. It will be conceded that theory should in this as in other studies precede practice, but what theory of electricity can the beginner now be taught? Is he to

believe with Sir Oliver Lodge, that electricity is a constantly varying strain or stress in the hypothetical ether which surrounds the molecules of all substances? Or with Prof. Silvanus Thompson, that electricity is the ether itself? Or with M. Le Bon, that electricity is the effluvia given off under certain conditions by all matter? Or with Prof. Osborne Reynolds, that it is the "tendency to revert" of the irregularly piled groups of grains of which, according to him, this universe is composed? All these theories, as the readers of the ACADEMY know, have lately been put forward with equal skill and plausibility, and no one of them yet shows signs of gaining any ascendancy of acceptance over its fellows. In like manner, it might be shown that every other branch of Natural Science, from Chemistry down to Mechanics, is the battle-ground of equally plausible and equally inconsistent theories. M. Lucien Poincaré, Inspector-general of Public Instruction in France, put the case in a nutshell when he lately said in his annual review of the progress of science, that "there hardly exists any longer one of those great theories universally admitted round which all experimenters used by unanimous consent to range themselves. A sort of anarchy now reigns in the realm of the natural sciences. All liberties are permitted. No law appears to be rigorously necessary."

It will, of course, be said that there is a difference between showing anybody how to use a spade and initiating him into the art or mystery of making railway cuttings and sinking mine shafts, and that what we ought to do with our boys is to instruct them in the use of the equipment which they will have to acquire for themselves in after life. For this there is much to be said; but what is the equipment that will prove most useful to the future student of science? I should say, in the first place, mathematics, which now enters more largely into scientific practice than those whose ideas of science are limited to the notion that it is something to do with stinking stuff kept in a bottle would readily believe. Always necessary to applied science, mathematics has now become one of the most important means of investigation in the study of scientific theory as well. Clerk Maxwell offered mathematical proof of his great discovery of the electro-magnetic theory of light long before Hertz showed that it was possible to demonstrate it experimentally, and the same might be said of many of the researches of Lord Kelvin. No one can open a book upon any of the physical sciences nowadays, without being struck by the predominant part that the more advanced branches of mathematics—such as, for instance, the differential, integral, and infinitesimal calculi—play in their discussion. But these are not learned in a day, and the foundation of them forms but one of the things that can be most profitably taught in schools. Nor should the usefulness of Greek in the study of science be lightly set aside. Thanks partly to its own richness and flexibility, partly to the fact that all European scholars are fairly in agreement as to what it means, the Greek language forms the basis of all our modern scientific nomenclature. The student of science who begins without a competent knowledge of its vocabulary, as distinguished from the arbitrary rules which grammarians have been pleased to make for it, is thereby placed at a great disadvantage, and spends, it may be hours in puzzling over words like "isomerism," "entropy," and "dielectric," which the classical scholar would comprehend at sight. Mathematics and Greek are then two of the most important requisites for the study of Natural Science.

It will be gathered from what has been said that science is not, in the opinion of many, the best possible study for a schoolboy. It does not follow from this that it should be a matter of indifference to grown men. Quite apart from any practical utility it may have for any of us, there is probably none which is more forming to the mind, which teaches us to distinguish more easily between probability and proof, or which favours more the concentration

of thought without which all mental effort is apt to be fruitless. But without considering these advantages, there is none which, at the present moment, at all events, appeals more to the imagination, which is more likely to satisfy our human appetite for the marvellous, and which is in the strictest sense of the word more romantic. Whether we make any practical use or not of such knowledge as we can acquire of the nature of the universe or of our own bodies and minds as part thereof, it is quite certain that the pursuit of it is one of the most fascinating that can be conceived. This is the truth which I have tried, though doubtless clumsily enough, to enforce in the series of articles of which this will be the last. It has given me much pleasure to write them, and although I cannot flatter myself that the readers of the ACADEMY have derived anything like equal pleasure from reading them, I shall be well content if they have given anyone so much as a glimpse into the delights of the study of knowable things.

F. LEGGE.

Correspondence.

A Suggestion.

SIR,—During the last quarter of the last century one well-known novelist wrote of another, and of that other's works, the following lines:—

The mass of the public finds them dull, and wonders how a writer can expend such an immensity of talent in making himself unreadable. To a discriminating taste, however, — can write nothing that does not repay attention. . . . But the book is in a single word a *dead* one . . . was spontaneous and sincere; but to read its successor is, to the finer sense, like masticating ashes and sawdust. That a novel should have a certain charm seems to us the most rudimentary of principles, and there is no more charm in this laborious monument to a treacherous ideal than there is interest in a heap of gravel.

You, sir, are probably aware that Henry James wrote these lines of Gustave Flaubert; but do they not read wonderfully like a modern criticism of Henry James himself? They appear in the volume called "French Poets and Novelists." (Macmillan. '78, '84, and '93.)—Yours, &c.,

A. J. DAWSON.

Fern Hill Park, Woking.

P.S.—Note particularly, "laborious monument to a treacherous ideal!"

Miss Burney's Diary.

SIR,—The Bookworm mentions the edition of Miss Burney's Diary and Letters, edited by her niece, Charlotte Barrett, in 4 vols. in 1891 (Bell). That I suppose was a reprint of the "Cheap Edition" which I have now before me, "published for Henry Colburn by his successors, Hurst and Blackett," in 1854. The advertisement inserted before the title page of this edition runs: "Now in course of publication, to be completed in 7 monthly volumes, small 8vo., commencing the 1st March, embellished with Portraits; price 3s. per vol.; elegantly bound; and the title is: "Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay, author of 'Evelina,' 'Cecilia,' &c. Edited by her niece."

Heading "Opinions of the Press" is an extract from that "Edinburgh Review" which, as "The Bookworm" notes, "started Miss Burney's modern vogue," and next one from the "Times," which is to the point: "Miss Burney's work ought to be placed beside Boswell's Life, to which it forms an excellent supplement."

Could "The Bookworm" give us particulars of the original edition?—Yours, &c.,

C. H. MINCHIN.

Pau, France.

An Examination Paper.

SIR,—May one suggest an examination paper on "The Disentanglers"? The scientific side may be left to Mr. Legge.—Yours, &c., H.

I. Logan, or rather Fastcastle, does not unto this day know the secret of the Emir's feathers. (P. 320.)

Discuss this in connection with the definition of man as "a featherless biped," and suggest emendations of—

(a.) Messrs. McBrain, of the steamers. (P. 369.)

(b.) Kestabrig. (P. 379.)

II. "There is one of us in an old novel I read a bit of once . . . Once she arrived in a snow storm and a hearse." (P. 19.)

What novel is this?

III. Discuss the relation between Messrs. Gray and Graham, disentanglers, and the Society for the Utilization of Johnnies.

IV. "Poison the lemons? With a hypodermic syringe?" asked Miss Martin. "No; that is good business. I have made one of my villains do that." (P. 179.)

Is this novel extant?

V. "It is damned awkward," said Logan, testily. "Ah, old boy, but remember that, 'damned awkward' is a damned awkward expression." (P. 269.)

Give source of this.

VI. What is "a social header"?

VII. Examine and criticise the statement on p. 87 that a fortune running into "six figures" may be anything from £100,000 to £999,000 19s. 11½d.

Blowitz.

SIR,—Allow me to rectify a slight inaccuracy in your kindly notice of M. de Blowitz. He never dictated to a French shorthand, but usually to a French longhand amanuensis. He occasionally, however, dictated in French to an English colleague, who took it down in shorthand in English.—Yours, &c., J. G. ALGER.

Paris.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 175 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best account of "My Day's Work." Thirty-two replies have been received. We award the prize to Miss Lena Carrington, Norman House, First Tower, Jersey, C.I., for the following:—

In a broad sense there are two different kinds of work in the world: the bustling, for the most part mechanical work of the body, and the fervent, imaginative work of the brain. To these might be added a third, common to all—the strenuous unconscious work of the soul.

The day of an invalid such as I am must of necessity belong to the second class of work—the work of the brain. There is the long morning spent in study—the reading of a favourite author, the criticism of a new book. In the afternoon there is the reading aloud to a few friends, and later the correcting and revising of MSS. fresh from the typewriter's hand, and in the twilight lying in front of a deep red fire come the quiet thoughts, the gathering together of fresh ideas, or perhaps a sudden inspiration which demands the instant bringing forth of light, clean paper and sharp pencils. The evening spent in furthering that new inspiration, studying books of reference, planning details, characters, atmosphere, and then to bed with brain teeming with the excitement of creation. That is my day's work.

Of that more important work of the soul—the stifling of impatient words, the turning of one's thoughts from vain regret—the schooling of the spirit under the hand of pain—nothing can be said. The mystery of the inner life is sacred.

Other replies follow:—

I start with a south-west wind as boisterous companion along the high road to the top of the wood, I climb the stile and plunge downward by the winding path among the trees, telling myself it is too early in the year to find anything, but not believing it the least, while the young hart's-tongue fronds laugh at me for pretending to think it is still winter. Now I leave the path and trespass boldly, for close at hand is that little clearing where the earliest sunbeams have been at play for weeks past, and—yes—there is the glitter of gold.

Winter indeed! No, the hart's-tongue was right after all. Call it January if you will, but the first primroses of the year have been found.

The afternoon walk must follow. The high road is straight and dull, and the hills have sulkily covered their faces in mist. Only one giant stands out distinct in his russet-coloured heather mantle against a long streak of pale clear evening light. I reach the brow of the hill and gaze down, as at a far-off vision—into the world below—towns—villages—railway—and I, an exile, stand here so completely cut off from it all. Do I wish to be back? No, not yet, not yet.

Now it is evening, and from my pillow I look straight out over the tree-tops, through wide open windows at the star-lit sky with its fair promises for to-morrow. A day's work? Yes. And the wages! Health. The same day's work as my forty fellow consumptive companions.

[M. J., Bristol.]

"Pity the individual poor man,—not the mass."

My work is to interview the individual poor man when, at some crisis in his affairs, he appeals to charity for help.

It is my task to lead him back by gentle questionings over the hills and dales of his life; to discover the particular trait in his character which has led him to failure, or to gauge the depth of the misfortune which has suddenly overwhelmed him.

Sometimes like a patient describing his symptoms he is painfully anxious to be exact; other times he is equally anxious to be circumstantially inexact; often he has no memory, or is garrulous, evasive and vague; occasionally he is angry; always to some extent untruthful.

Having told his tale, he goes home, and when the testimony of those who have known him has been collected a light is kindled by which one may read something of his character, get a glimpse sometimes of the real man, and perhaps prescribe for him successfully.

To say that this digging into human nature, and doctoring of ills more deadly than any the medical man knows of, is interesting is to utter a stupidity.

More knowledge may be gained by the study of a few failures than by the reading of hundreds of biographies of successful men.

Someday, many years hence, when I am old and wise, I hope to learn the whole truth about one man, and then—

But then my day's work will be done.

[L. V. S., London.]

My day's work is my day's pleasure; for content and the congenial task are one. Electrical engineers link the most mysterious, the most powerful, and the most subtle force in all the Universe to their chariot wheels. They drive into unexplored realms of imagination, and are ever bringing new gifts to lay at the feet of Progress.

It is my mission, and I consider it a high one, to produce Light and Power. Light—the crime preventer; and Power—the ability to accomplish things.

Variety is of the essence of my day's work. One day it will be watching a little glittering engine, in a cruiser, twisting current from the copper of a humming dynamo. Another day it will be passing from stone to stone up some Highland stream to gauge the gleaming waterfall. And another, hot on the track of a new invention, or welding the ideas of an artist-architect with the practice of the craftsman's workshop.

There are periods of disappointment and of jealous rivalry; but these can be reduced by the spirit of the individual. They are for the training of character, and are common to all professions.

My day's work is usually all I could desire it. Alas! the result of my day's work seldom is. But an electrician knows that he is in the pioneer ranks in the march through the ages, and it spurs one on to feel that even another day's work may pierce the barriers of a new vista of wonder.

[D. S. M., Glasgow.]

Seven o'clock,—the irritating perturbation of a three-and-sixpenny alarm drags me back to another dawning, one minute's fierce will-struggle; bed-clothes fly apart, a "Sandow's" strands stretch and strain in reluctant obedience, hasty splash of an icy tub, hastier toilet: breakfast ill-served, ill-cooked, then the mud, the rain—and the 8.15.

The City's roar, haste and bustle, turmoil and gloom; one single maxim—"Do others or they'll do you." First a fluttering pile of correspondence to explore, then the daily round from office to office. Noon, Full 'Change, the greedy, gabbling crowd, knowing no language but that of money and commerce; later, a scrambled lunch, then two hours to record a hundred scribbled memoranda, formulate countless schemes, probe competition, exhume fresh business.

4 p.m.—Raucous ciamour of 'Change again, faces gloomed by ill-luck or bright with hope of gain, the eternal talk of trade, ever the same.

A moment snatched for tea, then back to the office to reel off letter upon letter, and speed coded cablegrams east and west. Perhaps by seven it is over, the day of the broker's clerk; a wearing, tearing day of turmoil and toil. Perhaps home by eight, for dinner, with two or three hours of my own, sick at heart with the squalor of Mammon, brain-sick and fagged. The short hours quickly fly and the day is done.

Such is my day, such was my yesterday, such will be my to-morrow.

Cui bono?

[H. E., London.]

I'm a widow with four children to provide for, two of whom are sick. Practically speaking, my work is never done. Hood's famous poem comes very near describing my own case, although I feel buoyed up by the prospect that my children will in the future "rise up" and support their mother by-and-by.

Early in the morning when all the little "doves" are asleep I get up and repair their clothes for a short time. Then I hurry off to clean out some offices down town, and by the time I get back the children are awake and crying for food. Hastily getting breakfast ready and partaken, I "pack" as many as are able off to school, then commence to tidy up my home in order to make things look decent before the doctor makes his appearance.

"No great improvement this morning," is his somewhat disheartening "bulletin." "Get another bottle of mixture, and see that they have every attention." This is said as he shuts the door and hurries off to his next patient.

After a two hours with "my head in the wash-tub" I next have my attention divided between making the dinner and cleaning up the sick room and the breakfast dishes.

Dinner past, there is now a considerable amount of laundry work to perform, while the sewing machine and darning needles brings six o'clock with its welcome cup of tea.

The evening is spent between the sick room and preparing the bairns to get to their hammocks.

By 11.30 p.m. all is at rest again.

[Mrs. S., Aberdeen.]

The model arrives, the picture progresses, at first joyously, then perversely away from the dream. I alter and scrape and repaint.

Isn't it Millet who says—"Art's not a picnic, it's a fight"? That is where the fun comes in. If it was easy, it would be dull.

But the luminous idea grows dim as the struggle continues, the model grows weary and cannot keep the pose, eye and brain are blinded by too much effort to see. A truce is called. The model goes. Outside, the sunlight is brilliant on the grass, and the sky gleams between the branches. Rapidly I try to suggest it all with a little coloured mud which is all the painter has—a wad adventure surely, yet some have achieved it.

The morning's gone.

After lunch—watercolour for an hour, or design. Then a renewed attack upon the picture till it is too dark to see colour or one's own failure.

I go out to study the open-air pictures that are never failures—the children round the watchman's fire—the workmen trudging homeward in the violet dusk—the cottage-windows shining softly under the crescent moon. When the lamp is lit comes black and white, illustration, decoration, and some writing. The black lines fall into position, regiment after regiment, or have to be laboriously dragged into something like position. A book grows sheet by sheet, slowly, steadily. The good day's done, and poor and little is the day's work.

There is to-morrow.

[E. R., Bushey.]

My labours are chiefly those of a clerk in the Civil Service, but I contrive to vary them with the delights of study. Rising at seven I am usually immersed in some branch of mathematics till breakfast time. Nine o'clock finds me on the way to the office, where I am busily employed until half-past four in the afternoon. Notwithstanding the jocular comparison of a Government official with the

fountains in Trafalgar Square, which play from ten to four, my work, although congenial and interesting, is by no means light. To make an intelligent précis, for example, of a mass of involved correspondence, is not always a simple matter, while to solve some of the problems which arise in dealing with the public demand an ingenuity fully as great as that evoked by the morning's exercises in Euclid. At five o'clock, however, I am enjoying my evening meal. Then comes the great treat of the day—an attempt "to plough the classic field." The pleasures of gaining, for the first time, an insight into the meaning and beauty of some ancient author, can only be imperfectly described, and are only equalled by the joys of looking forward to a wider knowledge and a fuller appreciation. At nine o'clock my day's work is completed, and is generally followed by a little music, which forms a fitting prelude to those soft slumbers which "become the touches of sweet harmony."

[H. H., Liverpool.]

Competition No. 176 (New Series).

This week we offer a Prize of One Guinea for the best description of "My favourite piece of Sculpture," not to exceed 250 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 4 February, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Voysey (Rev. Charles), Religion for all Mankind.....	(Longmans) net	2/6
Clair-Tisdall (Rev. W. St.), The Noble Eightfold Path.....	(Stock)	6/0
Barry (Alfred), The Position of the Laity in the Church.....	(Stock)	2/6
Webb (Clement C. J.), edited by, The Devotions of Saint Anselm.....	(Methuen)	2/0
Blunt (Ellen M.), Through Strife to Victory.....	(S.P.C.K.)	6/6
Gibson (Margaret Dunlop), edited by, The Didascalia Apostolorum in Syriac.....	(Clay) net	15/0
Gibson (Margaret Dunlop), translated by, The Didascalia Apostolorum in English.....	(Clay) net	4/0
Moss (R. Waddy), The Scene of Our Lord's Life.....	(Hodder & Stoughton) net	1/0

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

Ferrar (William John), Sacred Poems.....	(Stock)	3/6
Nichols (Bowyer), A Little Book of English Sonnets.....	(Methuen) net	1/6
M'Donagh (Thomas), Through the Ivory Gate.....	(Sealy)	2/6
Barlow (George), The Poetical Works of. Vols. I and II.....	(Glasisher) net each	5/0
Toynbee (William), When the Devil Drives. A Comedy-Satire in Four Acts.....	(Glasisher) net	1/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Staley (Edgecombe), Watteau and His School.....	(Bell) net	5/0
Hulbert (Archer Butler), Historic Highways of America: Washington's Road.....	(Clark, Ohio)	
Forrest (G. W.), edited by, Selections from State Papers preserved in the Military Department: The Indian Mutiny 1857-58. Vols. II. and III. (Military Department Press, Calcutta)		
Janssen (Johannes), History of the German People. Vols. V. and VI. (Kegan Paul)		25/0
Bertin (Ernest), Journal et Correspondance Intimes de Cuvillier-Fleury.....	(Plon-Nourit, Paris)	7 fr. 50
Senancour (Etienne Pivert de), Otermann.....	(Wells) net	6/0
Jay (Harriett), Robert Buchanan.....	(Unwin) net	10/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

James (Capt. S. P.), Scientific Memoirs: Malaria in India.....	(Government Printing Office, Calcutta)	2/3
Galt (Alexander S.), edited by, Cassell's Popular Science. Part I. (Cassell's) net		0/7
Irons (David), A Study in the Psychology of Ethics.....	(Blackwood) net	5/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Hiatt (Charles), Notre Dame de Paris.....	(Bell) net	2/6
Masse (H. J. L. J.), Mont St. Michel.....	() net	2/6
Baker (Harold), The Collegiate Church of Stratford-on-Avon.....	() net	1/0

ART.

Mauclair (Canille), The French Impressionists.....	(Duckworth) net	2/0
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EDUCATIONAL.

Atherton (R. P.), Bell's French Course. Part I.....	(Bell)	1/6
Fay (Edwin W.), The Mostellaria of Plautus.....	(Allyn & Bacon)	\$1.00
About (Edmond), Le Roi Des Montagnes.....	(Black)	2/0
Scott (Sir Walter), The Lord of the Isles. School Edition.....	()	1/4
Laurie (S. S.), Studies in the History of Educational Opinion from the Renaissance.....	(Cambridge University Press)	6/0
Reich (Emil), A New Students' Atlas of English History.....	(Macmillan)	net 10/0
Rapport (S.), Hossfeld's Method, Russian Grammar.....	(Hirschfeld)	4/0
Thomson (C. Linklater), A First History of England. Part IV. (Hornet Marshall)		1/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

Shean (Captain), Fire Brigade Reform	(Unwin) 0/6
Steward (Rev. Canon), and Mitchell (Alice E.), The Nature Student's Note Book	(Constable) net 2/0
Golden Sunbeams. Volumes VI. 1902	(S.P.C.K.)
Mothersole (Hartley B. N.), compiled by, An Analysis of the Education Act, 1902	(Hadden) each 0/6
Weir (Harrison), Our Poultry. Part 7	(Hutchinson) net 0/7
Halliday (Mary), Marriage on £200 a year	(Horace Marshall) 1/0

NEW EDITIONS.

Shakespeare (William), The Edinburgh Folio: King Henry VI. Third Part	(Richards) net 5/0
Boileau (James), A New French and English Dictionary	(Cassell's) 7/6
J. J. B. Wee Macgregor	(Scotts Pictorial Publishing Co.) net 1/0
Almide (Douglas), John of Damascus	(Unicorn Press) net 6/0
Green (John Richard), A Short History of the English People. Part 17	(Macmillan) net 0/6

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

Messrs. Macmillan will shortly publish an edition in five volumes of "Plutarch's Lives." The version given is that published in the seventeenth century, with a prefatory life of Plutarch by Dryden, and thus generally known as Dryden's "Plutarch." This translation was revised by A. H. Clough, who prefaced it with an introductory biographic and critical sketch of Plutarch, with some account of Dryden's life.

Prof. E. A. Gardner, sometime Director of the British School at Athens, will shortly publish with Messrs. Macmillan a work on "Ancient Athens," which will give the reader the fullest results of modern archaeological scholarship set out in a popular form. Photographic illustrations on almost every page help out the text point by point, and in stating the ground for conclusions as to topography and the like, all citations from the classics are translated.

Maurus Jokai once read of the skull of a criminal guilty of twenty-one mortal sins, which is said to swing, enclosed in an iron casket, from an iron bar in the foundry of a German fortress. The idea suggested the theme of a novel, which was afterwards written. It will be published by Mr. Grant Richards, next month. The translation is by Mr. D. E. Boggs, and the title is "Told by the Death's Head." In the preface Jokai writes: "What if this skull could speak? What if it could defend itself? If my highly esteemed readers will promise to give me their credulous attention, I will relate what was told me by the death's head."

The death of Frank Norris removed from the ranks of fiction one of the most notable of the younger writers of the day. His last novel, "The Octopus" was published by Mr. Grant Richards in the Autumn of 1901. Readers of "The Octopus" will remember that in a preface the author announced his intention of completing his "Epic of the Wheat" in two further novels, "The Pit" and "The Wolf." "The Pit," which was finished by Mr. Norris before his death, will be published next month.

A new edition is being prepared of "The Roadmender," by Michael Fairless, which was published in the early part of last year and has since been reprinted six times. Fairless was one of the Christian names of a woman who gave up a great portion of a short life to work among the poor people, and "The Roadmender" gives in the main her real experiences. Her life was too fully occupied to allow her to write anything until she was prostrated by illness in 1900. This book was written during the physical disability and pain of her last illness. Two of the sections portray the last stages of her life spent in Chelsea and in Sussex.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Edited by HENRY NORMAN, M.P.

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The Literary Week.

HAS America a larger public for minor verse than we have? If the question is affected by the number of volumes issued the answer must certainly be, yes. Within the last week we have received from one publisher in Boston no less than seven volumes. None of the verse reaches a very high level, but none is really bad, and often the note struck is one of simplicity and sincerity. Perhaps these qualities constitute the appeal of such work to American readers, and it must be confessed they are qualities sadly lacking in much of the verse which reaches us from home sources. In this country the flow of minor verse is steady, but nothing compared with that of fiction. We have received ten new novels since Monday. Among other books published during the week we may note the following:—

ANCIENT ATHENS. By Ernest Arthur Gardner.

Prof. Gardner says in his Preface: "The author of a book on Ancient Athens must needs owe much to his predecessors, and these are so many that, in an attempt to make mere particular acknowledgment, there is no little danger of omission." The list of works referred to seems reasonably full. In order to avoid controversial matter in the body of his work Prof. Gardner has relegated such matter to the notes at the ends of certain chapters. "It has been my aim," he writes, "to give as clearly and directly as possible the impressions produced by the sites and buildings described, as viewed in the light of the references made to them by classical authors." The volume is fully and well illustrated from photographs.

DE SENANCOUR'S OBERMANN. With an Introduction by Arthur Edward Waite.

The first complete English translation of a book now close on a century old. "Obermann" owed much of its vogue in England to Matthew Arnold's essay, and it seems curious that no earlier translation should have been published. Mr. Waite's introduction is both biographical and critical; he regards "Obermann" as "a great book of the soul" and its author as a "man of vision." We quote a passage from the conclusion of the book: "And if I should reach old age, if, on a day, still thought-haunted, but ceasing from speech with men, there should be a friend at my side to receive my farewell on earth,

let my chair be set down on the short grass, may there be peaceful daisies in front of me, beneath the sun, under the vast sky, that in relinquishing this fleeting life I may recall something of the infinite illusion."

THE ROMANCE OF MY CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH. By Mme. Edmond Adam.

Translated by Helen Stanley. Mme. Adam, it will be remembered, gathered about her during the Empire a number of advanced politicians, artists, and wits, and in 1879 founded the "Nouvelle Revue." In Mme. Adam's preface we read: "I am the daughter of a man who was a sincere sectarian, disinterested even to self-sacrifice, and who dreamed of absolute liberty and absolute equality. Until the terrible year of 1870 his mind mastered my own. For an instant, during the days of the Commune, he thought his dreams were about to be realised. Were he alive now he would be a disciple of Monsieur Brisson, whose political ancestor he was. He would have pursued only one idea: the upsetting of everything."

MAIN CURRENTS IN NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE. By George Brandes.

The third volume of "Main Currents," dealing with the "Reaction in France" (1874). "A certain aggregation of personages, actions, emotions and moods, ideas and works, find expression in the French language, and influence French Society at the beginning of the nineteenth century, form in my eyes a naturally coherent group, from the fact that they centre round one idea, namely, the re-establishment of a fallen power. This fallen power is the principle of authority." The volume opens with the Revolution and the Concordat, and leads by way of the Lyric Poetry of Lamartine and Hugo to the "Dissolution of the Practical Principle of Authority" and the "Culmination and Collapse of the Reaction."

We like Mr. Burgin's cheeriness. We read that he the other day expressed himself as follows, in a letter dictated through the Edison-Bell phonograph: "Oh, dear! forty-seven to-day and just brought out the 'Shutters of Silence,' my twentieth novel, and have two more novels and thirty-eight short stories coming out this year. As the girl said when she sat at the window in Venice: 'I'm looking at the canal, and drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before.'"

THE "Manchester Guardian" is to be congratulated on the fact that it was able the other day to give a three-column report of an interview with Mr. George Meredith. Mr. Meredith, we believe, has never before permitted his spoken views to be printed; he has always preferred to speak to the public through the medium of his chosen art. This record of a long conversation has, then, a particular and personal interest. The main subject of the talk was the future of Liberalism, but there were many digressions into matters which come more within our province. Mr. Meredith has never written what is called a political novel; his politics have been implied in character rather than expressed in development of plot. "Beauchamp's Career," perhaps, may be considered an exception, but the interests of that remarkable book cannot be bound by the narrow limits of any classification. Mr. Meredith doubts whether the nation as a whole understands Imperialism. "Do our people know what Imperial principles are? They have yet, I think, to be instructed in them." Then the speaker proceeds to the question of education and the show of patriotism at the time of the Boer War. It was only patriotism, Mr. Meredith considers, in one direction:—

It was not the patriotism that looked all round the country's interests, although I for one was very glad to see that the country was stirred in its heart and tightened in its nerve by the disasters of Colenso and Magersfontein. That was all to the good, for it showed the country concerned with itself. But we want to see the lower orders in England—the peasantry and the artisans—taking a livelier, steady, and constant interest in the concerns of the country. . . .

Concerning education, Mr. Meredith said:—

I trust that ultimately (at present, I admit, it does not seem as though we can look for it to come speedily) but I hope that ultimately we shall be able to take teaching out of the hands of the clergy, and that we shall be able to instruct the clergy in the fact that Christianity is a spiritual religion and not one that is to be governed by material conditions. A spiritual God I most perfectly believe in. I have that belief constantly before me—I feel it within me; but a material God that interferes in material, mortal affairs I have never seen, and that I don't mind anybody knowing; and it is, I am sorry to say, for the material God that the clergy seem to be striving. . . .

That last sentence is the text upon which Mr. Meredith has written again and again; it accentuates the responsibility of the individual, while it gives him, in the spiritual idea, not a haven of refuge but a point of repose and rest. Mr. Meredith's unalterable hope in human nature constitutes the great appeal of his philosophy; his is the controlling optimism which never overreaches itself, because it is anchored fast to life and the sum of human experience. In conclusion Mr. Meredith said:—

I suppose I should regard myself as getting old—I am seventy-four. But I do not feel to be growing old either in heart or mind. I still look on life with a young man's eye. I have always hoped I should not grow old as some do—with a palsied intellect, living backwards, regarding other people as anachronisms because they themselves have lived on into other times and left their sympathies behind them with their years.

Nothing has been more remarkable, perhaps, than that perennial youthfulness of Mr. Meredith. He has never gone into the wilderness and brought back strange goblins to frighten us; which does not mean that he has no knowledge of the wilderness, but that he recognises it for what it is.

It appears that in Germany there is now a Poet's Trust. The lyrical poets of that practical country, to the number of about seventy, met some time ago to consider the matter of remuneration; perhaps pay would be a better word in the circumstances. They decided that they were not

receiving high enough terms, and they have now entered into a compact not to accept less than sixpence a line. We sympathise with the gentlemen whose lyric fervours were rewarded with less than this; we sympathise, too, with the editors whose hands are to be forced, if the forcing comes about. To have seventy poets in a country each of whom writes verses worth sixpence a line must be a sore trial.

THE difficulties of the compilers of dictionaries are well illustrated in a note in "Notes and Queries," by Dr. Murray, editor of the "New English Dictionary." The word which Dr. Murray discusses is the now too familiar "Appendicitis." Dr. Murray writes:—

When the portion of the dictionary dealing with *app-* was written in 1883, we had before us a single reference, from a recent medical source, for this word. As words in *-itis* are not (in origin) English in form, but Græco-Latin, and thus do not come within the scope of an English dictionary, unless, like *bronchitis*, they happen to be in English use, I referred our quotation for *appendicitis* to a well-known distinguished medical professor His answer was that *appendicitis* was a name recently given to a very obscure and rare disease; the term was purely technical or professional, and had even less claim to inclusion in an English dictionary than hundreds of other Latin or Latinized Greek terms of which the medical lexicons are full, and which no one thinks of as English.

Yet, twenty years later, appendicitis appears to be a disease neither rare nor obscure. It is perhaps fortunate that our bodies are reticent concerning their dictionary possibilities.

Mr. DOOLEY does not believe in free libraries. He says in the "New York American": "Libries niver encouraged lithrachoor anny more thin tombstones encourage livin'. No wan iver wrote annything because he was tol' that a hundred years fr'm now his books might be taken down fr'm a shelf in a granite sepulcher an' some wan wud write 'Good' or 'This man is crazy' in th' margin. What lithrachoor needs is fillin' food." In the conversation with his friend Hennessey the following passage occurs:—

"Has Andrew Carnaygie given ye a libry yet?" asked Mr. Dooley. "Not that I know iv," said Mr. Hennessey. "He will," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye'll not escape him. Before he dies he hopes to crowd a libry on ivry man, woman, an' child in th' country. He's given thim to cities, towns, vilages, an' whistlin' stations. They're tearin' down gas houses an' poor-houses to put up libries. Before another year ivry house in Pittsburg that ain't a blast furnace will be a Carnaygie libry. In some places all th' buildin's is libries. If ye write him fr' an autygraft he sinds ye a libry.

Mr. Dooley, as we said the other day, always has his eyes open; he is a philosopher who gets at things from the inside.

IN "Blackwood's Magazine" we find a series of "Letters to a Literary Aspirant." The letters are written in a spirit of implied criticism, and occasionally they hit the mark very neatly:—

Your object, then, at every stage in your novel-making must be to discover the water-worn channels in your reader's mind, so that by means of one of these your own stream of romance may flow more readily and make a goodlier torrent; otherwise your symbols might be Chinese characters instead of English for all the images they will awaken in his brain. It is precisely here that the cunning and experienced professional scores his points and makes his income. . . .

After more advice of a similar utilitarian kind, the writer proceeds to give examples of the types of novels that bring circulation and income: the first is laid in France in that indefinite past which has such attractions for certain

romancers: the second represents the "North British Melodramatic Idyll" and opens thus:—

God wots I am but a feckless loon, and the ongoings I here-with give to the world only the clavers of a dreich and waesome peat-lug; yet it behoveth all men to speak of what they have seen, particularly should the profession of the ministry have given them (as by the grace of Providence it has given me) the gift of what they call in our parts the gab; and so will I e'en take up the tale upon a frosty morning in the latter part of November towards the close of the Fatal Year. Fatal indeed it had been for the old house of Auchterfechan. Two braw sons snippit awa' by the tattiebogles, the kye blithered but and ben, and the winsome bit lass Miss Buttercup wrestling now with the dread curse of the Drumwharrochs. For the malison had erstwhile withered her rosy cheeks, and the doctor's nag stood even at that instant before the sneek kailyard.

What an astonishingly familiar air the passage has.

THERE has been held a "Shakespearean religious service," and the scene of it, we learn from an article in the "Shrine," was Tirnanog. Says the writer of the article, who signs himself "A Broad Churchman":—

The participators met, by invitation, in the drawing-room of the gentleman who had devised this service, as one that might prove agreeable to the religious ideas of his friends. As I entered to time, he was seated in an easy chair, facing the assembly, beneath an ornamental bracket, whereon, half enveloped in chrysanthemums, was a marble figure of the infant Shakespeare, with Jovian brow, a smile upon his lips, with eyes glancing, and little arms stretched forth to Heaven. The conductor of the service had an open "Shakespeare" on his knees, and all of us, by request, had come provided each with a copy of the poet's works. This initial service needed some explanatory comment, and I shall now report it by the aid of my notes, as far as possible, upon the conductor's own lines.

For this remarkable performance the sonnets were largely used, and the one-hundred-and-forty-sixth was selected for the opening as being an "expression of the moods of general confession and repentance." Then followed a creed touching our "Lord the Ideal," which introduces the Roman Empire, the Reformation, and the Renaissance. At the Renaissance—

our Lord the Ideal appeared in the universality of His glory of Beauty, Truth, and Love, as Pan-Logos, and in the person of Shakespeare judged the state of the world. He sanctified the sceptre of Justice, that beneath its sway, not only Love might still more live and thrive in the world, but that Beauty, Truth, and Love, now for ever in harmony, might accomplish the eternal Kingdom of the Ideal and make earth heaven.

After this came a celebration of the threefold Ideal "in terms of Sonnet," the one-hundred-and-fifth. There was more of the same kind of thing, and a second creed, the whole business concluding with the one-hundred-and-twenty-sixth Sonnet. The writer concludes:—

At the close of the service I re-issued into the actual world in that state of perfect religious harmony and peace, which I have so often been left to desiderate, in issuing not from mission chapels only, but even from cathedrals and mosques, and Indian and Chinese temples. As a Broad Churchman I was satisfied at last.

We envy "a broad Churchman" his faculty of being pleased. For ourselves, we think we should have left the service with very different feelings. The infant Shakespeare, "with Jovian brow, a smile upon his lips," even without the chrysanthemums, would have been too much for us.

Is the "Monthly Review" going to make a feature of editorials in verse? This month again the first article swings to metre, and we detect the hand which wrote the

last. The verses have for title "An Essay on Criticism," and after playing round the subject generally the writer pounces on Mr. Kipling. Why, he asks, turn critic of political and imperial matters, giving

friendly bears, expecting buns,
A paper full of stale, unwholesome Huns.

Mr. Kipling is conjured to return to the inferential criticism which his best work displays.

In that Day's Work be sure you gained, my friend,
If not the critic's name, at least his end;
Your song and story might have roused a slave
To see life bodily and see it brave.
With voice so genial and so long of reach
To your Own People you the Law could preach,
And even now and then without offence
To Lesser Breeds expose their lack of sense.
Return, return! and let us hear again
The ringing engines and the deep-sea rain,
The roaring chanty of the shore-wind's verse,
Too bluff to bicker and too strong to curse,
Let us again with hearts serene behold
The coastwise beacons that we knew of old;
So shall you guide us when the stars are veiled,
And stand among the Lights that never Failed.

THE writer of "Literature and Life" in the "Saturday Review of the New York American" is a master, as we have had occasion to point out before, of a certain vague floridity. It appears that Count Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac is now in New York to "read poems which he has written and essays on art to the exclusive." He hopes to extend the liberty of poetry by cultivating "in the shadow of the Ivory Tower wherein Vigny withdrew, according to Sainte-Beuve, singular, rare and perfumed flowers." The writer continues:—

Are you sure that he is mistaken? The muse of poetry wants to see herself beautiful. To reflect her beauty she may not prefer the natural springs in the woods rather than the mirror by which a subtle artifice shows her divine visage in the crystalline limpidity of fictitious and imaginary water.

We should like to know what Count Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac thinks about those six concluding words.

THERE is shortly to be issued a new monthly art magazine under the title of the "Burlington Magazine for Connoisseurs." The editor is to be Mr. Robert Dell, who is to have the advice of a consultative committee consisting of thirty-one members. It is claimed that the "Burlington Magazine" will represent, more than any existing publication, the leading art periodicals of the Continent. One good point is that the majority of the illustrations will be inset plates, without any text on the back. The promoters of the enterprise are at any rate ambitious, and we wish the venture well.

EDINBURGH is not a city which supports many native journalistic ventures, but it is shortly to have the opportunity of reading a new daily paper of its own. In politics the new paper is to be liberal in the manner of Lord Rosebery. The "Scotsman," the promoters think, has had its own way far too long.

THE "Literary World" prints a list of "Fifty Representative Historical Novels," compiled by Mr. Jonathan Nield, who some months ago published a volume containing a list of romances covering practically the whole field of history. The list is distinctly interesting. Mr. Nield has included no book of doubtful pretensions, and the periods dealt with range from the sixth century B.C. to 1825.

MR. W. G. COLLINGWOOD has an interesting article in "Good Words" on "Ruskin's Library." Ruskin's books were scattered all over his house, but in his study were kept his books of constant reference and his pet editions. Curiously enough, in that workroom there were few volumes on Art or Political Economy, save two,—one an odd volume, mostly uncut, and Viollet le Duc's "Dictionnaire de l'Architecture." Ruskin, says Mr. Collingwood, "came to his own conclusions; he got at the root of the matter, mostly, and he could make you see it. All the tinkering criticism about his mistakes only shows that he thought 'first-hand,' so to say, and wrote with a full pen." Ruskin had one abominable habit—that of cutting down books to fit a shelf. It is almost incredible that he could saw off the top edge and rip out the best plates from so valuable a folio as Westwood's "Minatures and Ornaments of Anglo-Saxon and Irish MSS." Yet he did it.

It is possible to say with some certainty what are the best books on historical, scientific, or philosophical questions, but who is to decide which are the best current novels? A contemporary give the following as the "Best New Novels":—

"Lord Leonard the Luckless" -	W. E. Norris.
"The Private Papers of Henry Rycroft." -	George Gissing.
"The Golden Kingdom" -	Andrew Balfour.
"The Red House" -	E. Nesbit.
"The Countess Londa" -	Guy Boothby.
"The Gates of Wrath" -	Arnold Bennett.
"The Circle" -	Katherine Thurston.
"The Riggles and Others" -	Evelyn E. Rynd.
"Anthea's Way" -	Adeline Sergeant.
"A Mixed Marriage" -	Mrs. Frank Penny.

We do not suppose that any two people would accept this selection as it stands.

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, answering the question of "T. P.'s Weekly" concerning the "Books of My Childhood," says:—

The "Pilgrim's Progress." What a dramatist Bunyan might have made if he had not fallen into the hands of the Puritans!

Does Mr. Jones always read in terms of the Drama? Bunyan would have made one of the worst dramatists in the world.

Bibliographical.

SAID a writer in the "Sphere" last Saturday (January 31): "It has not been noticed that Mr. Basil Hood has based his new opera, 'A Princess of Kensington,' on a lengthy poem entitled 'Kensington Garden,' written by Thomas Tickell, and published in 1722." As a matter of fact, Mr. Hood's indebtedness to Tickell (such as it is) was duly pointed out in one of the London daily papers on Friday, January 23. Moreover, it is not accurate to say that "A Princess of Kensington" is "based" upon "Kensington Garden." All that the Savoy librettist has taken from Tickell is the suggestion that Oberon once held his court where now is Kensington, that that place is named after his daughter Kenna, and that Kenna had a fairy lover named Azuriel who was fiercely jealous of a mortal prince named Albion. All of this is told by Mr. Hood in the first ten minutes of his opera; everything that follows is wholly of his own invention. For my own part, I am glad that we have a librettist so well read as Mr. Hood appears to be. Apart from the Savoy products, contemporary comic opera is magnificently independent of all assistance from literature.

An article on Thomas Campbell in a leading literary review—wonders will never cease! 'Tis many a year since any authoritative critic thought it worth his while to devote an essay to the author of "The Pleasures of Hope." Of course Campbell found his way into Mr. Miles's "Poets and Poetry of the 19th Century," but that is not saying much. More to the purpose is the fact that he figured in 1891 in Henry Morley's series called "Companion Poets." A selection from his verse figured in the "Canterbury Poets" in 1885. His "Poetical Works" were reprinted by Routledge in 1880 and 1887, and by Gall and Inglis in 1881. That he should be included in Messrs. Oliphant's "Famous Scots" series (1899) was to be expected, as Scotland looks well after her own children. That certain poems by Campbell are still being read by youthful Britons is made clear by the selections published in recent times "for the use of schools"—in 1889, 1894, 1895 (two selections), and 1902.

Mr. Harland speaks of his "Mademoiselle Miss and Other Stories" as if they were antique productions, but the volume containing them is only ten years old. One of Mr. Harland's earliest publications was "My Uncle Florimond," imported over here from the United States in 1888. Then he published here "Grandison Mather" (1889, reprinted 1891), "A Latin-Quarter Courtship and Other Stories" (1889), "Two Women or One" (1890), and "Mea Culpa" (1891). It was, I should say, his "Grey Roses" (1895, reprinted 1901) which first attracted our critics and public. Afterwards came "Comedies and Errors" (1898), but it was his "Cardinal's Snuff Box" which first secured for him universal acceptance.

In one of the numerous series of reprints, Bishop Wilson's "Sacra Privata, or Private Meditations and Prayers," is to figure. It first came out in 1786, but not until 1853 (so it was claimed) was it "printed entire from the original manuscript." Its popularity of late years is, of course, due to the eulogies of Mr. Matthew Arnold. In sheer vogue it seems to have been outdone by two other works of the Bishop—his "Knowledge and Practice of Christianity made Easy" (reprinted by the S.P.C.K. in 1848) and his "Short and Plain Instruction for the Better Understanding of the Lord's Supper" (reprinted in 1888).

Messrs. Macmillan's promised reprint of the English translation of Plutarch's "Lives" which A. H. Clough revised and corrected from the original, has led to the appearance of some amusing paragraphs, by which it was made clear that the writers knew absolutely nothing of the work with which they dealt. Clough himself was described as "late Professor at University College, London"—late indeed, seeing that he died in 1861! The paragraphists seemed not to be aware that they were referring to the poet and essayist, the derided of Mr. Swinburne, the beloved of Mr. Matthew Arnold.

The volume on Cardinal Mazarin which Mr. Arthur H. Hassall has prepared for the "Foreign Statesmen" series will be welcome. Of late years we have had no English monograph on the Cardinal save that written by Mr. Gustav Masson and published in 1886. Meanwhile, for most English people, I fear, the only real Mazarin is the Mazarin of Alexandre Dumas, as remembered through the mists of middle and old age.

In reply to Mr. Minchin's letter of last week I may note that the "Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay," edited by her niece, Charlotte Barrett, appeared originally in seven volumes in 1842-6. My business, for the moment, was only with the latest reprints of the work.

I see Mr. Bernard Capes has written a novel which he calls "A Castle in Spain." That strikes one as rather an obvious title, and certainly a story so-named was published by Messrs. Chatto some eighteen years ago.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Literary Man.

ROBERT BUCHANAN: SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE, HIS LIFE'S WORK, AND HIS LITERARY FRIENDSHIPS. By Harriet Jay. (Fisher Unwin.)

THIS biography of Robert Buchanan, diffuse in its very title, is written by his sister-in-law, who was also his adopted daughter. Trained (as she says) from her earliest years to look up to him with reverence as the embodiment of all the moral—and other—virtues, she is therefore the last person in the world to write his life in any true sense. She is at the same time well fitted to produce the usual domestic “great and good man” record. And being a novelist, she is also able to make her biography readable—for which we are thankful exceedingly. It is on the usual principle of letting the man “speak for himself,” and is quite a capable piece of work in its kind, which we love not.

A Scot born in England of an English mother, and educated in Glasgow, Buchanan all his life fought fiercely for things he could not quite achieve—which he had it not in him quite to achieve. He was a thinker—enough not to be quite a poet; a poet—enough to spoil his thinking. He was poor, and had to struggle for a living; which is a very bad thing for a poet in days when no man can live by poetry. He was versatile enough to do many things for a living, but not versatile enough to do them quite well enough. He was almost great in several ways, and ate his heart out in the stormy effort for that little more. Full of energy, and sensitiveness, and impatience, and consciousness of powers which somehow did not work out to rounded issues, he struck all round him, made many enemies, gained few friends, and was not a contented or successful man. Perhaps, though a fighter, he was not altogether strong.

His father was an Ayrshire tailor, who, under the influence of Robert Owen, turned Socialist orator, journalist, reformer, and infidel; his mother, young, pretty, adored and adoring, the parent of his own quick emotions, was the daughter of a Midlands’ lawyer, also a Socialist. He went first to a London school, where the master held peculiar (and seemingly economical) views on the diet of the young, which resulted in small Robert falling back on a supplementary diet of garden snails, and coming home chiefly bones. He removed to a French and German school kept by a Gallic gentleman, and his parents to a cottage at Norwood—where, among other social and Socialistic acquaintance, he had the society of Louis Blanc. Thence he passed to a small day-school at Glasgow, where his father edited the “Glasgow Sentinel,” and soon prospered in the world. It was not a very happy position for poor young Robert. His schoolfellows practised the gospel of Christianity by warning one another: “Don’t play with yon laddie, his father’s an infidel!” Often he “prayed with all his soul that his father would mend his ways, go to church, and accept the social sanctities like other men.” Nor did the poor little poet take kindly to the bare creed or negation of creed in which he was trained:—

“While my father was confidently preaching God’s non-existence,” says he, “I was praying to God in the language of the canonical books. I cannot even remember a time when I did not kneel by my bedside before going to sleep, and repeat the Lord’s Prayer. So far away was I from any human sympathy in this foolish matter, that this praying of mine was ever done secretly, with a strong sense of shame and dread of discovery.”

He was in after-life, of course, an Agnostic, with “a strong sense of natural religion”—which vague phrase you can interpret for yourself. Sent to a boarding-school

at Rothesay, in the Isle of Bute, he began to develop all the characteristics of his after self. Worshipping his mother, he was bitterly homesick. He also fell in love. He was twelve, and she was nine; and they parted—never to meet again. “Again and again my youthful Juliet rushed into my arms,” he writes, “again and again our tears mingled together.” Naturally, being Robert Buchanan, he began to write verse, for the first time. He met a dazzling vision (let us hope it was before the “youthful Juliet”); her name was Rebecca, and he rhymed it with “deck her.” Did not Tennyson write—

I wove a crown before her,
To show that I adore her,
For her I love the dearest,
A garland for Lenora—

or something like it? Let us excuse poor Robert at twelve. The spirit of revolt which was his throughout life came with those of love and poetry. “Were you that devil of a boy who was at school with my daughter at Rothesay?” wrote to him a gentleman some years later. He was. He made up his mind to get expelled (having first tried jumping off a steamer, coming home dripping, and saying he had fallen overboard) and he got expelled—perhaps the only time he got his desire.

So he passes ultimately to the Glasgow High School, and he makes friends with a “poet” on his father’s staff, one Hugh Macdonald, who teaches him Scottish song. Macdonald also published the boy’s first ballad in the “Glasgow Times”—perhaps the strongest argument against Macdonald being a poet. But “the very air was full of poetry. Why, in the adjacent town of Paisley alone the poets were to be counted by thousands. Macdonald knew them all.” Great Phœbus! “It is more than likely that if you stopped a policeman on his beat in the streets of Glasgow, you would find that he was a poet, and that he knew his Shakespeare and even his Shelley, to say nothing of his Burns!” After which, it seems necessary to remind the reader that Miss Jay is a novelist.

But all this seems to explain, or help to explain, Buchanan’s habitual lack of poetic completion, of severity with himself in what he wrote. He learned to associate poetry with too unexact a standard. There are hardly in the literature of the world a thousand poets. Of higher import was it that he saw Vandenhoff in “King Lear,” and for the first time grasped the greatness of the play, if not of Shakespeare (for his understanding of Shakespeare shows limitations, like most things concerned with him). The players themselves he came to know, and writes:—

Morals they had none to boast of; they tripped, they swaggered, they ran after petticoats and petticoats ran after them; but the spirit of the savage old literature ran in their veins like blood, and they had the fine qualities of their defects. Their very speech was archaic, their very oaths were reminiscent of Bardolph and Pistol . . . Among them, for a short period, drifted a young player of another nature, afterwards known to the world as Henry Irving. A quiet, studious young man, even then ambitious, but exhibiting little talent even as a “walking gentleman,” I was much drawn to him by his thoughtful personality, so different to the wilder personalities of his companions, and I took him to my father’s house and introduced him to my mother.

His father’s sudden and complete failure made him risk the venture of throwing himself on London, whither his poetic ambitions drew him. With plenty of clothes but little in his pockets he reached Euston, to have his luggage impounded on account of a lost ticket. He had no friends, did not know where to go. Lying in Regent’s Park, with tears in his eyes, he saw a youth looking at him; a close-cropped youth with a pugilistic aspect and a short clay:—

He reminded me instantly of . . . the Artful Dodger, and by that token he was quite as ragged and disreputable-looking. We got into conversation, and . . . hearing

that I was without a home, he invited me to accompany him to his quarters in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch. Late that afternoon I found myself in the east of London, in a sort of low lodging-house or thieves' kitchen. It is all like a dream now, but I remember my new friend was very kind to me, and saved me from impolite attentions on the part of my companions. The whole place reminded me of Oliver Twist, and I fancy Fagin was there as well as my friend the Dodger, whose bed I shared that night, throwing myself full dressed upon it and sleeping like a top till morning. There were other beds in the wretched room, and other youths and men of my friend's persuasion, but no one molested me, and, what is more wonderful, no one robbed me of the small sum in my pocket. I rose up in the early dawn, and shook hands with my friend, who was half asleep. I never saw him again.

It is not "the cheese," as Buchanan might have been told, for one gentleman in misfortune to prey on another. The account shows some of the weaknesses which explain Buchanan's want of success. It is over-wordy in the original (he cannot say "rose" without adding "up"). He conveys no idea, gets no grip of the scene he visited; an alert writer would have seized it in a few strokes.

We have dealt at some length with this early and preliminary period of Buchanan's life, because it shows his character in the making. What he was as boy and youth, he remained throughout. Whether success would have mitigated his character, one knows not. That first delusive success with his London poems must have made his comparative obscurity afterwards the harder to bear. His life becomes mainly a record of literary struggles, and largely the writing of "pot-boilers"; and in these pages has a very fragmentary appearance. It resolves itself into a series of papers by various hands on "Buchanan's this" and "Buchanan's that." The spirit of revolt was strong in him; and we fancy that, like Shelley, he would have made or found antagonisms however his life had run. Where he did not quarrel with men, he held aloof from them. Proctor, the semi-poet, was kind to him in his first friendless days; but (despite Proctor's invitations) he kept "intending" to call on him again till the old man's death. He was poor, and pride held him back, suggests Miss Jay. We suspect pride had much to do with all his isolation. He was "no hero-worshipper," she says. We suspect he could not afford to hero-worship, while he felt himself dubiously one of the heroes. He offended Lewes by irreverence towards the divinity of George Eliot. Lewes kept her behind a curtain, and no one might approach till he drew it, says Buchanan. It tempted his irreverence. He was friendly with Browning; but they cooled to each other. Browning said that "White Rose and Red" was "a beautiful poem! a beautiful poem!" clapping his hand warmly. But later, when Lecky, at an Academy dinner, eulogized the "City of Dream," Browning murmured, "Of whom is he speaking? Of Buchanan, the writer of plays?" So insincerity is hinted—or a little more than hinted. They disagreed over Walt Whitman, whom Browning denounced "on moral grounds," yet after confessed he knew only from "garbled" extracts. (The phrase is Buchanan's.) Buchanan's enthusiasm for Browning also "lessened as the years wore on," he says—but does not suggest insincerity. It is a glimpse of the misfortune of temperament to which his isolation was due. Of noble impulses, ideals, and efforts, of energy resurgent against misfortune, of a warm heart centred on a few, we get glimpses, and plenteous declarations. But not from these fragmentary materials for a biography is it possible to form a coherent idea of Buchanan the man. On the whole, in his attitude towards life as towards religion, one conceives him an Agnostic, dreaming of something unrealised, passionately striving towards it, and feeling himself benighted in the search.

"A Robust, Clear, and Manful Intellect."

MALLET DU PAN AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Bernard Mallet. (Longmans.)

"In England, nothing whatever has been published about Mallet du Pan except two articles in the 'Edinburgh Review.'" This is the statement of Mr. Bernard Mallet in presenting to English readers an entirely admirable biography of his remarkable ancestor. The arrival of this work is a piece of poetic justice, for Mallet du Pan, the pioneer historian, as he wished to be, and was, of the French Revolution, was a deep admirer of England. The unshakeable nation he called us, and it is impossible to read without pride his description of the England to which he fled when Geneva, his first refuge, was entered by the French troops in 1798:—

I could fancy myself in another world, in another century. The contrast between the Continent and England is astounding. *Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannus* is indeed true of to-day. Across the sea I left Europe in the throes of a convulsive effort to secure at any cost a shameful peace. Here, we are in the full tide of war, crushed by taxation and exposed to the fury of the most desperate of enemies, but nevertheless security, abundance and energy reign supreme alike in cottage and palace. I have not met a single instance of nervousness or apprehension. . . . You may imagine that I am in my element, with no need to express my opinions and no fear of exile if I am wanting in respect to Barras or Merlin de Douai!

Indirectly English readers have already profited by the extraordinary sanity, uprightness, and clear-sightedness of this journalist of the Revolution. To his son, Carlyle wrote: "A fine, robust, clear, and manful intellect was in him, all directed towards practical solidities, and none of it playing truant in the air; a quiet valour that defies all fortune—and he had some rather ugly fortune to defy—everywhere integrity, simplicity, and in that wild element of journalism, too, with its sad etceteras, the assurance of a man." Taine wrote enthusiastically of Mallet's "analysis always exact, predictions almost always true." Sainte-Beuve, while denying him brilliance and ease, said all that need be said of a journalist when he declared that "no one is more often right, pen in hand, than he."

And that is the first and last impression that one receives from this record. Mallet du Pan preserved a marvellous sanity amid the deliriums of his time—not sanity of the glacial and self-preserving kind, but hot, alert, and dangerous. A Swiss by birth, he was reared in the city in which Amiel was to watch with a bewildered and sensitive philosophy the slow and peaceful revolutions of later times. He belonged to that Genevese school which his French biographer has described as one of "precise observation guided by moral sense." He could accept facts and expound them with incomparable force. Thus, always consistent, he was always in the van of thought. A Royalist to the core, he could write in 1789: "The principles of the Revolution have become the law of the land. They were imperiously demanded by the abuses of every kind under which France had groaned since Louis XIV. To attempt to oppose the new order of government by schemes of active resistance, by chimerical ideas of counter-revolution, would be an act of madness." Yet he never ceased to denounce intolerance and anarchy in the Assembly. There is something Olympian in the clear sight of this sleepless publicist who understood so much better than his fellows the meaning of the Revolution, and to whom that upheaval was so much more dreadful because he saw it steady and saw it whole. He saw that the axe had been laid to the very root of the tree, and that a new society must be planted and nurtured. But under what conditions? "Among a people corrupted by the mean vices engendered by despotism, amid an excessive inequality of fortune and still more of education and talent, with books which

substituted enthusiasm for reflection, amid a chaos of morals, rights, and systems!"

Again and again one is braced by the superb courage and intelligence of the editor of the "Mercure," whose single pen made itself formidable while a myriad swords dripped blood. His daughter has left a description of the home life which lay behind this quietly heroic figure:—

Imagine my childhood, passed amid the first horrors of the Revolution; those still evenings, when, seated in my little chair by my mother's side, every knock on the door filled me with fright, thinking that it meant nothing less than the return of his corpse. My mother said nothing, nor did I; but young as I was—I was but thirteen—I guessed and felt all these things. And then that fearful scene at the Opéra, when I heard this "good" people yell "Down with the Aristocrats!" and "Mallet du Pan to the gibbet!"

It was amid scenes and perils like these that Mallet du Pan kept the cool head of a great publicist, and looked beyond even his worthiest readers into the needs of the future historian. To be a pioneer historian was his ideal. He therefore placed facts before comment, though a presentation of facts such as his was the essence of comment. His analytic reports of the debates in the Assemblies were read throughout Europe with confidence.

At last, threatened with the public guillotine and the private pistol, denounced by the parties between whom he strove to hold the balance, the victim of four assaults on his house, three arrests, and one hundred and fifteen denunciations, threatened finally with a trial that could end only in his death, Mallet sat down to his desk and forged one more thunderbolt, then prepared for flight.

Such a man could find no resting-place in Europe, and death or England were the foregone alternatives of his future. Chased, it is said, by a French privateer, he landed at Yarmouth in May 1798, and came to the house of Mr. John Reeves in Cecil Street, in the Strand. Here and in his house near Bond Street he mingled with the strange world of exiles and emigrés, and continued with declining strength and disappointed hopes of Government support, his rapier criticism of the Revolution and the Napoleonic régime. But he saw that Bonaparte held France in the hollow of his hand, and his acceptance of the fact exposed him to charges of inconsistency wholly unjust. His was a locomotive mind. His present biographer justly remarks that Mallet du Pan would not even now need to recall his sketch of Napoleon after the triumphant return from Egypt.

Able and energetic in action, mock heroic in speech, never were valour and contempt for humanity, capacity, and false greatness, intelligence, ignorant jugglery, insolent immodesty, and splendid qualities, united to the same degree as in this man extraordinary rather than great.

To the last day of his strength this game man kept up the struggle in London. But disease, poverty, and age were allied against him, and he died two years after his arrival in England. The Government pension that had been vainly sought for himself was generously given to his widow.

This memoir, admirably planned and written, will be Mallet du Pan's memorial on English book-shelves. Its one seeming defect—a paucity of anecdote—was inevitable, for the man's life was in his opinions. But it is good to end with a story, and we will do so. In his youth he had known Voltaire well, and he united a deep admiration for his genius with a critical regard for his philosophy. He warmly defended Voltaire against those who imagined that his conversation was a tissue of blasphemies. In eight years of intercourse with the author of "Candide," he never once, he declares, heard him express a doubt as to

the existence of God or make a single jest of religion. On the contrary:—

I saw him one evening at supper give a tremendous lesson to D'Alembert and Condorcet (two Atheist writers) by sending his servants out of the room in the middle of a meal, and saying to the two Academicians, "Now, gentlemen, you are at liberty to pursue your discussion. As I do not wish to be robbed and murdered to-night by my servants, I am anxious that all notions of God and of a future state should not be eradicated from their minds."

Mr. Lang's Scotland.

HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. By Andrew Lang. Vol. II. (Blackwood.)

THE second instalment of Mr. Lang's erudite and lively history extends from the murder of Cardinal Beaton in 1546 to the death of James VI. in 1625. It is a crowded century of stirring and romantic exploit, to which Mr. Lang is well qualified to do justice, and of which he has already handled some of the more outstanding episodes in separate monographs on the Casket Letters and the Gowrie conspiracy. We discussed the general character of Mr. Lang's historical work, in connection with his first volume, in the ACADEMY of 12 May, 1900, and there is little on that score to add now. His interest is frankly in individual destiny rather than in the wider social and intellectual movements which are the background of history. He quotes, but with little sympathy, Carlyle's protest against the, perhaps, extravagant interest which in almost all historians who have touched the subject, the personality of Mary of Scotland has aroused:—

When he desires to see and hear the spiritual ferment of a grave, ardent, and deeply-moved people; to watch the tokens of hearts convinced of sin; and the stir of indignation against a secular imposture, the new joy of men between whose hearts and God the barrier of ceremony is broken—he is told a tale of scandal in high life. He is put off with the amours and hates of Darnley, Riccio, Mary, and Bothwell.

In fact, while human beings are of concern to human beings, that tragedy will be the subject of interest and dispute. There are here terrible and sorrowful facts, facts in great numbers, if not precisely recorded.

We have some sympathy with Carlyle's point of view; but this does not prevent us from appreciating the freshness with which Mr. Lang tells a twice-told tale, and the skill and patience which he devotes to analysing the cloud of evidence which obscures rather than reveals dark and sanguinary events.

It may be interesting, within the brief space at our disposal, to quote two examples of Mr. Lang's deliberate judgments upon his leading *dramatis personæ*. Of Murray he says:—

He was a Calvinistic opportunist. Believing in union with England, and in Protestantism, he steadily did his best for these causes. He had a pension from Elizabeth, and took a rich present from France. He was undeniably grasping: kirk lands or maiden's lands came alike welcome to him. He was ambitious, but it is vainly asserted that he schemed to win the crown. . . . An opportunist, in an age of public crime, has an uneasy course to steer. But Murray was brave; in private life without reproach; sagacious; honourable in his tutelage of his ward, the little King; and he would have made an excellent ruler, had he not been debarred by the accident of his birth.

Of John Knox:—

Knox had none of Murray's avarice; he betrayed no man; he took money from none, to none did he truckle. He even urged clemency on Murray, after Langside fight, and the Regent spared his future murderer, Bothwellhaugh. But, as Lethington said, Knox "was a man subject unto vanity." As a historian he is, necessarily, a partisan, and is credulous of evil about his adversaries, and apt to boast, as the heathen Odysseus declines to do, over dead men and women. As a

Christian, Knox's fault was to confine his view too much to the fighting parts of Scripture, and to the denunciations of the prophets. The "sweet reasonableness" of the Gospel was to him less attractive. He laid on men burdens too heavy to be borne, and tried to substitute for sacerdotalism the sway of preachers but dubiously inspired. His horror of political murder was confined to the murders perpetrated by his opponents. His intellect, once convinced of certain dogmas, remained stereotyped in a narrow mould. How little his theology affected, morally, the leaders of his party, every page in this portion of history tells. He was the greatest force working in the direction of resistance to constituted authority—itsself then usually corrupt, but sometimes better than anarchy tempered by political sermons. His efforts in favour of education, and of a proper provision for the clergy and the poor, were too far in advance of his age to be entirely successful. He bequeathed to Scotland a new and terrible war between the kirk and the State. He was a wonderful force, but the force was rather that of Judaism than of the Gospel.

For Mr. Lang's careful summing-up of Mary we have, unfortunately, no room. But we notice that, after telling us that "For Mary men poured out their lives like water. She was more to them than a woman: she was a religion and an ideal," he qualifies the statement by a warning that it applies rather to the Catholic youth of England than to Mary's own subjects, and presently adds that, in sixteenth-century Scotland, "men acted as their personal interests, or seeming interests, inspired them; and loving loyalty to the queen is a refraction from the Jacobite sentiment of a later time."

"To Better Herself."

LA GRANDE MADEMOISELLE, 1627-1652. By Arvede Barine. Translated by Helen Meyer. (Putnam's Sons. 12s. net.)

MORE and more as we recede from the past and from its thoughts and its system of life, the more valuable become the books that lift again the curtain of oblivion falling inevitably over its scenes and its actors. The contrast is already so enormous that any intimate revelation of the manner of existence three centuries ago has a refreshing quaintness. The brain is drawn from its familiar outlook. It contemplates the unaccustomed and comes back from it stimulated as if by a change of environment.

Monsieur Arvede Barine's "La Grande Mademoiselle" raises the curtain to some extent upon the royal and political conduct of the reign of Louis XIII. La Grande Mademoiselle, round which the action is here centred, was the king's niece, and daughter of the Gaston D'Orleans, then Monsieur of France, whose character was such a marvellous mixture of baseness and intelligence, cowardice and effrontery, charm of manner and interminable appalling treacheries.

Mademoiselle, herself, was not a lovable personality. In her memoirs the egoism revealed is not only intense and passionate, but choked with pettinesses and an almost farcical vanity. In all the grim drama enacted at that period, when so much was changing, and so much was being done already to prepare the soil for the terrible revolution to come, Mademoiselle's chief preoccupation was the desire practically "to better herself" in life. In her position there was but one way to do this—through a brilliant marriage. And the futile efforts she made to attain this end are ludicrous in the complacent blindness that instigated them. Neither vulgarity nor absurdity affected her; she was without all partialities save one—the husband might be in his infancy or his dotage—Mademoiselle owned herself indifferent to details of this nature; but what he must have, or stand at least a very reasonable probability of having sooner or later, was a throne for the ambitious Frenchwoman to occupy. At the time when she was trying for the Emperor Ferdinand III. she writes in her memoirs, "The desire to be an empress followed me wherever I journeyed," and hearing that he was very

devout, with a view to furthering her own cause Mademoiselle tells us she thought it best already "to form habits best suited to the habits and humour of the Emperor."

The Emperor did not marry the lady, and the end of the episode has a touch of humour. For she writes: "By following his example I became so worshipful that after I had feigned the appearance of devotion a while I longed to be a nun." The religious mood, however, did not last long. The desire to be an Empress was of a greater duration. Even the Emperor's re-marriage to the Austrian Princess did not entirely kill hope. With an ingenious candour Mademoiselle says upon this matter: "The Empress is *enciente*; she will die when she is delivered, and then—"

Such was the daughter of Gaston D'Orleans. But if her coarseness was sometimes appalling, it must be remembered that neither her period nor her surroundings were of a nature to encourage softness of temperament. Richelieu was head of France, and Richelieu's influence was like an icy breath upon the least germ of delicate or sensitive feeling. And Mademoiselle along with the rest had to bend her proud neck forcibly in the yoke of the Cardinal. Even a careless word might have to be accounted for. The description of Mademoiselle, when a child of eleven years old, sent for by Richelieu to be first sternly humiliated, and then punished for an idle phrase, is interesting in the amount it lays bare. Louis XIII. after twenty-three years of married life had at last a son and heir. Mademoiselle, delighted with the new toy, in its doll-like paraphernalia of muslin and lace, exclaimed, "We will play at husband and wife." Richelieu heard,—there was nothing that sooner or later did not come to be heard by him,—and the remark cost the little girl both an interview she never forgot with the man whose only apparent warmth lay, as if ironically, in the splendid rose of his clerical garments, and also the termination of her residence under the roof of the Royal Palace. For in the utterance Richelieu scented, not danger, but the seed from which danger might subsequently grow, and that was enough to make preventive measures immediate. That he was not, moreover, very wide of the mark in his apprehensions was proved by the sequel. For Mademoiselle *did* subsequently cherish very confident dreams of marrying her young cousin, and worked so hard for it, that there was even some vague talk of considering the matter. Its absurdity, however, was too obvious. Louis XIV. was a child of thirteen, and the masterful Mademoiselle a great lusty creature of twenty-four.

To write of French History from the time of Louis XIII. onward to the Revolution and not be interesting is almost impossible. But Monsieur Barine's book suffers to an unusual extent by translation. Obscurity of meaning is frequent, the phrasing is not always comprehensible, and the persistence of literal transcriptions from the original results, at times, in the conveyance, not of the same, but of a somewhat divergent impression. "Louis XIII. was of a nature dry and hard," is a foreign way of making a sentence. The following also is scarcely translated into easy English: "A fine consolation truly? it clothed and fed the children, it brought back the dead, to maintain a camp of tinselled merry-makers, among whom nothing be seen but collations of gallantry to women." In spite of confused translation, however, M. Barine's book is full of interesting matter.

The Deserted Village.

THE VILLAGE PROBLEM. By G. F. Millin. (Swan Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.)

NOT for the first time in history has the decay of a hardy peasantry, its country's pride, been lamented by the observer of portents. When the capitalist and the slave turned the free labourer off the soil of Italy it was vaguely

felt that the Roman loafer was a poor substitute for the hardy peasant. In England, a century and a half ago, Goldsmith noted and immortalised the deserted village. Then came an interlude, during which we turned our hearts towards the cheap loaf, minding not at all where it was produced or who produced it or what he was paid for producing it. And then he found that the rush to the town and the cheap loaf was even further depopulating the country, filling the towns with the unemployed who had no money even to buy the cheap loaf, and degrading our race. To some it occurred that the Cobdenite doctrine of Free Trade was a good thing then and there when England wanted raw material for its factories and cheap bread for the workers who worked in them. But man shall not live by bread alone, and Free Trade is certainly not a First Principle. More important is the making of men, and after all man is best made by contact with his mother earth, whence all nourishment must ultimately be drawn.

In a series of short and lucid essays Mr. Millin draws up his indictment, gives his verdict, and pronounces sentence. We will put them shortly. The indictment is that while our towns swarm with men who cannot afford to buy the cheap loaf, the villager has to walk miles—in one case eleven—a day to reach his work on another man's land. The verdict is that private ownership of land is an absurdity. You may own your boots, if you made them, or bought them from someone who had paid the maker for them. But you cannot own land, since you did not make it, and have not paid the maker of it. And the sentence is banishment of the town-dweller to the country village, where, as Mr. Millin maintains on the evidence of figures, he can live on the land if only he has common sense.

Mr. Millin's remedy for the slum and the city is the village community, living on its own land, self-supporting, exchanging bread and ideals, meat and manufactures. One can scarcely resist this call to the country, which has been heard and answered by so many that have dwelt in towns, but not by the unemployed and incompetent:—

I have the most unfaltering faith in the attractiveness of God's green earth for human hearts, and in the cultivation of the soil as the healthiest and happiest of all physical labours; and I firmly believe that at no very distant period we shall have a repopulation of the land by a people sharpened and quickened by intercourse with their fellows, made wiser and broader by even their painful experiences of town life, and settled under altogether higher and better conditions than in the past.

It is a delightful ideal, and there are many who seek it, having forsaken the town for the soil. But there are possibilities of deterioration about Mr. Millin's scheme of villages, planted about the country, making their living out of themselves:—

These young communities will not only have their first-rate elementary schools and flourishing churches and chapels, but they will soon be requiring their secondary and technical schools, their public pleasure grounds and local bands, their concert-halls and lecture-rooms.

Works of art, actors, musicians, all will be wanted by the village community. And here we see the dreadful corollary. For the loafer who opens the carriage door of the musician will appear, as the tramp appeared punctually in America to the astonishment of Mr. Henry George. With that our village becomes a city, and the whole weary round of pavement begins again. But even an interval of God's green earth would be welcome.

Finis Coronat Opus.

FRENCH ENGRAVERS AND DRAUGHTSMEN OF THE XVIIITH CENTURY. By Lady Dilke. (Bell. 28s. net.)

IN this spacious and beautiful volume Lady Dilke worthily completes the learned yet lucid series of studies in which the pictorial and decorative art-work of France in the eighteenth century is "resumed," and to a certain extent

exhibited. As we turn over pages which recount the sincere and exquisite labours of burin and needle in setting down all kinds of masterpieces graceful and alluring—Moreau's "*Les Graces Vengées*," Gabriel de Saint-Aubin's "*Réunion dans un parc*," Drouais' "*Mme. du Barry*" . . . —it seems well nigh incredible that these things came before the deluge of blood. Perhaps the curiously elaborate *culs-de-lampe* such as Choffard put into his Ovid (1770), the decorative tangles of Cupids and flowers that gave elegance rather than animation to the pages they honoured, bring out even more strongly than more ambitious illustrations the pathos of this pre-revolution art.

In a series of interesting memoirs incessantly annotated, Lady Dilke gives us a clear notion of the connection between painting and engraving in the country and period of which she treats, and by a number of often excellent reproductions enables her reader to follow her criticism intelligently.

In "*Art in the Modern State*" she had already dwelt on the inferiority imposed upon the engraver in the French Academy where he was eligible for membership, though he was not permitted to undertake any "*ouvrage de peintres*." We are not therefore surprised in the volume before us to find men of genius hanging on to the coat-tails of painters with the touching instance of a Mohammedan's wives. Rigaud, for instance, was a kind of Sultan to engravers, and happily so one admits on seeing Pierre-Imbert Drevet's extraordinary translation of Rigaud's Bossuet in the grand and voluminous robe which seems, by its splendid superfluity, to announce that rhetoric is incarnate.

There is plenty of interesting human nature revealed in these pages. Poor, uninspired, but heroic Abbé de Saint Non, who engulfed his fortune in a "*Voyage pittoresque de Naples et dans les Deux Siciles*," in which he allowed his own hand to figure merely in "*the simpler ornaments*" used as tail-pieces—one can fancy the poet of the "*Parleys with Certain People*" finding in him the inspiration for a monologue probing into the ruin which is sometimes finer than reward. Wille—"phlegmatique buriniste allemand"—seems more the satirist's mark than the poet's, as he writes on the day of Louis Capet's execution that, "*toujours incommodé*," he was unable to leave his house, but saw the procession pass by it. Le Bas, enraged because Mme. de Pompadour sends to him for his bill as though he were an "*apothecary*," though apparently without desiring to show contempt for either apothecaries or engravers, offers the moralist an example of the artistic sensitiveness which has spared less illustrious mortals than Madame the trouble of paying the artist at all. Diderot accused Le Bas of dealing the death-blow to good engraving, but that remark is a reflection on his conscientiousness, not his talents. "Almost all the best-known engravers of '*estampes galantes*' and of illustrations for books were pupils of Le Bas or of men who had worked for him," says Lady Dilke.

The subjects for the book-engraving of her period were apt to be dull. It was the practice to decorate "*thèses*" with engravings, and it was perhaps a sense of the otioseness of the latter in this connection which betrayed Voltaire into an ill-tempered diatribe against book-illustration. Still one cannot look at the work done in La Fontaine, Molière, Shakespeare, Rousseau, by the association of Lancret and De Larmessin, Boucher and Laurent Cars, Hayman and Gravelot, Moreau-le-jeune and Le Mire, without seeing that great literature owed eighteenth century French art a considerable debt. For the first sight of apt illustrations to a work so well known that it has grown faded in its longevity, like a wreath of immortelles in a churchyard, has the effect of reviving an extinct interest. It is more potent than a "*new reading*."

Other New Books.

RELIGION FOR ALL MANKIND. By Rev. Charles Voysey. (Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE work of Mr. Voysey and the Theistic Church is well known, or at least in some sense familiar to those who take any account of spiritual matters outside the ring-fence of their own belief. In this volume Mr. Voysey sets forth the basis of his faith, a basis which he claims to be founded "on facts which are never in dispute." In his preface Mr. Voysey says:—

The following pages are written for the help and comfort of all my fellowmen, and chiefly for those who have doubted and discarded the Christian Religion, and in consequence have become Agnostics and Pessimists . . .

My object is to bring proofs of the Wisdom and Righteousness and Love of God in those events and experiences which are commonly called "evils." It is not possible to explain everything, but it is possible to explain by far the greater part.

No reader, of whatever faith or lack of faith, can fail to sympathise with Mr. Voysey's object and his earnestness of purpose. To those who have "discarded the Christian Religion" much that he has to say will no doubt appeal, and very properly appeal. But as a gospel preached to those who have accepted, even though without any vital thought, what is called revealed religion, Mr. Voysey's evangel will hardly count. We cannot enter here into the illogicalities into which Mr. Voysey's belief leads him, illogicalities to certain types of mind as bewildering as the miracles are to other types. Indeed, we can hardly do more than repeat the old truth that men believe only what they can believe. To such a mind as Sir Thomas Browne's no miracle was too marvellous for acceptance; he desired even greater tests for his belief, so that he might give the utmost of his allegiance to the God whom he served. There are thousands of such men to-day, men to whom faith is the breath of life. To such men the doctrine of the Incarnation is as simple as the rule of three; it is part of a kind of divine evolution. And the appeal of it is so profound, so poignant, so linked with the highest human analogies, that it touches every phase of existence. But Mr. Voysey has his place as all honest belief must have its place.

PENAL SERVITUDE. By W. B. N. (Heinemann.)

LORD WILLIAM NEVILL'S book has some interest as a personal document, but it is in no way striking. The author's point of view is uninspired and entirely ordinary; it might, perhaps, be urged with some justice that that is the point of view which such a book demands. Yet something more is needed to carry to anything like real success a volume dealing with so difficult a subject. For facts we can go to blue books, and Lord William Nevill after all gives us little more than facts. The book, too, strikes us as unsympathetic; personally we consider the opening chapters not in the best of taste, and particularly certain references to Mr. Justice Lawrence. On the whole, the general impression left upon the reader is one of satisfaction that such a difficult part of our administration is so well conducted. Lord William Nevill in the main speaks highly of the prison staffs, and particularly of the medical staffs. Here and there we have the wrong man in the wrong place, but the wonder to us is that so trying a calling as any form of prison administration should gather about itself so many men to whom one would have supposed a less restricted calling would have made a stronger appeal. It is most fortunate, of course, that this is so—we mention the fact merely as an interesting human point.

The question of food in convict prisons is always one which receives considerable criticism, naturally and rightly.

Even the existing dietary is far from being even approximately sound, and Lord William Nevill gives specific instances in which absolutely uneatable food was served to prisoners. Those responsible, we are told, were severely reprimanded; we suggest that the only proper punishment would be instant dismissal. There can be no possible excuse for any such lapses of perfectly simple duty.

SONGS FROM THE NOVELS OF THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK. (Brimley Johnson. 2s. 6d. net.)

A COLLECTION of the songs scattered through Peacock's novels has long been desired. The editor of the present volume only echoes a frequently expressed opinion in saying that "they have been admitted pre-eminent in their kind." He adds: "It is seldom that Peacock descends in this work to the commonplace, and few omissions have been required to maintain the standard of excellence." Well, here, at any rate, we have the desired collection; and each man may form his own judgment. For ourselves, we wish we could echo the editorial opinion just quoted. Frankly, the impression made on us is one of disappointment. We by no means feel that Peacock never reaches the commonplace. Some of the "Drinking-Songs," for example, which have long been well known (as the editor also says), are good specimens of their kind, of the song that is meant for singing in jolly company rather than for reading. And the excellence of such songs is that, while they express familiar and universal sentiments in plain and open fashion, they just clear the top-bar of commonplace. But other nations have drinking-songs which are admirable reading no less than admirable singing. We would sooner have one stave of Walter de Mapes' inspired Latin joviality than a hogshead of Peacock's verses; and even in English, old Bishop still is worth a dozen of him. We feel that he is working on an old pattern well, but not inspiredly. And incomparably the best drinking-song he wrote is not among the drinking-songs—"Old Care." It is among the "Glees and Catches." These same are right gleeful and catchy things to sing; but they want to be sung. As verse for reading, they do not appeal to us as first rate. Of the Robin Hood poems, the first is excellent; the second, despite its "go," would hardly be noted in the work of a living poet. The "War Song of Dinas Vawr" is well known and good: is it supremely good? If all were on a level with two of its stanzas, it would be. Is it equal, for example, to the "Massacre of the Macpherson"? And when Peacock is serious, it seems to us he never gets above mediocrity—sometimes good mediocrity. In fine, the collection was worth making, and if your expectation is not strung too high, will not disappoint you. If we are disappointed, the modern sin of unsifted praise has something to answer for it.

THE SEA-BOARD OF MENDIP. By Francis A. Knight. (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS would certainly have been reckoned by Lamb among his *biblia a-biblia*; and undoubtedly it is not a book for the seeker of entertainment or yet for the literary epicure. Nevertheless it is a book for which the author deserves thanks; one of those careful and laborious accounts of Old English parishes which few are disinterested and zealous enough to undertake. The parishes which it comprises, some ten in number, constitute (as the author says) "one of the most interesting corners of one of the most interesting counties in England"; and of them and their sea-board he has given a most thorough and painstaking description, alike historically and archaeologically. To this he has added an account of their flora and fauna, the whole being illustrated. Even for the reader to whom such dry-as-dust records do not appeal, the book is not

without its occasional interest; as, for instance, the description of the ancient British "camp" or fortification at Worleburg, Weston-super-Mare; with its pits containing the hewn and cloven skeletons of the Iberian British defenders, flung there (probably) by the Romans who had stormed the place, and fired the huts built over the store-pits. But its main interest is for the student of local history and archæology; and to him this very thorough book may be warmly commended.

Mr. Gambier Bolton's admirable photographs of animals are known to most people, and in "A Book of Beasts and Birds" (Newnes) we have an interesting collection of his illustrations, together with a succinct text by the same hand. The book is popular, and not over technical, but the photographs are necessarily its chief attraction. Many strike us as being as good as they could be; the creatures have been caught in characteristic attitudes, and many at most happy moments. Anyone who has seen a baboon yawn, will be glad to have Mr. Bolton's picture of that extraordinary contortion.

The Royal Yacht Squadron has found its historians in Mr. Montague Guest (the Squadron's Librarian), and Mr. W. B. Boulton. The handsome volume before us (Murray), contains memorials of the Squadron's members, together with "an Enquiry into the History of Yachting and its development in the Solent; and a complete list of Members with their yachts from the foundation of the Club to the present time from the Official Records." The book is fully and admirably illustrated, and has for frontispiece a photogravure reproduction of Turner's "Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta." The volume is dedicated to the King, who is Admiral of the Squadron.

The twelfth volume of "Country Life" is well up to the level of its predecessors, which, in point of illustration, is saying a good deal. The journal touches upon most phases of country life, particularly in the way of houses, gardens, and sport. Many of the illustrations are remarkably good, and in all cases the reproduction is excellent. What we rather miss is the simplicity of the country: to turn over these pages is to be a little too much impressed with sumptuousness and wealth.

In "Shakespeare's Church" (Unwin), by Mr. T. Harvey Bloom, we have an Architectural and Ecclesiastical History of the fabric and ornaments of the Collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity of Stratford-upon-Avon. The book is full of interesting detail, and the monuments in the church are very fully described. There is also a list of inscriptions on the tombs in the churchyard. The volume is adequately illustrated from photographs.

NEW EDITIONS: The latest volume in the "Arden Shakespeare" (Methuen) is "Othello." Mr. H. C. Hart appears to have done his work of editing with great care. In a forty-four page introduction the various early editions are commented on and compared, and a general estimate of the play is attempted. "To my thinking," says Mr. Hart, "Othello" is the most perfect play that Shakespeare wrote. The central interests are more absorbing and continuously in evidence than elsewhere."—In the "World's Classics" (Richards) we have Thackeray's "Esmond" and Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." These admirable cheap reissues, without introductions and notes of any kind, are, within their limits, all that could be desired.—"The Enemies of Books" (Stock), by William Blades, has been issued in a revised and enlarged form in the "Book Lover's Library." The volume has one page of illustrations, showing the anobium and the weird "image of Bookworm as it is graven in the 'Micrographia' of R. Hooke. . . . London, 1665."

Fiction.

THE GATES OF WRATH. By Arnold Bennett. (Chatto. 3s. 6d.)

"'The Gates of Wrath,'" Mr. Bennett tells us in a note, "was published serially before the issue of 'The Grand Babylon Hotel,' or of 'Anna of the Five Towns.'" The story is described as a melodrama, and melodrama it is; sometimes it is so overcoloured as to border upon farce, but here and there it touches a deeper note and approaches reality. As a mere sensational novel, indeed, the book is well enough, but it is not much better than many others of its kind; perhaps Mr. Bennett manages his material rather more artistically than is usual in such work, but the result is not distinguished; also, the tone is not consistent. Sometimes the author appears to be parodying the crudities of the sensation-monger; we come across the familiar phrasing, the copious externals of description. Who does not know this lovely wicked woman?

Then perhaps you would examine that oval face, neither dark nor fair, but something between the two, with its pearl-shaped hazel eyes, the marvellous profile of the Grecian nose, the exquisite firm mouth, with rich red lips, rather thin and compressed, the chin a miracle of fine curves, the rounded rose-leaf cheeks, unmarred by any cosmetic, the high, clear-white forehead, the little half-hidden ears—you would examine all this, and wonder at it and enjoy it.

As for the story itself, it concerns incredible villainy, a vast fortune, plot and counter-plot, and a monomaniac. Everything is neatly pieced together, and everything goes the way of pure melodrama. But, since it comes from Mr. Bennett, it is disappointing melodrama. There is no reason in the world why the author of "Anna of the Five Towns" should not write melodrama, but we feel that it should be better than this. There is not a touch of romance in the book, and romance is just what was needed to carry it off. Stevenson's "The Dynamiters" is melodramatic enough in all conscience, but it is also full of the romance of which he had the secret. He was able to invest the grotesque with an air of quite human interest, almost of probability; and his people were alive. Mr. Bennett's people are not alive, which reduces "The Gates of Wrath" to a level below that at which we feel the author's work should stand.

Is it possible for a novelist successfully to serve two masters—to give his best to a public which wants his best and to write down to a public which takes no account of the best? In the case of a serious novelist, a man who has a true and virile artistic sense, we doubt it. Yet experiments are always interesting, and Mr. Bennett is fond of experiments. On the result of this particular one, however, we cannot offer him more than very qualified congratulations.

THE LIVING BUDDHA. By Roy Horniman. (Unwin. 6s.)

THAT which in this melodramatic volume matches the fervid red of its covers is not its most remarkable feature. The author, while possessing a distinctly old-fashioned fondness for coincidence and lime-light, shows considerable power of entering sympathetically into the life and thought of a foreign civilisation. The civilisation is Chinese, and opposed to the evangelical work of the hero's stepfather. One is interested to find, however, that Mr. Horniman's missionary sympathises with Buddhism, and is disposed to regard its teaching as sufficient for the citizens of Tsang-Lo. The friendly tolerant note also characterises some excellent sketches of Chinese officials—the young Mandarin on whom the Fuchsia League leave their floral symbol of death, and Cheng, the banished statesman, who opens conversation with "the Divine Confucius" instead of with the weather. The hero is a woman's ideal—the abbot of a lamasery, with blue eyes

that burn and heal. Although he does not know it, he is an Englishman kidnapped in infancy during the Mutiny, when he lost a thumb and came to be mistaken for a lama whose reappearance without one of these members was piously looked for. A conventional novelist would have converted the abbot and married him to the pretty girl who perturbs his asceticism. Attava would have resumed himself in Jack. "The regimental button that hung round his neck" would have persuaded him of his British heritage; he would have swallowed his Buddhism at one or two honest gulps. But Mr. Horniman has his own method, and in spite of some side-slips—if the motorists will still allow critics the use of the term—he achieves a dignified close to a novel which suggests that its author might have made an even more entertaining volume of travel.

FUGITIVE ANNE. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. (John Long, 6s.)

DESCRIBED as a romance and dealing with men and women in their pre-historic innocence. And probably no knight was ever so miraculously chivalrous, and no distressed maid so trusting as the two central figures who wander through the unexplored bush, the one with her body painted black and the other in patch-work garments. If this story faithfully represents the marriage laws of the Australian Commonwealth, and if it be really true that the unhappy wife must resort to such expedients in order to escape the persecutions of a husband, then it must be reasonable to suppose that the bush is full of such fair ladies.

Perhaps it was considerations of this kind that induced Prof. Eric Hansen to enter upon a scientific expedition into the interior of Australia, combining his discoveries of matter with observations of woman in the primitive state. Be that as it may, the fugitive Anne, disguised as suggested and pursued by a relentless husband, meets by chance in the Australian bush the handsome Danish explorer. Their adventures are more or less unique, chaste, but thrilling; there is much talker talker in a language which the intelligent reader will recognise as aboriginal; there are meetings with Red Men, and partings from cannibals; but how the fugitive wife becomes a baroness and a goddess, and is only saved from figuring on a dusky menu by an earthquake and an epilogue: these are things which must be read to be appreciated.

Mrs. Campbell Praed is skilled in rhetorical flourish and has taken immense trouble in elaborating the groundwork and detail of her story.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the *Week's Fiction* are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

A HUMBLE LOVER. By MISS BERTRAM-EDWARDS.

An East-Anglian story, opening with roast pork and a slight disagreement between a rector and his curate. But we soon get to the love story, which is very prettily played out between William, the plain, and Cosset, the beautiful. "You will never, never leave me?" said William, as Cosset turned to go. "Leave you!" she cried, her voice almost reproachful in its self-assertion; "I could not if I would!" The story has pleasant, humorous passages. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

THE MAGIC OF TO-MORROW. By CYRIL SEYMOUR.

"Being the strange true story of one who claimed foreknowledge of the day that never comes." A cyclist attacked by highwaymen is succoured by one, Azrael Deville, a retired doctor of medicine. With this gentleman

the cyclist makes a compact, and after he had retired to rest the Doctor "approached the lamp, turned it down, and blew out the light. 'At last,' he whispered to himself in the darkness—'at last I have found my fool! What shall I make of him?'" That is the story. (Chatto and Windus.)

THE RED HOUSE.

By E. NESBIT.

"Conventionally, our life-story ended in a shower of rice at the church door, amid the scent of white flowers all about us." But the real story begins six months after, with a quarrel over a shaving brush and Chloe's handkerchief case. A little later comes the Red House, with the many quaint things which happened there. The book mingles fun and sentiment with grace and ease. The conclusion of the whole matter is a baby in a cradle. (Methuen. 6s.)

AUNT BETHIA'S BUTTON.

By JOHN RANDAL.

The button was a pink Balas ruby, and there was much excitement over it. At Gwynneth's wedding, however, it completed the set of three on the bride's dress. There are soldiers and parsons and an orphanage in the story, which moves briskly to its ending by a "rice-strewn porch." "All indeed concerned were the happier for the union of two tender loyal hearts, with the exception of Miss Meddlcott, whose orphanage has been reconstructed upon new lines, which makes the superintendent answerable to a ladies' committee, the head of which is to be the rector's wife." (Methuen. 6s.)

THE GLITTERING ROAD.

By W. A. MACKENZIE.

Concerning the island of Palmetto and how it regained its freedom. A vigorous and melodramatic story, ending with the death of the chief actor. "The organ pealed . . . And then, through a lane of the men of Palmetto holding torches, a lane miles long, went Hector Chisholm Grant to his rest on the highest peak of the Monte, a rare and most royal progress." These lines are amongst those which stand for motto to the book:—

I and Thou, my weary heart,
We will choose the better part,
We will up and take our load
Out upon the Glittering Road.

THE STEEPLE.

By REGINALD TURNER.

A story, sincerely written but not very convincing, of the varieties of religious experience. At the end of the book we read this concerning one of the characters: "There are two traditions: one is, that he is living a simple Mormon life in Salt Lake City; the other, and more generally believed, that he holds a high position in Thibet." Another of the characters was the author of "The Steeple—a Plea for a Larger Church. By a Larger Churchman. Popular edition. Price sixpence." But the Bishop, "handsome still and venerable . . . knows it will have no sale, even at that price." (Greening.)

THE WORLD MASTERS.

By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

A story of cosmopolitan plotting and adventure, with picturesque, but improbable, incidents such as a pitched battle between two armed private yachts in mid-Atlantic. It opens on the Kaiser's birthday in the reception rooms of the German Embassy on the Nevski Prospekt. "Precisely at half-past [ten] a sleigh drawn by three perfectly black Orloff horses swept into the courtyard, and a few minutes later the major-domo passed through the open folding-doors and said, in loud but well-trained tones: 'His Highness the Prince de Condé, Duc de Montpensier! Mademoiselle la Marquise de Montpensier!' The announcement of the once most noble names in Europe instantly hushed the hum of conversation, and all eyes were turned towards the doorway." (John Long.)

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The Continuity of London.

WITH what strength and faith does London bear the load of two milleniums on her back! London, Londinium, Augusta, Caer Lud, Troynovant—her very names search the caverns of Time and ring back echoes as of hosts that cannot be mustered. Yet to-night the murmur of her wheels, the sighing of her sleeping children, do but transmit to another day the sounds that have linked these names in a symphony of greatness. From centuries of tumult that drug the ear, one turns to Nature to learn endurance of this vast persistence of men. One turns to that River in whose slime the coins of Commodus and the bric-a-brac of colonial Rome are the accretions of yesterday; whose waves, lapping on stone pier and wooden wharf, slewing the barges with every tide, remember between their artificial shores the howl of wolves and the sea-eagle's bitter scream. Still, at night, the police boats must prowl the low banks, closing the tide-gates without which Lambeth and Battersea would drown. Still, the Redriff waterman grows old and weather-bitten at his simple trade. Still, in winter, men shun the river, the sea-gulls return to it. And still as the image of St. Paul's fades from the ruffling stream, the watcher is forewarned of a time when not the mirror but the temple shall be broken, and silence resume her reign with the smile of a goddess that stumbled.

He who runs may read the age of London, but he who reads it in books may run the faster. In Mr. Lethaby's "London Before the Conquest" (Macmillan) you see a scholar's evocation of London's youth, watch his solitaire-play with dates, and listen to his talk as with groping finger he maps the dubious past. What if Besant is brushed aside, and Stow is challenged in his City tomb; what if Stukeley be accused of conjecture, and Loftie of building "a castrum in the air"; what if J. R. Green is sent to school to Roach Smith, and dates and footnotes and capitals vex the lay eye: nothing can belittle or dehumanise this epic past of London.

Indeed a quiet eloquence creeps into Mr. Lethaby's pages, and once at least he performs an eerie dance over the grave of a London which he despairs of re-waking: "For me the old British Solar God lights up the squalor of Billingsgate. The Sea God, Lud, and the brazen horse give more pleasure than the railway bridge at Ludgate. Caesar's sword at Bishopsgate and the head of Bran buried on Tower Hill are real City assets. London is rich in romantic lore. In her cathedral Arthur was crowned and drew the sword from the stone. Here Iseult attended a council called by King Mark. From the quay Ursula and her virgins embarked; Launcelot swam his horse over the river at Westminster, and from it Guinevere went a-maying." And yet the railway bridge at Ludgate is a mouldering antiquity to those who, like Mr. Wells, like all whose imaginations have taken a new flame from science, can look forward, and then backward.

To live in London is to capture the curve of human destiny. For the more we turn the pages of her story

the more does the sense of change become the sense of continuity. "A great burh, Lundanaborg, which is the greatest and most famous of all burhs in the northern lands," croons a saga-man, and to-day the vastness of London is not only a fact, but a burden. Her strength and faith are not shaken, but her grace is gone for a season. Once more she must shed worn-out tissues if she is to recover civic ecstasy. Not since 1666 has the weary Titan been so weary. Then her burnt-sacrifice availed, and the fields fled before her. Then she was too much centre, now she is too much circumference. Then her breath was bad, now her nerves are shaken. An enormous adjustment is in progress, but it is an adjustment that could be matched again and again in her unbroken history. Mr. Lethaby contends that Green was wrong in his view that Saxon London "grew up on ground from which the Roman city had practically disappeared." If no such break occurred, then the only challenge of London's continuity for 2,000 years is silenced. Mr. Lethaby's view is that the Saxons still maintained the Roman houses and streets. "Here a Roman mansion with its mosaic floors would still be inhabited. There a portico would be patched with gathered bricks and covered with shingles, while by its side stood a house of wattle and daub. Here was a Roman basilican church, while in another place would be found one of timber and thatch. . . . Daubers and mudwallers were much in request right through the Middle Age." And if we begin with the present and try back, the same continuity, the same meeting of remote ends, haunts the enterprise. Roman London may be faintly seen in the ordinary aspect of the City streets. In a passage of singular interest Mr. Lethaby says: "A succession of fires slowly raising the surface with layers of debris, gradual encroachments, and the obliteration of open spaces, have modified the old lines in some cases considerably, but still it is certain, I believe, that the general 'squareness' and more or less symmetrical alignment of the Roman city can be traced in the existing streets. A line from the bridge to the north gate must always have formed a great main street, and standing at the bottom of Bridge Street (Fish Street Hill) we may still gain some idea of what the entrance to the City by the Roman bridge was like." So that for nearly two thousand years the wheels have kept that orbit.

There cannot be a doubt that the Roman street system was carried on by the Saxons; and we know that Wren's plans for remodelling the streets after the Great Fire were rejected: hence London remains a vast palimpsest upon which no student can pore without wonder as the unity of the past and present comes slowly into view. You learn to dismiss all strangeness from her story, and to think of it as connected and inevitable romance of progression. Do you stop on London Bridge to watch the oranges passing on a chain of human backs from boat to wharf? Even as your eye runs up the vast funnels of the steamer it alights also on the two primitive eel-boats from Holland that are ever lying off Billingsgate, and already the present and the past are mingled. Up the river comes the whole scent and rumour of the immemorial haven. You think of the eighteenth century sailors sleeping down there in Rotherhithe's leafy churchyard; you think of the Merchant Adventurers and that gallant flotilla which carried Sir Hugh Willoughby, amid flags and cannonades, to "discover regions, dominions, islands, and places unknown"; you think of Chaucer and Whittington; and still the perspective of mast and flag fades away into pictures like this: "dromonds from the Mediterranean, long ships and round ships from the north, and slavers from Rouen and Dublin, with many a splendid war dragon like Olaf Tryggvison's—'Forward on it was a dragon's head, but afterwards a crook fashioned in the end as the tail of a dragon; but either side of the neck and all the stern was overlaid with gold. That ship the King called the Worm, because when the sail was aloft then should

that be as the wings of the dragon." On the river, as in the streets, we see no disconnected phenomenon, but only the head of an unbroken pageant.

In nearer ways one sees how all the Londons have overlapped. Two hundred years ago men built big square brick houses with wainscotted rooms in which to live a spacious citizen life. To-day these houses are to be found everywhere, in Bloomsbury, in Westminster, in Chelsea, but they are survivals which the time hardly tolerates. They are pulled down when the chance offers, and in their place rises the twentieth-century block of flats in which family is piled on family. It is said that thousands are willingly exchanging house-life in the suburbs for flat-life in the centre. London is too big for comfort; its distances are intolerable to a generation that has succeeded to a county of houses and is asked to find its own locomotion. Thus the old conditions are tending to return, as the palaces, in a new form, are returning to the Strand. London's increase has been horizontal; but it is becoming vertical. We descend to an incredible depth in the clay and gravel to be shot like pellets through a tube in evasion of the press above. We step into a cage and are hoisted from the business level into the dizzy comfort of a fifth floor rather than accept the morning and evening journey to suburbs which have no finality and little charm. The time consumed by the Londoner in going forth to his labour and returning from it in the evening is preposterous.

Already barbarism has begun to reappear, as it always must where there is any considerable violation of comfort. The platform fights on the Underground are a sorry spectacle, and to see a City clerk plant his muddled heel on the handle of a carriage door to keep out supernumerary passengers is to begin the day with a sense of the brutality of the struggle. It is possible to doubt whether London has not, in fact, over-reached herself; whether all that science can do to make locomotion easy over her network of streets must not fall short of reasonable requirements. The "flat" system is the interim answer, and though it may seem a sordid and banal subject it is the system of living which twentieth-century London is inclined to adopt: a thousand years hence historians will describe it. So determined are people to escape transportation to remote suburbs that they will live anywhere, will endure anything, to be housed in the centre. Therefore they rent flats at £100 to £400 a year into which sunshine hardly penetrates. Therefore they will look out on dead walls and unspeakable abysses of brick and dust-shoots if only they may live in the centre. And what we really witness is the enormous breathing and uneasy movements of the London whose life has been continuous for a thousand years and another thousand years. Mr. Lethaby tells us that the Roman level in Thames Street was found at 20 to 25 feet below the modern surface. The tower from which Bow Bells are rung rests on a Roman causeway, and if, as is proposed, London seeks her water from beneath instead of from afar she will bore for it through her own grave.

Endowed with the impulse but not with the genius to grow, London is ever perplexed, ever disunited, and still as her irresistible strength prevails over obstacles she corrects the pride of her citizens by taxing their patience. Yet even their pride may suggest to Londoners the folly of fretting in a City whose reputed founder, Brutus, was the grandson of Aeneas and therefore a descendant of Zeus. We have spoken of two milleniums, but the boldest breed of chroniclers speak of a third, during which London was ruled by seventy-two kings of the Trojan race—"besides some others whose short and insignificant Raignes have left them buried in oblivion."

Art on the Dissecting-Table.

It would be easy enough to laugh at Mr. Stanley Lee's "Lost Art of Reading," published by Messrs. Putnam's Sons. It is too large, and has faults of style. Yet he has something to say; and he is very much in earnest about it. Not anything very original, indeed—it has all, we doubt, been said before; but it is stuff which bears being said often, and nowadays cries to be said often, until, haply, it may even be listened to. Take this (of Boswell) as a sample of his utterances:—

To book-labourers, college-employees, analysis-hands of whatever kind, his book is a standing notice that the prerogative of being immortal is granted by men even to a fool, if he has the grace not to know it. For that matter, even if the fool knows he is a fool, if he cares more about his subject than he cares about not letting any one else know it, he is never forgotten. The world cannot afford to leave such a fool out.

As this passage implies, Mr. Lee is largely concerned to protest against the dominance of cold analysis in modern teaching and writing about literature. You cannot teach boys or youths to understand artistic literature by teaching them callously to anatomise it. Yet that method is tyrannous in America, as publication after publication shows us. Nor in America alone. Mr. Lee cites the astounding contribution to a literary journal from a Head of Department in Chicago University, who (having previously in the same journal rewritten the "Ode to a Grecian Urn") animadverted on the "Ode to a Nightingale." This, it seems, was not worth rewriting. "There is almost nothing in it that properly belongs to the subject treated. The faults of the 'Grecian Urn' are such as the poet himself, under wise criticism, might easily have removed. The faults of the 'Nightingale' are such that they cannot be removed. They inhere in the idea and structure." Mr. Lee proceeds:—

The Head of the Department dwells at length upon the "hopeless fortune of the poem," expressing his regret that it can never be retrieved. After duly analysing what he considers the poem's leading thought, he regrets that a poet like John Keats should go so far, *apropos* of a nightingale, as to sigh in his immortal stanzas "for something which, whatever it may be, is nothing short of a dead drunk."

The Chicago wonder quotes:—

Still wouldst thou sing and I have ears in vain,
To thy high requiem become a clod.

After analysing these lines, he goes on to comment:—

What the fitness is, or what the poetic or other effectiveness of suggesting that the corpse of a person who has ceased upon the midnight still has ears, only to add that it has them in vain, I cannot pretend to understand.

That corpses have ears (by the way) should not be a surprising revelation even to such a Head of a Department. For the close of the "Urn":—

To whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know;

this wooden Head suggested:—

Preaching this wisdom with thy cheerful mien:
Possessing beauty thou possessest all;
Pause at that goal, nor further push thy quest.

For giving further publicity to this egregious "criticism," Mr. Lee assigns the good reason:—

When we find that a mind like this has been placed at the head of a Department of Poetry in a great, representative American university, the last thing that should be done with it is to cover it up. The more people know where the analytical mind is to-day—where it is getting to be—and the more they think what its being there means, the better.

"If Shakespeare came to Chicago" is the title of the chapter in which this occurs. It drives home the lesson that Shakespeare did not become Shakespeare by analysis, and cannot be taught by analysis (though analysis has its use in studying him). What was written with passion cannot be understood or taught without passion, is Mr. Lee's true and necessary message to Americans. That is but a section of what he has to say; but it will suffice as a proof and specimen of the usefulness in this volume. "A bare and trivial book stops with what it says itself. A great book depends now and for ever on what it makes a man say back," he says; and he protests against the teaching in crowds, with its machine-turned product, its suppression of individuality. Reader and writer must learn to "let themselves go." Yet it is assumed that "a little man (that is, a man incapable of great passion) who is not even able to read a book with a great passion in it, can somehow teach other people to read it." It is true that teaching and reading are perishing of over-analysis, that synthetic power grows rarer and rarer. The reader (as Mr. Lee in effect says) who analyses a work of art to learn how to enjoy it, is like a lad who takes his piano to pieces to learn how to play it. He exactly reverses the natural process. Yet so are boys "taught" Shakespeare, with the certain result of never being able to enjoy him. For these and other protests Mr. Lee deserves thanks.

Anatole France on Childhood.

A PORTRAIT of Anatole France represents him in his study, surrounded with richly bound books, holding in his hand and fondly looking at a little statuette, a frail masterpiece of Greek workmanship. There is no better definition of his mind and work, so redolent they are of scholarly culture and artistic refinement. Is it not paradoxical that a writer who seems to stand so far from unadorned nature should have written charming pages on childhood? The psychology of children is not something you learn in college. It is the most unclassical, unliterary thing in the world. But Anatole France, for all his amusing pedantry, is no common bookworm. Were it merely as a lover of books, he knows what a wonderful, invaluable manuscript the soul of a child is. Is not the history of our own origins written there?

"My Friend's Book" ("Le Livre de mon Ami") is supposed to be the work of the author's imaginary friend, Pierre Nozière. Pierre Nozière is very much like Anatole France, and the recollections of his boyish days will explain to us much of France's own mind. He was born "in a fine, somewhat decayed old house . . . facing the Louvre and Tuilleries, close to the Palais-Mazarin, on the embankment of that glorious river, which runs between the towers, turrets and spires of old Paris." Is it possible, he asks, that one should be quite dull and vulgar-minded after being brought up there? His father, who was an anthropologist, had his house crammed with a lot of strange things, "racks of savages' arms, pirogues with their paddles, hanging side by side with stuffed alligators . . . and any number of little skeletons which, I thought, had a most spiteful and malicious look." When he went out for a walk he saw bookstalls and curiosity shops "filled with the most beautiful shapes of art and the most interesting relics of the past." He stared at old prints, or admired a rusty helmet, and the world, past and present, made its first appearance to him through an antiquarian's window. Such surroundings were bound to work upon the boy's imagination. He dreamt at night of the goblins he had seen in Callot's quaint etchings. He longed after distant lands. After gazing at two china-

ware magots, which were perpetually shaking their heads and lolling their tongues, he resolved on going to China. "The difficult point was how to be taken there by my nurse. I was positive that China was lying somewhere beyond the *Arc de Triomphe*. But I never contrived to push on so far."

The swarming of fanciful notions in a child's head, his life in a world of his own, are made the subject of delightful chapters: still more delightful perhaps are those which describe the exquisite delicacy of his feelings. There are a few pages on Pierre Nozière's mother, which are equal to anything. She was a sweet, charming soul, with "the heavenly patience and joyful simplicity which belong to those who have no business in the world but love." What she taught her little boy, it is easier to feel than to explain. She taught him what makes life truly worth living: she gave him immaterial treasures, more valuable than silver and gold. "One day, in the small parlour, she laid aside her embroidery work, and lifted me up in her arms; then, showing me one of the flowers on the wall, she said to me: I give you this rose. And, to make it easily known, she stamped a cross on it with her bodkin. Never did any present make me so happy."

When a boy is six or seven, the interesting chapter of vocations begins. Most boys want to become soldiers or omnibus drivers. But Pierre Nozière was no ordinary boy. As his mother often read to him legends out of the "Lives of the Saints," he thought of gratifying his inordinate yearning for glory by becoming a saint. The tale of his endeavours after holy life is a most entertaining one. He began by refusing to take his breakfast. Then he thought of rivalling St. Simeon Stylites. "I climbed up the small cistern in the kitchen, but I couldn't settle there, for I was quickly ousted by Julie, the cook." His next model was St. Nicholas of Patras, who distributed his wealth among the poor: he threw out of the window some new pennies, his marbles and his top; but his father simply shut the window and called him a stupid boy. Other misadventures followed: he was flogged for tearing open an old armchair in order to make himself a hair-shirt. His conclusion was that "it is very hard to practise holiness when living with one's family," and that the great hermit saints were right when they went to the desert. He thought of building a hut in the Zoo, which, in his opinion, was no less than the Earthly Paradise, where all creatures lived together in peace.

The story of his schooldays has not much in common with that of the average Eton boy. There is little opportunity for games and romps in it. His most wicked pastimes were the rearing of caterpillars in his desk, or the tricks he played with his chum Fontanet's cap. He formed, with the said Fontanet, all sorts of schemes: they tried to manufacture swords and shields "with pasteboard, and pieces of the silver paper in which chocolate is wrapped." They intended to write a History of France "with all the details," in fifty volumes. They swore a feud against some tedious school books, and agreed, in case they should be used in the next form, "to enlist as cabin-boys on board a large ship." Pupils and teachers have given Anatole France fine opportunities of displaying his particular kind of humour, which cannot be compared save with that of Heinrich Heine. It is something very enjoyable, but it cannot be easily defined: just a touch of mockery, without any bitterness in it, something very light and exquisite, which will not make you roar, but just smile.

To his own recollections Pierre Nozière adds a few stories of his baby-girl Suzanne and her little friends. Shall I call them stories? They are rather philosophical essays—the most humorous philosophy you ever heard of. For instance, Guignol, the French Punch, is to Pierre Nozière the subject of deep reflections, which are amusingly contrasted with the little girl's more ingenuous views. A

dreadful battle takes place between Guignol and Old Nick: Old Nick is killed. Nozière thinks it is rather a pity.

The Evil One being dead, good-bye to sin! Perhaps Beauty, Sin's ally, will have to go. Perhaps we shall see no more the flowers that intoxicate and the eyes that bewitch and kill. Then what shall become of us in this world? Will it be even possible for us to be virtuous? It is very doubtful. Guignol did not sufficiently bear in mind that Evil is the necessary counterpart of Good, as the shade is that of the light; that virtue does wholly consist of effort and struggle, and that, if there is no more Devil to fight against, the Elect will remain as idle as the sinners themselves. Life will be mortally dull. I tell you that when he killed Old Nick, Guignol was very unwise indeed.

He is thus musing: but little Suzanne thinks he is sad. She has a notion that people who are thinking must be in trouble.

With gentle pity she takes hold of my hand, and asks me why I am unhappy. I own that I am sorry Guignol has killed Old Nick. Then she puts her little arms round my neck, and, bringing her mouth close to my ear: "I'll tell you sometin: Guignol, he has killed the nigger, but he has not killed him for good."

Some strict Puritans may think that Anatole France's views on the Evil One are most dangerous. I do not pretend to say that "*Le Livre de mon Ami*" can be a substitute for the "*Pilgrim's Progress*." But the Attic style, the delicate feeling, and the light humour make it delicious reading. Perhaps the ordinary English reader would not care so much for "*M. Bergeret*" or "*La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*" which are very unconventional and French in the extreme. But "*My Friend's Book*" would certainly rank among masterpieces in any country—as some of the small statuettes, of which Anatole France is fond, can, by their perfect shape, rival the great works which made the Hellenic chisel famous.

PAUL MANTOUX.

Impressions.

XVIII.—Companions.

THEY were strangers, and because they were strangers, who would pass on the morrow, from that refuge in the hills, their several ways, they talked of intimate things which must not be set down here. But in the end one related an experience that evolved naturally from their confidences; the second did likewise, and the third.

The first, who was a traveller, said: "It's the world outside experience that possesses me when I am alone. Here is my case! As far back as I can remember, a certain figure has appeared to me in my dreams—a man, twice life-size, clothed in skins, which flapped as he moved. I always knew when he was approaching, and he never frightened me. As a child I regarded him as a kind of nurse, later in life as a companion. If the room was dark when I awoke I could see him just the same. Even if my eyes were closed I could see him by means of the light that gleamed behind my eyeballs in those moments. I called him, 'My Old Man of the Woods,' or 'The Beckoner,' for although his arms were still, his eyes seemed always to be calling me away somewhere. He never appeared when I was about to make a journey, only when I was languid, and inclined to stay at home and be comfortable. So vivid did this apparition become in after life that I made a drawing of it. A year ago—I know you will find this hardly credible—I went by invitation to a man's house in Bayswater. He had been stationed at some place in Africa—I think it was Gogo—and he had brought back with him a lot of photographs. He had

turned the pictures in his room to the wall and pinned the photographs on their backs. One of them—I saw it the moment I entered the room—was an enlarged photograph of a tribal god. It was exactly like the drawing I had made of my Beckoner. Oh, no, he didn't think it strange!"

The second, who was a philosopher, said: "My most persistent dream has been in the nature of a performance, a happening in which I had no lot, but which had for me a very real significance. The vision was always in two parts. In the foreground were a number of restless figures, clothed in bright colours, and doing all manner of odd and fantastic things. What they were doing I could never quite understand, for my attention was always concentrated on the veiled figure at the back. It was there before the others began: it remained after they had finished, turning, always turning slowly, never tiring, never revolving quicker at one time than another. It was like Eternity—a changeless but constantly moving background to those ever-shifting figures that played their brief games against its continuity. Some time ago, I saw a performance of Arab tumblers and jugglers. Before they began, a curtain was withdrawn from the back of the stage, disclosing a veiled figure turning slowly just like the figure in my dream—unmoved, uninterested, detached, just going on in that endless movement. The jugglers and tumblers finished their performance, that veiled figure continued. And when the curtain fell it was still turning."

The third, who was a writer, said: "Mine has been a presence, a sensation rather than a figure. It has come to me at all times, but never in my sleep. All my life I have longed for it, but the appearances of this shadowy companion have been infrequent. Whatever of good there has been in my work has come from that companionship—brief, sudden, wordless, have been those visits—and gone before I realised that a new idea, or a ray of clearing light has been flashed at me from something that was not myself. So sure have I been of this, that sometimes when a friend has praised a poem or an essay of mine, I have answered: 'I did not do it. Something outside me spoke, and I heard.' As I grew older these communications became kindlier, less disturbing as it were. They do not now generally take the form of ideas: they are rather explanatory, and bring with them a sense of consolation. And the years have brought me this knowledge: that it depends on myself, on the self-discipline of the day or week whether the visits of this companion shall be frequent or infrequent. It is always ready to give, I am not always ready to receive; but this unseen companion is always near—waiting. I am as sure of that as of my own identity."

Drama.

Gallic Salt.

I HAVE an impression that "*A Snug Little Kingdom*" owes its existence to the success of "*Mice and Men*," and that Mr. Mark Ambient was impelled to write it by a belief that the London public, wearied alike of psychology and epigram, of cup and dagger romance and of problem plays, was veering round once more to the gentle breezes of mid-Victorian sentimentality. If so, I think he was sanguine. In the present chaos of the drama, the favour of the public appears to be governed by no calculable laws whatever, not even by that rhythm of fashion which undoubtedly affects other forms of literature, but rather by the casual conjunction of blind accidents, amongst which the personal fascination of this or that individual nime is probably the most important. However this may be, the initial conception of "*A Snug Little Kingdom*"—

the title is from that inveterate sentimentalist, Thackeray—is one that might have suggested itself to the late Mr. Robertson or to Mr. Pinero in his salad days, although either writer, it must be added, would have both carpentered and phrased the piece infinitely better. It is familiar enough, the garret up four pair of stairs, in which Bernard Gray, the young musical composer of genius, lives upon bread and butter and bloater paste, pawns his fiddle, ruefully contemplates his empty coal-box, and is indebted for a roof over his head to the “way with him” that conquers the susceptibilities of his much marrying landlady. One of Bernard’s music-hall songs has got, to his huge delight, upon the barrel-organs, but his opera, “The Kingdom of Love,” has been returned to him with a managerial suggestion that it would be much improved by “a sprinkling of Gallic salt,” and Gallic salt is just what Bernard, in the true spirit of a mid-Victorian hero, would sooner die than sprinkle. There is a further complication in Dolly, who lives, almost equally penniless, in the rooms below, and whose informal guardian Bernard has constituted himself since the eventful night when a whisky-party was broken in upon by the intimation that Dolly’s mother was lying upon Dolly’s nightgown to keep it warm, and had left a message for Dolly not to wake her, but that Dolly couldn’t get at the nightgown and that her mother was quite cold. This is the night, seven years ago, that Dolly’s mother died, and they are all rather sad about it. Is it surprising to hear that Dolly’s young affections have fixed themselves upon Bernard, who calls her his “little pal,” and who only discovers that she is not a “little pal” at all, when he learns that his brother Hubert, an extremely fatuous young doctor, wants to marry her? The position is an awkward one, both financially and emotionally. But the *deus ex machina* is at hand in Mr. Ben Kershaw, of Huddersfield, the inventor and proprietor of Kershaw’s Sauce, a patient of brother Hubert’s, whom he brings to visit the garret. Bernard wins his confidence by telling him, with quite uncalled-for insolence as I thought, that his gold cannot buy everything. “I like you, m’ lad,” says the Yorkshireman, and proceeds, as they did in the mid-Victorian period, to relate the struggles and the secret sorrow of his life. Mr. Kershaw’s wife had been an actress, and had left her home because her husband forbade her to continue on the stage. It is soon apparent to the audience, and even to Bernard, that his wife was no other than Dolly’s dead mother. Presently Dolly enters: Mr. Kershaw is struck by the likeness to his lost Margaret, questions the girl, hears the harrowing tale of the nightgown and of Dolly’s contempt for the father she has never known, defers the revelation until she shall have learnt to love him, buys the opera, places the girl’s hand in that of the young man, and fills the whole garret with an atmosphere of benevolence, slightly flavoured with the famous sauce.

This is what Mr. Ambient would have us take for “a simple human tale of laughter and tears.” The laughter I grant, although I am sorry to say that in my case it invariably came just when Mr. Ambient asked most pointedly for tears. But the simplicity and the humanity I utterly deny. The play is not simple, for it all turns upon the monstrously artificial coincidence which brings the father and daughter unexpectedly together; it is not human, because none of the characters make the slightest attempt to behave as recognisable human creatures actually do behave. Life in a garret is not like this: there are no such Yorkshire manufacturers. The fact is that Mr. Ambient is not transcribing from nature at all. He is merely perpetuating a debased literary tradition which ultimately, I suppose, may be traced back to the romantic fancy of Dickens. And this particular unreality has long become impossible for anyone who cares for a genuine literary presentment of life, or desires emotion really translated into terms of art. As Mrs. Meynell says of a cognate type of humour which we also owe to Dickens,

it is a vulgarity which “was not able to survive an increased commerce of manners and letters with France.” There is a wholesome phrase to put side by side with Mr. Ambient’s silly sneer about “Gallic salt.”

And yet—as I stuffed my handkerchief into my mouth to prevent an indecently loud cackle at the passage about the nightgown, I became aware that quite a number of people all round me were using their handkerchiefs for a very different purpose. Obviously in their case, but not in mine, “A Snug Little Kingdom” had fulfilled one of the essential functions of all art, and particularly of dramatic art, the transference of emotion from the artist to the spectator. I hope that I am not more insensitive to the pathos of orphanhood or the tragedy of remorse than my neighbours. But clearly, when it is not immediate life, but the artistic presentment of life that is in question, there are some of us to whom the falsehood of the setting makes the emotion itself unreal and impossible, and there are others whom such considerations do not affect or divert from the sympathetic human issue. Who, then, has the better part? Is it we who follow a will o’ the wisp of æstheticism and lose our birthright of humanity? Or is it they who waste away their souls in cheap sorrows and futile ecstasies because they have not purged their eyes with euphrasy and entered into the renuncements and the austere delights of the initiate? And the greater artist—must his appeal be to the many or inevitably to the few? Are we to look for him in a Henry James or a Joseph Conrad, or in those whom, borrowing Mr. W. L. Courtney’s happy phrase, we may typify as the Manxman and the Minx-woman? The answer to such questions as these must, I think, be the beginning of any philosophy of criticism.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

Two Types.

“Oil painting with the brush is a thing of the past. It is dead, quite dead.” Thus speaks the ingenious, prolific and energetic Monsieur Raffielli, who has been so far successful with his new solid oil paints that a collection of pictures produced with the aid of his sticks of colour are being exhibited at the Holland Gallery, in Grafton Street. “Be it understood, oil painting with the brush—which henceforth we no longer need—has lost its *raison d’être*,” Monsieur Raffielli, you will observe, has no doubts: his hand is quick, his temperament is sanguine. He would deliver a commission, I am sure, to the hour, pleased with it, prepared to defend it, untroubled by that malady that sometimes afflicts the artist—self-distrust. It is agreeable to think of him successful, at ease, gaily turning out bright pictures, impressing his personality on the world. He is a type.

The late Alfred Stevens was also a type, but as far removed from Raffielli as Raphael is from Mr. Dudley Hardy. “Stevens produced few pictures, owing to his habit of destroying his own work.” What an insight into his temperament that bald statement from his biography gives. He was a lonely, brooding man who denied himself pleasures, and suffered friends to fall out of his life for the sake of his art. Thorough he was to his own hurt. Two years was the time given to him to complete the full-size model of the Wellington Memorial: seven years passed before the model was complete—seven years and the work itself not yet begun. It is still incomplete.

Stevens died in 1875, paralysed, worn out by chagrin and disappointment, little thinking that twenty-eight years later his personality and his last work would be the paramount subject of discussion in art circles for weeks

together. Little did he guess in the last badgered, clouded years of his life, that on February 2, 1903, the President of the Royal Academy, in a letter to the "Times," should endorse the statement: "The Wellington monument is by consent the finest piece of monumental sculpture ever produced by an Englishman," and add, "by any artist of modern times." Indeed, the unanimity of opinion about the excellence of the Wellington monument is remarkable. Why, then, these columns of letters and articles that have been written, not only during the past weeks, but any time in the past quarter of a century? Go into St. Paul's Cathedral and look at Stevens's Wellington monument. The design leads up to something that is not there: it is like a figure without a head, a church without a spire. The explanation is that in Stevens's design the monument was to be surmounted by an equestrian statue of the Duke; but he reckoned without the late Dean Milman. The equestrian statue has never crowned the monument, although Stevens had left a sketch model for it, because Dean Milman said that he would not allow the Duke or any other soldier to come riding into the Cathedral: more, not liking the monument overmuch, Dean Milman hid it away in a dark side chapel. Then silence for some years. Nobody hung wreaths on the little lions sejant on the dwarf posts in front of the British Museum railings. They, too, are gone now.

For long the Wellington monument rested undisturbed in the dark side chapel. Perhaps some who peered in, and deciphered the name, murmured a few lines from the great Ode, that stirs, as the monument will never stir—murmured, say, "All is over and done: Render thanks to the Giver, England, for thy son," or, "And in the vast cathedral leave him, God accept him, Christ receive him." The years passed till there came a day when Lord Leighton, always active to right a wrong, or to serve the cause of art, busied himself to persuade the Government to provide funds to remove and complete the memorial. The Government were obdurate, but private subscriptions rewarded Lord Leighton's eloquence, and he was successful in persuading the Cathedral authorities to remove the monument to its present position, under one of the arches of the nave. Then again silence.

It was private enterprise that brought about the hullabaloo of the past few months. Working quietly, a body of enthusiasts, of whom Mr. D. S. MacColl, supported by the "Saturday Review," is spokesman, raised the money for the completion of the monument, chose a sculptor, Mr. John Tweed, to produce the equestrian figure from a sketch model left by Stevens, and, vital fact, obtained the sanction of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's. It looked as if there would be a happy termination to their cloistral labours, but "Black and White" published a drawing showing Mr. Tweed at work upon the equestrian figure. Then Mr. Tweed found himself the most discussed sculptor of the day, and pens began to write at incredible length about the work that broke the heart of that quiet man—Alfred Stevens. The reason was—who would have thought it?—that while the committee of enthusiasts were silently advancing their plans step by step, Sir Edward Poynter, President of the Royal Academy, was secretly planning to carry out the good work begun by his predecessor, Lord Leighton. The sympathy and co-operation of Lord Roberts had been enlisted, Mr. Balfour had been approached, and had promised that the sum of £2,000 should be placed upon the year's estimates. The President of the Royal Academy was beginning, no doubt, to feel justifiably proud of the success of his labours when he learnt that an art critic whose views are not academic, who exhibits temperamental impressions at the New English Art Club, had also been instrumental in collecting another £2,000; that a sculptor, who is a pupil of Rodin and not a member of the Royal Academy, had been commissioned to complete the memorial, and that the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's had given their consent.

There, at the time of writing, the matter rests—rests, I imagine, with the Dean and Chapter. Unless they rescind their permission and the commission, which is not likely, Mr. Tweed will complete the design. The wordy battle is still raging in the columns of the "Times" and elsewhere, and the great public, as is usual in this country, is quite indifferent. I spent an hour in St. Paul's Cathedral the other afternoon, and during that time not one of those present so much as cast a glance at the monument to Wellington.

Sombre, mysterious in the half-lights of the winter afternoon, looks this memorial of Stevens's labour. He desired no short road to success, and one wonders what he would have thought of Monsieur Raffielli's invention which, whatever be its fate, "saves trouble," inasmuch as it does away with brushes, palette, and the paraphernalia of oil painting. All the operator needs is a certain number of these sticks of colour (there are two hundred to choose from) and a canvas. When the sticks of solid oil colour, "unctuous and soft," have done their work on canvas or paper, and the painting is dry, it may be left dull, or varnished with any sort of picture varnish you happen to prefer. "One should be able to paint as quickly as one thinks," says Monsieur Raffielli. "My invention abolishes all the little annoyances of one's work." Well, this invention may have attractions for the amateur, but I cannot think that the serious painter desires to avoid annoyances and difficulties, but rather to grapple with them. The road to a great achievement is not by the easiest paths. The pictures at the Holland Fire Art Gallery, produced by means of these sticks, have just that facile, superficial air that the pictures, say, by Wilson and Cotman at Burlington House, painted in the old "long, arduous, fastidious, painful, and complicated way" have not. If Monsieur Raffielli's invention be seriously taken up by painters, it will mean an enormous increase in the production of pictures. To the present exhibition Monsieur Raffielli sends ten. There they are, bright as a gleam of sun on an April day—finished, shrill, slight, ready for the market.

Monsieur Raffielli is a type; another type was Alfred Stevens, who produced few pictures "owing to his habit of destroying his own work."

C. L. H.

Science.

The Living Cell.

It is well to begin, at the beginning: and for us, who are many-celled organisms, that beginning is the living cell. It is the cardinal platitude of biology that the cell is the unit of life; and, as such, its origin, immediate and primæval, its structure, its needs and its life-history, are the most interesting and the most sublime problems conceived or conceivable by science. Of first causes, it is true, science has some word, and of the origin, let us say, of solar or stellar systems; but the mind that postulates first causes or that formulates a nebular hypothesis is an expression of the highest development of cell-activity, and is manifested in a "form divine" itself developed from a single cell. When, therefore, a few observers, who should have remained such and should not have attempted to reason, are propounding one or another form of a heresy which seeks to question the supremacy of the cell; when a parallel to a growing cell is sought in a "growing" crystal—(it might as well be sought in a rolling snowball)—it is necessary to re-affirm that supremacy, even at the risk of platitude. It may, therefore, be asserted that, since the doctrine of spontaneous generation was finally exploded, no fact has come to light or theory been propounded that

has done other than make doubly sure our assurance of the remote supremacy of the living cell.

What, then, is this consummation of the material universe—this, which may, in one form, become a Shakespeare or, in another, so similar yet so incalculably different, turn our morning milk sour, and yet which is essentially always the same? You may study it in a thousand forms. If your realm of thought be "the proper study of mankind," in your fellow-man you study the cell. If those beings whose life need have no period, the immortal trees, attract you, in the oak or the acorn you study the cell. Under the microscope, magnifying, how inadequately, 1,500 or 2,000 diameters, you shall detect no particular difference between the corpse of the cell that would have been a man or of the cell that would have been an oak. Be your fancy more bizarre, you may study the cell in that accursed plant, one-four-thousandth of an inch in length, the tubercle bacillus, which sends down into the grave one in seven of the human race. Or you may prefer the study of one of your own guardians, the white corpuscles of the blood, and in these living entities, ten thousand to the cubic millimetre of that so-called "fluid," you shall find all the characters of a cell indistinguishable from the common *Amæba*, which is only one cell from first to last.

There is a would-be modern tendency—something "really up-to-date"—to believe that there is now no such thing as scientific dogma; that the more we learn the less we know; that we are sure of nothing and never shall be. Fortunately facts remain facts, with the peculiar property that they are independent of what may be thought of them; and logical processes are valid in despite of time or space or minds to which they are but as an idle tale. It may be asserted as a proven and irrefutable scientific fact, as certain as gravitation or the law of the conservation of matter, that every living cell on the earth at this moment, whether plant or animal, whether living alone or a member of a complex community, was derived from a pre-existing cell. *Omnis cellula e cellula* was the simplified and final form given last century by the great Virchow to the dogma propounded by his English predecessor Hunter in the phrase, *omne vivum ex ovo*. Every living thing is from an egg; and every living thing (that is to say, every cell or collection of cells) is from a pre-existing cell.

Carlyle somewhere says that "Every man is at heart a proselytiser," and I confess to a whole-hearted zeal in asserting a doctrine so cardinal, so significant, so certain, so universal, so absolute. The tremendous deduction, raising problems incredibly beyond speculation, must be faced. Life had a beginning on this planet, and that beginning was once and for all. How, no one has as yet begun to tell us. Why "this vital putrescence of the dust," as Stevenson has it, we cannot tell. But, at this late day, at any rate, no further increment, no infusion of new blood, no fresh start is possible. We must make the best of what we have. That we are doing so is my optimist belief.

But these are transcendent issues. Let us examine the features of this unit of life. It is a little mass of matter, with or without a definite boundary, and it contains a denser speck called the nucleus—that is all. Sizes and shapes vary. The nerve whereby one is painfully aware of a corn, which controls the growth of a toe-nail, is the direct prolongation and continuation of a cell just outside the spinal cord more than three feet away; but the little mass and the central speck are the essential rude anatomy even of this so highly differentiated cell. The nucleus is a net-like structure which is the governor of the cell. Of the destinies of the whole—such destinies, they may be—the nucleus is the arbiter. It initiates every cell-division, and controls, in higher organisms, every cell-differentiation. Conceive, if you can, the complexity and power of the nucleus of the original cell from which each of us was developed. The

entire cell consists of a substance called protoplasm, which is the physical basis of life. Protoplasm, or living matter in its lowest terms, contains, invariably and necessarily, six elements: carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, sulphur and phosphorus. The phosphorus is found within the nucleus, and is characteristic of the "nucleo-proteids" of which the nucleus is composed. The complexity of the molecular constitution of protoplasm is beyond conception, as is the invisible structure of the cell itself. The cell, or the protoplasm of which it is composed, performs, needless to say, the same functions as we do, or as the Cedars of Lebanon did in the days of Solomon and do to-day. It breathes, of course. That is to say, it takes in Oxygen (O_2), combines it with carbon (C) and gives out carbonic acid (CO_2). In other words, it burns. Necessarily, therefore, it is combustible; as are our many-celled bodies; as is also our food, which consists of the bodies of plants or animals defunct. The cell must burn, must breathe. That is an absolute condition of its life; applicable universally—to the *bacillus tuberculosis*, to the germ of a man, or to the man himself. And, since it develops and grows and burns, it must have fuel; or food as we call it. This food, like ours, must contain the six elements of which the cell is composed, as well as some others, such as chlorine, contained in common salt, the chloride of sodium. The plant cell takes up these elements in very simple forms and builds them into exceedingly complex bodies known as proteids or, less accurately, as albumins, and into starches and sugars. The animal cell cannot effect this synthesis; and here is the essential distinction (one of chemical power) between the two. Since from the proteids it replenishes and regenerates its constantly burning protoplasm, the animal cell must, therefore, utilize the plant-cell for its food. Hence it is that without plant life animal life cannot be. And as the plant-cell's power of building up these complex substances depends directly upon the sun, we recognize in him a necessary of all life, vegetable or animal. But the Cell is still supreme. The sun himself cannot think. The cells of the grey surface of the human brain can conceive of a Cause of the sun. The living cell stands to-day where it ever has stood; before its attributes, the mystery of which, though now well defined, is as yet unsolved, the "intelligible stars" and the inanimate nebulae still pale their ineffectual fires.

C. W. SALEERY.

Correspondence.

Spadework.

SIR,—I do not think it can be said that, as your "Spadework" article tells us, "Letters were born in Crete." The discoveries of the American Expedition to Babylonia show that writing was in common use in that country at least as early as 6,000 B.C., or two millennia before the date you assign to the evolution of letters on Cretan soil. This writing was carried on by conventional signs developed from pictographs or hieroglyphs, and required only small modification to become the well-known cuneiform characters. These last are in every sense letters, although they represent not single sounds as do those of our alphabet, but syllables. The same may be said of the Cypriote, and, so far as can yet be judged, of the Cretan script.—Yours, &c.,

F. LEGGE.

[When we said "letters" we meant literally letters, as part of our first paragraph—"the alphabet was evolved in Crete"—sufficiently shows. The advance from a syllabary to an alphabet—what we have termed "the evolution of letters"—seems to have taken some thousands of years in Crete, and no wonder; the step to a method so fluid, so

nervous, and so plastic, as the actual letter was of almost incalculable value and difficulty. The Cretans seem to have begun where the Babylonians and others left off. The cuneiform method, which is surely even older than Mr. Legge suggests, had already reached its inherent limitations. The Cretans accomplished an advance, or all but the last step of it, which is comparable to the vast gulf that separates the Chinese so-called "alphabet" of to-day from our own—the abandonment of the immobile and fossilized for the plastic and organic.]

"The Veil of the Temple."

SIR,—Adventurous criticism is always fascinating. Though I have seen no conjectures on the subject, may I point out the resemblance between the opening chapters of "The Veil of the Temple" now appearing anonymously in the pages of the "Monthly Review," and "The New Republic" by Mr. W. H. Mallock?—Yours, &c.,

E. R. NOBLE.

Wanted a Word.

SIR,—In your issue of the 17th January, your correspondent "Cataloguer" suggests some words that "might be used" to express the correlative antithesis of sequel, but he rejects them because he "cannot bring to mind any precedent." Of the words suggested, prelude seems to me to be the least objectionable, and we have at least one precedent for such usage in Whewell: "The cause is more than the prelude, the effect is more than the sequel, of the fact." In Addison too we find: "The last Georgic was a good prelude to the Æneis." No doubt the sense in these cases, especially in the second, is slightly different from what is wanted by your correspondent. I fear we have not hitherto been in the way of employing such a term, consequently usage, the great arbiter in such cases, has not been able to authorise any.

If we must coin a word perhaps "prelusion" might be allowable in view of the strong claims of prelude; or would "precess" be preferable? This word has as much right to arise from its verb as the analogous formations access, excess, process, success, &c.—Yours, &c.,

D. CAMERON MACKAY.

Dornie, by Stromeferry.

Tolstoy's "Resurrection."

SIR,—The "Athenæum" published a letter, on the 23rd January, stating that: "To those who knew St. Petersburg at the date suggested it is clear . . . that Tolstoy has forgotten the person meant by his own note, and that Lord Radstock was in his mind."

I happen to have by me a letter, received from Tolstoy when the "Revised Edition" of my wife's translation of "Resurrection" was in preparation, in which he says: "I named the preacher Kiesewetter, because I took the type from X——, a German who preaches in English." The Evangelical revivalist preacher with a German name mentioned by Tolstoy, is a gentleman who has had much success in Russia, and though I do not wish to publish his name I send it, herewith, for your private information, and in proof that it is *not* Lord Radstock.

The statement made in the "Athenæum" calls for correction, and as the correspondence concerning "Resurrection" in that paper has now been closed, I venture to address this letter to you.—Yours, &c.,

Great Baddow, Chelmsford.

AYLMER MAUDE.

Half-forgotten Books.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Bookworm" remarks in the ACADEMY of 31st January that the particulars he has seen of the above series "do not, so far, impress one with a sense of novelty in the choice of the books to be reissued." May I be allowed to point out that Messrs. Routledge and Sons were induced to undertake this series of reprints by urgent requests from many quarters, more particularly from booksellers and librarians, who are surely the right people to know if a book is wanted and if it is unobtainable? The "Library World" some time ago called attention to the fact that many works "which have taken a recognised place in English literature, as well as others which have . . . been enshrined in the catalogues of hundreds of public and other library catalogues," cannot be repurchased as the old copies become worn out. As a librarian, I can bear witness to this. To get even a badly worn, second-hand copy of most of the twenty-five books announced as the first instalment of the new series, entails a good deal of advertising, if it can be got at all. Most of these books have been out of print for many years; the reprints mentioned have been exhausted long ago; and the sixpenny editions that "The Bookworm" alludes to are, of course, quite unsuitable for libraries, and not worth considering.

The "Library World" has published lists of books reported by librarians as out of print, and I notice that two consecutive lists contained together about three hundred books. From these and other lists of suggestions a careful choice has been made of the books that seem most worthy of being recalled to life, whether they have been out of print for five, fifty, or a hundred years; and their re-issue in a presentable form and at a low price will no doubt be a public service.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST A. BAKER,

Editor of "Half-forgotten Books."

101, Walbrook Road, Derby.

Mr. Ashton's Recreations.

SIR,—The February number of "Temple Bar" contains an interesting article on "The Recreations of Distinguished People," written by a gentleman named Charles I. Graham. In it the writer, intermixed with sundry spicy remarks of his own, gives a list of curious and remarkable recreations which he has culled from that most excellent biographical annual "Who's Who"; but whether by a strange oversight, or for some other reason, the writer of the article in question entirely omits to mention my own recreations, which is all the more surprising, as some of these recreations are perhaps the most singular of any. Here they are, copied word for word from the 1903 edition of "Who's Who": "Recreations: Writing letters to the Press on various subjects, of which nearly 500 have already appeared; visiting the tombs of famous personages (was the indirect means of restoring many noteworthy resting-places); looking at ancient and memorable buildings; reading newspapers (English and German); listening to the debates in the House of Commons and at Cogers' Hall, of which he is one of the three trustees); playing draughts."—Yours, &c.,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

44, Hamilton Gardens, N.W.

"Wisdom While You Wait."

SIR,—Many of your readers will be glad to know that that very amusing brochure, "Wisdom While You Wait," which was printed and privately circulated at the close of last year, is about to be issued by Messrs. Isbister & Co. —Yours, &c.,

SUBSCRIBER TO THE E.B.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 176 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best description, not to exceed 250 words, of "My Favourite Piece of Sculpture." Thirty-three replies have been received. We award the prize to Miss Edith Rickert, 31, Clevedon Mansions, Parliament Hill, N.W., for the following:—

LA FEMME INCONNUE.

Hers is a strange little face, not Greek in its beauty, nor having the glory of mediæval sainthood. Yet in the presence of this fifteenth century Italian woman, few are they that escape looking crude, commonplace, stupid, even brutal. The veiled hair—its simplicity almost more exquisite to the touch than to the sight—the shadowed forehead, the half-closed eyes, the lightly-poised smile that comes and flits away in one's imagination, the delicate, inflexible chin, the slender throat at once stately and dimpled—all these belong to a beauty that is a stranger to all laws save its own. Something akin to Monna Lisa is this unknown woman, so innocently complex, so seriously mysterious. There is no virtue in her face, no vice even, least of all passion; but, although a blind man's fingers might dwell caressingly on its soft chiselling of feature and find nothing more, to one who sees, this delicate perfection of outline sheathes a marvellous soul-power, ready to leap forth from the eyes in splendour of pride and will, to unveil a dauntless forehead, to set the lips in cruelty, perhaps in treachery, or enchant them with infinite witcheries of love.

We have lost her name; but her unknown sculptor has made her a type of the harmony of the potentialities of the soul.

Other replies follow:—

THE SIEGE OF CALAIS.

In these days of the fifteen-minute masterpiece in solid oils, it is not surprising that the living granite of the Egyptian, or the quarried marble of the Greek, should be somewhat neglected.

Long ago, perfection of form was hewn from stone; but from that gallery of gods, only a god could select a favourite.

I first saw my favourite piece of sculpture two years ago: a figure from Rodin's group to commemorate the siege of Calais. I had not seen his work before, and I began my love for it by hating what I considered its brutality.

The weird outline of this self-condemned figure fascinated me. The sunken eyes, famished cheeks, and the hollow chest first appeared to me to be over-contrasted with the muscular hands and legs. That moment of heroic humiliation is crystallized here when six chief citizens, clothed in sheets, and with halters about their necks, walked from the besieged city to deliver the keys to the English King. These stubbornly placed feet and the compressed lips are eloquent of the tenseness of the hidden heart. The "Citoyen" is rugged and magnificent, and no sand-paper sculptor could have depicted him. Rodin has made one of the hands twist the levers from the stock of the gigantic key which he holds, and so gives a boldly subtle impetus to the emotional effect.

In the historic scene was something of the grotesque, the heroic, the haunting, and Auguste Rodin has conjured up the scene

[D. S. M., Glasgow.]

"FEAR."

My favourite piece of sculpture is a female figure of "Fear," fleeing in a fluttering and wind-swept fashion along a platform of glistening, blue-veined marble. The pressure of wind accentuates the nipples of her breasts, the left knee is prominent and nervously aggressive, and the pads of her toes flat with energy—the whole figure, in fact, rich with the eloquence of arrested movement. Her mantle flutters behind "like a petrified hurricane," and her eyes are cast fearfully over her left shoulder. When I look at the craven fear in those eyes, and the contemptible triangular lines from the bottom of her nose to the corners of her drooping mouth, I feel stronger, braver, and wholly disgusted with "Fear." That is why it is my favourite piece of sculpture. In it, the unknown craftsman achieves, to my thinking, the highest mission of art. He makes me feel, and his work is effective.

[H. M., London.]

THE SLEEPING ARIADNE.

The sight of beautiful limbs at rest in deep sleep may sometimes bring to the tired eyes of the beholder a sensation of repose. It is with such quieting of the brain and senses that I gaze on the marble form of Ariadne, who sleeps eternally in the great hall of the Vatican. She reclines in large-limbed grace, the lovely curves wrapt round in drapery of cunning beauty, her crossed feet suggesting the abandonment of heavy sleep. She sleeps for very weariness, poor Ariadne! forsaken by the lover who, but for her gift of the golden thread, had perished in the Labyrinth of Minotaurus. Has she wept till the tears would no longer flow? Has she strained longing eyes for the lover who came not, while day faded into night, and Morpheus gently

closed the unwilling eyelids? We cannot answer, for Ariadne's story is wrapt in oblivion.

If Theseus came and touched those heavy lids, and pressed soft lips to hers, I know how Ariadne would lift her lovely head while the round arms would clasp the wanderer, and the folded limbs tremble joyously to life. But false Theseus will never return to wake her. So let us too leave Ariadne to her age-long slumber, and only, now and then, when the roar and din of the world oppresses heart and brain, go seek repose in contemplation of this work of an old-time master.

[D. R. S., London.]

ATHENE.

In one of the museums of Greece, there exists to-day an ancient bas-relief, discovered only within the last fifteen or twenty years, which represents a standing figure of Athene. The type is archaic, or at least archaistic, and the spirit of the conception is curiously unlike that which characterises the work of later Greek sculptors. For instead of the calm triumphant beauty which is so distinguishing a mark of the work of Pheidias and Praxiteles, you have here an Athena who is pensive, melancholy, one might almost say humble. With bent head, she leans upon her spear, as though listening sadly to the plaints of a world whose woes she cannot heal. "Not Zeus himself escapes the fated thing," says Prometheus; and so this Athene, so unpagan in her attitude of resignation and humility, seems to bow before a will uncomprehended but divine.

I know her only from a photograph, yet it gives me more pleasure to look at this, and wonder what were the thoughts of him who made her, than to gaze at the splendid contours of the Venus of Milo, set proudly against her crimson background in the Louvre.

[A. M. B., Godalming.]

LA BELLE HEAUMIÈRE.

When we stand for the first time before La Belle Heaumière, Rodin's interpretation of Villon's ballad "The Complaint of the Armourer's Daughter," we are shaken to the very roots of our being. An instant before life was a dull, flat level, a stagnant thing which the astounding force and energy of La Belle Heaumière has struck through like forked lightning. When we regain ourselves, after that vivid moment, we no longer see the force and the energy; they have given birth to a marvellous beauty which makes itself felt in every detail. The superb pose of despair which is further expressed so poignantly in that wide open hand, in which every finger is rigid with the agony of loss, and in that small bowed head, with the still exquisitely pure outline of the features in strange contrast with the sunken hollows of the body. In La Belle Heaumière the beauty of ruin is a greater beauty to me than any beauty of perfection. We see in this magnificent decay the trace of every passion and ecstasy, of every violence and debasement, and it is this which almost actually grips us by the throat as we realise.

[J. D., London.]

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

It is the Dying Gladiator, or better perhaps the Dying Gaul. I like to think of it as the former, and presently there rises unbidden a dim background of straining faces which gaze down with lessening interest on an ending fight. Past all caring for their plaudits or the wavering verdict of their thumbs, he seems to be looking at the sand, as into a magic crystal, with something of perplexity, or it may be of piteous protest in his frown—the protest of some dumb animal against its tormentor, for here the unlettered barbarian has clashed against the polished brutality of Rome.

The tense muscles, born of a life which depended on their alertness for its continuance, are beginning to slacken, and the body, with a certain grace that seems only to belong to immense strength, bends lower to the earth, waiting the final struggle wherein shall break away the spirit, unrecognised in life, but now slowly waking to a knowledge of itself.

The hair, growing low on the neck, adds yet one other touch of pathos, bringing back the dumb complaining of the brows, and there comes a great pity for him as he silently waits the coming of the cloud, this victim of a "Roman Holiday."

[H. F. W., Limsfield.]

Competition No. 177 (New Series).

This week we give a prize of One Guinea for the best imaginary criticism by a deceased author on a book by any living author. Length not to exceed 250 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 11 February, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

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 Bruce (Robert), *Apostolic Order and Unity*.....(Clark) net 2/6
 Alexander (S. A.), *The Mind of Christ*.....(Murray) net 6/0

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

- Masters (Edgar Lee), *Maximilian: A Play in Five Acts*....(Badger (U.S.A.)) \$1.50
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 Cloud (Virginia Woodward), *A Reed by the River*.....(") \$1.00
 Thomas (Edith M.), *The Dancers*.....(") \$1.50
 Bennett (Arthur), *"Sunrise" Songs*.....("Sunrise" Publishing Co.) 3/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Brandes (George), *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. Vol. III. The Reaction in France (1874)*.....(Heinemann) net 9/0
 W. B. N., *Penal Servitude*.....(Heinemann) 6/0
 Transactions of the Royal Historical Society. Vol. XVI.....(The Society)
 Willard-Archer (B.), *The Question of Re-union with Rome*....(Sonnenschein) 6/0
 Adam (Mme. Edmond), *The Romance of my Childhood and Youth* (Heinemann)
 Archeologia Eliana. Part 59.....(Reid)

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Gardner (Ernest Arthur), *Ancient Athens*.....(Macmillan) net 21/0

ART.

- Sacred Art. Part I.....(Cassell) net 0/6

EDUCATIONAL.

- Holmes (D. T.), *The Teaching of Modern Languages in Schools and Colleges*.....(Gardner)
 Morrison (J. M.), edited by, *Spartanerjünglinge*.....(Blackwood) 2/0
 Sargent (W. L.), *Elementary Lessons in Chemistry*.....(") 1/6
 Wilkinsons (Herbert), *Cornelius Nepos. Vol. II*.....(Macmillan) 1/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Bolton (Gambier), *A Book of Beasts and Birds*.....(Newnes) net 5/0
 Evans (L. W.) and Cooper (F. S.), *Notes on the Companies Acts*.....(Ede & Allom) net 6/0
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PERIODICALS.

- Blackwood's, Contemporary, Empire Review, Century, St. Nicholas, Antiquary, Genealogical, Bibliographical, United Service, Pearson's, Art Journal, Good Words, Sunday, Shrine, National Review, Connaisseur, Lippincott's, Geographical Journal, New Liberal Review, World's Work, English Illustrated, Home Arts and Crafts, Architectural Review.

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

The late F. W. H. Myers's "*Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*," will be published by Messrs. Longmans next week. The work is in two volumes, one containing 700 closely printed pages, the other 600, including a copious index. In the preface, which was unfinished at the time of his death, Myers writes: "A recluse, perhaps, or an eccentric—or a man living mainly with his intellectual inferiors, may find it easy to work steadily and confidently at a task which he knows the bulk of educated men will ignore or despise. But this is more difficult for a man who feels manifold links with his kind, a man whose desire it is to live among minds equal or superior to his own."

The second volume in the Cambridge Modern History will be published in June. It will deal with the United States. This volume will be the seventh of the History, which is to appear in two sections. Individual volumes of the

sections, which treat respectively of the period before, and the period after the eighteenth century, will be published together.

Mr. John Lane announces a new series to be called "*The Country Handbooks*," a collection of volumes dealing entirely with the country and country life. The first volume, to appear shortly, is written by the editor, Mr. Harry Roberts. "*The Tramp's Handbook*," for the use of travellers, soldiers, cyclists, and lovers of the country, deals with the practical as well as the idyllic side of tramping and camping out. The author gives useful advice on the cooking utensils necessary for a camping-out party, and discourses on the slang of the open road and other matters of interest. Other volumes are in preparation, including "*The Motor Book*," by R. J. McCreedy; "*The Still Room*," by Mrs. Charles Roundell; "*The Bird Book*," by A. J. R. Roberts; "*The Tree Book*," by Mary Rowles Jarvis; "*The Woman out of Doors*," by Menie Muriel Dowie.

A new edition of Mr. Henry Harland's "*Mademoiselle Miss*" will be issued next week by Mr. John Lane. This was the first published work of the author of "*The Cardinal's Snuff-box*." In a short prefatory note Mr. Harland says: "These stories were written a good many years ago by a young pen trying its paces. My admiring publisher is so anxious to reprint them, and coaxed so hard, I really haven't the heart to cross him."

In his "*French Novels of the Nineteenth Century*" series Mr. Grant Richards will publish next week "*The Abbé Aubain and Mosaics*," by Prosper Mérimée, translated by Emily Mary Waller. An introduction is contributed by Mr. Arthur Symonds, in the course of which he says of Mérimée: "Each of his stories is a story, nothing more or less, and in each he does exactly what he sets out to do. . . . It was Mérimée, really, who perfected the short story in France, who left it a model for the writers of every nation."

Mr. Herbert C. Fyfe has in preparation a second edition of his work, "*Submarine Warfare: Past, Present, and Future*," which will be issued shortly by Mr. Grant Richards. Both the British and the United States Admiralties have added this book to the officers' and seamen's libraries of British and American warships.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall have in preparation a new series of books, entitled "*The Woman's Library*," edited by Ethel M. M. McKenna. The idea of the series is to produce bright and attractive volumes which will give women some idea of the various spheres that are open to them. The first two volumes, which will be issued this month, are "*Education and Professions*," and "*Needle-work*."

Mr. Albert Dawson, Inglenook, East Finchley, London, author of "*Joseph Parker, His Life and Ministry*," has been asked to write a complete biography. Mr. Dawson will be glad to have any letters written by Dr. Parker, or information or reminiscences, particularly if relating to his early days, or Banbury and Manchester ministries. All original documents will be carefully returned.

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Contents for February: CRABBED AGE and YOUTH. By Katharine Sylvester.—SCIENCE follows NATURE. By Alex. H. Japp, LL.D.—HISTORY in our VILLAGE SCHOOLS. By Rev. A. E. T. Newman, M.A.—VISCOUNTESS BEACONSFIELD. By J. Henry Harris.—THE FORTS OF BEARN. By A. R. Whiteway, M.A.—GOETHE'S ART OF LIVING. By H. Schütz, Wiesn.—THE DEMON STAR. By Ebenezer Burgess.—THE SARACENS in SICILY. By E. M. Rutherford.—THE "ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA." By Sylvanus Urban.

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The Literary Week.

THE outstanding publication of the week has been Mr. Myers's posthumous work, "Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death," to which we referred in our last issue. Probably no book of recent times has exacted such careful reading and reflection as these thirteen hundred pages, yet promptly on the day of publication appeared the reviews. One editor, however, makes the candid statement that he has not had time to read "the two bulky volumes." He proceeds however to remark that "a friend of ours who has done so declares that the work scientifically and conclusively establishes to his mind the continuity of human existence after death." Among other books of the week we note the following:—

RECOLLECTIONS OF FORTY YEARS' SERVICE. By Major-General Sir Alexander Bruce Tulloch.

Dedicated to "the Backbone of the British Army, the Company Officers." Major-General Tulloch's active service took him to Central India, China, Canada, and half-a-dozen other countries. The narrative is simple and entirely unaffected, such writing as we usually get from soldiers. The chapters devoted to Tel-el-Kebir and South Africa are particularly interesting. In his preface the author says: "I hope my attempts at literary work may be of some use to those who take an interest in Army matters, and instructive to young officers, who will be able to see how very far they have advanced in professional knowledge, as compared with what we were half a century ago, when a correct march past in slow and quick time, and the performance of curious kaleidoscopic drill movements inside a barrack square, were about all that was considered necessary."

AUGUSTUS. By E. S. Shuckburgh.

The Life and Times of the Founder of the Roman Empire. " . . . Augustus was the most successful ruler known to us. He found his world, as it seemed, on the verge of complete collapse. He evoked order out of chaos. . . ." Mr. Shuckburgh has made no attempt to whitewash the character of Augustus; but he tries to set his unquestioned cruelty up to B.C. 31 in a reasonable

light. The narrative is based on a wide range of authorities, and the early years of Augustus are very fully treated. The volume is illustrated by photographs of coins and sculpture.

THE STUARTS. By J. J. Foster.

These two sumptuous volumes, both in regard to the printing of the text and the illustrations, are quite an achievement. They illustrate the personal history of the Stuart family in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. So far as the author, Mr. J. J. Foster, is aware, it has not hitherto been attempted to depict the Stuarts in one work. He has brought together a succession of portraits, relics, medals, maps and views relating to the persons, the adventures, and the surroundings of the chief members of this family, the story of whose fortunes has all "the perennial freshness of a fairy tale."

AS WE ARE AND AS WE MAY BE. By Walter Besant.

A collection of essays on such varied subjects as "The Endowment of the Daughter," "The People's Palace," "The Upward Pressure," "The Land of Romance." In a foreword we read: "'As We Are and As We May Be' is the exposition of a practical philanthropist's creed, and of his hopes for the progress of his fellow-countrymen. Some of these hopes may never be realised; some he had the happiness to see bear fruit." "The Land of Romance" concludes with this characteristic passage concerning the author's firm belief in a final union between England and America: "But it will come—it will come; it must come—it must come; Asia and Europe may become Chinese or Cossack, but our people shall rule over every other land, and all the islands, and every sea."

IN view of the many erroneous statements that have recently appeared in various quarters, Mr. Robertson-Durham, the judicial factor on the estate of the late George Douglas Brown, authorises us to say that Mr. Brown left behind him some MSS. which the judicial factor has placed in the hands of Mr. D. S. Meldrum, who, with other friends of Mr. Brown, is preparing for the press a volume of his writings to which an authorised memoir will be prefixed.

THIS has been a week of obituaries. Three distinguished names—distinguished in very different ways—have been erased from the roll of the living: Prof. Cowell, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Edna Lyall. Prof. Cowell was one of the many men of whom our universities are honourably proud; he did his work to the utmost of his power, and devoted his gifts to helping younger men. When he became Professor of Sanskrit at Cambridge active steps were at once taken to promote an intelligent study of Oriental languages. First came the Semitic Languages Tripos in 1878; then, in 1893, the Indian Languages Tripos, and in 1895 the Oriental Languages Tripos. He gave Edward FitzGerald Spanish lessons by way of the plays of Calderon, and it was he who brought to England the manuscript of the "Rubaiyat" and translated it to the wise Woodbridge recluse. In thinking of FitzGerald's immortal rendering of Omar, Cowell's name should never be forgotten.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY was a man of a very different type; his enthusiasms took shape in action. At first he was associated with that spirited revolutionary party known as the Young Ireland Party, and he, with Thomas Davis and John Blake Dillon, founded the "Nation." The influence of the "Nation" was remarkable; to-day its files would hardly, perhaps, be worth consulting, save for the verse which was printed in its columns. Finally the "Nation" was suppressed and Duffy was tried three times for treason-felony. But on each occasion the jury disagreed, and after ten months waiting in gaol the young enthusiast was released. In 1849 he revived the "Nation," and exploited a more conciliatory policy. But soon he came to see Ireland, in his own phrase, "like a corpse on the dissecting table," and he left her for the Colony of Victoria. There he almost immediately became a political force, and finally was Speaker of the Assembly. That he accepted a knighthood from a Government which he had flouted was one of the trifling inconsistencies to which the general character of patriot is subject. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy wrote on many subjects, and always with a certain grip and enthusiasm. Perhaps his "Conversations with Carlyle" (whom he knew intimately) and "My Life in Two Hemispheres" are the books by which he will chiefly be remembered. But the romance of his life is associated with those early days of futile effort in the service of what we now see to have been a hopeless cause.

By the death of Miss Ada Ellen Bayly, the "Edna Lyall" of many title-pages, we have lost a writer who at least had earnestness and a reasonably healthy outlook. As literature her books had no great value; they were diffuse and marked by no strong characterization. Yet "Edna Lyall" had the narrative faculty, and her stories have a freshness which is not so common that we can afford to pass it too lightly by. The problems of "Donovan" were just such problems as cannot be treated in fiction with much actuality; at the same time their appeal is so wide that books dealing with them are almost sure to be read. The details of Miss Bayly's life give no particular points for comment: she had the usual ups and downs of the literary career, and when "We Two" was published its success came as the usual surprise. Miss Bayly did her best honestly; she interested many thousands of readers and did none of them any harm, which, after all, is a record of which any writer might be proud.

MR. ARTHUR SYMONS contributes to a new translation of certain short stories by Prosper Mérimée, entitled "The Abbé Aubain," an interesting critical introduction. "Mérimée's temperament," he says, "was really that of the

scholar, not of the artist, and even his art came to him as a kind of scholarship." He attempted many things for the sake of proving to himself that he could do them. He began his career "by two very serious mystifications, 'Le Théâtre de Clara Gazul,' a collection of short plays supposed to be translated from the Spanish, and 'La Guzla,' a collection of ballads in prose supposed to be translated from the Illyrian." From that he proceeded by way of a piece in dialogue to the "Chronique du Règne de Charles IX.," which Mr. Symons calls "the most perfect of historical novels." Then, looking for more difficulties to conquer, he chanced upon the short story, concerning his treatment of which Mr. Symons writes:—

He has, above all things, a mastery over effect; and he has none of those preoccupations of the poet, of the thinker, or of the "inspired" writer, which so often come to shake the equilibrium of that to which they add a heavy and toppling burden of splendour. . . . He is interested in his characters only as they come into the light of a crisis; they live for him only in that moment; all the rest is so much detail, so much psychology in the abstract, with which he has nothing to do. Maupassant was to follow him, while thinking that he followed Flaubert, in this rigorous art of cutting your coat to your cloth.

In her Introduction to the "Poems of Robert Browning" in the "Red Letter Library," Mrs. Meynell says:—

A young writer should begin with the study of that one sublime poem, "Saul," and, after giving more or less time to the ingenuities, the energies, and the complexities of the rest, he should go to the reading of "Saul" again. There is in this glorious work a difference in the quality as well as in the degree of poetry. Lofty thoughts there are elsewhere, as in Abt Vogler . . . but "Saul" has the ecstasy of the yonder side, the ecstasy that is beyond imagery and thought, and yet is the nearest thing in the world and the closest to the soul. After the spiritual, intellectual, and natural greatness of "Saul," come the ingenious wisdom of "One Word More"; the simple passion of "Love Among the Ruins," and the "integrity and fire" in others of the love-poems, especially when a woman is supposed to speak; the very subtle eyesight of "By the Fireside," and indeed the fine sense of place that appears in nearly all the poems on Italy; all these are the work of a man of genius, and intelligible to plain and young people.

Let those readers who may think Mr. Meynell's enthusiasm for "Saul" exaggerated turn to the poem again, and we think they will admit that she is right.

A VERSE pamphlet—it is hardly more—by Mr. Yone Noguchi, has lately reached us. The publication is remarkable in one way at least—it is the first book of verse published by a Japanese in England. The title "From the Eastern Sea" faces us from a modest cover of brown paper, and the text is also printed upon brown paper. The dedication to Charles Warren Stoddard runs as follows:—

Night! The spirit of resignation homes in the night. We eloping from the vile land, ask a lodging unto the master of solitude.

O wind! Death-messages from God are sent unto flowers and leaves. Ah, the autumn with frostive teeth tells her fate as a deserted wife!

Stillness! All the mortals send their dream-ships heavenward on the tide of sleep. Thou and I, O Charles, sit alone like two sky stars, east and west.

Mr. Noguchi's verse is not great, but it is certainly interesting. Occasionally it has real suggestion and mystery: on the other hand, it sometimes seems to decline into formlessness both of thought and expression. This has imagination:—

When I am lost in the deep body of the mist on a hill, The universe seems built with me as its pillar.

Am I the God upon the face of the deep, nay, deepless deepness in the beginning?

Here, too, we have a kind of groping imagination, but the expression is vague and formless:—

World of fancy! O new earth!
There mortals dream in the fog of ecstasy.
What a strange amity of earth!
What am I? Mortal? or God?
Oh, where go I? Farewell, my comrade!
O world of evening foes!
There playful Fancy beguiles away
The memory of a better day,
From my breast,
Into a dale of Forgetfulness.

The experiments of Mr. Noguchi's are at any rate curious and sometimes suggestive.

MISS MARIE CORELLI has been protesting against the modernizing of Stratford-on-Avon, by the erection of "a brand new 'Carnegie Free Library' next to Shakespeare's birthplace." Miss Corelli says that "the Stratford townspeople are by no means over-anxious to possess a free library at all," and that if money is to be spent, they would prefer to have it go towards restoring some of their fifteenth century carved house-fronts. We sympathize with Miss Corelli and the Stratford townspeople. Why cannot books be housed simply and unostentatiously? It would seem that florid architecture and reading are coming to be associated in some inexplicable way.

THE first number of Mr. G. R. Sims's comprehensively-named "Men and Women" was issued this week. The paper has a popular air. It opens with personal paragraphs and proceeds to discuss people and topical matters of various kinds. Mr. Sims's "Subject of the Day" is "Are we too sentimental?" On the whole Mr. Sims seems to think that we are, and he ought to know. "The danger is that sentiment may get the better of common sense," he writes. That is a very real danger, and we hope "Men and Women" will be on the right side in the matter.

ONCE more the writer of "Literature and Life" in the "Saturday Review" of the "New York American" delights us. We read:—

Watteau captivates London entirely. His paintings shown at Hertford House make him actual. There is nothing ancient. Everything that exists is modern—a statue by Phidias, as well as a dispatch by Marconi, Homer more than Stephen Phillips. What is news in London? Watteau.

We who live in London like to hear the latest news of our city when it comes by way of New York.

THE Chicago "Goose-Quill" has a manner of its own. This is how its reviewing is done:—

Mrs. Grace Duffie Boylan, a Chicago newspaper-woman who once wrote a fearful and wonderful jingle, in which the reader was invoked "to shake hands with Old Glory" [how the deuce does one "shake hands with Old Glory"?] has just perpetrated a slushmushgush novelette entitled "The Kiss of Glory." Concerning it Miss Dorothy Dix, a lutescent she-writer who most unblushingly filches George Ade's "thunder," comments thusly: "The Kiss of Glory" has fancy, poetry, blood and passion in it, and, compared with the recent crop of domestic fiction, it is like a strange, vivid, tropical bird, fluttered down in the midst of barnyard fowls." Dorothy should practice until she is a mistress of—the gentle art of holding on to her tongue with both hands. "The Kiss of Glory" does not in the least resemble "a strange, vivid, tropical bird." It does, however, resemble a dead dog in an alley, or a pussy-cat (with a stone tied round its neck) lying in a pool of stagnant water.

THE Philadelphia "Conservator" prints a collect each month which runs to about five columns of that journal. The latest that we have seen is all about progress, and it opens thus:—

You cry progress, progress. But what do you mean by progress? Early and late the modern voice chants the praise of progress. Colleges are professed for progress. Churches are priested for progress. The state legislates for progress. We murder for progress. We imperialise for progress. We vaccinate for progress. We vivisect for progress. Whatever we do we do for progress. And that which we fail to do we fail to do for progress. Nothing is too good for progress. Nothing is too bad for progress. You take everything you have and give it to the poor. That you do for progress. You seize everything in sight and salt it down in good securities. That you do for progress. You sing for two thousand a night for progress. You paint for so many dollars a square inch for progress. You pull my leg for progress. You are holy as God for progress.

Five columns of this staccato writing is too much for us. Even the modern collect should have its limitations.

THE "Atlantic Monthly" prints a buoyant article on "The Literary Pilgrimage." Authors, says the writer, will for ever go a-pilgriming:—

An eternal type is this roadster of letters, successively reincarnated and with such singular persistence that thence comes a far from incurious question: to find out what aim bids the sensitive author run hazards so dire. I note many aims, each good in itself,—or if not good, then at least serviceable and worthy of sympathetic consideration. See: they are these,—the love of truth, the love of art, the love of right, the love of men, the love of self. And however glib the scribe's plea that he serves but one lord, I must answer he serves all five; however distinctly he announces himself as this or that and none other, I nevertheless declare him five fellows at once. He is scientist, poet, preacher, philanthropist, and blatant self-trumpeter.

Thus, with his staff in hand, the literary pilgrim takes the road; he sees villages, towns, the broad country, the intricate alleys, and in all circumstances he observes men and things. Yet his life is not all joyous:—

The life is the life of the vagrant. For a thousand friends you have not one intimate. In a hundred cities men shout at you cheerily. "Why, man alive! where ever did you drop from?"—and then suggest birds and bottles, yes and pay for them! but the old friends,—the tried, faithful, time-tested, long-loved comrades and yoke-fellows,—these the literary seven-league-booter doesn't have and can't get. Nobody calls him by his first name. There are no babies named for him, and if he wanted to borrow fifty dollars, I don't know whose door he'd knock at.

And at the end comes weariness; the "world-strangeness wears dull." Yet it was worth while, for at the end the pilgrim says:—

"I have fought a good joust, said my say, tried with what grace there was in me to interpret the world movement, and so to accelerate it." And when the din of the fray is stilled forever, and the last weapons laid down, and the troopers themselves put to rest and he with them, there will yet remain his testimony of whatever he saw and heard in the world,—a record of which history will one day make use; for he in his time did portray with candid, fearless truth the life men lived, the thoughts they thought, and the works they laid hand to.

A WRITER in "The Oxford Point of View" has discovered in Mr. Barrie "our English Molière." "We believe," he says, "that Britain has again found a native genius suited *par excellence* to her peculiar temperament." Mr. Barrie will no doubt feel complimented, and perhaps a little embarrassed. We had not thought of him in connection with Molière.

WE have received a circular concerning a certain book whose author is doing his own publishing. He is not at all modest about his work, which describes certain things, we are told, "in a style more fascinating than a novel, and certainly more enduring." Subscribers are warned that the bookseller will not have anything to do with this work, and that no free copies will be issued. Then we have a story about Lowell and the lady who reproached him for not sending her a copy of his last book. "I could not afford it," said Lowell. "If my friends do not buy my books, who, pray tell me, will buy them?" If the book in question is as good as the author seems to think it, the address which he obligingly furnishes should soon be besieged by postal orders.

THE eighth volume of the beautiful "Edinburgh" edition of Lockhart's "Life of Scott" has just reached us. Glancing through the familiar pages we chance upon this from Sir Walter's Diary:—

We are ingenious self-tormentors. This journey annoys me more than anything of the kind in my life. My wife's figure seems to stand before me, and her voice is in my ears—"Scott, do not go." It half frightens me . . . I cannot daub it farther. I get incapable of arranging my papers, too. I will go out for half-an-hour. God relieve me!

In May of that year, 1826, Lady Scott had died.

Bibliographical.

So far, I have not seen in any of the obituary notices of Miss Edna Lyall any reference to what was, I believe, her solitary excursion into literary criticism. In 1897, Messrs. Hurst and Blackett brought out a volume called "Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign," and to that work Miss Lyall contributed a paper on Mrs. Gaskell. The subject, I believe, was of her own choosing, and how much she was interested in it is shown by her opening sentence: "Of all the novelists of Queen Victoria's reign there is not one to whom the present writer turns with such a sense of love and gratitude as to Mrs. Gaskell." The article is in several passages self-revelatory, as where, discussing "Mary Barton," the writer says: "Most books of that sort fail to arrest our attention. Why? Because they are written as mere 'goody' books for parish libraries, and are carefully watered down lest they should prove too sensational and enthralling; or because they are written by people who have only a surface knowledge of the characters they describe and the life they would fain depict. . . . Brilliant trash may succeed for two or three seasons, but unless there is in it some germ of real truth which appeals to the heart and conscience it will not live."

Here and there in the essay we get glimpses of the author's views about other novelists than Mrs. Gaskell. Thus, "David Copperfield," we are told, "is probably the most popular book Dickens ever wrote, and is likely to outlive his other works, just because he himself knew so thoroughly well all that his hero had to pass through, and could draw from real knowledge the characters in the background. And at the present time," Miss Lyall goes on to say, "we are able to understand the Indian Mutiny in a way that had never been possible before, because Mrs. Steel, in her wonderful novel, 'On the Face of the Waters,' has, through her knowledge of native life, given us a real insight into the heart of a great nation." Later on, talking of "Wives and Daughters," Miss Lyall remarks that "Molly Gibson, with her loyal heart and sweet sunshiny nature, will, we venture to think, better

represent the majority of English girls than the happily abnormal Dodos and Millicent Chynes of present-day fashion."

The stories by which Miss Lyall made her name and fame were published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, who, in 1900, issued the whole set of seven in a case. Most of the later tales have been issued by Messrs. Longmans, though Messrs. Methuen have brought out one, and some lesser brochures have borne the imprimatur of Messrs. Chambers, J. Clarke & Co., and Simpkin.

Miss Lyall adventured once into the theatrical field. With the aid of a practical collaborator, she produced a play called "In Spite of All," which was received with some favour when produced at the Comedy Theatre, London, just three years ago. This piece formed the basis of her story, also named "In Spite of All," which was issued by Hurst and Blackett in 1901. Her romance, "In the Golden Days," was adapted to the stage by another hand.

A correspondent asks me whether copies of Mrs. Austin's translation of Carové's "Das Märchen Ohne Ende" ("The Story without End") are now obtainable. I should think so, for an edition of it (with illustrations) was issued so recently as 1899, and is probably still in print. Just ten years earlier there was a reprint of the "Story" in Cassell's "National Library," and that may also be in the market. First published in 1834, Mrs. Austin's translation was reprinted in 1856, in 1864 (with illustrations by W. Harvey), and in 1868 (with coloured drawings by "E. V. B."). The original text of "Das Märchen" was reproduced in 1852, with notes in English. A sequel to the "Story" was undertaken by a certain "C. M." and brought out in 1840, or thereabouts, under the title of "The Child and the Hermit." It would seem that no other work by Carové has been "Englished" save "The Story of Gottfried and Beata," which came out in 1844.

Only now and then did the late Sir C. G. Duffy's publications infringe upon literature—as, for instance, in his "Lays of the Red Branch" (1901), in his contribution to the volume on "The Revival of Irish Literature" (1894), and his "Conversations with Carlyle" (1892 and 1896). The last-named appears to be less known than it deserves to be. His autobiography, "My Life in Two Hemispheres," which Mr. Unwin is about to re-issue, came out five years ago in two volumes. There were new editions of his "Young Ireland" so recently as 1896. This has proved more popular than the sequel to it—"Four Years of Irish History, 1845-9." It is to 1896 that Sir Charles's "Short Life of Thomas Davis" (New Irish Library) belongs.

Very welcome will be Mr. Henry James's biography of W. W. Story, an interesting man, to whose literary ability and achievement, full justice, perhaps, has not yet been done. Mr. James's work will necessarily be much more elaborate and authoritative than the volume published by Mary E. Phillips in Chicago and London in 1898—"Reminiscences of W. W. Story: Incidents and Anecdotes Chronologically Arranged, with Some Account of his Associations with Famous People." Mr. Story's latest publication was "A Poet's Portfolio: Later Readings" (1894)—a sequel to his "He and She, or A Poet's Portfolio," issued ten years earlier. His "Conversations in a Studio" came out in 1890 in two volumes, and his collected "Poems," also in two volumes, in 1885.

The announcement of a book by Mr. John Coleman, to be entitled "Charles Reade: By One who Knew Him," reminds one of the fact that a biography of Reade, in two volumes, by his relatives C. L. and C. Reade, was published in 1887. Mr. Coleman has himself already dealt with the subject in his "Players and Playwrights I have Known" (1888).

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Full Life.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FRIEDRICH MAX MÜLLER. Edited by his Wife. (Longmans, Green. 2 Vols. 32s. net.)

THIS record cannot in any sense be called a biography. There is matter for a biography, but not the biography itself. It is the usual substitute for a genuine life which we are now accustomed to receive, with what thanks we may, when an eminent man dies; and is doubtless better than an attempt at the real thing by an inadequate biographer. That is to say, it is a voluminous collection of letters, chronologically arranged, and connected by a thin thread of narrative. In saying this we do not wish to disparage Mrs. Max Müller, who has done her work simply and directly, without pretensions to make it anything but what it is. Of course, from the hands of a wife, the narrative can have but one character. It is Max Müller from the standpoint of all the domesticities. And to this, also, we are now well accustomed. A study of a man, a life such as Lockhart's Scott, or even a Johnsonian life, much less a Boswellian biography, we must nowadays renounce hope to see.

It cannot be said that Max Müller exhibits himself strongly in his letters, save on the side of his favourite studies. One gets generally the impression of a cheerful, cultivated, energetic man, on the whole thoroughly enjoying a career of hard work and all but undisturbed prosperity. That, no doubt, is the main thing there is to learn about him. There are no subtle recesses of psychology to be explored in this eminently sane, open, unembarrassed Teutonic nature, certain of himself, his work, and the world. Such a nature makes for the happiness of its owner, but there is nothing salient or picturesque which the reader's interest can lay hold of. And Max Müller's life was uneventful apart from his scientific successes and the record of successive honours. There are plenty of meetings with illustrious persons, and intercourse with celebrated men; but they throw no light on these illustrious persons, and not very much on Max Müller himself. A casual remark at the outset that his frank enjoyment of successes and dignities caused him unjustly to be accused of vanity is the most revealing thing, on the side of recognisable human personality, to be found in these two thick volumes. Afterwards the record flows on in an undiluted tide of cordiality, strenuousness, good-fellowship and high-mindedness, till one wishes the professor would do or say something a little unforgivable. It would spice the monotony of excellence.

The most really interesting part of the book (it is apt to be the case with successful men) is the narrative of his early struggles. Unfortunately for the reader's interest, if happily for the professor, those struggles end at a very early point of his career; afterwards he is abominably fortunate. He was born in the little German nook of Anhalt-Dessau, notable to readers of Carlyle's "Friedrich" as the principality of the "Old Dessauer," Frederick's general. His father was a poet, Wilhelm Müller; his mother a well-born lady, little, beautiful, fiery, energetic, clever, and inclined to severity of discipline—also a most thrifty and self-denying manager of her poor family, for she was early left a widow. Young Friedrich Max soon developed a decided taste for music; and a musician who was a neighbour taught him the piano by way of a surprise to his mother. To the last, in after days, Max Müller's piano-playing was a delight to his friends and a passport to society which might have taken small delight in the

mere Sanskrit scholar. Mendelssohn was a friend of his family, and took early notice of the boy.

When Max was only six years old, Mendelssohn visited Dessau, and taking the child into the large church set him on his lap at the organ and made him play the keys, whilst he himself managed the pedals, which the little boy could not reach.

Not only was he a musician, but we are told that "he was an inborn poet," and once told a friend that "he had all his life tried not to be a poet." With regard to which one can only say that a poet cannot help being a poet, and the life-long suppression of the gift, if it exist, is a sheer impossibility. A native feeling for poetry, and a *penchant* for private verses, do not make a poet, and are common as blackberries in men without a spark of poetic genius. But of this the outsider will never be convinced. As for Max Müller's poetic capacity, only a German could judge it; though one may suspect it was not overwhelmingly remarkable, from the mere fact of its successful repression. At the Nikolai School of Leipzig he not only received his early education, but seems already to have acquired a decisive taste for philology. On this important point the biography has nothing to tell us: we find him, when he was about to leave the school, expressing his desire for a philological career, but daunted by the precarious prospects of securing a living in such a career. Going to the Leipzig University, he speedily developed the taste for Sanskrit which determined his whole future life; and before he left had not only taken his Doctor's degree, but published a translation of the "Hitopadesa," the oldest Hindu collection of fables. Then he went to Berlin to pursue his favourite Sanskrit under Bopp, and philosophy under Schelling. He had begun already the habits of spare living and high thinking which alone brought him through his early difficulties. "At home," he writes, "I have only bread and butter. I drink coffee without milk or sugar." There he made the acquaintance of Humboldt, and of Hagedorn, who offered him his house in Paris, and urged him to go there to complete his Sanskrit studies. He accepted the offer, and his fate was decided.

The frugal living to which his boyhood had accustomed him he carried in Paris to an extreme. If the thinking was high, the living was something more than plain. He describes his life in a letter to his mother. "I get up early, have breakfast, *i.e.*, bread and butter, no coffee. I stay at home and work till seven, go out and have dinner, come back in an hour, and stay at home and work till I go to bed." One is not surprised that he developed head-aches and toothache, which continued to harass him periodically till a much later period of his career. But his Sanskrit studies proceeded under every disadvantage; and at last he conceived the great project which finally brought him name and fame, occupying many years of his life. We mean, of course, the edition of the Rig-Veda, with Sāyana's commentary—a more difficult matter than the Veda itself. Happily for him, he had won in Paris the warm friendship of the illustrious Sanskrit scholar Burnouf, which ended only with the death of the elder man. There was great difficulty in finding a publisher, and but for Burnouf he might have been tempted by an offer from Russia, which would have been fatal to his subsequent career. Finally he decided for England, where he hoped to secure for his book the patronage of the East India Company, though the actual publishing was to be done by a Berlin firm. He reached London, intending a stay of weeks: he was to stay in England all his life.

His good fortune in friendship followed him here. Bunsen's untiring aid and advocacy not only enabled him to wait out the period of probation (also a period of privation, even with his rigid economy), but ultimately persuaded the East India Company to take over the entire publication of the Rig-Veda, and make a yearly payment to the editor for his labours. This was really

the end of Max Müller's early struggles. He never looked back. Not only did the issue of his first volume establish his fame; but his residence at Oxford in connection with its preparation brought him into contact with the University, paving the way for his Professorship of Modern Languages, and in the long run (after some disappointment) an assured position as Sanskrit Professor.

Thenceforth the great and important feature of his life is the apostolate he carried on in favour of increased study of the Indian languages. In a letter to the "Times" he brought forward the neglect of these as a predisposing cause of the Mutiny then raging. Italian, he said, was given as many marks in the examinations for the Indian Civil Service as Arabic or Persian. If less ignorance on these points prevails among Indian officials to-day, to Max Müller it is largely due. India was with him a passion; and nothing Indian found him indifferent. It might be the Brahmo-Somaj—that singular movement for Hinduising Christianity or Christianising Hinduism; it might even be the Theosophical Society, though towards that his attitude was more hostile than friendly. Besides his beloved music, another interest of which he might scarce be suspected was the writings of the Mystics. To Mr. W. Lilly he wrote: "I am deep in the Mystics just now: they are my *premier amour*, and I expect they will be my *dernier amour*. I only wish people would not call them Mystics; they are as clear as daylight." One of the latest events in his life was a visit from a celebrated Indian Yogin, or ascetic (who was much disconcerted, by the way, that no admiring crowd met him at the London station). "My life is nearly over," said Max Müller at parting from him; "I shall never be able to do any more work." The Yogin placed a hand on either shoulder, and looking with long, earnest gaze in his face, replied: "Yes, I see death has come near you, friend; he has looked you in the face." It was indeed the approach of the end. But Müller's work was done, and thoroughly done. It is in that work, not in these letters and this slender narrative, that his true life must be found. A German, he had worked in England; a Western, he had worked for the East. And if he intermittently longed to end his days in his own land, he had yet loved England with a second and acquired patriotism, which makes him, like Handel, almost more ours than Germany's.

A Veteran's Recollections.

MEMORIES OF A HUNDRED YEARS. By Edward Everett Hale. (Macmillan. 21s. net.)

MR. HALE'S two volumes cannot be classed among brilliant reminiscences. To do them justice, they nowise aim at brilliance: they are gentle, sober talk about an old man's recollection of people and things—mostly people. He has not the gift (for it can scarce be that he has not had the opportunity) of remembering anything very striking, pointed, pictorial, or characteristic. As is apt to be the way with eminent men of long life, it largely amounts to the fact that he remembers people. What he does remember, also, is naturally of more general interest on the other side of the water than on this, where American history, even in comparatively recent years, is discreditably unknown, or little known. Yet with all allowance there is much to interest even Englishmen. The mere range and venerableness of Mr. Hale's memories have a patriarchal impressiveness. "I have seen all the Presidents since Monroe," he is able to say. He saw General Jackson; and "since that time I have spoken with John Quincy Adams, with Tyler, Polk, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield I think, Arthur, Hayes, Benjamin Harrison, McKinley, and Roosevelt." That is impressive enough; but it is almost with a ghostly sense that one realises Mr. Hale has spoken with men who

knew Washington. By his recollections he stands but at one remove from the foundation of the American Republic! Nay, as a child he saw Lafayette "with the eye of the flesh." He had seen Major Melville, who was one of the party which threw the tea into Boston Harbour, and so brought on the war with England and the Revolution:—

One knows that he really was of the Tea Party, because he never said he was. . . . If, in the last century, any man said he was of the Tea Party, you knew that strictly he was not. If, on the other hand, when the subject was alluded to with an old Boston man, he smiled and winked and perhaps said nothing; . . . you were almost sure that he was one of the two parties which were organized to throw the tea overboard. . . . They placed sentries at the head of the wharf, to prevent interference from anyone. Their faces in some instances, and I think in all, were blackened, that they might not be recognised. And they went to work as stevedores would do, in a systematic way, to haul up the tea from the vessels, to break open the chests, and to throw the tea into the water. All these men had sworn with a masonic oath that they would never implicate anyone in the transaction.

Charles Sprague, the poet, told Mr. Hale of his father's participation, as a boy, in the same famous act of revolt:—

His father struggled through because his master, who was at work in the Tea Party, recognised him. He blackened the boy's face with soot from a blacksmith's shop, as the rest were blackened, and permitted him to join in the work.

Mrs. Nancy Brown, "a nice old lady," told Mr. Hale that, as a Boston child, she remembered the Battle of Bunker Hill:—

The cannon on Copp's Hill were . . . firing across at Charlestown; the children must have seen Charlestown burning, though I do not remember that she spoke of that. But she did tell me that when the carts began to come up from the ferry with the wounded English soldiers, the children ran after the carts as they went up Lynde Street and Staniford Street; and they could see the gout of blood running out from the tails of the carts as they stood upon the roadway.

That is a horrible little illumination of cold and abstract eighteenth-century history. The few items Mr. Hale has gathered about Washington confirm the impression one already has, and which one gets from his portraits—a clear-headed man of strong eighteenth-century sense and iron will, with nothing of genius or the ardour of genius about him. "A clear-headed, sensible man, whose opinion was worth having, and who was well worth consulting in farming matters or on common business"—so his neighbours thought him, and no doubt they were very right. Josiah Quincy told Mr. Hale that when Washington used to come to Boston, though he had then very wide experience in life—

There appeared, mixed in with the manners of a perfect gentleman, a certain shyness, such as you might see in any man who lived a good deal without the society of other people.

As for the stern will, visible enough in the rigid mouth and firm chin of the portraits; when General Lee retreated at Monmouth, Washington galloped down on him:—

Washington asked him why such a column was retiring, and Lee said that the American troops would not stand the British bayonets. Washington replied: "You damned poltroon, you have never tried them!"

At the Battle of Princeton, when Cornwallis was hurrying to pursue the Americans, Washington ordered the Massachusetts Captain Varnum to take a file of men and destroy the bridge:—

The captain touched his hat and said, "Are there enough men?" and Washington said, "Enough to be cut to pieces." This gentlemen told Dr. Sparks afterwards that as he went back to his men he pinched his cheeks for fear they should see that he was pale.

But the bridge was destroyed, and Washington's retreat secured. One can see the relentless words in his face.

The autograph which Mr. Hale prints, small, regular, precise, firm, meticulous, thin, corresponds with one's notion of his character. A man not great, but adequate and confident, opposed to men inadequate, character equalled him with a great situation. Character, by the way, is not Mr. Hale's strong point. He says, for instance, that Lafayette was despised only by those, like Carlyle, who did not know him. But this proves only Lafayette's personal charm. The evidence of his acts is final; and bears out the evidence of his face (given here) with its receding forehead, prominent nose, and feminine chin—so frequent in the French aristocracy of the time.

Of Emerson, also, Mr. Hale tells a characteristic story. He congratulated Emerson on the success of the latter's cousin George in a college oration at Cambridge. "Yes," answered Emerson, "I did not know I had so fine a young cousin. And now, if something will fall out amiss—if he should be unpopular with his class, or if his father should fail, or if some other misfortune can befall him—all will be well." It was only in the lapse of years that Mr. Hale realised the utterance was wisdom, not cynicism. But his memories of Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and others of the illustrious band, are disappointing. Perhaps the cream of them have appeared elsewhere. More attractive are some of his war-memories. They paint in strong colours the miserable constitution of the Northern army which Stonewall beat, during the early period of the struggle between North and South. The variety of Mr. Hale's recollections will be surmised from our quotations. But we end as we began; the most impressive circumstance in these two volumes is the antiquity of a venerable and respected life to which they stretch back.

Essays in Biography.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH. By G. W. E. Russell. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

THIS book is a reprint of a number of essays, mostly biographical. The subjects are almost exclusively prominent members of the Church of England, with many of whom Mr. Russell has been in personal contact; and his sketches of these good men are generally founded on a published Life. The greater number belong to that section of Anglicanism of which Mr. Russell is known as a champion; and in the treatment of the rest he makes no secret of his personal predilections (indeed, why should he?) in matters theological. If his studies are not particularly profound, he must be allowed at least to possess the reviewer's knack of tearing the heart out of a book. Probably the constancy and conviction with which he regards all matters from a single point of view have made this easy for him. In the half-dozen strictly controversial essays Mr. Russell (it must be allowed that he has a difficult and complicated case to present) is less happy. They treat of such subjects as "Catholic Continuity in the Church of England," "The Mass: Primitive and Protestant," and "Ritualism and Disestablishment." In the handling of such matters he finds himself in such a tangle of conflicting opinions among those who, in his own section of the "household," accept the same formularies and claim an equal right to interpret them, that he may readily be excused if in his uphill fight he at moments displays a fury of contempt and impatience that not even his liberal dips into Dickens can effectually quench.

But, returning to earlier papers, we may say that Mr. Russell has here presented to us a notable group of men. Gladstone, Pusey, Tait, Burgon, Magee, Manning, Benson, Westcott, King, Mackonochie, Dolling—these are the most notable. These are sons of whom any Communion in

Christendom might be proud. They are men formed in Anglican traditions, educated in Anglican schools and universities; scholars (with two or three exceptions) saturated with the sense of the English Bible, vibrating with its music; blinded, illuminated, intoxicated, inspired with the historic career, the imperial possibility of the Church that was their mother. They had their littlenesses. You see Benson posturing before the mirror for the length of his hair and the shade of his cassock; Magee crying out for advancement and more money; Tait tumbling head over heels in obeisance before the throne; but, in their place and in their age, they were great men. And they were God-fearing men; not less than those others who, like Mackonochie and Dolling and Ion-Falconer, sold all they had and gave to the poor; than Westcott who counselled "a firm faith in criticism, and a firm faith in God"; than Burgon, who thought that all criticism came from the devil.

Mr. Russell gathers indeed still more widely; the variety of his "house" includes Zachary Macaulay and his friends, the founders of that strange sect of enthusiasts known as Plymouth Brethren, and the gentlemen who presented themselves at the Vatican to claim the Pope's adhesion to the new apostolate popularly associated with the name and eccentric genius of Edward Irving.

Mr. Russell's concluding chapter is concerned with the future of Christendom, and the prospect of reunion among those who believe Christianity to be a Divine revelation—those, that is, who believe in the Incarnation of the Son of God. Upon this subject it must be confessed he has little that is helpful to say; though he does bring to the aid of the well-worn "Branch" theory of the visible Church an analogy that strikes one as sufficiently daring:—

After five years' experience and reflection, I say again that, if by unity is meant organic unity under a human head, I neither expect it nor desire it. Unity in that sense does not seem to me to be the unity for which our Lord prayed. Natural reverence shrinks from pressing the analogy contained in his Divine prayer. And yet there is food for profound reflection in its terms: "That they may be one, even as We are One." The Divine Unity has been manifested to man in the Three Holy Persons. A real and essential unity of believers, manifested under the forms of external distinctness, may be the analogous unity which our Lord desires.

This "profound reflection," when we consider the character of the differences which sunder Christendom, leaves us, we confess, rather breathless.

Mr. Platitude's Brother.

PROVERB LORE. By F. Edward Hulme. (Stock.)

PROVERB and Platitude are twins. They are recognised, even apart however, because Proverb is sometimes naughty and generally clever, whereas Platitude is only not stupid because he is invariably so good. The study of proverbs—to drop personalities—leads to the detection of nations in the unguarded privacy of their not-at-home days, if the quip be conceded us. Thus bathos is exposed as the Saxon's refuge from sentimentality in the simile, "Out of the frying-pan into the fire," and the Arab's natural poetry comes out in his parallel phrase, "Flying from the sword to hide in the scabbard." The Scotch honesty that observes its own weakness shines in "Ne'er let your gear o'ergang you." Chinese suspiciousness is eloquent in the advice, "In melon patch tie not shoe, under plum tree touch not cap." Old Roman practicality is expressed in "carpe diem," which Skelton (we remember) gained praise for translating as "crop the day." As a general criticism of the badness of human nature, proverb is invaluable. "Fish and guests stink in three days"; "The weakest go to the wall"; "A slice off a cut loaf will not be missed";

"One must howl with the wolves," state cases with a simple precision of immorality not without charm.

So much by way of introduction to our review of Mr. Hulme's book, which is in truth of a lounging desultoriness that convicts reviewing of pedagogy, to use perhaps the ugliest word in the English language. One fault: it has that tempts us to manufacture a proverb—the absence of an index. We resist the temptation, because the Oji say, "When a poor man makes a proverb it does not spread."

Mr. Hulme has explored a number of quaint collections of proverbs, and his treatment of such gentry as Heywood, who packed as many proverbs as they could into shameless but docile doggerel, is amusing. Worse than Heywood were those, including the renowned Bacon—miscalled "Lord" Bacon—who commented on proverbs with a tedious solemnity. We would not of course be without Ben Jonson's exquisite advice, "Boldly nominate a spade a spade." The pomposity evidently in that case had to come in somewhere.

The typical proverb being "the wisdom of many and the wit of one," the chief drawback to reading proverbs is the truism lying behind the wit which calls attention to that which it is seasonable to ignore. When truism is forsaken the proverb is not always the better, however. "Make a crutch of your cross" seems to Mr. Hulme "excellent advice." To us it is the last word of smugness to affliction which it does not propose to alleviate. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" is another instance of proverbial perversity. It is untrue; it is simply a bad kind of poetry, the art to which we owe perhaps more falsifications of life than even to the novel.

Mr. Hulme is instructive on the subject of misunderstood phrases. He reminds us of the phrase "that's the cheese." Du Maurier, we remember, in 1880 made his Lord Plantagenet Cadbury sing "Ain't I the Cheese?" to the Cimabue Browns. But "cheese" is good Anglo-Saxon for choice, and Lord Plantagenet Cadbury was unconsciously reverting to the language of Piers Plowman. "Raining cats and dogs," again, is, in respect of the animals, an ill-caught echo of Catadupa, a place of the Ethiopians where was a waterfall mentioned by Pliny.

Such information shows that Mr. Hulme, although he has entered into an elaborate discussion of the nature of the proverb, has in his work confused the popular apothegm with the colloquial phrase or metaphor. He thus chaps away his book's one chance of unity.

Little, however, does that matter since he brings many gems into the light which seldom drop from English lips, but sparkle none the less for infrequent falling in the dust. From Robert Codrington's collection he got this: "A young man old maketh an old man young." There is fine grim psychology there; the young man and the old man respectively are worth whole flocks of "shorn lambs" and gregarious "birds of a feather." It seems to us worth all the Japanese proverbs which we are asked to "ponder on." "A famous sword may be made from an iron scraper"; "the mouth is the door of mischief"; "if you handle cinnabar you will become red": these are Japanese sayings, and when we "ponder on" them we find them merely true. There is a gleam as of local colour from the "cinnabar," but the Bengali shames the triteness of the proverb which emits it, and expresses the beautiful and unadvertised side of the truth it vulgarises, by the saying, "The sandal tree perfumes the axe that fells it."

On the whole it seems clear, as Mr. Hulme suggests, that proverbs are less popular than they were. Many are quite new to-day. We would offer as a reason the increased popularity of concrete facts. As a result we have a growing impatience with figurative speech.

A Point of View.

SAMOA 'UMA. WHERE LIFE IS DIFFERENT. By Llewella Pierce Churchill. (Sampson Low. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Some natures," says Mrs. Churchill, "are so constituted that there is to them a charm in free savagery as shown among the islanders of Polynesia. It may be hard to see in what this charm consists, but it is certain that it has existed even for men to whom the best of culture was open." That charm, one would have thought, was not difficult to analyse; it consists in precisely those elements which would appeal to a man of culture who was also something more. For Mrs. Churchill, as wife of the American Consul at Apia, the life in Samoa was an involuntary exile, and her high-spirited attempt to make the best of it has resulted in a very entertaining book. The entertainment lies chiefly in the accounts of her shooting and fishing expeditions, which are full of life and humour; her records of the native character and customs, however, do not add greatly to our knowledge. The idleness of the Samoan is too much insisted on, for in a country where food is procured in sufficiency almost without cultivation, and dress is a mere matter of ornament, the Anglo-Saxon ideal of the dignity of labour is as ridiculously out of place as the starched shirt of civilization, which the Samoan blade wears as an overall when he goes to church. Yet by her own showing the islanders have accomplishments which could be acquired only by industry and intelligence. They build excellent boats, and manage them superbly. Men and women are expert fishers. Patience and some artistic tradition are needed for the making of their fine mats. The art of tattooing is no child's play; and even the elaborate ceremonial which is part of the Samoan's daily life implies memory and method. They are clean in their houses and their persons, swim before they can walk, and are fond of all athletic exercises. They have also a system of massage of which Mrs. Churchill experienced the benefit.

One had always supposed that kava was a more or less intoxicating beverage. Mrs. Churchill states that it is not so, that it is neither stimulating nor narcotic, and has no appreciable effect whatever. Its taste can hardly be so disagreeable as she thinks it, or white people would not "use the kava as regularly as their native neighbours." Perhaps there is nothing else to drink, for the water is not good, milk is hardly procurable, and "civilized" beverages are no doubt expensive and inferior. At the same time it is curious to note that, in spite of the importation of spirituous liquors by traders, and the example of the white riff-raff of the beach, drunkenness has never become a familiar vice among the Samoans.

The population of Samoa is nominally Christian, yet pagan beliefs and practices survive, though the latter begin to lose or to change their original significance. We have here going on under the observation of enlightened people a process well worthy of study. In the remoter parts of our own islands are to be found customs and traditions of most obscure meaning and origin. Their source may be lost in the pagan worship of our far-off ancestors, and light might be thrown upon these interesting survivals by a scientific study of the changes now taking place among the lately Christianized peoples of Polynesia.

Samoa to English readers means Stevenson, and all Mrs. Churchill's contempt for "the dream tissue which has been woven out of South Sea moonshine" will not alter this. His accounts may be read by the side of hers and no untruth be detected. There is a difference in the point of view, and that is everything.

The Romance of the Highlands.

SCOTTISH LIFE AND HISTORY. Edited by James Paton, F.L.S.
(Glasgow University Press.)

THIS handsome book comes forth with no profession that it meets either a long-felt or a modern want. It is merely incidental to the International Exhibition at Glasgow in 1901. To that splendid show the King, many peers, the Universities of Scotland, and the Society of Antiquaries contributed interesting relics of ancient times. It was discovered that the Historical Loan Collection "provided materials for representing the history of the Scottish nation by means of extant memorials and remains." Why, that was to say, should not literature be spun round reproductions from photographs of 331 interesting things in the Loan Collection?

Well, here are the pictures and the essays "written up" to them. Together, these form a volume which, although it is heavy to the hand, we have read with interest. The first four chapters deal with pre-historic remains, sculptured stones, early history, and mediæval history. They do not add much to what one learned at school; but the illustrations are refreshing to the memory. It is when Chapter IV. is opened that one's interest is thoroughly aroused and even prepared to become critical. That chapter deals with Mary Queen of Scots; it is followed by chapters on James VI. and "Kirk, King, and Covenant"; and these three writings are by Mr. D. Hay Fleming, whom one seems to remember as being a stern and unbending partisan. Sure enough, they do not shed upon their subjects either sweetness or light. Mr. Fleming is a laborious student; but his essays read like the pleadings of a country solicitor before a sheriff-substitute. Every little fact that can be made to tell against the Stuarts is painstakingly set forth, and there is not a single sentence to indicate that the Stuarts had any case at all. Sir Walter Scott was prejudiced against the Covenanters; but, even so, a much ampler and much fairer notion of the civil strifes is to be gleaned from the "Waverley Novels" than any to be derived from Mr. Fleming's pages. They are a blot upon this entertaining work. Happily, Mr. Henry Grey Graham, who follows immediately, writes in another vein. He is a man of catholic sympathy, and, as we had the pleasure of noting in reviews of his recent works, a real historian gifted with a brilliant style. His subjects are "Before the Union," the Union, the Jacobite Risings, and "After the Rebellion." To him, therefore, in the composition of this work, there fell the most thrilling periods in Scotland's history; and from out of a profound erudition he presents them with singular impartiality.

In the second half of "Scottish Life and History," which deals with sociology, literature, and sports, to ourselves the most engaging chapter is Sir Herbert Maxwell's, on deer-stalking, fishing, and falconry. Not long ago there was a good deal of political discontent with what was called "the displacement of the crofters to make way for deer and grouse." The agitation concealed more than half of the facts which had to be considered; but who could have imagined that, in as far as there had been a change in the social conditions of the Highlands, the change was directly attributable to the economic polity of which the Party of Reform were themselves the authors and are still the uncompromising champions? In 1838, when Mr. William Scrope wrote "The Art of Deer-Stalking," forests were small and the deer were few; most of the mountainous regions were devoted to the rearing of sheep. Nowadays, there are not nearly so many sheep; there are 132 forests, which cover more than 2,000,000 acres; and every autumn no fewer than 5,000 stags fall to the sportsmen's rifles. This, says Sir Herbert Maxwell, "is the result of the action of economic laws under the system of free imports. The extension of deer forests had no connection with the dislodgement of the crofters, who disappeared to make

room for pastoral industry on a large scale. But for Free Trade, the Legislature would undoubtedly have maintained or imposed such duties on imported wool or mutton as would have protected the home industry of sheep farming. Foreign competition has reduced the price of mutton and wool to a point which renders sheep farming unremunerative. The utmost that has been done is to replace (*sic*) the shepherds who were originally imported from the Lowlands, and whose occupation ceases with the disappearance of sheep, by well-paid stalkers, gillies, and their families." *Replace*, in that sentence, is a slip of language; but, inadvertently, it states a reassuring consideration. In many cases the shepherds, their original occupation gone, have been kept on to tend the game and attend the sportsmen; and the social state of the Highlands has vastly improved since what are inconsiderately called "the good old times." The stags alone produce £250,000 yearly, which is more than twice the revenue of the whole of Scotland at the time when eager spirits sought to make the country prosperous by the ill-fated Darien Scheme; and at this day there are more happy homes in the glens and on the hill-sides of the Highlands than ever there were before. In these comforting facts lies our apology for having mentioned Free Trade. We name such affairs only when there is a ray of happiness or of hope in the drear lexicon of the gentlemen whom Lord Beaconsfield, in "Coningsby," called statesmongers.

The Sportsman as Writer.

FISHING AND SHOOTING. By Sydney Buxton. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

SUPPORTING himself on an ancient authority, Mr. Buxton avows a theory which we ourselves have cherished in secret. He approves the precept of Markham that "a skilful angler ought to be a general Scollar, and lern'd in all the Liberal Sciences, as a Grammarian, to know how either to write or discourse of his art, in true and fitting terms, either without affectation, or rudeness." We should like to explain and justify that proposition, and even to expand it into a theory that he who is skilful in angling is likely to be a master of high intellectual arts; but, as space enough is lacking, we must at present rest content with an expression of sorrow that Mr. Buxton has in certain respects been unfaithful to the doctrine which he accepted. When he raised a trout he says the fish was "risen." Unrelated participles in amazing abundance are scattered throughout his pages. For a whole chapter he writes in this way:—

You hurry through breakfast, and are soon ready, and by 9.30 o'clock you are down at the river. You are, you find, the only rod on the river that day, which, selfishly, gives you some pleasure, for there is a charm in the feeling that you can go where the whim takes you.

Seven "yous" in as many lines are at least six too many. They make us tired, and vicariously ashamed. Still, one must not deal harshly with Mr. Buxton. He is anxious to be a grammarian, and we take the will for the deed. Certainly he seems to be a good fisherman. He has cast angle into many waters, most notably into the chalk-streams of Hampshire; and he has a gift of reflecting on his sport entertainingly. To be sure, his reflections are not always convincing. "Dry-fly fishing," he writes, "has only been in general use for some ten or fifteen years; but if the Darwinian theory is good for anything, will it be only a matter of time before the southern trout cease to rise? The freest risers will be killed off; the tailers, the bulgers, the feeders on minnow and shrimp will survive. Has the principle of natural selection already begun to work?" One would think not. Tailers, bulgers, and feeders on minnow and shrimp are not distinct classes of trout. They are only trout in certain moods. When

the fish are not tailing or bulging or grubbing, they are either resting at the bottom of the stream or taking insects on or slightly below the surface. In short, Mr. Buxton's words about "the Darwinian theory" and "the principle of natural selection," as possibly applicable to trout in relation to the sportsman, are absurd. If they were not so, they would afford serious reason for disapproving the dry-fly, upon which, like a good many other writers about angling, Mr. Buxton bestows much unscientific praise. Trout have risen at flies, natural and artificial, for centuries; and they will continue to do so. The menace to sport in the streams lies much less in the increasing wariness of the fish than in the dwindling of the waters. Agricultural drainage and the modern system of supplying large towns with water, which, as Sir Charles Dilke recently remarked in the House of Commons, have tended to make the Thames "an exhausted river," are affecting very many trout-streams similarly. That is a misfortune which we must endure in deference to the progress of civilisation. We had marked a good many other passages in Mr. Buxton's book, but have left ourselves with little more than space enough to say that we have read the whole of it with interest and as a rule with pleasure. The chapters on Shooting are by the author himself regarded as less serious than those on Angling; but, oddly, they are fresher. Perhaps that is because they were written with less effort and therefore with less artifice, greater naturalness. The pictorial illustrations by Mr. Archibald Thorburn are extremely good.

Mr. Canton's Poems.

THE COMRADES: POEMS OLD AND NEW. By William Canton. (Isbister. 5s.)

MR. WILLIAM CANTON'S name is already known and beloved by numbers for his books on the child whom he made the child of so many households—"W. V." As a poet he is also known, in a tender and quiet way, if to a less degree. "The Comrades" is a collection of poems with varying proportion of merit, in which strict selection, seemingly, has not been intended. Mr. Canton has rather poured out what had come to him, in a wild-wood fashion, content to leave selection with the reader. Art is not his note, indeed; and none of these poems bears the least sign of "composition." They appear obviously produced as they welled in the writer's mind, without heed to compacting, research of diction, or solicitude for perfect form. They have the advantages and disadvantages of this method. Their excellence is unequal: some are too diffuse, and carry too little weight of metal, to be more than fair occasional verse. But that the artless and unstudied manner is necessary to Mr. Canton is evident from the fact that he succeeds least in the longer and more formally shapen poems, as (for instance) "Pearls and Simples," which has the metrical form beloved by Matthew Arnold in his elegies. Here the diction is often too prosaic, too much of every day, for the grave and dignified metrical mould. It is in the briefer pieces, brought off in a beat or two of the wing (so to speak), that Mr. Canton finds himself. Nearly always these have a thought, an un-borrowed and individual thought, to give them value. It is, indeed, in the last lines or stanza that the poem often makes its effect, and with excellent result. The diction is simple and unsought, but admirably adequate, at the best, in its simple spontaneity of feeling. It is not in diction, however, as a whole that these poems excel. They scarcely attain the magic of expression which belongs to the perfect poet, but their simple tenderness of feeling, with that quality of personal thought which we have mentioned, at happy moments gives them a true and individual charm. "The Comrades" (the title-poem) has an effect of clinging regret which is enhanced by the haunting and unusual

metre. Quotation wrongs its pathos; yet we must quote:—

In solitary rooms, when dusk is falling,
I hear from fields beyond the haunted mountains,
Beyond the unrepentable forests,—
I hear the voices of my comrades calling,
Home! home! home!

Strange ghostly voices, when the dust is falling,
Come from the ancient years; and I remember
The schoolboy shout, from plain and wood and river.
The signal-cry of scattered comrades, calling,
Home! home! home!

Many, it is probable, will not at first detect the all-but complete absence of rhyme, so well is the measure handled. But of Mr. Canton's more usual and personal style, here is a charming example, called "Any Mother":—

So sweet, so strange—so strange, so sweet
Beyond expression,
O little Blossom!
To sit and feel my bosom beat
With glad possession;
For you are ours, our very own,
None other's, ours;
God made you of our two hearts alone,
As God makes flowers
Of earth and sunshine,
O little Blossom!

That is a very sweet and rounded little lyric. Other poems are musing on that child-world which Mr. Canton loves well; so simply domestic in language that they seem intermediate between poems for children and poems on children. Of such is "The Great World"—the journey of a daring young explorer to the village-green. In these lovingly handled themes his readers of old will especially recognise Mr. Canton. Had we space, we would quote "The Stone Age," which shows him at his best—a tender piece of half-humorous musing. But this and other happy things, such as "Life and Death," we must leave to the reader's research.

Other New Books.

STUART TRACTS, 1603-1693. With Introduction by C. H. Firth. (Constable. 4s. net.)

THE texts contained in this volume are reprinted from the "English Garner," published in eight volumes a quarter of a century ago by Prof. Arber. A note explains that the contents have been rearranged and classified under the supervision of Mr. Thomas Seccombe. The introductions are new.

The volume opens with Sir Robert Carey's account of the Death of Queen Elizabeth. Upon this follow three accounts of James' progress from the North to London. Two of the tracts illustrate the rise of the discontent out of which sprang the Civil War. Three, of which the first is from the hand of Sir Francis Vere, are narratives of campaigns and battles. The second is Lord Fairfax's posthumous Short Memorials of some things to be cleared during my Command in the Army, and A Short Memorial of the Northern Actions; a remarkable contrast to which, in tone and temper, is supplied by the boastful narrative of Major-General Morgan, one of his colonels, "a little man short and peremptory," who "spake with a very exile tone, and did cry out to the soldiers when angry with them, 'Sirrah, I'll cleave your skull,' as if the words had been prolated by a eunuch."

The narratives to which most readers will turn first are by sailors; not by admirals, but by unknown merchant seamen; and these furnish remarkable examples of the temper of seventeenth-century Englishmen. Robert Lyde

is a lusty young man of twenty-three, but partly bald, who before starting upon his attempt to recover, with only the aid of a boy, the "Friend's Adventure" from the French prize crew of seven hands, throws away his cap that a blow, if he should be struck there, might kill, not stun, him; for he had had experience of the inside of a French prison. His account of the death struggle in the little low cabin is grimly precise; and he has a horribly vivid touch in the description of the wounded man, with the blood streaming from his forehead, "beating his hands upon the deck to make a noise, that the man at the pump might hear: for he could not cry nor speak." Of the two narratives of men unfortunate enough to be engaged in Monmouth's rebellion that by Henry Pitman, a surgeon, exiled to Barbadoes, manifestly furnished points to Defoe.

Mr. Firth's Introduction supplies an excellent appreciation of these human documents.

THE NEVER-ENDING WRONG: And Other Renderings of the Chinese from the Prose Translations of Prof. Herbert A. Giles. By L. Cranmer-Byng. (Richards. 5s. net.)

MR. CRANMER-BYNG has proved himself in his earlier work to be something of a poet, and this volume sustains, though it will hardly increase, his reputation. The author has feeling, some music, and a distinct sense of the elusive beauty and sadness of the world, but he has at the same time a certain vagueness of expression, a tenuity of ideas, which tend to give his work remoteness and obscurity. There is, also, rather too much straining. In his dedication to Prof. Giles, Mr. Cranmer-Bying says: "The purity of Your Excellency's prose will remain undimmed when this poor setting of rhyme is crumbled about its facets, and only the lustres of the gems remains. This is my one excuse—the excuse of him who seeing the golden lily feet of the beloved desires above all to encase them in rhyme of his own weaving." To talk of encasing "golden lily feet" in rhyme is to come very near talking nonsense.

Of the Chinese renderings we like least "The Never-Ending Wrong"; it is a poem well enough in idea, but full of the vagueness to which we have referred. Vagueness of sorts may, of course, be the highest art, as in "Khubla Khan," but it is not art in Mr. Cranmer-Byng's work. Yet some art he has, as the following lines entitled "A World Apart" will demonstrate:—

The lady moon is my lover,
My friends are the oceans four,
The heavens have roofed me over,
And the dawn is my golden door.
I would liefer follow the condor,
Or the seagull soaring from ken,
Than bury my godhead yonder
In the dust of the whirl of men.

This, too, is impressive of an autumn wind :—

then it swelled
 Into the roaring of great waves that smite
 The broken vanguard of the cliff: the rage
 Of storm-black tigers in the startled night
 Among the jackals of the wind and ruin.

In the section of the volume devoted to "English Poems" Mr. Cranmer-Byng returns to the note with which his earlier verse made us familiar; it is mainly a note of melancholy, of disillusion, of a mild paganism. This set of a sonnet, entitled "As in a Trance," suggests the tone:—

Give me the penance of an autumn gloom,
And hot September rains to sear desire,
And winds to shake the portals of that tomb
Where lies the idyll of a broken lyre ;
Then haply through the cloisters of my pain
The blind shall see the dead arise again.

We have had too much already of that kind of thing, and Mr. Cramner-Byng would do well to devote his undoubted talent to more masculine subjects.

AROUND THE WORLD THROUGH JAPAN. By Walter del Mar.
(A. and C. Black. 18s.)

THE book is largely of Japan, not the Japan of the enthusiast, but Japan westernised and top-hatted as seen by the observant globe-trotter who can enjoy the beauty and novelty of the land, and at the same time take note of eastern odours and imported decadence. The author has not the licensed flight of the poet nor the biased vision of the missionary; on the other hand, he does not wander wildly into discursive politics, and the result is a matter-of-fact book, a trifle judicial perhaps, but always acceptable. The material is arranged on a broad plan divided into convenient headings. The problems of the Far East, the Navy, the credit of Japan, and missionary work are dealt with briefly, but the general reader will grapple rather with the author's reflections on the eternal feminine. He describes the whole social system in detail, and enlarges upon the point of view of the Japanese and of the traveller of enquiring mind. All of which makes good reading, and a useful commentary is found in the statistics of the divorce court, the registrar, and the coroner. For instance, 124,000 divorces, 107,000 illegitimate children, and nearly 9,000 suicides might give the thoughtful Japanese food for reflection; but the Japanese has not a mathematical mind, and no appreciation of statistics. Moreover, he sees no reason for adopting the elastic moral code of the West. The concluding pages give hints to travellers, but the volume as a whole, provided with excellent photographs, affords ample compensation to the stay-at-home.

Fiction.

The Romance of Commerce.

THE PIT. By Frank Norris. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

MR. FRANK NORRIS had planned out a big scheme, and died after accomplishing but two-thirds of it. His idea was to write the epic of wheat, to trace its growing in the American West, its manipulation in Chicago, and its distribution in Europe. For he saw that commerce has its romance no less than warfare, and that the financial fighter is the modern equivalent to the knight in armour. Moreover, if man does not live by bread alone, bread is necessary, and its passage from the soil to the eater crosses innumerable interests. "The Octopus" was the first of the series, and dealt with the struggle between the farmer and the Railway Trust. This, "The Pit," is the second. On its way from grower to consumer the wheat has to pass through the Chicago Wheat Pit, where speculators gamble on the future price. Small material for romance, you may think, in the turn of the hand on the dial at the Chicago Board of Trade. But Laura, sitting in the Opera House, and listening to occasional scraps of talk over the Helmick failure, caught the romance underlying the market reports—

and abruptly, midway between two phases of that music drama, of passion and romance, there came to Laura the swift and vivid impression of that other drama that simultaneously—even at that very moment—was working itself out close at hand, equally picturesque, equally romantic, equally passionate; but more than that, real, actual, modern, a thing in the very heart of the life in which she moved. And here he sat, this Jadwin, quiet, in evening dress, listening good-naturedly to this beautiful music, for which he did not care, to this rant and fustian, watching quietly all this posing and attitudinising. How small and petty it must all seem to him!

And how American is the attitude of the girl, of Jadwin, of the writer! For it takes an American to see the romance that underlies the business operation. Laura had three lovers, an artist, a broker's clerk, and Jadwin—a capitalist. She chose Jadwin. And it was Jadwin who was caught in the swirl of the gamble on futures; Jadwin, who beat time with a hymn book to the singing of his Sunday school. For the story is of an attempted corner in wheat. In the Wheat Pit—and Mr. Norris draws a really wonderful picture of a morning on that central floor of the cereal world—they do not see the wheat, they would not know what to do with it if they had to store the wheat they buy. But they bet what wheat will cost a week or a month hence. And Jadwin saw his way to buying up all the visible supply. It was not the want of money, for he had enough; it was the gambler's passion; and Jadwin for a short spell had the world's loaves in his hands. Now there is a situation for a novelist. Jadwin, for a moment, is a Napoleon, an Alexander, a Providence with the instincts of a devil. But Cressler, the dealer, was right when he maintained that wheat cannot be cornered by any means:—

First, for the reason that there is a great harvest of wheat somewhere in the world for every month in the year; and second, because the smart man who runs the corner has every other smart man in the world against him. And, besides, it's wrong; the world's food should not be at the mercy of the Chicago wheat pit.

It's wrong, and it's impossible. Mr. Norris brings these two points home in the manipulation of his story. The impossibility and the wrongness both rest on the limitations of the individual. No man can keep an eye on every grain of corn that comes into the market. And the man who tries to corner the world's supply of wheat is in danger of sacrificing what is more valuable to himself. What shall a man profit if he gain the whole world's wheat supply and lose his own Laura?

We have read this story with great interest, for it is one of the few that hit the balance of a man's life, which wavers ever between the world of action and the world of sentiment. We have read it, too, with a keen sense of regret that Mr. Norris did not live to complete his scheme. He was one of the very few novelists who have seen the romance underlying the market reports.

LORD LEONARD THE LUCKLESS. By W. E. NORRIS. (Methuen. 6s.)

MR. NORRIS' latest novel, skilled writer though he is, proves somewhat dull reading. As a story the end is from the beginning too unmistakable to arouse any great interest, and as a piece of psychology none of the characters repay the minute attention given to them. The virtuous heroine Juliet is shallow, stupid, and insensitive to a degree that renders the refinement of her upbringing almost a surprise. The girl whom "Leonard the Luckless" can never bring himself to treat as his daughter, though she is believed by the world to be so, is equally lacking in delicacy or refinement of temperament. The villainess—at one time Lady Leonard—is so outrageous in her offences against rudimentary good breeding, that credulity totters at the husband's tranquil indifference to it.

Lord Leonard is, of course, the central and important person of the book. He kept a diary, into which with characteristic coolness he would pour a deeply analytical and unflattering criticism of the lady who was the one woman in the world to him. Here, we venture to think, Mr. Norris' psychology is at least contestable. Lord Leonard, it is true, might easily have loved the lady without being necessarily blind to her deficiencies of character, but to sit down and at great length to enumerate them for mere personal gratification was a form of

disloyalty that under the circumstances is difficult to credit. The writing is, of course, above reproach, and is always restrained and in places even polished, but it is at the writing, nevertheless, more than at the plot that the reader is inclined to cavil, for the style never for a moment uplifts and transfigures the essentially turpid and trivial theme it handles. Through an excessive avoidance of sentimentality, of anything in fact but a philosophic calm of manner, the aspect of life is here belittled; shorn of any redeeming graciousness, of even a rag of its essential pathos and dignity.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

A CASTLE IN SPAIN.

By BERNARD CAFER.

Historical, dedicated to Mr. Henley "in token of some drastic kindness, some stimulating approval." The subtitle of this, Mr. Cape's tenth book, is "Certain Memoirs of Robin Lois, Ex-Major of His Majesty's 109th Regiment of Foot." It begins characteristically: "Light, for the little flunkey of demigods, dawned in old Provence. It did not augment itself by the flashes of cannon, as, a hundred and thirty leagues away in Royal Versailles, was the case with it on this same 27th of March in the year 1785." (Smith, Elder.)

WORLD'S PEOPLE.

By JULIEN GORDON.

A collection of thirteen stories, including a play, the scene being a drawing-room in New York, and the characters, Helen, "fifty-two, black stuff gown," and Isolt, "her married daughter, twenty-eight, elegant, striking street costume." The following explains the title: "As we turned our horses' heads from Lebanon, we asked a lad, who swung across a gate, the name of a distant village nestled among the hills. 'How can I tell,' drawled the young hypocrite, 'they're world's people.'" (Methuen.)

THE SQUIREEN.

By SHAN F. BULLOCK.

The story of a self-indulgent young Irishman, who, finding himself in difficulties, throws over his true love and marries for money; of the unhappy result and his tragic death. The Rector preached over him a sermon of pure eulogy. "Let the words stand," but could Martin have heard, maybe he had liked more the simpler tribute of his friends: "A bold lad, and he died like a man." (Methuen.)

CROPPIES LIE DOWN.

By W. BUCKLEY.

Historical, dealing with the Irish Rebellion of '98. Mr. Buckley has taken his title "Croppies Lie Down" from the famous song which did for Protestant Ireland what "The Wearing o' the Green" did for the Irish Catholics. The book begins: "The shimmering Slaney waters were radiant with many blended tints of sunset splendour as a cloudless day in May came to a fitting and most perfect close. The murmuring of bees in wayside gardens" &c. (Duckworth.)

FERELITH.

By LORD KILMARNOCK.

A tragic story with a reasonably happy ending, told by one of the chief actors—a woman. "It may seem unnatural that a woman, born in so lowly a station of life as was I, should have attained to any considerable facility with her pen, or had opportunity to discover and cultivate a taste for letters, or an appreciation of style." The plot of the story is on familiar lines, but it is treated with some distinction. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

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Novelist Poets.

WE are reminded, by the recent publication of "Songs from the Novels of Thomas Love Peacock," of the time when a novelist, who was also a verse-writer, might introduce into his work his own efforts in the more exclusive medium. But that period seems to have passed; the novelist nowadays may write verse, but he does not star his prose with its finer radiance; rather he keeps it for the expression of his personal and most concentrated experience, and gives it to the world with no great hope that the world will take it at its true value. Exceptions there are, of course; Mr. Kipling's verse in point of popularity stands well up to the level of his prose; indeed, its appeal is popular. It exploits no fine philosophy, it reaches, as a rule, to none of those inner chambers of the house of life in which a man's soul broods over the incomprehensible, striving to transfuse dust with immortality, or with the fire of faith or hope. Mr. Kipling's genius is essentially personal and dramatic; he touches life profoundly, but he touches it rather as an observer than a participator; one cannot often lay one's finger on a passage and say: "Here speaks to us the individual out of the travail of his own soul." But certain novelist-poets of our own day have so spoken; two are happily with us now, the third has passed into silence: we mean Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy, and Robert Louis Stevenson. These three are essentially poets, but poets with qualities of their age and environment which set them upon the wider track of the novel. It is possible that if, say, Keats and Shelley had been of this or the last two generations they, too, might have endeavoured to express themselves in the form of romance; it would not, we think, have been good romance, but it is probable that the current might have swept them in. It is always something of a wonder to us that Browning never wrote a novel—that so acute a mind, so keen and probing an intelligence, should not have attempted expression in the broad fields of fiction. Tennyson, on the other hand, we cannot conceive as a writer of the story in prose, and the same applies to certain of our younger living writers. We do not look to Mr. Davidson or to Mr. Watson or to Mr. Thompson for novels; within very narrow limits it is possible that each might succeed, but the result, we suspect, would be considerable and unequal. Mr. Le Gallienne, with more adaptability, has written a certain kind of romance, but it has been romance without virility, a mere embroidery of sentiment. In "An Old Country House," the latest of his prose ventures, we have sentiment, sentiment, and again sentiment. It is all very pretty, very graceful, very superficial, and there's an end.

But with the poetry of the three men we have named, as with their prose, we touch entirely different ground. Mr. Meredith's philosophy, it is true, has matured, but it has never changed. Always he has insisted upon nature not only as the inspirer, but also as the universal mother, healer, and friend. His is the optimism of renewal, of

growth, of endeavour. Nature never yet betrayed her true and striving children. For the inert, the stubbornly foolish, the craven, she has no pity; participation in her scheme, in her real joy of life, are not for these; she overrides their littleness with the calm indifference of true greatness. To the timid terrors lurk in every shadow, and the worst of all timidity is the timidity of the soul. Such is the lesson of the "Woods of Westermain," with its terrific and sinister conclusion; such, too, is the lesson of all that packed and sometimes laboured achievement in verse which is Mr. Meredith's evangel. And the meaning of the novels is equally clear; not that Mr. Meredith drives home his reading of life with the wearying insistence of a preacher; his method is to amplify by illustration drawn from every phase of existence, from every experience of the spirit. And always he has at heart that corrective spirit of comedy which checks the too aspiring soul and brings it back to the wholesome facts of earth and our humanity. "Love born of Knowledge" is the test of all:—

And why the sons of Strength have been
Her cherished offspring ever; how
The Spirit served by her is seen
Through Law; perusing love will show.

Love born of Knowledge, love that gains
Vitality as Earth it mates,
The meaning of the Pleasures, Pains,
The Life, the Death, illuminates.

For love we Earth, then serve we all;
Her mystic secret then is ours:
We fall, or view our treasures fall,
Uncloaked, as beholds her flowers

Earth, from a night of frosty wreck,
Enrobed in morning's mounted fire,
When lowly, with a broken neck,
The crocus lays her cheek to mire.

In the case of Mr. Meredith the poet is always present, so that we may turn from the pure lyricism of "Love in the Valley" to certain passages in "Beauchamp's Career" or in "Vittoria" without a change of mood. The concluding pages of "Vittoria" reach a height of reserved and penetrative beauty which we find it impossible to read at any time without profound emotion. They are pages which purify and exalt.

To pass from Mr. Meredith to Mr. Hardy is completely to change the outlook; it is to pass from an optimism checked by knowledge to a pessimism which appears equally founded upon knowledge. Yet the experience of the world is with Mr. Meredith rather than with Mr. Hardy,—else, we might suppose, the world would hardly have had the heart to continue an unequal and entirely inglorious fight. Mr. Hardy's gloom, at any rate as expressed in his novels, has grown upon him; there were hints of it in "Far from the Madding Crowd" and "The Woodlanders," but those hints have grown in the later books to be statements of a kind of unmitigated despair. In Mr. Hardy's verse the misery was always present: poems dated 1866 have the note of "Jude the Obscure." As a poet Mr. Hardy will hardly stand comparison with Mr. Meredith or Stevenson; he does not move freely in bonds; indeed, even in prose, he never seems to use his material as a material infinitely plastic, and capable of both wide and subtle gradations. Yet few writers have produced more vital effects, effects all the more powerful because of their uncompromising reality. Glamour Mr. Hardy undoubtedly has, but it is a glamour penetrated by a personality which seems instinctively to disbelieve in the beauty which it is impelled to express. Mr. Hardy's gospel is the gospel of endurance, an endurance without hope and scarcely capable of any happy amelioration. His outlook seems to be as much towards the abyss as that of James Thomson in "The City of Dreadful Night." He is environed, as it were, by the barriers of personality,—which is true of all

of us, but certain barriers may be over-leaped. In "The Impercipient (at a Cathedral Service)" we read :—

That from this bright believing band
An outcast I should be,
That faiths by which my comrades stand
Seem fantasies to me,
And mirage-mists their Shining Land,
Is a drear destiny.

Why thus my soul should be consigned
To infelicity,
Why always I must feel as blind
To sights my brethren see,
Why joys they've found I cannot find,
Abides a mystery.

Yet I would bear my shortcomings
With meet tranquillity,
But for the charge that blessed things
I'd liefer have unhe,
O, doth a bird deprived of wings
Go earth-bound wilfully!

Enough. As yet disquiet clings
About us. Rest shall we.

What do those poignant verses lack? The answer must be, sympathetic imagination. And it is in that lack of personal sympathetic imagination that Mr. Hardy's limitations mainly consist. Of dramatic imagination he has no lack at all; yet often he leaves us cold, with a sense of aching misery, as in the conclusion of "I Look Into My Glass":—

But Time, to make me grieve,
Part steals, lets part abide;
And shakes this fragile frame at eve
With throbbings of noontide.

In that condition there should be no sadness, but rather a sense of kingdoms conquered and joy in still unextinguished fire.

Stevenson as a poet has hardly yet come into his own. His extraordinary success as a writer of stirring and brilliant romance has, for the moment, overshadowed his claim to be fully recognised as a poet of rare art and captivating personality. No braver, more human verse has been printed in our time. In a way its philosophy is Mr. Meredith's philosophy, yet it has more of the adventurous in action in it, of "the open road and the bright eyes of danger." Much, perhaps too much, has been written of Stevenson's indomitable courage; we have been told that it is a man's business to be brave, and that in that Stevenson was no greater than other men. And with that statement, no doubt, Stevenson would have been the first to agree. Yet to think of that long list of vivid and alert romances, and then to turn to the three slim volumes of verse, is to be assured that here was a man whose spirit was moulded to the finest issues by fires hardly less scarring than penitential flames :—

God, if this were enough,
That I see things bare to the buff
And up to the buttocks in mire;
That I ask nor hope nor hire,
Nut in the husk,
Nor dawn beyond the dusk,
Nor life beyond death:
God, if this were faith?

Yet he still accepted the "iniquitous" lists

With joy, and joy to endure and to be withstood
And still to battle and perish for a dream of good;

and he could also write, in words which carry absolute conviction :—

The breeze from the embalmed land
Blows sudden toward the shore,
And claps my cottage door.
I hear the signal, Lord—I understand.
The night at Thy command
Comes. I will eat and sleep and will not question more.

We have been able to do no more than touch upon certain points in the tendencies of three modern writers, who have chosen to express themselves in the novel form, yet have at the same time given to verse some of their best thoughts and most perfect art. The tendency of all exalted expression is towards poetry, and in an age when the novel reigns it is sometimes well to remember the fact. If the novels of the three writers whom we have particularly considered were suddenly and irrevocably lost to us, we should still find in their verse the essence of all that they had to say.

Books Too Little Known.

The Cuchullin Saga.

A book that is little spoken of, a book that does not make too many concessions to the ordinary reader, and one that is placed among the score of books the present writer would least willingly part with, is that fine piecemeal translation of the Irish Iliad, "The Cuchullin Saga," compiled and edited by Miss Eleanor Hull for Mr. David Nutt's "Grimm Library" (1898). A good deal of attention has been bestowed lately on Lady Gregory's "Cuchulain of Muirthemne," a popular recension which takes the reader over much the same ground of early Irish romance that Miss Hull's compilation had previously covered. We are by no means ungrateful to Lady Gregory for her enthusiastic labours, and if in point of style and of fidelity to the spirit of the great Irish epic we adjudge her translation inferior to Miss Hull's collected version, let the reader understand that it is not because we rank her book low, but because we place Miss Hull's very high. Lady Gregory has undoubtedly succeeded in the difficult task of boiling and dressing the pagan roast meats to suit a modern table, and her skill has justly earned for her the praise of many hundreds of people who do not demand that the translation shall be absolutely faithful to the spirit of these old Irish pagan Sagas. We therefore hasten to say that nobody can lay an indictment at Lady Gregory's door in asking: What is this spirit of the Irish Iliad that a translator may be true to? Some men will say one thing and some men will say another, and if we venture here to give some reasons why we set Miss Hull's book first and Lady Gregory's second, we do it knowing that Lady Gregory has many skilful champions ranged on her side, such as Mr. Yeats, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, and Mr. Arthur Symonds, champions with whom it is an honour to break a lance.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn in his essay, "Celtic Sagas Retold," has stated the main issue with his usual admirable clearness :—

I had previously essayed it [the story of Cuchulain] several times in the best versions I could come at, and got no pleasure except from the single lay which tells the fate of Deirdre. . . . I owe to Lady Gregory's skill—and thousands will probably acknowledge the same debt—the vision of Cuchulain in his beauty, his terror, his charm. . . . Those who are connoisseurs in literature rather than simply lovers of poetry will prefer the literal version which keeps the quaintness, the crude savour of primitive literature—though for my own part I think that barbarisms, which in the original even of Homer fall naturally into their place, acquire a disturbing salience in translation.

This is excellently put, and it suggests a further question. If Lady Gregory's version does not keep the quaintness, the crude savour of primitive literature, what does it put in its place? Must not the Cuchullin Saga become transformed in its barbaric spirit under the influence of a modern taste that rejects its "crude savour"? We think this is the answer we must arrive at. Mr. Stephen Gwynn

argues that Lady Gregory in her "task of conciliation" has done for the Irish epic what the Welsh bards under Norman influence did for the Mabinogion—but is not the analogy rather stretched? The chasm between our modern civilised society and that ancient Irish society to which the blood-stained tribal forays of the Cuchullin Saga appeared as realities of daily life, is so profound that it may be doubted whether a Victorian can possibly make a "recension" of the sagas of Beowulf's day without destroying their tone. And this is what we think Lady Gregory has done. Admirable her adaptation may indeed be in respect to modern literary taste, admirable in retaining so much of the original beauty and poetry of these early Irish romances, but we must not be surprised if the price we have to pay for appeasing or conciliating thousands of modern readers is simply that the very spirit of this barbaric literature has mysteriously and gently transformed itself to please modern requirements. It is not merely that Lady Gregory has omitted "certain amplifications of description," "clumsy iterations of incident," artistic "blunders" (in Mr. Stephen Gwynn's phrase), it is not merely that she has (to quote her preface) "left out a good deal that I thought you would not care about for one reason or another"; it is rather that in part by her omissions and condensations, and in part by her adoption of Irish peasant forms of speech, she has actually modernised the original. If we find, then, in her versions generally a certain levelling softness of tone, an affection for colloquialisms in her characters' language, a strong disposition to retain all that goes to make a beautiful picture and a disposition to reject or to modify all that is grimmest, wildest, and most uncompromising, we shall be able to see how this mysterious, and to many readers welcome transformation in the character of the Cuchullin Saga has come about. Let us give a passage from Miss Hull's version which Lady Gregory's passes over almost entirely:—

"THE APPEARANCE OF THE MORRIGU."

MISS HULL'S VERSION, pp. 103, 104.

When Cuchullin lay in sleep in Dún Imrid he heard a cry sounding out of the north, a cry terrible and fearful to his ears. Out of a deep slumber he was aroused by it so suddenly, that he fell out of his bed upon the ground like a sack, in the east wing of the house.

He rushed forth without weapons, until he gained the open air, his wife following him with his armour and his garments. He perceived Laegh in his harnessed chariot coming towards him from Festa Laig in the north. "What brings thee here?" said Cuchullin. "A cry that I heard sounding across the plain," said Laegh. "From which direction?" said Cuchullin. "From the north-west," said Laegh, "across the great highway leading to Caill Cuan." "Let us follow the sound," said Cuchullin.

(We have only space here to give one of the three pages of Cuchullin's conversation with the Morrighu.)

" . . . " said the hero—

"I shall strike down their warriors.
I shall fight their battles.
I shall survive the Tain!"

"How wilt thou manage that?" said the woman, "for when thou art engaged in a combat with a man as dexterous, as terrible, as untiring, as noble, as brave, as great as thyself, I will become an eel, and I will throw a noose round thy feet in the ford, so that heavy odds will be against thee." "I swear by the God by whom the Ultonians swear," said Cuchullin. "that I will bruise thee against a green stone of the ford; and thou never shall have any remedy from me if thou leavest me not." "I shall also become a grey wolf for thee, and I will take (. . . ?) from thy right hand, as far as thy left arm." "I will encounter thee with my spear," said he. "until thy left or right eye is forced out; and thou shall never have help from me if thou leavest me not." "I will become a white, red-eared cow," said she, "and I will go into the pond beside the ford, in which thou art in deadly combat with a man as skilful in feats as thyself, and a hundred white, red-eared cows behind me," &c. &c.

Now, when Mr. Yeats says (and I must here own to be an old friend of Mr. Yeats and an admirer of his work) in his preface to Lady Gregory's book:—

Lady Gregory has done her work of compression and selection so firmly and reverently that I cannot believe that anybody, except for a scientific purpose, will need another text than this, or than the version of it the Gaelic League has begun to publish in modern Irish—

I must beg leave to differ from his conclusions with a reverent and a humble firmness. The force, the meaning, the quality, the very essence and genius of the Irish original, "The Appearance of the Morrighu," is done away with in Lady Gregory's adaptation. The wild, fierce, free spirit of Irish paganism is attenuated, and something that is prudently English has taken its place. Lest anybody should infer that we are judging Lady Gregory on the evidence of a single passage we invite our readers to turn to others, such as—

The Death of Deirdré. Miss Hull, p. 53. Lady Gregory, p. 139. The Wooing of Emer. Miss Hull, p. 62. Lady Gregory, p. 22. Mesgegra's Combat with Conall. Miss Hull, pp. 92, 93. Lady Gregory (no version given). Calatin's Children. Miss Hull, pp. 240, 251. Lady Gregory, p. 330.

And they will find that for the racy flavour of the original version a somewhat tame, over-refined, and semi-modern abbreviation has been substituted. We do not blame Lady Gregory for these abbreviations. She herself says in her preface "I have left out a good deal that I thought that you would not care about for one reason or another," and if she has not rendered faithfully the savage fierceness of the Morrighu and has passed over entirely the wonderful combat between Mesgegra and Conall *cernach*, it is only fair to say that Miss Hull has also had a moment of weakness, and in "The Wooing of Emer" has thought it fit "to omit a few passages that might wound modern susceptibilities." Really, these modern susceptibilities! how beautiful they are, and how unnecessary! What an extraordinary thing it is that an age which delights in the "Visits of Elizabeth" should find it necessary to blush, and turn away its innocent head from the chaste severity of thirty lines in a barbaric saga! Miss Hull has, however, had the great good sense to see that the racy version of Dr. Whitley Stokes' "Siege of Howth" must be retained, and as we consider that the combat of Mesgegra with Conall *cernach* is one of the finest things in the whole Cuchullin cycle, so free, wild, savage is it, yet recounted with a strange delicacy, we extract the episode which Lady Gregory omits:—

Now as he went out of the ford, westwards, Conall *cernach* "the Victorious" entered it from the east. "Art thou there, O Mesgegra?" said Conall. "I am here," said the King; "I claim my brothers from thee," said Conall. "I do not carry them (i.e. their skulls) in my girdle," said Mesgegra. "That is a pity," said Conall. "It were not champion-like," said Mesgegra, "to fight with me, who have but one hand." "My hand shall be tied to my side," said Conall. Triply was Conall *cernach's* hand tied to his side. And each smote the other till the river was red with their blood. But the sword-play of Conall prevailed. "I perceive that thou wilt not go, O Conall," said Mesgegra, "till thou takest my head with thee. Put thou my head above thy head, and add my glory to thy glory." . . . Then Conall got alone into his chariot, and his charioteer into Mesgegra's chariot. They go forward then into Nachtar Fine till they meet fifty women, namely Buan, Mesgegra's wife, with her maidens, coming southwards from the border. "Whose art thou, O woman?" said Conall. "I am the wife of Mesgegra, the King." "It hath been enjoined on thee to come with me," said Conall. "Who hath enjoined me?" said the woman. "Mesgegra," said Conall. "Hast thou brought a token with thee?" said she. "Behold his chariot and his horses," said Conall. "Many are they on whom he bestows treasures," said the woman. "Behold then his head," said Conall. "Now am I lost to him!" she said, &c.

For the superb ending we must refer the reader to Miss Hull's book.

Now this is as characteristic of the aristocratic pagan Irish in its quality as the chapter "Skarphedinn's Death" in "The Story of Burnt Njal" is characteristically Norse. It is both fierce and tender, wild and refined in its feeling. Note how the bardic narrator, unlike the Scandinavian scalds, is on the side of the conquered man, and how Buan, Mesgregra's wife, is not allowed to fall into the conqueror's hand. How subtle and noble is Mesgregra's acknowledgment of his defeat: "I perceive that thou wilt not go, O Conall, till thou takest my head with thee. Put thou my head above thy head, and add my glory to thy glory." That touch of the King allowing his gillie to sleep first, the proud response of Buan to Conall, "Many are they on whom he bestows treasures," the incisive artistic shaping of this tragic episode, so savagely strong yet so delicate—all this suggests that any touch of superadded nineteenth century softening culture on the translator's part would be precisely its artistic destruction. Now this translation we owe to Dr. Whitley Stokes, and it is the translation of a master. The most superb passage in Lady Gregory's and in Miss Hull's compilations is undoubtedly the Death of Cuchullin, and on comparing them closely, though we own to a preference for Miss Hull's, we find that both ladies have followed Dr. Whitley Stokes so closely that the glory of the achievement is his and no other's. After some little experience of the translations of Irish romances put forward by the little band of learned scholars, we have no hesitation in saying that Dr. Whitley Stokes' and Dr. Kuno Meyer's versions seem to us to set a standard which surpasses all others. Dr. Joyce and Dr. Hyde and Mr. Standish Hayes O'Grady have done most excellent work, each in their separate departments, but we can find nothing in "Old Celtic Romances," "A Literary History of Ireland," or in "Silva Gadelica" to touch Dr. Whitley Stokes and Dr. Kuno Meyer's specimen tales from "The Cuchullin Saga," or the last mentioned scholar's "The Vision of MacConglinne." If the reader really wants to taste the wild flavour, the free charm of early and mediæval Irish literature, he must turn to the Cuchullin saga and to MacConglinne vision. If he wants to understand the charm of Irish peasant poetry he must turn to Dr. Hyde's Connacht Love Songs (the prose versions); if he wishes to understand how the old Celtic romances lived on as an abiding tradition in the rougher peasant minds of the Gaelic-speaking population he must turn to "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition."

To conclude, "The Cuchullin Saga," though it can be examined and enjoyed in Miss Hull's compilation, exists there only in piecemeal and skeleton form. What we want most is the translation of the central tale, "The Tain Bo Cuailgne," promised by the German scholar, Dr. Windisch; and next what we want is a translation of many of those romances marked in Miss Hull's chart of the Cuchullin Saga as extant but untranslated. How many years are we to wait? It is melancholy to think that the noblest and the greatest literature Ireland has produced is in the earliest, the most pagan cycle. Therefore it is that we fear any modernisation of its spirit. "Amplifications of description," "clumsy iterations of incident," can be cleared away from the context along with genealogical catalogues and mere topographical information; but the tone, the tone of the Irish Iliad ought to be no less sacred than the tone of the great classics. And the Cuchullin Saga is to Ireland what the Edda is to Iceland, or the Nibelungen Lied is to Germany. You cannot improve on the tone of the Irish bards of the eleventh century. You can adapt them for the use of people who cannot assimilate the spirit of the original, and it is this feat that Lady Gregory has skilfully performed. We repeat we are not ungrateful to Lady Gregory, we feel sure that her adaptations will open the eyes of many thousands of people who would

never have heard of Cuchullin but for her aid; but we hope that her readers will make further explorations, and journey on till they can appreciate Dr. Whitley Stokes' and Dr. Kuno Meyer's incomparable versions. Meanwhile we ask for an expanded edition of Miss Hull's "Cuchullin Saga." Let Mr. Nutt see to it, and let those who want fine literature not rest till they have read and made acquaintance with "The Cuchullin Saga" and with "The Vision of MacConglinne." EDWARD GARNETT.

Impressions.

XIX.—Progress.

It was long since I had seen the old man. How had the winter served him? If, as I feared, rheumatism had held him to his cottage through the wet weeks, then my news would cheer. For as I walked through the woods I had met the first signs of spring—here a crocus just pushing through the earth, there a primrose, and in a cottage garden a splash of yellow aconite. Spring was coming. That was something to tell him.

But the cottage was empty, so I climbed the hill, sure that I knew where to find him. He was sitting on a log, but there was that in his face that checked speech. In truth it was an ill-pleasing sight that met my eyes. Trees littered the ground on every side: some lay undisturbed where they fell, on others the saw had already been at work, and in the midst of the clearing a great excavation was being dug for the new reservoir. The men had ceased work for the day, but their paraphernalia for digging was scattered about, and everything was smirched with the oozy yellow clay. That clearing in the wood was like a battlefield with fallen trees instead of men, and Jonathan, who had known those trees all his life, felt their death as if they had been comrades. Time, of course, would make all seemly. Far below I could see other reservoirs, three of them, that had been finished many years, and already new trees were growing about their banks. Very beautiful, from that height, looked the still blue water that filled those old reservoirs. This I hinted to Jonathan, but he was too old to permit the future to atone for the present. "I've known them trees," he said, "for seventy years, and to see them now lying there, and the saw going at them, why—it's cruel. Water, more water, what do simple folk want with a constant supply? I've drawn all the water I want from the well since I was a boy, and I've sat under them trees all my life. Now they're being cut up into planks; and folk will forget that there were ever any trees here. There was a piece of poetry you once read to me about asking the earth not to forget." I humoured him:—

Forget not, Earth, thy disappointed Dead!
Forget not, Earth, thy disinherited!
Forget not the forgotten!

"Go on," he said—

Imperial Future, when in countless train
The generations lead thee to thy throne,
Forget not the Forgotten and Unknown.

He rose and led the way through the wood where here we saw a primrose, and there a crocus, but the old man was not in the mood to welcome spring. On he strode making for the Father of the Forest, and I knew whither he was going. He paused before the old oak, and gazed mutely at the great trunk. "You can't tell how old this tree be. Five hundred years growing, five hundred years standing still, and five hundred years decay. This one's waiting. He hasn't growed for a hundred years." The old man looked up at the branches, then said quietly—"He endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

Drama.

The Dislike of Tragedy.

THE theme of "The Light that Failed," if I understand it correctly, is one which Mr. Kipling has used elsewhere, and which lends itself eminently to dramatic treatment. It is a theme of conflict, the conflict upon the stage of the human soul, limited by its "here" and "now," of two assertive and aggressive instincts, which may be conveniently named the pride of work and the pride of life. It is perhaps in the artist type, although by no means in that alone, as "The Story of the Gadsbys," not to speak of a much greater achievement, Mr. Meredith's "Modern Love," shows, that this conflict is most clearly defined. Dick Helder and Maisie, who in childhood have wandered the sea-shore and dreamed their dreams together, are both artists. The formative years have separated them. But Dick at least has not forgotten, and when, after the strenuous life of a special correspondent and painter of battle-pictures, he meets Maisie again, the memory flames into a passion. Dick has a big soul. There is room within it for the pride of life and the pride of work to coexist. He can paint and love at once; and the service of his lady spurs him on to his masterpiece, the picture of Melancholia. But Maisie is made of smaller stuff. She, too, would have fame, and is painting a rival Melancholia. She is exquisite, but her nature is essentially a hard and narrow one, and the artistic ambition wholly occupies it, leaving no margin for the play of the human forces. She accepts all Dick's services and devotion, and gives nothing in return but thanks and the sweetest of smiles. The stresses are in equilibrium, until a new impulse brings about a crisis. Dick becomes the sport of one of those grim jests of destiny, whose activity is sufficiently normal in human affairs not to be out of place in a typical picture. An Arab sword-cut received in the Soudan brings upon him, first the horror of blindness, staved off temporarily by alcohol while he finishes the Melancholia, and then, at a blow, blindness itself. The artist is broken. Dick is thrown back upon the man, and the man means inevitably Maisie. Does Maisie respond? Obviously not: Maisie is what she is. The stroke of destiny, which has shattered Dick's being to the foundations, has left her unscathed. Her art, which, as irony will have it, is actually worth nothing at all, is still everything to her; and from the studio near Paris, to which she has retired, she makes no sign. There is no choice for Dick but to creep into the darkness, alone, as best he may. In Mr. Kipling's original version of the story, if I remember aright, he does not, strictly speaking, creep, but gallops, with the lust of blood before his eyes, on a camel, in the Soudan.

Well, the motive is not unfit to move the heart with that grave and composed terror which is the end of tragedy. How then does it bear transplantation into the conditions of a popular play by George Fleming, with "sympathetic" parts for Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott, at the Lyric? The piece is not without its merits, even apart from those which are merely a matter of mimicry. Unfortunately they are almost all of an episodic character. All the part concerning Bessie Broke, the girl whom Dick picks off the streets and who destroys his Melancholia by way of revenge because he has kept his friend Torpenhow out of her arms, is excellently done. But the destruction of the picture does not affect the issues of the play one whit. Torpenhow is good, too, and the red-haired girl, Maisie's friend, who does love Dick, hopelessly. These, too, are comparatively unessential, and I cannot persuade myself that what really matters is well done at all. The first act, which ought to make it clear what a fine fellow, potentially, Dick was, actually only shows him already suffering from the effects of the Arab sword cut and calling

out for Maisie and the glory of the world in a delirium. For the rest, it is devoted to a miscellaneous all-round-the-shop conversation by a number of war-correspondents at the door of a tent, which suggests itself as a rather ridiculous parody of many similar conversations by white-shirt-fronted gentlemen over the cigarettes and wine in the plays of Mr. Pinero and Mr. Oscar Wilde. The passage about Dick's struggle to keep body and soul together in London and achieve success upon a diet of sausage and mashed potatoes, which helps in the book to show the grit he is made of, is left out of the play. The result is that he has hardly captured one's sympathies before they are called upon to grapple with the big scene in which his eyesight goes. The effectiveness of this is further spoilt by the fact that he is represented as under the influence of drink throughout, a device which is rarely successful on the stage, and by which more is certainly lost in the present case than is gained. I have, however, hitherto concealed the great and crowning crime—*il gran rifiuto*—of the whole performance. The tragedy is not allowed to be a tragedy at all. The inevitable and holy sequence of cause and effect is suspended. Maisie's conduct is deflected from the straight line which her character inexorably prescribes for her. At the news of Dick's blindness, brought by the faithful Torpenhow, she throws up her art, hurries back to London, flings herself into his arms, confesses her past naughtiness, and undertakes to make amends with the devotion of her future. And so we file into the street, those at least of us, the great majority, who have no fear of truth before our eyes, with the tear of pathos still wet upon our cheeks and a glow of satisfied sentimentality in our hearts.

Now, it is of no use for me to point out to Mr. Kipling and to Miss Fletcher that, Maisie being what she was, this end cannot really be the end, and that the sudden softening of her hard and selfish little heart can only operate to defer Dick's tragedy, not to annul it. Of course they know that as well as I do, and they only pervert the truth out of a belief, whether well or ill-founded, that the London public will not stand tragedy. On Mr. Kipling's part in the matter I do not wish to dwell. He has Sir Pandarus of Troy become. It is contemptible, and there is an end of it. But what I do want to say is, that if this estimate of the taste of the public is the true one (and about that I am not at all sure), if even the prestige of two such attractive players as Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Elliott will not induce the average Londoner to subdue his soul to the purifying and chastening influences of tragedy for a couple of hours now and again, then what is one to do but despair of the salvation of the drama through the commercial theatre, and throw in one's lot with those who aspire to work out that salvation upon some other basis than that of the cash nexus and the haggle of the market? What that basis is to be is a difficult question enough. The deadening influences and inevitable classical bias of State endowment hardly commend themselves, and such experiments as the Stage Society seem generally to perish of a surfeit of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Perhaps the Guild of Letters, which Mr. Herbert Trench so manfully advocates in the columns of "The Author," will come to the rescue, and provide us with a stage which is at once reverent, modern, and sincere.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

Leonardo the Persistent.

"THAT vast dark continent called Leonardo." I do not know who originated this expressive phrase, but it came back to me on reading that the items at the sale of the late Lionel Johnson's library included a series of first

editions of Walter Pater's works, notably "Studies in the History of the Renaissance." It may be due to early associations, but there has always seemed to be a subtle bond of sympathy between Leonardo da Vinci and Pater. His essay is but thirty odd pages, but how it shines across "that dark, vast continent called Leonardo," lighting the tracks, and illuminating facets, if not revealing all the personality of that strange genius. Certain phrases linger in the memory—"he was smitten with a love of the impossible—the perforation of mountains, changing the course of rivers, raising great buildings"; or "curiosity and the desire of beauty—these are the two elementary forces of Leonardo's genius"; or perhaps that magical page interpreting the meaning of "Mona Lisa": "It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. . . . She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her . . . ;" or perhaps that last page of the essay where Pater pauses, just for a moment, to consider the precise form of Leonardo's religion, and to ask whether Francis the First was present at his death, and straightway forgets these questions in speculating "how one who had been always so desirous of beauty, but desired it always in such definite and precise forms, as hands or flowers or hair, looked forward now into the vague land, and experienced the last curiosity."

Leonardo's life, says Pater, in a sudden facing of facts, has three divisions—thirty years at Florence, nearly twenty years at Milan, then nineteen years of wandering. His sojourn at Milan is fixed in the memory of every visitor to that city. All go out to the Church of Saint Mary of the Graces and gaze at what is left of the "Last Supper" painted on the damp wall of the refectory, oozing with mineral salts. Perhaps some still have the curiosity to read Goethe's elaborate description and criticism of this picture, which is certainly Leonardo's own, as is the "Mona Lisa" at the Louvre; but the higher criticism looks askance at "Our Lady of the Rocks" in the National Gallery. Curious it is how this man who was painter, poet, sculptor, architect, mechanist, mathematician, philosopher and explorer, crosses the path of the modern. I pick up a book on "The Early Mountaineers": I open it at random and find the well-known portrait of Leonardo reproduced from the drawing by himself. It faces a chapter containing an account of Leonardo as a mountaineer, based on certain fragmentary passages from his literary works which give an account of his ascent of "Monboso, a peak of the Alps which divide France from Italy." Numerous articles have been written endeavouring to identify "Monboso," and numerous articles are now being written on a delightful book, just published, which attempts a fresh exploration of "that vast dark continent called Leonardo." That book is Mr. Theodore A. Cook's "Spirals in Nature and Art" published by Mr. Murray.

The sub-title of this volume has ten lines to itself, but let not the lay reader be deterred by those seventy odd words, or by the title. Or by Mr. Cook's too modest statement that he knows "little history, less architecture, scarcely any mathematics, and no morphology or botany whatever." He knows a good deal of all these subjects: he also has enthusiasm, and the power to stimulate the imagination of the reader. The gravest charge that can be brought against him is that he has attempted to prove what can be neither proved nor disproved. Architecture is his hobby: the study of its beauty and wonder has filled many of his days: from sheer love and interest in the art he has trespassed on the lands that the professional architect regards as his own tillage. Had Mr. Cook been content just to write a text-book upon Spiral

Formations in Nature and Art he would have produced a reliable handbook on a fascinating subject, and his reward would have been a few lines of criticism in small type in half-a-dozen journals. But he also has imagination, there is something of the poet in him; these qualities, although vastly to the advantage of the unprofessional reader, have brought down on him the reproofs of the pedants who, while peering earnestly into undergrowth, are apt to forget to look up at the sky above the trees.

The structure of the book is best explained by relating an anecdote. One day at a dinner of biologists at Oxford Mr. Cook produced for inspection an engraving of the beautiful spiral staircase in the wing of Francois the First, Château de Blois, Touraine. A member of the party, after looking closely at the engraving, announced that the curves upon the central column of the staircase were, what do you think? identical with those of *Voluta resperitilo*. Most guests would have nodded, smiled intelligently, and been content to forget this scrap of learning. Not so Mr. Cook: he desired to know more, and dared to hint at his "ignorance of what *Voluta* might be." A specimen of the shell was procured, a longitudinal incision was made, and the four-fold spiral upon the columella was revealed. This chance discovery made an indelible impression on the mind of "the unlearned guest." The conversation flitted away from shells and staircases, but the connection between shells and staircases remained with him. The possibility that the staircase at Blois had been originally suggested by a shell turned his thoughts to other spiral staircases and other shells. Thus the germ of the book: soon it was to grow from within to without as a book should.

Then Leonardo the persistent flashed his personality across the author's vision in this wise. The man who owned this shell and made the staircase was surely an architect of powerful originality and an artist of extraordinary imagination—"a student of biology who collected natural objects with a determination to penetrate the secret of their beauty," and who used them as models for his designs. He must have been a student of nature, who went straight to the source instead of dipping his cup into the river muddied by the paddling and splashing of other men, and, above all, he must have been a man in whom the instinct, and the desire, for beauty was paramount. Such a man was Leonardo da Vinci who died in exile at Amboise, some twenty miles from Blois, a year or two after this very staircase was begun.

Having decided that Leonardo designed the Blois staircase, Mr. Cook set out, if not actually to prove his hypothesis, at least to produce such a weight of ingenious evidence as might convince imaginative minds. He examined the Leonardo manuscripts and proceeded to show in this volume how profoundly Leonardo had studied the spiral in the growth of flowers, the eddying of water, the flight of birds, and the forms of smoke and dust. But that is not all. The staircase at Blois is a left-handed spiral, a formation rare both in architecture and nature. Leonardo was a left-handed man who wrote all his manuscripts from right to left, and ninety per cent. of the screws and spirals contained in his manuscripts are left-handed spirals. But it may be urged that the spiral in the *Voluta resperitilo* is right-handed. True, but in one case in a million the spiral in the *Voluta resperitilo* is left-handed. Nobody would take the trouble to preserve or carry about with him one of the ordinary shells, but a specimen with the rare sinistral helix would be a possession that any man would value, particularly Leonardo who delighted in the rare and the strange. One of these rare examples, Mr. Cook suggests, Leonardo may have brought with him from the seaboard of Italy where it is found. And he may have used it as a model for the Blois staircase.

If Mr. Cook's voyage into "that vast dark continent called Leonardo" is in some respects imaginative rather than scientific, he has written a book that, if it actually

proves nothing, arouses in the reader's mind a rich train of thought. It may also suggest to some craftsmen the wisdom and the advantage of studying nature herself instead of taking her at fourth or four-hundredth hand. At any rate, it turns our minds again to Leonardo, of whom Prof. Ray Lancaster says: "Never has so much talent been united in one man."

C. L. H.

Science.

Fratricide Fore-ordained.

It would be an intelligible position to assert that a writer upon influenza, under the heading of "Science," was utilizing a convenient pseudonym. And certainly we are here embarked upon deep and uncertain waters. No furthest extension of a nice exactitude is possible in discussing, even from the academic standpoint, a battle waged between the highest and the lowest forms of living matter. Such is this; man, the highest representative of animal life, fights with a unicellular plant of the simplest and most elemental form; and, with an eye to the combatant with whom are our sympathies, we call the conflict influenza. The issue, however, rests more directly with the influence of the animal upon the invading plant, than with the influence of the plant upon the animal, though to anyone but the bacteriologist such a statement may appear to be hardly so much a paradox as an actual absurdity.

Perhaps one may demonstrate that science recognises this domestic fray, by giving its weapons the semblance, at least, of mathematical form. Thirty years ago there was not a printed page upon bacteriology in the British Museum. To-day there are upon its shelves four hundred volumes dealing exclusively with that vastly important science. Of these almost the very latest contains an equation which concerns influenza, and every other bacterial disease. It runs thus:—

$$D = \frac{MVN}{R}.$$

Now, it would be idle to pretend that a science which deals with the inter-action of hostile forms of life, forms, too, so mutually remote in structure and activity, can ever become exact. Yet this equation represents some approximation to theoretical exactness. *D*, the disease, equals *M*, the micro-organism (or "germ"), multiplied by *V*, its virulence, multiplied by *N*, its number: the product being divided by *R*, the resistance of the individual attached. The analogy is obvious, of course, to Ohm's familiar law, represented by the equation—

$$C = \frac{E}{R}$$

—the current equals the electro-motive force divided by the resistance. If one realizes the plane of complexity with which the bacteriological "equation" deals, one will recognize how valuable is an expression of the case which represents any parallel, however distant, to such a simple affair of physics as the law of Ohm.

All this may well appear unrelated to the silly nonsense of current print about influenza. Nor is my right to deal with influenza in this series in any way supported by popular parley. Such absurd phrases as "a touch of influenza," "an influenza cold," and the like, are so far from having any relation to science or "systematized knowledge" as to appear rather to form part of some too superfluous scheme for systematizing ignorance. Furthermore, it is supposed that a real grasp of the subject of influenza is obtainable from such a source as the history

of its name. To know that the Italians called it "influenza" in allusion to some supposed malign supernatural influence, and that the French called it "la grippe" in a spirit of more immediate metaphor, and that its titular patronymic is "Russian influenza"—all this is, we imagine, to be quite remarkably well-informed upon the subject. So, perhaps, I may make venture with a fact or two.

The disease known as influenza is due to, or, rather, consists in, the invasion of the human body by a minute plant, which was discovered several years ago by a German bacteriologist named Pfeiffer, and was named by him the *bacillus influenzae*. It follows that one either has influenza or has it not. The bacillus is either there or it is not. Surely that is plain enough. "Bacillus" is, of course, simply the Latin word meaning a "little rod": and the *bacillus influenzae* is a rod-shaped cell somewhere about one eight-thousandth of an inch long. It has no visible nucleus. In other words, its visible structure is so lowly as not even to comprise the first differentiation of living matter into nuclear and non-nuclear protoplasm. It multiplies by simple splitting, initiated, no doubt, by the nuclear matter which we must believe to be spread throughout its substance. So far the thing is simple enough, and it would be natural to conclude that if this creature multiplies in you or me we shall, *ipso facto*, suffer from influenza. Such an assumption would ignore the first principle that life depends upon chemical processes. Similarly influenza depends upon the peculiarities of the vital chemistry of the bacillus of Pfeiffer. And since by these we suffer, we call the bacillary products poisons or, to use the Greek, toxins. These toxins are organic compounds of great complexity, probably varying in different generations of the bacillus. This difference of toxicity is expressed in the *V* (virulence) of the equation. Influenza is the result upon the patient, as a whole, of the interference with his normal chemistry produced by the interaction of the chemical products of his cells and the chemical products of the invading cells. In some peculiar subtlety of this struggle is to be sought the explanation of the familiar fact that influenza may take so many forms. It is, indeed, the type of a Protean disease.

What follows is simple enough to relate, though its details are beyond our ken. The toxin has its brief day, and then, fittingly enough, the very cells of the patient (whichever, in the particular case, they happen to be) that suffered most by its ravages, have their revenge. They produce a new substance, which arrests the multiplication of the bacillus, deprives it, somehow, of its fuel or its oxygen, and ultimately kills it outright. This substance we very naturally call the antitoxin. One point further. Influenza never directly caused a death yet. In other words, uncomplicated influenza is a non-fatal disease. In yet other words (for there are many ways of phrasing such problems as these), the antitoxin is always produced in time. But the disturbance of cell-chemistry is so profound that if another invader enter at this moment, as, for example, the germ of pneumonia, this time the besieged cells, weariedly facing an unexhausted foe, fail, only too often, to supply the second antitoxin in time.

Let us recall, for a moment, the equation: *D*, the disease influenza, consists in *M*, the micro-organism or bacillus of Pfeiffer; *V*, its virulence, or the variety of influenza toxin it can produce—allied, I may note, to the ptomaines of meat—and *N*, its number or the dose of that poison; all these divided by *R*, the resistance, or power of producing antitoxin, possessed by the body cells of the individual attacked.

Yet, after all this prosaic detail, we return to the real question underlying influenza. And what is that? Well, it depends on your point of view. If there is influenza in your house or mine, the real question for us is, how shall we bring into the house so much poison as shall kill this little vegetable, lest haply it kill us. Poison I call it, for

so it is to the bacillus. Antiseptic and disinfectant we call it. Nor do we nicely debate our right to slay and spare not.

So the real question, as I take it, is this: Here we all are, we cells or societies of cells, held to our common Mother by a force, a law absolute, eternal, immutable. We are all in the same boat upon the universal ocean, the germs and we. Our origin is common; from the circum-polar sea, the first to cool and render life supportable—we are told. Yet not born perchance; assuredly, not perchance are we. And if not to an end, and a common end, then the sun, our common need, is a goblin, and not only Rossetti's type, but we all make him so, we, men and microbes, and the rest of the living race. With the very breath of our nostrils enters the influenza bacillus, and if it can flourish and multiply, why should it not? It must fight or die; and why should it die? Did not our Maker give it life? And yet if it survive, what of us? Are we to die, and now? And so it is war without mercy, and the battlefield is our Mother's bosom, now become our "Isle of Terror." Well may the poet say:—

So go the town's lives on the breeze,
Bosom nor barn is filled with these.

And I write under a word which suggests that I "know," and flaunt my clumsy pompous polysyllables, and jeer at those whose words have four letters where mine claim five; and treat, with a would-be pretty wit, of influenza as a combat; and "explain" forsooth, the unknown in terms of the unknowable; and leave the real question unanswered. Why, why this accursed slaughter? Thus, science to-day leads the human mind so far and leaves it faint, sick with the smell of blood. Faint, do I say? This rather. Faint, yet pursuing.

C. W. SALEERY.

Correspondence.

Spadework.

SIR,—The point which you somehow miss of my last letter was that there is no ground for supposing the Cretan scripts to be more alphabetical than the cuneiform. As the tablets on which they appear have not yet been deciphered, one cannot speak with certainty, but their likeness to the Cypriote signs suggests that, like them, the Cretan forms a syllabary and not an alphabet. Their discoverer, Dr. Arthur Evans, did not, I think, go further in his recent lectures than to suggest that the Cretan pictographs were the source whence the forms, and perhaps the names, of certain hitherto unexplained signs in the Phœnician alphabet were derived. Hence Phœnicia rather than Crete was the birthplace of the alphabet. But the Phœnicians on their own showing were an Assyrian colony, and everything, therefore, points to Babylonia as the first home of writing, and perhaps of all the other elements of culture as well. This is the view that I have repeatedly advocated in your columns, which must be my apology for troubling you with this correspondence.—

Yours, &c.,

F. LEGGE.

6, Gray's Inn Square, W.C.

Matthew Arnold and Bishop Wilson.

SIR,—May I point out to "The Bookworm" that it was the "Maxims of Piety and Christianity," not the "Sacra Privata," which Matthew Arnold (in his Preface to "Culture and Anarchy") so strongly recommended—regretting that they were not, like the "Sacra Privata," in circulation. In consequence, apparently, of that appeal the S.P.C.K. republished the "Maxims" in 1869. "Some

of the best things from the 'Maxims'" (Matthew Arnold wrote) "have passed into the 'Sacra Privata,' still in the 'Maxims' we have them as they arose. . . . I am not saying a word against the 'Sacra Privata,' for which I have the highest respect; only the 'Maxims' seem to be a better and more edifying book still." In view of a judgment which ranks it in some respects above the "Imitation," and of its scarcity, I hope we may have a reprint of the "Maxims" as well as of the "Sacra Privata."—Yours, &c.,

Pau, France.

C. H. MINCHIN.

"Wanted a Word."

SIR,—May it not be considered somewhat in the nature of a "wild-goose chase" to hunt a generic term for the various antecedents to "sequel"—all extremely tenacious of appropriate appellation! For instance, it were scarcely in the fitness of things to speak of a man's poverty as the *prelude* to his suicide. Moreover, by the way, does *prelude* necessarily imply *consequence*? Shakespeare speaks of Cassio's intoxication as being "evermore the *prologue* to his sleep," wherein it is curious to observe the dramatist betraying the "dyer's hand," when here, *prelude* might have better served, for the propriety of *prologue* is obviously dependent upon the articulatory condition of Cassio's "cups"—cases having been known to which the term "speechless" applied. Again, if for a moment it be permissible to suppose the dramatist—"in his cups" or otherwise—stumbling upon "*cause* to his sleep," then assuredly, apart from scansion, "equivocation" had "undone" him. "We must speak by the card!" The question, however, remains of the "Sequel" family being bifurcated—*propter* and *non-propter* branches, resulting in further ramifications!

"When is a sequel not a sequel?" Might not that prove an interesting and profitable subject of enquiry?—I am, Sir, yours *consequentially*,

A. J. E.

SIR,—For the information of those interested I extract the following from a list of Zola's works, published by the defunct firm of Messrs. Vizetelly & Co.:

The "Assommoir" (The Prelude to "Nana").

I, however, think "precess" a word preferable to "prelude."—Yours, &c.,

T. A.

"The Famous Scene."

SIR,—In the review of d'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini" in the ACADEMY of the 17th of January, the following sentence appears: "The famous scene of the fatal kiss and declaration between the lovers is treated with a classic simplicity and reserve which, powerfully acted, should make it the most effective in the play."

It might be interesting to your reviewer to learn that this scene as acted by Duse in New York was, to a young but not infrequent playgoer, the sweetest and most genuinely poetic interpretation of a love passage that it has ever been his pleasure to see on many stage.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. DUNCAN, Jun.,

University Club,
Fifth Avenue and 54th Street, New York. Librarian.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 177 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best imaginary criticism by a deceased author on a book by any living author. We award the prize to the Rev. R. F. McCausland, Hawsker Vicarage, Whitby, for the following:—

JOHN BUNYAN ON LORD WILLIAM NEVILL'S "PENAL SERVITUDE."

So a Lordling hath had experience of the Den! But methinks he fared well, and hath but little cause of Complaint. His unwholesome Food, now and then, was but a Fly in the Ointment of his gentle imprisonment. Tainted Food was my frequent Portion, albeit I recked it not, having manna and to spare that such as he boot not of. Will this Book make a Traveller of any Wight? Shall the Slothful be active thereby, or the Blind see delightful things therein? I trow not. This Nobleman seems to have had no Dreams but those of Escape betimes, from his deserved Penance. He longeth only to join again those whose Paradise is this naughty World. It was with Qualms that I published the Adventures of my Pilgrim. Was this my lord ever in that Quandary?

"Some said, John, print it; others said not so;
Some said it might do good; others said, No."

Hath he brought out these Memoirs for the Carnal Declaration of Mr. Badman and his sort? My Old-Honest would rate them at the value of a Broadsheet printed with the vapourings of a peevish Malefactor. What hath he done, but rake into a Book the Straw, small Sticks, and Dust of the Floor of his late Dungeon?

Other replies follow:—

MRS. SHERWOOD'S ON "ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN."

It seems to me strange that the taste of the day should be gratified by the portraiture of such a female character as Elizabeth in her German garden. To the mind of a sensitive gentlewoman there is something positively unrefined in her actions and conversation. I must confine my remarks to her alone, for it would be vastly distasteful to dwell upon her friends. The pertness of these young Misses is such that one shrinks from its contemplation. Of Elizabeth herself, I will speak briefly under the following headings:—1. As Wife—This painful theme can be dismissed with few words. Where, I ask, is wifely devotion, wifely submission, wifely care? I find traces of none. By a flippant nickname alone is the husband designated, and his absence from home hailed with positive pleasure that Elizabeth may the better indulge in her strange antics out of doors. Secondly, as housewife her character is little less to be deplored. Surely the most obvious avocations of any notable female are the reception of guests, the ordering of her household, the plenishing of the still-room. Yet this eccentric person neglects them all. She treats her neighbours with sauciness, and her servants (except the gardener) with neglect, while her only household expenditure appears to consist in the purchase of herbaceous stuffs.

In fine, I think this Mrs. Elizabeth would do well to learn that her position as wife and mistress is of vastly more importance than that of posturing as a female Hodge in the garden.

[M. J., Bristol.]

MR. SAMUEL PEPPYS ON THE PLAYS OF IBSEN.

This morning to St. Paul's Churchyard, to my booksellers, where I stayed above an hour reading the play of "The Doll's House," by one Ibsen, a Dutchman, but brought it not away, it costing too dear for my purse. And it do seem to me nothing so fine as the play which I saw lately of "The Silent Woman"; and all the play about a woman who took conceit that in minding of her house she was none better than a doll, and she mighty ill-content thereat, although very civilly used by her husband; a strange play, as I think, and I would not have my wife see it. And in the same book another play of "Ghosts," full of all the roguish things imaginable; and in it a man do fall in love with a serving-wench, and a great to-do about this, his mother being minded how his father once did the like, and she not liking it; and presently, because the wench will not have him he do become spleenetic, and falls to crying for the sun, which do seem to me a poor, silly ending. And all the talk very poor and simple, and not one good line in the whole, so that I hope it will never come to be acted at the Cockpit.

[D. M., Streatham.]

DR. JOHNSON ON DIANA OF THE CAUSEWAYS.—A PARAGRAPH FROM BOSWELL.

Sir, there is nothing to command respect in this young woman's manner of conducting her life, though there may be somewhat to awaken solicitude for those with whom it is involved. Flown from her natural protector, upon grounds for which she cannot be

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"An excellent story, well told, full of light and shade, humour and pathos, and exhibiting some careful character drawing."—*Warwick Standard*.

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accounted blameless, it occasions no surprise that she should presently betray a secret. The author is right in this particular, although wrong in all others. No woman, unless indeed she be a queen, can be properly entrusted with affairs of State. Diana is a fool, if she is not a knave, and the less knavish you make her, so much the more is she a fool. By what I can gather from the author's philosophic comments, I perceive him to be inwardly supporting her throughout, for he joins her in marriage with the best man in the story; a good man, but a fool like herself. The universe has no need for such upholdings, and Providence disowns them. . . . The style of this amazing volume is on a level with its purport: the first offends the ear, and hinders the understanding; the second revolts a man's sense of rectitude, and his belief in the justice of Heaven. No polite author desirous to convey his ideas to the world, sets about doing it in such incomprehensible fashion. Conceits and fantasies do not illuminate, but obscure, the sense of every page. The conversation of the wits with whom the heroine consorts, is proclaimed as brilliant; but since the first duty of a wit is to be plain, and the speakers in these colloquies are seldom so, their talk is as like as not a cloak for the nakedness of fools. . . . Sir, an author may employ imagery, and yet be plain; he may write of sinners and at the same time give them their dues; he may pity, and he may pardon, but, in the interests of morality, he may not condone. Sir, in this monstrous record of unfeminine adventure such is not the case.

[E. H., Nightingale Lane S.W.]

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Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 18 February, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

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Maitland (The late Rev. Brownlow), Family Prayers.....(")	0/6
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Ramsay (Bernard Malcolm), London Lays and other Poems.....(Stock)	3/6
Moore (T. Sturge), Absalom: A Chronicle Play in three Acts.....(Unicorn Press) net	5/0

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Foster (J. J.), The Stuarts.....(Dickinson's) net	21/0
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Laying (A. E.), A Complete Short Course of Arithmetic.....(")	1/6
Probst (A. W.), edited by, Le Genre de Monsieur Poirier.....(")	0/8
Payen-Payne (De V.), edited by, Souvestre's Un Philosophie Sous les Toits.....(Blackie)	0/4
Thomais (A. F.), edited by, Voltaire's Selected Letters.....(")	0/4
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The "Life and Works of John Hoppner, R.A.," are to form the subject of an exhaustive monograph by Mr. William McKay and Mr. W. Roberts. This work, which has been in preparation for some time, is the first attempt to represent Hoppner and his work adequately, and it will contain a great deal of new material. It will be illustrated with about sixty large photogravure plates, and will be published jointly by Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Co. and George Bell and Sons.

Under the title of "Art Prices Current," Messrs. Bell announce a new publication designed to afford the same assistance to collectors of pictures and prints as "Book-Prices Current" has for many years past given to book collectors. The sub-title, "A Descriptive Survey of Sales by Auction of Paintings, Drawings and Prints," shows the aim and scope of the work, a special feature of which will be the copious notes following each entry, which will describe the works sold in such a way that they cannot be mistaken. The editor is Mr. J. H. Slater.

A popular edition of the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's autobiography, "My Life in Two Hemispheres," will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin next week. This new edition will be in two volumes and will be issued in "The Reformer's Bookshelf."

Next week Mr. Fisher Unwin will bring out a small volume by Mr. Barry Pain, entitled "Little Entertainments." The book is a collection of short stories and sketches. The subjects of the sketches are varied, ranging from "Shakespeare's Ciphers" to "The Prohibited Pipe."

Mr. Edward Arnold announces the publication of a book by Major H. H. Austin, entitled "With Macdonald in Uganda." It describes the expedition under Major (now Colonel) J. R. L. Macdonald, which was confronted with, and successfully overcame, the mutiny on the part of the Sudanese troops.

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The Literary Week.

THE tendency of publishing during the week has been in the direction of military biography and autobiography, and exploration. Two books more or less connected with the Boer War have been issued, one a novel by a Swede, the other a series of letters written by an Uitlander to Sir Bartle Frere between the years 1899-1902. The first two of these letters were written in Greek characters, as the writer believed that no letter was safe from inspection. Novels have been numerous, and include Mr. Ollivant's "Danny," entirely revised and rewritten since it appeared in the "Monthly Review." The author acknowledges his indebtedness to the criticism of "two ladies, Mr. Henry Newbolt, and Mr. John Murray." Among other new books of the week we note the following:—

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS FORERUNNERS. By Sidney Lanier.

"Studies in Elizabethan Poetry and its Development from Early English." Sidney Lanier was a poet of real distinction, though of very unequal performance. That he was also a genuine critic and appreciator these volumes show. The work consists of two sets of lectures delivered in Baltimore during the winter of 1879-80. Mr. H. W. Lanier says in his preface: "What he set himself to accomplish was to picture the Master Poet as the culmination of that marvellous Elizabethan age which came flaming upon a world just beginning to guess at its own true self." The two handsome volumes are well illustrated.

MEMOIRS OF COUNT GRAMMONT. By Count Anthony Hamilton. Edited by Gordon Goodwin.

The present translation is that edited by Sir Walter Scott in 1811. Scott wrote of the memoirs that they were "pleasantry throughout, and pleasantry of the best sort, unforced, graceful, and engaging." Gibbon thought highly of Hamilton's style, and Voltaire said that he was the first to discover the essential genius of the French language. The Memoirs cover the years 1662-64; "such occurrences as the great plague and the fire of London find no place in a narrative which tells of the Olympians only." The two volumes are excellently illustrated with portraits in photogravure.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË, GEORGE ELIOT, JANE AUSTEN. By Henry H. Bonnell.

A series of studies, literary and temperamental. The sections read: "Charlotte Brontë: Her Realism; Her Attitude Towards Nature; Her Passion." "George Eliot: Her Religion and Philosophy; Her Art; Her Sympathy: Further Considered." "Jane Austen: Her Place; Her Wonderful Charm." Mr. Bonnell has enthusiasm and an intimate knowledge of the work of his authors. His style, however, is sometimes rather irritating: "Certain it is that we shall never have anything like the Brontës again until like genius mates with like innocence and like loneliness—such intensity of genius yoked with such immensity of loneliness, in the virgin forest of innocence."

LETTERS TO AN UNKNOWN. By Prosper Mérimée.

A translation by Henri Pène du Bois. "If I knew the name of the Unknown," says the translator, "I would not tell it; but I do not know it." Commenting on an entry in Goncourt's journal, November 1, 1865, M. du Bois says: "Mérimée's dryness was only apparent. He was extremely sensitive, and he exaggerated indifference to make of it an armour. He has written in his 'Letters to an Unknown' tender, loyal, deeply pathetic confessions of a temperament which imposes profound affection."

MR. R. F. CHOLMELEY has an article in the "Library" on "Boys' Libraries." We agree with much that the author says, but he sometimes goes wrong. For instance: "It must be admitted that with the boy who resolutely prefers a bad translation of Dumas to 'Treasure Island,' or 'Three Men in a Boat' to 'Pickwick,' there is not much to be done." Why? Boys are not critics of style. Again: "The reference library is the obvious place for nearly all poetry, except that it is equally true that nearly all poetry should be in the circulating library as well; for boys cannot be too much encouraged to read poetry, and without much encouragement they will not do it." Our experience of boys is that those to whom poetry is likely to be of the least account go to it by instinct and temperament. Encouragement to read poetry, we imagine, never did any good either to the reader or the poet.

IN the New York "Reader" for last month, we find an unusually interesting article on Schopenhauer. The writer, Mr. R. V. Risley, secured the information which he sets down from a man who knew Schopenhauer intimately for some months in Frankfort. Schopenhauer's mother was a sentimentalist, his father a grim and passionate man who voluntarily ended his life in a "black canal between two gloomy warehouses." After that, the boy sat on a stool in the office of a Jew money-changer. When he grew up he went to Weimar to see his foolish mother, who had taken to writing mystical novels, "now," says Mr. Risley, "worthily forgotten." But an inevitable estrangement ensued, and as inevitably Schopenhauer fell in love; "it was characteristic of his whimsical and piteous bitterness that he should wilfully love below him." The woman's name is unknown—she was an actress; but from that point Schopenhauer's real career began. Yet for twenty years he remained unknown:—

Stumping along the narrow streets with his stick, a disordered sheaf of papers under his arm, he became a gibe with the cellar cheese-mongers and corner beer-sellers of the neighbourhood. With the delicate yellow of the afternoon sunlight patching the bowed and shiny back of his black coat in wavering squares of canary—through the blowing drifts of winter—with the flame-coloured autumn leaves fallen from trees overhead lying unnoticed on his shoulders—he walked unknown.

It was only when the universities had begun to recognise Schopenhauer that the friend whom Mr. Risley names, Dr. Alan Read, first met the philosopher who "felt his thoughts." From the verbatim sayings of Schopenhauer, given by Mr. Risley, we quote the following:—

No man loves the woman—only his dream.

Fame? I prefer money.

It is less contemptible.

O, yes! I am perfectly willing to do anything which your morality decries—but even to be recalcitrant no longer especially interests me—save that it gives me my only amusement, the wonder of those who do not understand.

I am too tired to care for anything.

I have made one now unalterable mistake in my life—I have not been a fool. I wish to God I could be!

Laugh! Few things are worthy of seriousness—least of all an old man who sneers at the things of his youth begged for in silence.

Besides—the years flow over me like a wave—I am smothered. My brain is stunned with repetitious detonations. The drums of memory are slack-headed as they beat the funeral farce-didge of what I have never had—and from the land of to-morrow I hear the echo of a sunset-gun.

Life is only an old coat, by the casting off of which I would be eased—but I lack the bravery of cowardice—which requires less vanity than mine in order to be simple enough to put an end to existence.

Self-realisation kills laughter.

Besides—I am too tired.

The object of life? Having eliminated its joys and its reasons, could I find any object? Why, this glass of Moselle does more to tempt me to remain in life than do all my hopes—for I have so few—I am perhaps the only man in the world who has more expectations than hopes.

A year after the conversations recorded Schopenhauer died in his solitary lodgings. He was found sitting in his big chair, dead. Perhaps, as he himself suggested, he was not young enough to live.

IN the same journal for February a writer has been discussing the eternal subject, "The Question of Maupassant." Towards the end of the article we read:—

Maupassant had a growing admiration for the work of the Russian authors: he thinks warmly of Dostoevsky and Tolstoi, but his special literary faith centres in Turgenev, whose friendship he highly values. Flaubert taught him to

write well; these men taught him to write fearlessly. They gave him grasp, they fed him with raw food straight from the soil, they made possible "Une Vie" and "L'Histoire d'une Fille de Ferme"; they bade him drop from mind even the attenuated romance that hangs about the realism of Balzac.

We are tired of this kind of writing concerning Maupassant. One might suppose that he was no more than an "assiduous ape." As a matter of fact he was himself, influenced, no doubt, by a hundred things and writers appealing to his personality, but primarily and always himself. What the writer of the article means by "even the attenuated romance that hangs about the realism of Balzac" we do not know. Balzac was not essentially a realist at all. His realism, such as it was, was subject to his romance.

Mr. JOHN MURRAY, in a letter to the "Spectator," refers to the practice, which appears to be growing, of manufacturing verbs out of "nouns, adjectives, and anything else which happens to come to hand." Says Mr. Murray:—

In MSS. which I have read during the past few weeks I have found scores, I might almost say hundreds, of instances of this practice, which appears to have a special fascination for some novelists and poets. Here are a few examples: "he hoarsed," "he husked," "she shrilled," "she tip-toed," "she glimpsed him," "he parroted," "to supreme," "to camorning," and last but not least, "yells of joy artesianed up his throat."

The editor of the "Spectator" says, somewhat mildly, "we cannot see that our speech gains much by the verbal atrocities quoted by Mr. Murray." It is very certain that our speech would soon become a nerve-shaking terror if such words became current, but there is no practical fear of it. "She tip-toed," however, may be passed without scruple; the verb "to tip-toe" has been used by many self-respecting writers. The fact is that the best writers do not coin words in our day; all that the utmost art can require exist already. There is no reason why other than scientific and technical additions should be made to our language. The weakest writers nowadays are those who strive to attain distinction by the use of startling, and generally silly, new words. It was not always so; but even the greatest enrichers of our vocabulary moved with caution and had warrant for their innovations.

PROF. BRANDER MATTHEWS has been writing in the "North American Review" on "The Art of the Dramatist." A good deal of what Prof. Matthews has to say seems, at first sight, too obvious to be worth setting down. For instance: "As a drama is intended to be performed by actors, in a theatre, and before an audience, the dramatist, as he composes, must always bear in mind the players, the play-house, and the play-goers." Yet, after all, that needs repeating, for a considerable number of the plays which we are annually invited to see appear to have been written mainly for the actors. A little later Prof. Matthews says:—

Desiring to please the audience as a whole, the dramatists are always ready to accept its verdict as final. There is no immediate appeal from this judgment, rendered in the theatre itself, whether it is favourable or adverse. As Regnard makes the comedian say, "It is the public which determines the fate of works of wit—and our fate; and when we see it come in crowds to a new play we judge that the piece is good, and we do not care for any other assurance." And here the comedian was indisputably right; the approval of the public is the first proof of worthy success, for there are no good plays save those which have been applauded in the play-house.

The dramatist accepts the verdict of the audience as final only because he must, and as to the statement

that "there are no good plays save those which have been applauded in the play-house,"—well, we can only say that we think Prof. Matthews is entirely wrong.

THE other day there was dedicated in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral a memorial to the late Lord Lytton. The concluding words of the memorial inscription are these :—

A poet of many styles, each the expression of his habitual thoughts. A man of superior faculties highly cultivated by literature, ardent in his affections, tender and generous in all the circumstances of life, lavish in his commendations of others, and humble in his estimate of himself.

It would be interesting to know how many people nowadays associate with the name of the Viceroy his literary pseudonym of "Owen Meredith." Does anyone nowadays read "Clytemnestra," "Lucile," "The Ring of Amasis," "Glenaveril," and "King Poppy." Yet these books should be read, if only as representative of one side of a great personality.

THE eighth and concluding volume of Mr. Gough's "The Bible True from the Beginning" lies before us. Into the value of the work we cannot enter here, but the sincerity of it may be judged from the following passages. The first is the conclusion of the introduction, the second the conclusion of the book :—

A Demosthenic saying tells us that it is needful to bear nobly whatever God gives. With a strength of Christian faith, and with a hope in God that pass beyond resignation, the writer sends forth his work to do the will of Him who prompted and ruled in the writing of it, and who will both sustain it and give it wings.

May we all come to a firmer faith in the precious fact that God's Word is true from the beginning. Some may impugn the wisdom of the writer's efforts to show this fact. Others may speak in condemnation of his motives. From all such causes of trouble, he turns to the refuge of those whose hearts condemn them not. He turns to Thee, my Saviour, whom my heart loves, from whom my life has received its constant sunshine, and at whose dear feet I would humbly lay my offering down.

WITH its current issue the New York "Book Buyer" becomes "The Lamp." The field of "The Lamp," we are told, is in nowise enlarged, "but this field, the importance of which in our own land is vastly more significant now than ever before, offers it a fertile soil for sound growth." In an article on Mr. Barrie as a dramatist we find the following :—

"The Admirable Crichton," to my mind, is the greatest thing Mr. Barrie has ever done in the art of creation. Indeed, it is so essentially brainy, a thing that a man of intellect can genuinely congratulate himself upon, that I greatly admire the courage of Mr. Frohman in producing it. If Mr. Barrie had been less well known, or if his manager had been less audacious, I have little hesitation in saying that "The Admirable Crichton" would not have got a chance.

It is extraordinary that when a successful play is produced the same thing is always said. Mr. Barrie knows his public quite as well as any smaller writers; he has learned not to make serious mistakes.

A CLEVER piece of fooling reaches us from Birmingham. It is called "Everyman's Education: A Morality Play," and its authors are C. W. Mathews and W. C. Mathews. The characters are Knowledge, Various Universities, the

Board of Education, and an Out-porter. Sir John Gorst represents (without permission) the Board of Education. Sir John has rather a bad time of it. When the Universities have had their say Learning speaks :—

They've gone.

Perhaps you've had enough of it, Sir John?

SIR JOHN (*in despair*)

I've had enough of it to turn my brain,
My head is simply splitting with the strain.
I think I'd better cut the matter short,
And go and worry out a draft report.
So while they're out of sight I'll slip away
And make my exit.

LEARNING.

Au revoir.

SIR JOHN.

Good-day.

After which the Universities returns and Learning leads them across the stage :—

They follow her, as nearly in the attitude of Mr. Byam Shaw's "Love's Baubles" as the circumstances of the case, and the licenser of plays, permit. They all disappear through the door leading to Chaos—Oxford stooping to pick up a bauble on the way. The lights are low; the shrill triumphal laughter of Learning alone is now audible.

Is Birmingham, then, coming to the rescue?

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York "Nation," commenting on Mr. Stopford Brooke's reference to Browning's neglect of English scenery, points out that Mr. Brooke has omitted to take account of the following passage in "The Inn Album" :—

So much describes the stuffy little room—
Vulgar, flat, smooth respectability :
Not so the burst of landscape surging in,
Sunrise and all, as he who of the pair
Is, plain enough, the younger personage
Draws sharp the shrieking curtain, sends aloft
The sash, spreads wide and fastens back to wall
Shutter and shutter, shows you England's best.
He leans into a living glory-bath
Of air and light where seems to float and move
The wooded watered country, hill and dale
And steel-bright thread of stream, a-smoke with mist,
A-sparkle with May morning, diamond drift
O' the sun-touched dew. Except the red-roofed patch
Of half a dozen dwellings that, crept close
For hill-side shelter, make the village clump
This inn is perched above to dominate—
Except such sign of human neighbourhood
(And this surmised rather than sensible),
There's nothing to disturb absolute peace,
The reign of English nature.

That is English enough, certainly. But there are many other passages that are distinctly English, or at least inspired by memories of England?

IN answer to the "Daily Chronicle's" birthday question to Mr. George Meredith: "What reform do you consider the most needed at present?" Mr. Meredith replied :—

Reform is needed in many directions; there seems to be no present demand for a special one. What I should wish to see is a general encouragement to those who would stimulate the growth of Englishmen's minds. Whether they are at present in a condition to master the accumulation of material forces is debatable.

As typical of his own views Mr. Meredith selected the suggestive sentence, "Monarchy has its chance of extension only in the spiritual appeal to us."

FROM the "Varsity" we extract the following "Maxims for the Young, or the Undergraduate's Only Copy Book":—

Even a Dean will turn if syphoned upon.
The burnt Dean dreads the bonfire.
A Dean in the quad is worth two in a room.
Too many Deans spoil the cloth.
People who live on the Dean's staircase shouldn't throw stones.
He laughs best who laughs at the Dean.
All are not Deans who titter.
It is a wise Dean who knows his own place.
Once fined, shy something at the Dean twice.

THE original of the much questioning "George" of Mrs. Markham's "England"—that classic of our childhood—was Mr. F. C. Penrose, who died a few days ago. Mr. Penrose was an honorary member of the Royal Academy, and was for six years Antiquary to that institution.

A CURIOUS handbill has reached us from a northern town, setting forth that there is now on view "'The Scarborough Crucifixion,' and other rare masterpieces, by the great Sir Peter Paul Rubens"; also "Marvellous lost pictures by the best of Spanish Painters, Velasquez, a lost picture by Gainsborough, and the only Life Portraits ever painted in the World of the immortal William Shakespeare and his favourite daughter, Susanna." All this may be seen for sixpence, and "dissensious sceptics can have every satisfaction." Of what kind, we wonder?

Bibliographical.

THE sale by action the other day of an (uncut) copy of Thomas Amory's "John Bunce" may perhaps suggest to a publisher more than usually enterprising a reprint of that curious and not unentertaining book. It is not very clear whether Amory's work, which was published between 1756 and 1766, is to be regarded as wholly fiction or partly autobiography. It is autobiographical in form, and extremely discursive in manner. The sub-title describes it truthfully enough as "containing various Observations and Reflections made in various parts of the world, and many extraordinary Relations." Very similar, both in scheme and in treatment, is Amory's "Memoirs containing the Lives of several Ladies of Great Britain," which came out a year before "John Bunce," but is not so well known by name. Only by name, I should fancy, is "John Bunce" known at all, save to the more serious and persistent students of English literature. Two lyrics from the work were included in "Songs from the Novelists" (1885). That Amory's muse was in full sympathy with the tastes of the time will be gathered from these lines:—

Tell me, I charge you, O ye sylvan swains,
Who range the mazy grove, or flow'ry plains,
Beside what fountain, in what breezy bower,
Reclines my charmer in the noon-tide hour?
Soft, I adjure you, by the skipping fawns,
By the fleet roes, that bound along the lawns;
Soft tread, ye virgin daughters of the grove,
Nor with your dances wake my sleeping love.

The forthcoming edition of the poems of John Dyer will at least not be a superfluity. I do not know that the world is any the worse for not having "Grongar Hill," and "The Fleece," and "The Ruins of Rome," very ready to its hand; but, should it want them at any time, the promised reprint will be justified. The three poems named came out originally in one volume in 1761, and were reproduced in 1765 and 1770. Since then they have figured only in "collections" of the English Poets—

e.g., Johnson's (1779), Bell's (1782), Anderson's (1793), Park's (1808), Chalmers's (1810), Sanford's (1819), and so forth. I do not forget that Wordsworth addressed a sonnet to John Dyer, in which he spoke of his "skilful genius," and deplored the obscurity into which his works had fallen. Though "hasty fame" had left Dyer's head ungraced "in the pensive shade of cold neglect," yet, declared Wordsworth:—

Pure and powerful minds, hearts meek and still,
A grateful few, shall love thy modest Lay
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill!

And this, obviously, is a testimonial not to be ignored or slighted.

The new translation of the "moral characters" of Theophrastus is the latest of a tolerably long line. There was a version by J. Healy in 1616, and there was another just a century later. Then in 1714 came Eustage Budgell's, which must have been successful, for it was reprinted in 1718, 1743, and 1751. Meanwhile there was yet another translation in 1725, followed by a fifth (W. Rayer's) in 1797. The most modern version, till now, has been that of Isaac Taylor (1836), which was accompanied by "physiognomical sketches and hints on individual varieties in human nature."

The lady who is going to bring out a Life of "Rehearsal" Buckingham starts without a rival. An adequate biography of that worthy does not at present exist. All that we have in that direction are a couple of memoirs prefixed to editions of the works published respectively in 1754 and 1775. Though "The Rehearsal" is still read and quoted, Buckingham really lives as the Zimri of "Absalom and Achitophel." No one confers immortality so certainly as your first-class satirist.

John Hoppner, R.A., of whom a biography is to be published, touched literature at one point at least. He was the author of certain "Oriental Tales" told in English verse and published in 1805. His "Select Series of [Engraved] Portraits of Ladies of Rank and Fashion" came out in 1803, and was reproduced just eighty years after by the late Mr. Andrew Tuer, who re-christened the work "Bygone Beauties" and furnished the necessary annotations.

Lovers of the literary drama are doubtless glad to know that Tolstoy's three plays—Englished under the titles of "The Powers of Darkness," "The Fruits of Culture," and "The First Distiller"—will shortly be available in a single volume. To the best of my belief, the original of "The First Distiller" has not been Englished before. On the other hand, the other two plays have already appeared in our tongue. A translation of "The Fruits of Culture" was published at Boston, U.S.A., in 1891, and was also placed on the English market. In the same year Mr. Heinemann brought out a version of the same comedy under the title of "The Fruits of Enlightenment," and this was reproduced in cheaper forms in 1900, with an introductory essay by Mr. Pinero. "The Dominion of Darkness," a five-act drama, was published by Messrs. Vizetelly in 1888. It is a pity that the titles of the English versions of these two plays vary as they do.

Mr. Henry van Dyke, who, it is said, is to write the volume on J. R. Lowell for the "English Men of Letters" series, is best known in this country as the author of a book, now practically superseded, on "The Poetry of Tennyson." This, brought out in 1890, was re-issued in 1891, 1893, and 1896. Next to it in popularity over here I should place Mr. Van Dyke's volume of "Essays in Profitable Idleness," entitled "Little Rivers" (1895 and 1896). His book, "The Builders and Other Poems" came out here in 1897; his "Christ-Child in Art" in 1893.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Infinite Illusion.

OBERMANN. By Etienne Pivert De S  nancour. With Biographical and Critical Introductions by Arthur Edward Waite. (Wellby. 6s.)

THE "Obermann" of S  nancour fills a curious place in literature and a quite exceptional place in the literature of France. Here is a man who does not aim at creating a masterpiece in order to satisfy the craving within him, nor yet at unburdening himself of the secrets by which he is tortured. He has nothing of the flame of Victor Hugo, the most self-conscious, perhaps, of all the creators, nor has he, apparently, the mordant desire of laying bare the soul as Rousseau had. For both of these the terrible applause of countless unknown human beings was as their very life blood. For S  nancour, that is for Obermann, the only verdict rested with his own soul.

Heine, whose nature was at least a third part that of a Frenchman, has commented upon the intensity with which the French live in the here and now of the actual. That, indeed, is a racial instinct which has made of the *philosophe* something quite other than a philosopher. George Sand, who understood both, who lived and at the same time dreamed, who drew with her eye on the object and at the same time saw what was not and could never be, who caught at once the petulant call from the boulevards and the strange muffled whisper that lay deeper than Paris—George Sand understood something of the pain of Obermann. But for her it was Chateaubriand rather than S  nancour who could make this detached searching of the soul really luminous. "Ren  ," she says, "signifie le g  nie sans volont  : Obermann signifie l'  l  vation morale sans g  nie, la sensibilit   malade monstreusement isol  e en l'absence d'une volont   avide d'action. Ren   dit: si je pouvais vouloir, je pourrais faire; Obermann dit: a quoi bon vouloir? je ne pourrais pas."

Genius will eventually assert itself, but this terrible detachment from the desire of action ends in itself. Ren   will plunge again into life; for Obermann there can be only death. And because of this the hero of S  nancour has in reality nothing at all to do with Werther and Ren   and Manfred. For these are children of earth who shed hot rebel tears, or, as little Titans, assail uselessly the implacable barriers. Still less is the comparison with Hamlet a just one. Turgenev has opposed to the conception of Goethe a profoundly intelligent study of Hamlet, in which he points out that he was not only capable of sudden action, but also of swift cruelty and treachery. Be this as it may, Hamlet was the incarnation of intellectuality which shrinks from the shock of actual contact with a ruder world. He shrinks from action, but he never for one instant denies its necessity. Obermann is always reflective, always a commentator, brooding about the remote world from which he would preserve his soul untarnished.

Matthew Arnold upheld the innate charm of S  nancour's prose against M. Paul Bourget's panegyric of Amiel. He waived the question of the deeper philosophy of Amiel, he set aside the matter of erudition and the matter of critical judgment, he found   sthetic satisfaction in S  nancour's prose, and that was all. That, indeed, seems to us to be exactly what Obermann has to give, that and no more.

For this questioner of all things neither asks nor responds to the personal question. He who writes down the most intimate broodings of his soul is yet eternally aloof from the men and women who may seek to share them. One is never *en rapport* with Obermann. He tells

us everything and yet he tells us nothing. He speaks as it were before us, but never to us. Rousseau throws his tremulous secrets to the winds, and we recognise that they are also the secrets of mankind. Obermann's voice comes to us as a far-off echo, for ever remote from the pleadings of the human heart. But if this voice is to be compared with any other, it is with that of Amiel and not with that of Ren   or Manfred.

But even here the question is one of contrast rather than of comparison. Amiel, "bedazzled by totality," sought consciously to merge himself in that totality, sought, living, to catch the sensation of being one with the all that was to him more real than any concrete human experience. He saw too much, felt too much, to be ever really articulate. Paralyzed by thought, he struggled to express himself in a language which, as M. Bourget has somewhat too complacently pointed out, is singularly alien from certain needs of the soul. It became almost impossible for him to write at all. At the best he was only able to stammer out some fragments of the message which haunted him. With him there was always the dumb protest against the conditions which bind men to a lower plane of vision.

Obermann examines life coldly and without personal protest. What he thinks he is able to utter fluently. What he sees can fill him with that mysterious melancholy which is one of the most subtle phases of pleasure. His very mournfulness has in it, like that of Virgil, a detachment from personal sorrow. Like Euripides, he questions whether indeed the gods rule or chance, but, like Euripides, he suggests no guiding principle of life. *Tout est loterie*, man lives and dies by chance, and the one solace in life is to be found in dreams.

But S  nancour resembles Amiel in this—he saw life as a whole. He put from him the petty sequence of concrete details which blind men to the real mystery of being. His wife, his children, his Parisian journalism, the bitter conflict for mere subsistence—all these went for nothing in this strange inner life. Men and cities, the glamour of the far-off, the prestige of success—Obermann turned from these things as from obscuring trifles. He lived to accept, by some curious irony of destiny, the Legion of Honour, but there was no honour in France or in Europe which could have spurred him from the inner dream. But let us turn to the charm of his prose through which that dream found occasional utterance.

Here is a fragment of a passage in which Matthew Arnold found that charm at its best. It is a fragment equally significant of Obermann's attitude towards life:—

Indicible sensibilit  , charme et tourment de nos vaines ann  es; vaste conscience d'une nature partout accablante et partout imp  n  trable, passion universelle, sagesse avanc  e, voluptueux abandon; tout ce qu'un c  ur mortel peut contenir de besoins et d'ennuis profonds, j'ai tout senti, tout   prouv   dans cette nuit m  morable. J'ai fait un pas sinistre vers l'  ge d'affaiblissement; j'ai d  vor   dix ann  es de ma vie. Heureux l'homme simple dont le c  ur est toujours jeune.

And here is Matthew Arnold's translation:—

Sensibility beyond utterance, charm and torment of our vain years; vast consciousness of a nature everywhere greater than we are, and everywhere impenetrable; all-embracing passion, ripened wisdom, delicious self-abandonment—everything that a mortal heart can contain of life—weariness and yearning. I felt it all. I experienced it all, in this memorable night. I have made a grave step towards the age of decline. I have swallowed up ten years of life at once. Happy the simple, whose heart is always young.

Here again is Mr. Waite's translation of the same passage:—

Indescribable tenderness, charm and torture of our empty days; vast consciousness of a nature which is everywhere overwhelming and everywhere inscrutable; universal passion, advanced wisdom, voluptuous abandonment: all that a mortal heart can hold of deep needs and deep weariness, all

these did I feel, all pass through on that ineffaceable night. I took an ominous stride towards the age of decadence; I consumed ten years of my life. Happy is the simple man whose heart is for ever young!

It is a severe test to Mr. Waite's rendering to put it side by side with that of Matthew Arnold, but it is only by such a test that a certain want in this otherwise admirable translation can be made clear. Had Matthew Arnold translated "*Obermann*" these letters would have held a place in English as well as in French literature. As it is, we are indebted to Mr. Waite for a faithful and sympathetic rendering, carefully annotated, as well as for a biographical sketch of a personality too long ignored in his own country as in ours. We shall conclude with the final comment of *Obermann's* philosophy:—

If I should reach old age, if, on a day, still thought-haunted, but ceasing from speech with men, there should be a friend at my side to receive my farewell to earth, let my chair be set down on the short grass, may there be peaceful daisies in front of me, beneath the sun, under the vast sky, that in relinquishing this fleeting life I may recall something of the infinite illusion.

The infinite illusion, there lies the fatal fascination which hovered about his life. He was never used to living. He was always as one who might have hourly repeated those beautiful lines:—

Strange the world about me lies,
Never yet familiar grown—
Still disturbs me with surprise,
Haunts me like a face half known.

A Thinker and Poet.

THE DAWN OF DAY. By Friedrich Nietzsche. Translated by Johanna Volz. (Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

FROM a combination of causes, it is extremely unlikely that Nietzsche will ever receive his due in England. To begin with, the practical English mind has little taste and less talent for comprehending philosophic speculations almost wholly unorthodox in their teaching; and, in the second place, Nietzsche's brilliantly biased psychology, aristocratic individualism, and poetic violence confuse and repel grave men of science, letters, religion, law, and all the students of exact research. It is not that Nietzsche's intellect is too great, or too warped; it is rather that the intelligence of most specialists is too positive, and in a sense too narrow for them to take pleasure in daring speculations on life, manners, morals, and history by a brilliantly creative poetic philosopher.

"But if Nietzsche's philosophical conclusions are unsound, and indeed tinged with madness, why should we consider them of importance?" the specialists ask. The answer to this is plain. Nietzsche is to be taken as a great stimulus to the mind, as a highly destructive criticism of most modern assumptions. Nietzsche is to be enjoyed in the same spirit that we enjoy Voltaire, read Juvenal, or go to hear Wagner—his curious distinction being that he, most of all writers, is employing the highly effective methods of the artist in his search for an arbitrary set of truths without troubling himself to create cunning artistic illusions. Now this is what is confusing and irritating to the specialist or the learned person generally. Tell the musicians that "*The Case of Wagner*" is the most brilliantly intellectual piece of musical criticism ever written, or tell theologians or psychologists that "*A Genealogy of Morals*," though biased in its investigation, and false, if you like, in its conclusions, lets in more light on the subject than three score of orthodox treatises, and these specialists will turn from you in disgust. Similarly, severe classical scholars no doubt hold that "*The Birth of Tragedy*," that splendid piece of critical insight, is a most

misleading hypothesis. It is no doubt from some such point of view that M. Fouillée has lately written an instructive scientific paper on Nietzsche and Darwinism ("*The International Monthly*"), in which he points out that Nietzsche's ethical doctrines are a negation of the best established laws of biology and sociology, and that for "true scientific ethics" we must turn to Guyau, the French philosopher. We do not doubt it, and we are surprised to learn that there exists any school of Continental philosophy which has accepted seriously Nietzsche's anti-humanitarian, anti-democratic, anti-Christian systems of ethics. Indeed, we do not believe it. But the error, on the other hand, of ignoring Nietzsche and of passing him over as a negligible quality—an error typical of the English mind—argues in the critic a spirit of parochial as opposed to cosmopolitan culture. Nietzsche as a psychologist and critic of life saw deep into the origins of human morality: as a destructive critic he is the most formidable antagonist that latter-day Christianity has encountered: as a biting satirist of the average man who shelters his own feebleness and inanity with the impressive catchwords of "Progress," "Civilisation," he is simply invaluable in an age of ready-made democratic culture. It is no valid argument against Nietzsche's power to say that his doctrines show the marks of incipient insanity, any more than it is to deny Swift's force because his savage genius showed premonitory symptoms of the brain disease by which it was ultimately overthrown. In both Swift's and Nietzsche's case the very quality of their genius was probably allied to a highly morbid condition of brain. But even if we grant that Nietzsche's unbridled individualism and deification of the "Over-Man" in Zarathustra often plainly injure the effect of his work, whereas Swift's misanthropy and savage indignation rarely pass the line of artistic danger, it is nevertheless true that Nietzsche's acute psychological analysis of the fashion in which human morality has been built up out of man's animal passions and instincts springs largely from a pathological analysis of his own sufferings. That is to say, his brain working at high pressure with attendant morbid developments became like some powerful torch which, blazing rapidly away, casts into strong relief those angles and contours of a subject (and Nietzsche's subject was the human mind itself) which are merged in the whole and tend to escape observation under all ordinary conditions. To see things sanely and see them whole, though an excellent precept for the conduct of life, is by no means the guiding precept for poets, prophets, or even for psychologists. Nietzsche's very extravagance is, therefore, to use another simile, like the needle of an etcher, which gets effects of chiaroscuro into a subject which the learned specialist presents to us in a series of diagrams. Nietzsche's method may be illustrated by a few of his sayings in "*The Dawn of Day*":—

Classicism indeed! Did we learn any portion of that in which the ancients used to educate their youth? Did we learn to speak or to write as they? Did we unceasingly practise dialectics in rhetorical contests? Did we learn to move as beautifully and proudly as they, to wrestle, to throw, to box as they? Did we learn some of the practical asceticism of all Greek philosophers? Were we trained in a single antique virtue, in the way in which the ancients practised it? Was not all reflection on morals utterly neglected in our education? As years roll by one thing seems to become more and more evident to me: that all Greek and antique nature, however simple and manifest it appears to our eyes, is very difficult to understand, nay, hardly accessible. . . . How we jabber about the Greeks! What do we understand of their art, the soul of which is the passion for naked male beauty? Thus they had a perspective thoroughly different from ours. The case was similar with regard to their love for womankind. Their worship was of a different kind, and so was their contempt.

History. "When we try to examine the mirror in itself, we eventually detect nothing but the things reflected by it."

When we wish to grasp the things reflected, we touch nothing but the mirror. This is the general history of knowledge."

The Ideal Selfishness. "Is there a state more blessed than that of pregnancy? To do everything we do in the silent belief that it must needs benefit that which is generating in us? That it must needs raise its mysterious worth, the thought of which fills us with ecstasy? Then, we refrain from much without having to put ourselves under great restraint; we suppress an angry word, we grasp the hand forgivingly; the child shall spring from all that is mild and good. We shrink from our own harshness and abruptness: as though it might instil a drop of evil into the life-chalice of the beloved unknown. Everything is veiled, mysterious; we know nothing about the process; we wait and try to be ready. Moreover, there prevails in us a pure and purifying feeling of deep irresponsibility, similar to that sensation which a spectator experiences before a drawn curtain: it is growing, it is coming to light; it is not for us to determine either its worth or its hour. We are solely thrown back upon every indirect, blessed, and restraining influence. 'A greater than we are is coming to life,' such is our secret hope: for him we prepare everything, that he may successfully come to light; not only all that is useful, but also the crowning love of our souls. In this blessed anticipation we shall live, and are able to live! Whether that which we expect be a thought, a deed, we have to every essential achievement no other relation but that of pregnancy, and ought to cast the arrogant talk about 'will' and 'shall' into the winds! This is the true ideal selfishness: ever to provide and watch and restrain the soul, that our productiveness may come to a beautiful issue."

This last beautiful passage may come as a surprise to those readers who have been told they will find in Nietzsche's writings only the "gospel of brute force and egomania." Nietzsche, in fact, was a thinker of a singularly pure, noble, and lofty mind, and the misanthropy, egotism, and insane pride of his Zarathustra were in fact but the walls of resistance his indomitable spirit raised to shield itself under the ravages of cruel pain. Those who will not bend must break. Anybody could, however, compile from Nietzsche's writings a body of sayings which would show the delicacy, tenderness, and nobility of his nature, just as Swift's "Journal to Stella" shows what human qualities inspired his savage indignation. Here, then, is the paradox in Nietzsche's work. More, perhaps, than any modern writer he needs to be read with a delicate discrimination of the inner meaning as opposed to the outer and obvious meaning. He is, therefore, not a writer for people who want gospels, text-books, or for "specialists" who are so occupied in tilling their well-ordered fields that they are impatient of raising their eyes to the wide horizon beyond. For Nietzsche, though a thinker of great significance, is above all things a poet.

We cannot here discuss the position "The Dawn of Day" holds in relation to Nietzsche's other works. Sufficient to say, it is a collection of detached thoughts and speculations which contain variations of the favourite ideas Nietzsche has worked out more fully elsewhere.

The Sun, &c.

PROBLEMS IN ASTRO-PHYSICS. By Agnes M. Clerke. (A. & C. Black. 20s. net.)

WRITTEN by a popular and learned writer on astronomical subjects, the present excellent book is yet not of a popular nature. It deals with the physical and chemical side of astronomy, and while it resumes what is actually known of these matters, its main purpose is to point the ways most promising for further discovery. Miss Clerke's writing is clear in the extreme, and would almost render her book popular, were popularity possible to subject-matter so recondite. One cannot even attempt to indicate the crowded range of her survey, covering as it does the most delicate and difficult problems of astronomy. For

here we have to deal, not with the discovery and numbering of stars, nor the motions of the stars and stellar systems; but with the outcome of those allied sciences which astronomy has called to her aid: with the spectro-scope, for example, and that science of stellar chemistry which it has rendered possible. One is bewildered in the flight through boundless spaces to which Miss Clerke invites us. Shall we fix our eyes on the rare metals, scarce known on earth, which hang in vapour round the sun? Shall we wonder at the spectacle of dark suns gyrating round the visible suns? Scattered in multitude (for instance) through the Milky Way, it may be are suns yet germinating, which have not yet burst into light. Whatever be their cause or nature, the conception of these huge undoubted orbs swinging darkling through space is arresting to the imagination. But some idea of the book and its subject-matter may be got by fixing our attention even on a single matter; on the most familiar of heavenly sights, our own daily sun.

Blake said that were he asked, regarding the sun, "What! do you not see a round yellow globe, something like a guinea?" he would answer, "Oh, no! no! I see a great company of the heavenly host, praising God, and singing, 'Hosanna in the highest!'" Mr. G. F. Watts has tried to put on canvas that visionary sun—impossible, we take it, though Tintoret were joined with Turner for the attempt. The sun of science is not, indeed, the sun of Blake; yet the scientific vision of the sun is scarcely less different from the "round yellow globe, something like a guinea," which is still what most men see. Of its inner constitution science can say little, save that it is neither solid nor liquid—a huge gaseous globe, she conjectures, at intense heat and pressure. But apart from that, she has found out something. It is not, to her, a compact, homogeneous little rocket or fire-ball, as it is to us. It is rather, so to speak, a vast flaming fruit, belt within belt, swathe within swathe—a peach (shall we say?) of fire. The kernel of the peach, the soul and inmost centre of the sun, lies unknown, unsummarisable, invisible; hidden by its garment of light. For outside that is the "photosphere," a swathing of intense, continuous light, the immediate source of all its light and heat; the temperature scarce conceivable, and only dimly estimable, in its flagrant fierceness. May one call it the juice which surrounds the kernel? About it is a slender veil—the "smoke-veil," though its smoky nature is only, and doubtfully, theoretical—which dims somewhat the intensity of the photosphere. The peach-stone, let us say. Beyond that, for hundreds of miles, stretches a belt of incandescent vapours, the "reversing layer"; as it were the flesh of the peach. Finally, the peach-skin, comes the "chromosphere": a swathe of gases, peach-wise flushed by blazing hydrogen. But this skin is thicker than the pulp it covers, four or five thousand miles deep. Nor, as the peach-skin has its velvety "pile," is the chromosphere without its prominences, as we shall see. "Finally," we said; but indeed without the chromosphere comes the excessively tenuous and far-spreading "corona," so brilliantly visible in eclipses. If we styled it the bloom on the peach, it would have to be a very deep bloom, deep enough for a second skin, though without the density.

The illustration is, of course, arbitrary; but our description itself shows roughly the complex structure of that "yellow guinea" which makes so simple a figure in the heavens. And yet we have got no further in our physiology of the sun than a child who cuts an orange in half—nor as far. The sign-post towards further discovery is what our ancestors considered a blemish in the solar character—or at least his appearance. It has long been notorious that the sun was subject to some kind of cutaneous affection: for our part, we have had our doubts that "golden Phoebus" was really red-haired and freckled. Yet these "spots on the sun" are exercising

the farthest reach of astronomical curiosity, and are at the base of a whole series of solar phenomena. They are periodical; they break out every ten or eleven years, and their appearance is conjoined with magnetic disturbances on our earth. That, you perceive, at once brings us into the matter; his solar majesty's complaint, whatever its nature, is clearly infectious. Careful observation of the solar pulse, and a variety of prominent manifestations, show that it is accompanied by strong feverish symptoms. These spots, under the telescope, appear as seeming dark depressions of a varying (often roughly circular) shape, with an irregular fringe of a peculiar form. They tend to groups, and travel along the sun, often in a procession; while the spots themselves appear to have a rotating motion. That really seems the bulk of what is known about them. Speculation about them is legion. They are conjectured, or rather argued, to be of an eruptive and volcanic nature. But their importance is that all manner of solar vagaries seem to have an obscure relation with them.

For solar vagaries are numerous, and signs of some eruptive (we do not say volcanic) force are everywhere visible. This sun is no tranquilly luminous sphere, but—

Is plainly seen to boil and burst
Too horribly for hell;

as Coventry Patmore has it. The light-giving photosphere casts up its burning spouts—immense billows, as it were, from a sea of light—which science calls “*faculæ*.” The chromosphere jets forth gigantic tongues of carmine fire, or heaves up banks of brooding and quiescent-seeming flame; both called “*prominences*,” to distinguish them from the “*faculæ*” of the photosphere. These *faculæ* are found indifferently in various regions of the photosphere; but are most numerous in the regions where spots are (the “*spot-zones*”), and always accompany spots. Much the same may be said of prominences. These seldom, however, accompany growing spots, but where dying spots are, prominences most do congregate. The chromosphere itself “has a markedly eruptive aspect,” says Miss Clerke. “It presents no billowy ocean-surface, but resembles rather a Tartarean meadow, planted with stalks and grass-blades of fire, waving under some unimaginable furnace blast.” Why do these fiery jets from either belt of the sun accompany and specially throng near sun-spots? Why do the prominences of the outer belt develop when the spots with which they are associated begin to fade? What is the mysterious bond between spots and the manifestation of these eruptive signs? What is the shock, thrilling from within outwards through all the burning swathes of the sun, which springs into energy, apparently at sight of these travelling spots? Science has no answer beyond the vague surmise contained in that suggestion of a volcanic origin for the sun-spots.

But not here is the end. The corona—that girdle of tenuous flame shooting forth like an aurora which becomes visible during an eclipse—also obeys the same strange influence. At the decennial period when the sun-spots are in full activity, the corona is a uniform serrated girdle as we have described it. But as the sun-spot disturbance declines, the streamers of the corona draw away from the poles of the sun; till (if observed during an eclipse when the disturbance has become feeble) they are seen arranged in four horns above the spot-zones, two on either side of the sun—making it like a four-rayed star. Once more, it is clear that the weakening of energy in the sun-spot disturbance coincides with a slackening of energy in the out-streaming of the corona. In all these facts, when they are grouped together, there is abundant significance, abundant food for thought, and abundant field for future and further scientific research. We would add to them another fact; though the connection may not seem too apparent. Those various belts of the sun, from the corona inward, are of very small density. The sun's force of

gravitation is immensely strong. According to all law, its pull should contract these various swathings into about half the space they occupy, drawing them closer to its surface. Yet they remain uncompacted, defying gravitation. Science is bewildered for a reason. Yet one thing it surely points at: that a counter-force to solar gravitation exists. All these things point their fingers in one direction; and in that direction science is hurrying to discovery. That the discovery, when it comes, will be a surprise to the discoverers, we believe. We doubt that present scientific hypotheses in this matter are far from the truth. But enough has been said to show the character and vastness of the problems which Miss Clerke's book opens, and in which she tries to indicate the fruitful lines of research. They have the remoteness and fascination of the stars themselves.

Parasitic Literature.

THIS IS OF AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE. Translated by M. S. Henry and Versified by E. W. Thomson. (Schulze.) OF AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE: A TRANSLATION. Together with Amabel and Amoris. Given for the first time by Laurence Housman. (Murray. 5s. net.)

It was Walter Pater, in one of those fragrant “*Studies in the History of the Renaissance*,” who first brought “*Aucassin and Nicolette*” into the ken of the English reader. And since then the Christian lad and the Saracen maid have been gathered, with Lancelot and Guenever, Tristan and Iseult, Abelard and Heloise, Petrarch and Laura, Dante and Beatrice, Paolo and Francesca, Romeo and Juliet, and, latest comers of all, Pelléas and Mélisande, into that great company of immortal lovers, whose stories are for ever dear to mortal lovers and to poets. In many ways their tale stands out uniquely even amongst the rich romance literature of which it forms a part. Mr. Housman speaks of the “old grooves of rhyme and prose” as “once the accepted means to romantic narrative.” Actually, of course, this example of the *conte-fable*, so far as anything extant is concerned, stands alone, and its alternately chanted and spoken sections probably represent less an established manner than a stage of transition between the earlier minstrelsy of verse and the later minstrelsy of prose. Then, again, although by no means wholly free from the mediæval conventions of phrase and descriptions, “*Aucassin and Nicolette*” is far more concentrated than the typical examples of romantic literature. The narrative has no *longueurs*; the exquisite passages come thick and fast. Mr. Pater was interested in the piece as an assertion, in the full stream of the middle ages, of that “liberty of the heart” which one commonly associates with the Renaissance temper. He laid stress on the sincerity and the intensity of its passion, on the strain of antinomianism which here and there peeps through it. The amorist will dwell rather on the exquisite pictures—on the appeals to the senses—with which it is crowded. He will think of Aucassin, slim and curly-haired, spurring his horse wildly through his foes and forgetting his reins for love of the white girl, or lying with his shoulder out of joint and watching the stars through a chink in the lodge of wattled boughs that she had made. He will think of Nicolette listening to the nightingale's song in the garden, or letting herself down on the dewy grass by a rope of her bedclothes and creeping by moonlight through the shadows of the streets of Beaucaire in search of her imprisoned lover. And for the folklorist there is that strange land of Torelore, to which the adventurous pair travel, where men practice the *couvade* and make battle with roasted crab-apples and cheeses and horse-mushrooms.

Charming as “*Aucassin and Nicolette*” is, one does not quite see why translators of old French should never venture upon anything else. Mr. F. W. Bourdillon's first edition, containing the text as well as a translation, was

published in 1887 and revised in 1897. In 1887 also appeared renderings by Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. E. J. W. Gibb. Another by Messrs. M. S. Henry and E. W. Thomson was issued in America in 1896, and is now reprinted in sumptuous form, and with elaborate and sometimes beautiful initial letters ornamented with Byzantine or Celtic strap-work designs. Almost simultaneously came a new version, written by Mr. Laurence Housman to woodcuts by Miss Clemence Housman, after drawings by Mr. Paul Woodroffe. Surely there is some wasted labour here. Modern canons of translation do not allow the translator much of a free hand. Chapman and Pope made very different things of Homer. But the writers before us, at any rate as far as the prose is concerned, can only offer the slightest variations on the same theme. Let us take a test passage. It shall be the famous *chiaroscuro* bit which Mr. Pater included in his essay. Here is the French:—

Et les flors des margerites qu'ele ronpoit as ortex de ses piés, qui li gissoient sor le mennisse du pió par deseure, estoient droites noires avers ses piés et ses ganbes, tant par estoit blance la mescinete.

This is what Mr. Pater made of it:—

The daisies which she crushed in passing, holding her skirt high behind and before, looked dark against her feet; the girl was so white!

Here is Mr. Bourdillon:—

And the blossoms of the daisies which she broke off with the toes of her feet, which lay on the narrow of her feet above, were right black against her feet and her legs, so very white was the maiden.

Here Mr. Lang:—

And the daisy flowers that brake beneath her as she went tip-toe, and that bent above her instep, seemed black against her feet, so white was the maiden.

Here Mr. Henry:—

And the daisy flowers that she bent with the toes of her feet, as they fell back on the instep above, were right black against her feet and her legs, so very white was the maiden.

And here Mr. Housman:—

And the heads of the daisies which she broke with the tips of her feet, and which fell upon her instep above, were dead black against her feet and limbs, so white was the small maiden.

Mr. Pater, of course, is only translating a fragment, and into that introduces a phrase from another part of the passage; and Mr. Bourdillon and Mr. Lang appear to have been working independently and simultaneously. But we should be glad to know what Mr. Henry and Mr. Housman think that they contribute.

It is but fair to say that the verse sections offer a little more scope for comparatively original treatment, and Mr. Housman, in particular, catches the dainty manner of his model well enough. We may find room for a specimen:—

NOW ONE SINGS.

Nicolette, with brow so sweet,
From the herd-boys turned her feet,
And, her path set forth upon,
Deep in leafy woods was gone,
Where the track grew faint and wan;
Till she came upon a place
Where the road by seven ways
Thence through all the country ran,
So to thinking she began
How her lover she might prove
By his word to be her love.
Stems of field-lilies she broke,
And the leafage of the oak,
And with other leaves as well
Shaped thereof a dainty cell;

Ne'er was seen so sweet before.
And by God's own Truth she swore,
Should Aucassin chance that way,
And for love of her not stay,
Nor to rest awhile agree,
Ne'er shall he her lover be,
Nor his love she.

"Amabel and Amoris" is an essay of Mr. Housman's own in the same manner. "My seedling," he says, "stands under the parent tree, naked and unshamed, owning its bright origin." He has introduced an allegorical element in the figure of Father Love, "a fair youth, with his wings folded, and his bow lying at rest beside his quiver; and in his hand was a shepherd's crook made of green willow with the leaves fresh on it." But, for the rest, it is, as the author himself admits, little more than an echo, and in the production of echoes Mr. Housman is certainly showing an alarming facility. An amusing and even fascinating occupation, no doubt, but in the end it becomes (does it not?) a little parasitic. We should be glad to hear Mr. Housman speak out for himself next time.

Intellectual Devotions.

THE DEVOTIONS OF SAINT ANSELM. Edited by Clement C. J. Webb. (Methuen. 2s.)

THE "Devotions" here presented to the English reader will be found by that person, we suspect, rather an unaccustomed, not to say tough, morsel. Devotions, in these days, have come to be regarded by almost everybody as a species and means of pious emotionalism; the more vague, generalised, and effusive, the better. But Anselm was not only an eminent ecclesiastic, he was a philosopher—the parent, indeed, of mediæval metaphysics. These devotions, accordingly, have an amount of substance and downright thought which is likely to be a sore stumbling-block in the way of the loose modern mind; which is no more disposed to fatigue itself over its prayers than over its novels. This is especially true of the opening treatise, the "Proslogion." The editor himself confesses his hesitation to include it. He gives an interesting example of Anselm's strongly philosophic tendency. It happened on his very death-bed:—

Palm Sunday had dawned [says his disciple Eadmer], and we were sitting round him according to our custom; one of us therefore said to him, "Lord and Father, we understand that you are leaving the world and going to your Lord's Easter court." He answered, "If indeed this is His will, I will gladly obey His will. But if He should rather please that I should still remain among you at least long enough to be able to finish the working out of a problem, which I am revolving in my mind, concerning the origin of the soul, I could gratefully accept it, in that I know not whether any will finish it, when I am gone."

It is the thorough spirit of the thinker. The composition of the "Proslogion" is thus related by the same disciple:—

It came into his mind to inquire whether it would be possible to demonstrate by one short argument alone what is believed and taught concerning God, namely, that He is eternal, unchangeable, almighty, everywhere wholly present, incomprehensible, righteous, gracious, merciful, true, truth, goodness, righteousness, and so forth, and how all these attributes are one in Him. And this matter . . . he [Anselm] found one of great difficulty. For the consideration thereof not only robbed him of appetite and of sleep, but . . . distracted the direction of his thoughts to God at matins and at other services of the Church. When therefore he perceived this, and could not fully achieve the discovery of that which he sought, he concluded that this train of thought was a temptation of the devil, and strove to dismiss it from his mind. But the more he laboured to do this, the more did the thought haunt his mind. And all at once one night during the office of nocturne the grace of God shone into his heart, and the

thing which he sought became plain to his understanding, and filled all his inward parts with an infinite joy and delight. Considering then to himself that the same reasoning if it were known to others might be pleasing to them also, he did not grudge them this satisfaction, but wrote down his argument on tablets and delivered them to a brother of the monastery.

Of its successive mishaps and rewritings we need not speak. But this account sufficiently indicates the strenuous nature of the "Proslogion." It is here that occurs Anselm's famous declaration, *Credo ut intelligam*, "I believe that I may understand." The editor rather tries to whittle away its significance; but we think Anselm meant it wholly. The other meditations make less demands on the intellect: none the less, we fancy that even these will scarce find acceptance outside the ranks of thoughtful people.

Other New Books.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FORTY YEARS' SERVICE. By Major-General Sir Alexander Bruce Tulloch, K.C.B., C.M.G. (Blackwood. 15s. net.)

SIR ALEXANDER TULLOCH's first memory of soldiering dates back to 1844, in which year he saw a Queen's birthday parade at Edinburgh Castle. "I have a distinct remembrance," he writes, "of seeing, from where I stood above the Half-moon battery, a solitary artilleryman walking from gun to gun and firing them by means of a red-hot poker." In 1852 the boy was taken to Sandhurst. The following passage is a not unapt comment upon methods still, unfortunately, not wholly superseded:—

Drill only lasted an hour in the middle of the day, but it was of the most severe barrack-square type . . . "Handle cartridge" and "bout" (to bring the musket to the capping position) were words of command in the platoon (firing) exercise. The term "firelock" was in regular use. Biting the cartridge, although flintlocks had been abolished eight years before I went to Sandhurst, was continued for several years after I joined the service.

Sir Alexander Tulloch's experiences in India during the Mutiny were confined to very minor matters; from there he proceeded to Canton. The business of the Taku Forts and the surrender of Peking provide some interesting matter, but it must be said that apart from a certain engaging frankness Sir Alexander Tulloch's narrative has no great vitality. It is best from the anecdotal and sporting points of view. Perhaps the most valuable chapters are those dealing with Tel-el-Kebir, South Africa, and Australia. It may be noted that in South Africa, in 1884, the author had a pamphlet printed, called "How to beat the Boers," which was distributed for the general benefit of the regiment, which pamphlet gave details about shooting and advancing to the attack. When the late South African war broke out Sir Alexander Tulloch applied for any kind of official employment, which was refused on the ground of his rank and retirement. His offer to go as a subaltern was also declined. "Although not so active as I was sixteen years before," he says, "I certainly thought I might have been able to hold my own with the boys again. . . ." We have no doubt of it.

WITH MACDONALD IN UGANDA. By Major Herbert H. Austin. (Arnold. 15s. net.)

THIS volume is described in the sub-title as "A narrative account of the Uganda Mutiny and Macdonald Expedition in the Uganda Protectorate and the Territory to the North." The main object of the book is to give a clear

idea of the exploration work achieved by the expedition sent out to East Africa in June, 1897, under the command of Major (now Colonel) Macdonald. The expedition was confronted by a serious situation in the outbreak of hostilities with the Sudanese mutineers. The fighting is dealt with somewhat briefly, and as Major Austin was detached for considerable intervals from his chief, the exploratory work of Colonel Macdonald finds no first-hand place in these pages.

The story of both the military and exploring expeditions is full of interest, and brings home to us once more what may be done by a small force of determined men cast loose in the midst of unknown dangers. Forced marches, fever, the constant nerve-strain of the silent bush, which may at any moment bristle with an attacking force: these are things which only such a sober narrative as this can bring home to the fire-side reader. During the hard fighting at Kabagambi, one of the toughest victories in the campaign, Captain Malony was killed:—

Poor Malony's death was much felt by us all, for never did a more gallant, unselfish, and modest soldier serve the Queen. I had known him for years . . . and whilst I was with him shortly before he breathed his last, he looked up to me and said: "I have an old 'shop' photo of a group with you and me in it."

There we have the real pathos of death and comradeship in a strange land.

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DONALD STEWART, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., C.I.E. By G. R. Elsmie. (Murray. 15s. net.)

THE name of Sir Donald Stewart is intimately and honourably associated with a long period in the history of India. He came, as Mr. Elsmie points out, of one of the many Scottish families which have found a career for their sons in the East, and he bore, like Allan Breck, a king's name, though with no claim to royal blood. Yet he was of the stock of the Stewarts of Fincastle, which is a good enough descent for any reasonable man. When he was sixteen he was appointed to a cadetship in the Indian Army, and in February of 1841 he landed in Calcutta; a little later he was posted as an ensign in the 9th Bengal Infantry, at Secrole, Benares. His tact, enthusiasm, and capacity were soon recognised, and advancement came. In the introduction by Sir Henry Cunningham and Mr. Elsmie we read:—

He arrived at Calcutta just as Lord Auckland's abortive attempt to solve the Afghan problem was closing in the direst disgrace and disaster that English arms have ever known. He lived to see and take part in another Afghan war, to lead a British force to Cabul by the same route as Nott had followed . . . to despatch one army to a victorious issue, and to march another out of the country without firing a gun or losing a man. He witnessed Dalhousie's magnificent career of energy, conquest, and development—the tremendous re-action of the Mutiny, the gradual process of restoration and reconstruction—the changes which that reconstruction involved, the passing away of the East India Company with its many honourable traditions, the conversion of its Army into an Imperial Force.

The letters and extracts from Sir Donald Stewart's diary here printed give an admirable picture of the man as well as of the work to which he set his hand with such energy and success. He had unflagging spirit, humour, and that profound sense of honour which is happily one of the touchstones of our Army tradition. His was a life in which there was "nothing to conceal, to extenuate, to explain away"; and it is good to think that such men are still in the making,—good, too, to have such records as this to point the straight road to the old end.

The two latest additions to Messrs. Bell's "Miniature Series of Painters" are "Murillo," by Dr. G. C. Williamson, and "Millais," by A. L. Baldrey. In each volume a brief biography of the artist is given, a chapter upon the tendencies and characteristics of his art, and descriptive comments on the examples reproduced. In each case there follows a list of the artist's chief works in public galleries, &c., and to the "Murillo" has been appended a brief bibliography. These little books, well produced as they are, should be of considerable value to young students as well as to amateurs.

In Messrs. Methuen's series of "Little Guides" we have "Cornwall," by Arthur L. Salmon, and "Kent," by George Clinch. Concerning Cornwall Mr. Salmon says: "Cornwall is like no other English county. Its nearest resemblance in England will be found in Devon; parts of Ireland are equally or more similar." "Equally or more similar" is not happy English, but the statement is true enough. Some of Mr. Boulter's illustrations are very pleasant. Mr. Clinch is as enthusiastic about Kent as Mr. Salmon about Cornwall. "Regarded from the point of view of natural scenery," he says, "Kent has little to fear from comparison with any other county in the land." This volume is well illustrated by Mr. Bedford. The general scheme of this series we have indicated before.

NEW EDITIONS: The eleventh and twelfth volumes of the excellent Biographical Edition of Dickens (Chapman and Hall) consist of "David Copperfield" and "Bleak House." The writer of the introductions makes the somewhat hazardous conjecture that if only one book out of the whole Victorian prose-fiction were to be preserved, readers "would stretch out their eager hands" for "David Copperfield" rather than for "Vanity Fair."—From Messrs. Macmillan we have received a reprint of the "Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley," in three volumes, in the "Eversley Series." The first edition was published, in two volumes, in 1900.—From Messrs. Hodges, Figgis, there comes a third edition of Wakeman's "Handbook of Irish Antiquities." Mr. John Cook is the present editor.

Fiction.

The Strident and the Actual.

A CASTLE IN SPAIN. By Bernard Capes. (Smith Elder. 6s.)
CROPPIES LIE DOWN. By William Buckley. (Duckworth. 6s.)

MR. CAPES is always a writer of infinite self-consciousness; you see it in every phrase. And that self-consciousness, which asserts itself conspicuously in the effort to escape the normal, lands Mr. Capes in grotesquenesses which seriously injure his art. We gladly admit that Mr. Capes has art—now and then it shines out unmistakeably; but more often, to our thinking, it is obscured by over-elaboration, by a strain and stridency which set the nerves on edge. In point of plot, "A Castle in Spain" is commonplace enough. It is the story of a noble French-woman who made a slip; of her two sons, the one brave and strong, the other cowardly and weak; and of how Robin Lois, under the spur of the mother's passion for the Royal House, took a commission in the English Army in Spain, in order to cover an attempt to bring to England Louis XVII. who, for the purposes of the story, is supposed not to have died in the Temple, but to have been carried to Spain, and there kept in hiding in a convent. Here is ample opportunity for a certain kind of romance, and romance Mr. Capes gives us; it is full of action, of careful piling up of detail, of terror and slaughter. Yet it all has an air of quite astonishing unreality; its most brilliant effects are marred for us by the author's persistent effort to get the top note out of everything. We can see the writer gnawing his pen, striving for the right word; a word

comes, but it is, as often as not, by no means the right one. Take such a passage as this: "We turned presently into, and pulled up, a long reach of water, flanked on either side by shallow slopes of mud, on which the ripples of our progress lipped and slobbered. . . ." The word "slobbered" is arresting, but one instantly perceives that it is not truly descriptive—nay, that it is entirely out of place. Again, Mr. Capes talks of a fire throwing "gasps of light" on panels and morions; the meretricious striving after effect is again apparent. "Gasps of light," to put it plainly, is absurd. And so, too, with the dramatic element in the book; some of the situations are really strong, but Mr. Capes succeeds in so loading them with tinsel and embroidery that our emotions are hardly touched; simple limelight is not enough—Mr. Capes must needs turn on every colour until we become aware of the machinery and are constrained to smile at it. And yet Mr. Capes does not hesitate to use that horrible phrase "to a degree," a phrase which should be eliminated from the vocabulary of every self-respecting writer.

Perhaps we are inclined to take Mr. Capes too seriously, but if it be so it is his own fault. Disappointment, too, comes in, for it is clear that Mr. Capes has qualities worth the most careful cultivation. But it must be a cultivation by the way of simplicity. There are passages in "A Castle in Spain" which are almost satisfying, passages of real vigour and imagination. But these are rare; the general impression is as of a shrilling and irrepressible cornet in an assertive brass band.

In "Croppies Lie Down" we turn to a romance of a very different type. Mr. Buckley has no self-consciousness, nor has he much deliberate art. Yet this story of Ireland in '98 is broadly conceived and humanly treated, and the result is a book which compels, moves, and leaves with us an impression of sinister actuality. The details of that terrible but ill-directed and abortive rebellion are set before us with as little compromise as may be, and the characters fall naturally into a scheme which aims at presenting practically the whole field of the rising. The conventions of Mr. Buckley's plot do not affect us; the love interest is at no time particularly strong, save towards the conclusion of the story, where it flames into somewhat too heroic tragedy, yet the book is a piece of real achievement. We can recall no novel dealing with the '98 which has so successfully gripped the terror, the pluck, the incredible brutality of those devastating weeks. And Mr. Buckley has had no need to draw upon his imagination for horrible facts; they blot so thickly the pages of the history of the rebellion that there is nothing left for fancy to invent. The French Revolution had nothing to show more utterly inhuman than the doings of the men who wore the King's uniform in '98; on the rebel side, of course, there were reprisals, but the undisciplined forces of riot had some respect at least for women. Here is a sample of the talk of certain men on the loyalist side:—

"Give me Rawson of the North Corks," said a bottle-nosed man in scarlet and black, who answered to the name of Smith, "zounds, he can make a cat-o'-nine tails whistle! I saw him once sitting in a circle composed of triangles, and by Heaven he had a croppy howling on each, with another row of wretches kneeling on the ground, waiting their turn. Curse me, 'twas better than an oratorio of Handel!"

"Yes, the Messiah, damn me," grinned Bird. "If the North Cork down at the Hermitage, that's Nicky Plornish's detachment, go on as they began, they'll drive 'em mad. Spiritless boors! Why don't they come into the field and give us a shot at them?"

"Well, of all the ways, the best seems to me to be this—pay a few polite attentions to the ladies," observed a thin pale-faced man in scarlet, who had the habit of perpetually moistening his lips with the tip of his tongue. "Flog, pitch-cap, burn the roof over their lousy heads—they'll stand it all, but just do to one of their potato-pussed jades what no lady in the land would take exception to, and pillaloo! All the fat's in the fire."

We cannot enter here into the question of how far the rising was deliberately fostered by Castlereagh and his tools, or to what extent the Union grew out of misery and blood. Mr. Buckley leaves us in no doubt as to his point of view, but it is expressed temperately, and he does justice to the good on both sides. The book as a whole impresses us as a work of remarkable narrative vigour; in particular, the fighting in New Ross has a reality which is rare in modern fiction—the description reeks of clamour and slaughter. We have only a word of serious criticism—the book is too long. In his desire to omit nothing of importance, Mr. Buckley has included too much. Here and there the story straggles.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

LITTLE ENTERTAINMENTS.

BY BARRY PAIN.

For some years Mr. Barry Pain has shown a surprising power of endurance in producing week by week short sketches or stories, humorous or pathetic. They take five minutes to read, and in whatever mood the reader begins, the reading amuses. Some of them have been collected in this little book: they are, as the title expresses it, just "Little Entertainments," the outlook of a humourist, who has not grown tired, upon life. Mr. Pain comes to the point at once. Here is a beginning: "The desert was plainly, if sparsely, furnished with some sand, a dead camel and a traveller named Smith." (Unwin.)

DANNY.

BY ALFRED OLLIVANT.

Scotch, sad, pretty and pathetic. As with the author's former book "Owd Bob," the hero is a dog—a Dandie Dinmont, beloved by the Laird of Hepburn's young wife, and playing after her death a strange part in the village history. The Laird dies, the dog dies, and "the curlews haunt the sky above him; the feet of fox, and old grey brock, and all the enemies he loved, pass and repass above his grave, and do not wake him now; nor shall cold of snow, nor heat of sun, nor drumming wind, nor rain upon him ever rouse him now." (Murray. 6s.)

A FREE LANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY HUGH CLIFFORD.

Mr. Clifford is well known for his Eastern stories and sketches. The book opens in Kampong Glam, the native quarter of Singapore, and introduces us to an Englishman named Curzon and a Malay. Curzon was one of those whom the East gripped, "as it ever grips boys of strong imagination—the victims it has marked for its own." The scene shifts from Singapore to Acheer, whose inhabitants have been at war with the Dutch for a generation. A strong and vivid story. (Methuen. 6s.)

ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE.

BY GUSTAF JANSON.

A translation from the Swedish, being a study of the effect of war on the character of fighting men—Boer and Briton. On page 2 we read, "Then the 19th Irish Dragoons swore loudly and long that the cursed Boers should pay dearly for the mischief they had done. The Boers, however, kept discreetly in the background, and the story of the torn-up rails proved to be part of a pack of lies told by some over-imaginative Kaffir." (Methuen. 6s.)

ALAIN TANGER'S WIFE.

BY J. H. YOXALL, M.P.

The hero of Mr. Yoxall's new romance is "an infernal ass and Johnny of a fellow called Alain Tanger," who had been through Marlborough and Peterhouse without achieving anything in particular, and at last found himself with no profession and a bare two hundred a year. The style is marked by a good deal of "glitter." "The long, white cloth was lamplit already, and the lamplight

filtered through a fantastic tapestry of leaves to burnish the russet boughs of chestnut that hung over all. Westward, a primrose sky was meshed in purple, and a star, the first white foot-mark of evening, was printed on the East." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE TEMPLARS.

BY E. H. LACON WATSON.

Introduces us to a "red-brick mansion known as the Court," in a Worcestershire village, occupied by Dr. Templar and his family, which included the doctor's second wife, her children, and a daughter by his first marriage. The story is concerned with love of various sorts and a will, to which a match is applied in the last chapter. "It's a felony, I believe," said one of the characters, "but it's no concern of mine." The book concludes with the words, "Valete, my friends, and if you will, *Plaudite*." (Arnold. 6s.)

THE POWER OF THE PALMIST.

BY VIOLET GUTTENBERG.

By the author of "Neither Jew nor Greek." Begins with an invitation to a wedding, and proceeds to a mysterious stranger, who invaded "Dovesnest" in a thunderstorm and played marvellously on the piano. To his reluctant and unknown hostess he put the startling question: "Do you believe in the transmigration of the soul? Do you remember your previous state of existence?" Then he proceeded to prove that he remembered by imitating a skylark on the piano. A curious and uncanny story. (Chatto. 6s.)

RED-HEADED GILL.

BY RYE OWEN.

Lady Branscombe "in diaphonous and effective black" meets, in the salon of His Excellency H.M.'s Ambassador to the Court of Vienna, the man she had jilted years ago in order to make the more brilliant marriage with Lord Branscombe. Trehanna, still unmarried, and a successful war correspondent, whose permanent address is "Hottest corner of biggest shindy, Servia," has, since his first love episode, formed the conviction that women interfere with a man's work, and that he "can't be bothered." The interest of the story is sustained by the desire to know whether Lady Branscombe was successful in effecting a change in his opinions. (Arrowsmith. 6s.)

THE CRICKLETON CHRONICLES.

BY W. CARTER PLATTS.

The story opens thus: "Chapter XX. So they were married at eleven o'clock this morning, and have lived happily ever since. The End." Then comes an author's note to explain that he puts the last chapter first to please readers who are always anxious to know how a story ends. "The Crickleton Chronicles" are humorous—people say "Jee-rusalem," and things of that sort. The many illustrations are mainly humorous, too. (Jarrold. 3s. 6d.)

THE MAN WITH THE WHITE FACE.

BY MORICE GERARD.

"The feud between the Lassiters of Cheaveley and the Dormers of Chine Grange, their nearest neighbours, was centuries old." Ralph Dormer, who tells the story, was a cousin of Jack, the heir of the Dormers, and a pauper. Ralph and Jack had both loved Patricia Delancour, Geoffrey Lassiter's great niece and probable heiress. The tale is brimming with mystery and intrigue. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

CHANGES AND CHANCES.

BY ANTOINETTE WEBER.

A quiet tale of village life which, if as Dora suggests of Aunt Mildred's early romance, "not quite back in Jane Austen's time," has something of the atmosphere of "Sense and Sensibility." The story moves with refreshing deliberation through some three hundred and sixty pages, and is painstaking and sincere. (Arnold. 6s.)

KARL OF ERBACH.

BY H. C. EATLEY.

A romance of the Thirty Years' War. The story was published in "Longman's Magazine" under the title "Prince Karl." (Longmans. 6s.)

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The Black List.

It is really time to compile a Black List of words and phrases that have appeared in Court so often as to suggest their immediate expulsion. Those that appear on the Black List should be unable—for three years at least—to obtain printer's ink at any printing office in the United Kingdom.

The reporter is one of the chief instigators of these offenders whom we propose to put on the Black List. In the last few weeks he has worked his "succulent bivalve" unmercifully, and the bivalve should be sent, with the "London particular," and the "sacred edifice," and the "devouring element," to a Home for Incurables, to enjoy a "well earned rest"—another candidate for the List. Morning by morning as you pick up the paper to see how the University crews are coming on, you read that A. and B. "indulged in" tubbing. Now "tubbing" means this: that two men sit down and tug at the oars in a wind-driven sleet, while a third man sits in the stern and curses them. Indulgence! But the reporter is building with the ready-made phrase, having to work in a hurry. There is a sensational suicide announced. Up comes the reporter "transpiring" at every pore. He finds the doctor who said the man was dead, and he writes that the medical man on being summoned "pronounced life extinct." Finally "no reason can be assigned for the rash act." The suicide has left behind him letters which prove that he had contemplated such a departure from life for months; he had taken the most elaborate precautions to elude interference. Never mind. To the reporter suicide has always been "the rash act," so down it goes. It means nothing—or, rather, any meaning it conveys is the wrong one. But somehow or other it seems to fit.

It is easy enough to see why the ready-made phrase, cut from the forest of words, rough-hewn, sawn, planed, morticed and shipped ready for immediate use is popular with the writer in a hurry. For the reporter is like the contractor who has to run up a suburban street in the shortest possible time and at the smallest possible expense. To this end he obtains all his window frames and doors from some Scandinavian firm which sends them from the virgin forest to the foreman carpenter. When the moment comes the foreman carpenter claps them in. This means a great saving of expense. And what money is to the contractor, brain exhaustion is to the writer. You cannot demand from the suburban builder his individual attention to the special architecture of a twenty-five pound house in Wandsworth. But this method of building does not make for beauty. The ideal house is the one which bears the impress of thought upon material, each detail must be specially fitted to its place, and announce by implication that elsewhere it would be out of place. Now if we carry out the analogy we shall admit that the reporter is under dire temptation to build with ready-made phrases—to think in phrases rather than in words. They are cheaper.

But just as one would gladly shatter suburbia to bits and "mould it nearer to the heart's desire," so one would like to break up the phrases into words, mix them up, and invite the reporter to rearrange them.

Dulness and monotony have some excuse. We should black-list the "well earned rest" and the "scene of her former triumphs," the "young lady of prepossessing appearance," the "ample justice" that is done to the viands beneath which the "tables literally groaned," and the wedding presents that are "numerous and costly"; but we admit their use in a world where time is money and lines are a penny; these habitual offenders might, after some years abstention from ink, be considered to have purged their offence. Much more annoying is the attempt at absurd ornamentation, the struggle against tautology which results only in ridiculous turrets and preposterous pinnacles of language. Here the sporting reporter is supreme. "Trundling the leather" and "negotiating the spheroid" are but two of a hundred candidates for the Black List. These, however, any magistrate would convict at sight. There is no defence possible. But why should it be necessary, when Dr. Johnson has been mentioned twice, to call him at the third allusion "the great Lexicographer"? No one, we suppose, could name the writer who first heard that phrase, and certainly no one could number those who have clapped it into type. It is one of the most persistent offenders, and it should be instantly black-listed. It has no longer any possible relation with Johnson's reputation, which rests now on the careful chatter of Boswell. With the great Lexicographer must pass into obscurity the "Swan of Avon," the "Wizard of the North," and the "Sage of Chelsea." The phrases ring through the papers with the maddening iteration of the latest popular tune that the whistle of the street boy catches from the piano-organ which gets it from heaven knows where. To the list, too, must be added that infuriating beginning of a paragraph: "it is interesting to note." If it were not interesting there would be no excuse for noting it.

The professional writer, whether he be a reporter who talks of a holocaust from which nearly every one escaped, or a wearied leader-writer who skips from one subject to the other with "meanwhile"—is a serious offender. But one can see the reason of his error. It is the amateur—the semi-professional—who is the most surprising. A man knows his subject; he talks about it over the dinner table; talks well; and some one, impressed by his vigorous presentation of a view, says, "Why don't you send that to a newspaper?" The idea appeals to him. He goes home, sits down, spreads his blotting pad, dips his pen—and reflects that he must be literary. "I crave a portion of your valuable space anent a question which is *en évidence*" he begins. He makes a correction, and proceeds leaving "anent" and *en évidence*. You may fill up the gaps, for the subject does not matter. "Rush into print"—"comes as something in the nature of a surprise"—"woo the muse"—"the force of (anything you like) could no further go"—"his sable majesty"—"a place not mentioned in polite society"—"save the mark!"—"I have yet to learn"—"gentlemen(?)"—"perish the thought!"—"ye gods and little fishes"—"Apologising for taking up so much of your valuable space." And yet across the dinner table he said none of these things, every one of which we consign at once to the Black List, every one of which sensible men write when they write to the newspapers. For they are determined to be literary. And the unusual medium of the pen paralyses their thought and throws them back on the phrase. That is probably the explanation of the business letter—from the house-agent or the solicitor—which is built out of whole sentences.

By chance, we came across a recently published novel, and glancing at the first page, found the very antithesis

to the machine-made phrase, and also some consolation for the present style of architecture. It must be quoted :—

Many years ago—more than I need attempt to recall with any degree of exactitude—when wandering wearily in the fantastic wilderness of sleep, I chanced most unexpectedly upon a valley of indescribable loveliness—a veritable fairyland of beauty and romance. It was the trysting bower of Love and Music, where indolent Rest stood janitor to guard against intrusion, and the Ills of life had no power to disturb the reigning Content. With a pilgrim soul scarred, bruised, and crushed in the unequal battle of life, I naturally hailed the discovery with jubilant rejoicings, and yielded only too willingly to the fascinations it exerted. I threw myself into its inviting arms and gave way to somnolent enjoyment.

“Comment is needless” (and this is the last time that sentence should be written). Here is a writer who honestly tries to build without the aid of ready-made windows and doors, making some attempt to say what he means as he means it to be said. But the man who designs his own house is said invariably to forget the staircase. And there is a point in that extract where one misses that staircase. It is not easy to express a meaning in the clearest way, either in bricks or in print. There are architects in words as there are architects in stone. But the art demands toil, and is not to be learned between whiles. And there may be some sympathy for the writer whom necessity compels to build with phrases that other men have hewn and morticed. Nevertheless, with magisterial tenderness, we put him upon the Black List.

The Sonnet.

THE sonnet is always with us. This is an age when the hurried reader, impatient of the effort required for prolonged attention, demands short poems, which he can read and master in their integrity during a casual hour of leisure. The much less capacity of most modern poets for prolonged and sustained effort (which is an observable fact, explain it how you will), together with their tendency towards lyric rather than narrative or dramatic poetry, renders them very willing to meet this taste of modern readers. Now the sonnet is a ready-made form of brief poem, consecrated by tradition and great example. It is not surprising, therefore, that it should have an unexampled vogue. Collections of sonnets have been beyond number these late years; and Mr. Bowyer Nichol's “Little Book of English Sonnets” (Methuen and Co.), which belongs to the “Little Library,” adds yet another. Though on the whole well selected, it has nothing to distinguish it from other collections but the skilful adaptation to its miniature size, which the editor has secured by limiting it to the poets before Tennyson; about whose time begins the extensive cultivation of the English sonnet. It interests us, nevertheless, by its preface, which is not only well written and judicious, but puts forward at least one view we have long entertained.

The sonnet is, of course, an essentially artificial form, and (so far as we can trace it with certainty) of Italian origin. It is not only artificial, but complexly artificial. Limited to fourteen lines, in its Italian or Petrarchan form (the recognised classical form), those fourteen lines are divided by an intricate arrangement of rhymes. The first eight lines (the *octave*) are divided into two portions of four lines each; the first and last lines of each *quatrain* (or four lines) rhyming together, while the middle two lines rhyme with each other. Moreover, there are but two rhymes throughout the octave (or first portion of eight lines); the first and last lines of the two quatrains being all on the one rhyme, while the middle couplets of the two quatrains are all on the same secondary rhyme. Represented by letters, the

rhyme-scheme is : a b b a ; a b b a. To correspond with this rhyme-construction, there should be a certain pause or division in the sense between the two quatrains (not necessarily a complete pause, that is, a full-stop); and a complete pause at the end of the octave. Indeed, the octave should exhaust and bring to a close one aspect of the single idea or feeling which forms the subject-matter of every sonnet. A second and closing aspect is taken up in the last six lines (the *sestet*). This *sestet*, or last six lines, the poet can rhyme as he pleases; save that the Italians (who should be the best judges) object to their closing with a couplet. It gives too epigrammatic a character to the sonnet; which should rather die gravely and collectedly away, after reaching its climax in the close of the octave.

At the risk of pedantry we make this explanation, because no discussion of the sonnet is possible without understanding its strict Italian form. The English form to which Shakespeare has given his name (though the Earl of Surrey seems to have invented it) is far simpler. It consists of three quatrains (or sets of four lines each) rhyming alternately—a fresh set of rhymes for each quatrain; with a rhyming couplet to conclude the whole (a couplet, need we say, being two lines rhyming together?). Such, in the clearest explanation we can give, are the chief rival forms, the Petrarchan and the Shakespearean. And Mr. Nichol contends that the Shakespearean is the more satisfactory for English use.

Coventry Patmore (the passage is quoted in his “Life”) condemned the Petrarchan or Italian sonnet altogether, largely for reasons connected with its metrical structure. Without entering into questions so subtle, we are disposed to think it over-valued for English purposes—whatever may be said of it for Italian purposes. It is consecrated in men's eyes by Milton and Wordsworth, who employed it exclusively; since when (in the language of Pear's soap) poets have used no other—or seldom any other form. The Miltonic sonnet (as Mr. Nichol remarks, following Mr. Bridges) is an Horatian ode in little, so to speak. Milton attained this majestic and unified quality by neglecting the prescribed pauses, not only between the quatrains, but even between octave and *sestet*, and making the sense continuous, at pleasure, throughout the sonnet. Wordsworth imitated his licence with greater licence; sometimes adding besides a third rhyme in the middle couplet of the second quatrain. They attained noble effect. But why adopt a structure in form, merely to violate it in essence? Why not adopt a form which shall frankly accord with your design, instead of one you must wrest to your design? The reason of the form being gone, it becomes meaningless; nay, the form means one thing, the internal structure another—they are contradictory. It is like the violation of the pause prescribed by the heroic couplet, so painful in “Endymion.” The defiance of the sonnet-form is no whit more reputable because the intricacy of that form prevents the ear's swift recognition of the defiance.

But, say you, that is past; we can now write true Italian sonnets; there is Rossetti. There is Rossetti. At his best he triumphs, this beef-fed Italian. But at other times, even with him, the rhyme is apt to be unpleasantly prominent. With native-born poets it is often prominent, and one has a general sense of difficulty overcome which one should not have. The English muse does not breathe freely in the form. It has too much whalebone for her large movements. The Shakespearean form, without the Italian's crafty completion for its chosen aims, is simpler, native, capable both of sweetness and majesty; a better instrument, we think, for our English muse. As Mr. Nichol observes, Keats ended by using it, though he began with the Petrarchan model; and Keats had instinct.

Throughout the greater portion of her career, indeed (until, that is, the Victorian period), the English muse has not taken kindly to the sonnet. That is the reflection which comes to one in glancing through this little book.

There is a disappointingly small proportion of first-rate merit, apart from its interest as experiment in an originally foreign form. A selection of lyric, or narrative, or any other manner of poems, during the like period would pan out far richer in pure gold. Wyatt (speaking always from the austere poetic standpoint) Wyatt is nothing, and Surrey not much; Raleigh's sonnet is somewhat overrated; Spenser never so little found himself as in this medium; we cannot share Mr. Nichol's admiration for most of Henry Constable's sacred sonnets; Daniel is surely an ambler with fine lines (though it be treason to say so); vigorous Drayton has yet (like Daniel) but one quite fine sonnet, though others have partial power; Jonson, and Herrick, and Herbert fail in this who do not fail in other things; Habington is naught; the eighteenth century all but barren: and so we reach Wordsworth. The great names (apart from writers of an odd good sonnet or so) can be reckoned on the fingers: Sidney (we do not admire Mr. Nichol's selection from him), Shakespeare, Drummond of Hawthornden, Milton, Wordsworth, Keats. Add to these Mrs. Browning and Rossetti in our day, and you exhaust the list—not a long one for our opulently poetical England. One of the surprises of the book to the average reader, by the way, will be two excellent sonnets by Thomas Russell. Individual sonnets are not wanting. Two of Constable's are good; there are fine ones by Sylvester and William Browne; others of his and one of Campion's are like dainty lyrics more than sonnets. Donne's are well known and ruggedly strong. Gray and Egerton Brydges have each a fine and known sonnet. At least one of Lamb's, Blanco White's, one of Shelley's, and one or two of Hood's outstand from the book. And that, if we have any judgment, is all. Surely, we are driven to repeat, the sonnet is ill-suited to English genius. The present day tells a different tale, to some extent. Yet we question whether a simpler form be not needed; and we ask, with Mr. Nichol, why not the Shakespearean?

The Young Mozart.

THE great musicians are for the most part peculiarly interesting figures; more than poets, more even than artists, romance clings about them; and of them all the most radiantly attractive is Mozart. Deplorably brief though his actual life was, we can scarce realise that he died a few years older than Shelley, and no longer youthful of look. We think of him always as the young immortal, the joyous and marvellous boy. His character—almost his work, despite its unmatched perfection—strengthened the illusion. He has something of a gentlemanly and graceful Dumas père—clean of the gross flesh, in more than literal sense, and the worse irresponsibilities. There is the same perpetual boyishness, the same improvident neglect of monetary prudence—though to less criminal extent, the same joy of life and art, the same effortless fluency and astonishing fertility of invention, but united with the formal perfection of the eighteenth century, which was lacking to the early nineteenth century and Dumas. There was even the same love of fine feathers, chastened by a better taste than belonged to old Alexandre's negro blood. Clementi, indeed, once took him (or said he took him) for one of the court-chamberlains. As a child he obtained abundance of dainty clothes, jewellery, and the like, from the royal or aristocratic admirers of his playing. A ring he wore at Naples during a juvenile tour created a disturbance. The Neapolitans were convinced his precocious feats must be the result of sorcery, and the spell, they decided, was in the ring. Only by taking it off could he calm the tumult which arose.

He is said to have been too brusque and careless for a polished courtier—and a musician must be a courtier to

thrive in those days. But from a child he showed the royal self-possession of genius, to which high or low is one.

"So," said the prince-archbishop of Salzburg to the child, back from his first tour round Europe, "we have been to France and England, we have been presented at Court, we have gained great honour!" "But," answered little Wolfgang, "but I don't remember having seen *you*, Sir, anywhere but here in Salzburg!" Nor was he shy at the Court appearance which the archbishop spoke of, before the Empress Maria Theresa herself. There is a touch of pathos in it. The young princesses petted the blue-eyed, chubby-cheeked child. He tripped and fell. Marie Antoinette hurried to pick him up, and "You are good," cried impulsively frank Wolfgang; "I shall marry you!" Better for poor Marie Antoinette to have married the little musician, than Louis XVI. and his tragic destinies.

The spirit of his operas was in himself. Bright, gay, youthful, ardent, falling in love at sight, and taking a disappointment with tuneful defiance, full of the joy and vivacity of life. He told his wife that he should rather have been a dancer and a composer of dances than a composer of music; and she witnessed to his singular elegance and charm of motion as a partner in the dance. He wrote "Don Giovanni" while his wife (a born storyteller) sat by him and told tale after lively tale. An inspiration apt to the gay melodist and the delighting opera! The confluence of diverse bloods which is Austria only could have compounded such a genius, blending the melodious spontaneity of the Italian with the harmonious science of Germany. Loving father, mother, sister, wife, and deep in love with life; his faults the faults of an abounding boy; leaving works by the hundred, while a hundred have perished; he dropped still singing into the sudden grave, and his "Requiem" floated out to us through its closing doors. Born full-armed with music, he was never meant to be old.

Impressions.

XX.—Poets.

THE hands of the clock pointed to ten o'clock. The end of the lecture was near. My interest re-awakened. "Some," said the lecturer, "are so busy in their lives seeking truth that they have no time to make money: others are so possessed by the strangeness of the seen, and the reality of the unseen, that they have no time to seek truth." There he paused, and came forward a few steps, as if the lecture was ended. The rest was conversational. "I have known three poets in my life," he said, "and this, or something like it, was their way.

"One, a grey-haired poet, I saw but once. It was the month of June in the down country where he lived. The hour was just before sunset, and I, passing by his house, saw him come out of his study, and stand for a moment erect, still as a statue, on the hill-side. He gazed over the quiet land to the setting sun. Then he bared his head, and his lips moved. So he stood till the sun disappeared. I passed on, to see, for ever afterwards when I read his poetry, his figure as I saw it on that June evening, bare-headed before the setting sun, and his lips moving.

"With the streets of London the second is associated. Ill-dressed, looking ill, always with books tucked under his arms, he hurries along the pavement, jostled by the passers-by, derided by the vulgar, going I know not whither, but always hastening on between a quick walk and a run, as if in pursuit of the visions that, the maddening world disregarded, he sees above the house-tops. His chin is always uplifted: above, and beyond, his eyes are

always fixed: there on the ribbon of sky, with intermittent gleams of light, that hovers above the buildings. His lips also move—quickly.

"With the third I had some former acquaintance which ripened through a night we spent together in a Northern town where he was living at the time. I had gone there to attend a meeting of a literary society that was endeavouring to persuade the world to accept an ancient author to whom the world was entirely indifferent. This poet and I walked away together from the meeting, and he spoke of a yellow, dog's-eared, leather-bound book which he had bought that day for ninepence. He talked of it with enthusiasm, and his voice rose and fell as he quoted. "Come to my rooms," he said, "and let me read some of it to you." O the neighbourhood where he lived! We went through dark, dank railway arches, and stopped before an aged house in a narrow street, where even at that hour children were scuffling in the gutter. The stairs of the house were uncarpeted, the walls were moist, but the room where he lived was rare in its simplicity. There were books, a few curious prints, one beautiful rug on the bare boards, and on the table a litter of manuscripts. He lighted a candle and read, and the thoughts of that ancient author became living words. Colour shone out in that little room; music filled it. Through the mouth of the living poet; the dead poet spoke again. Outside some dismal man was playing dismally on the cornet, and once the night was cut by a shrill cry of 'Murder'; but the poet read on, oblivious of the present with its complexities and its terrors. And when in the small hours I left him and felt my way down and out into the dark street, he stood at the door, swaying in ecstasy, a candle in one hand, the dog's-eared book in the other, declaiming great verse into the sullen night."

Drama.

Neo-Christianity on the Stage.

It was, I must confess, with some surprise that I found "Resurrection," that remarkable work of the veteran Tolstoi, come back with the plunder of fresh thought to the literary ideals of his youth, behaving as well as it undeniably did upon the stage. The novel is, of course, of absorbing human, as well as philosophical, interest. But it is crowded with detail and with psychological analysis of a kind which does not generally lend itself well to broad and intelligible dramatic treatment. There were faults enough in the performance at His Majesty's Theatre, but on the whole the piece, a triumph of adroit stage-generalship, and played with unusual sincerity by Mr. Tree and with fine emotional quality by Miss Lena Ashwell, did succeed, at any rate during the first three of its four acts, in gripping one beyond expectation.

"Resurrection" belongs to that characteristically modern dramatic species which one habitually knows as melodrama. I do not here use the word in any depreciatory sense. I merely mean that, after running in its course the whole gamut of tragic passion, it ends, not upon the tragic discord, but upon a note which, if not quite optimism, is at least what George Eliot used to call "meliorism." It is tragedy translated into the terms of Christianity. And its theme is appropriately drawn from that neo-Christian gospel of love which Tolstoi has long been preaching to an impenitent and Nietzscheist world. The strains of the Easter Resurrection hymn ring through the play, but it deals, not with the Resurrection of legend, but with the Resurrection of the love of humanity in the soul after its crucifixion by sin and suffering and remorse. This universal and human issue, although perhaps a little imperfectly stated by M. Henry Bataille and Mr. Michael Morton, is naturally the dominant one in the conception of Tolstoi himself. It is worked out in the hearts of Prince

Dmitry Nehludof and of the girl Katusha, known as "The Maslova." The story is a simple one, and is very probably familiar to many readers of the ACADEMY, as the book has been translated into French, and, for all I know, into English. For the purposes of the drama it is arranged as follows: In Act I. Dmitry Nehludof, a pleasure-loving young officer, on a visit to the country house of his aunts, sees Katusha, a girl of peasant extraction, who has been the playmate of his youth, and seduces her. For ten years he thinks no more of the affair, but for a vague uneasiness of conscience on hearing that, for some unspecified reason, his victim has been sent away by his aunts in disgrace. In Act II. he is wealthy and prosperous and a prince, and engaged to the charming young Princess Marie. But he is called upon to serve on a jury, engaged in the trial of a Moscow prostitute of the most degraded class for the alleged poisoning of one of her many lovers; and in the notorious "Maslova" he recognises, to his horror, none other than Katusha. He goes through what Tolstoi, with his deep psychological insight, knows to be the very real spiritual process of conversion. The old life falls from him. Katusha is innocent of the particular charge brought against her, but he fails to secure her acquittal, and resolves to devote all his powers to the duty of atonement. He breaks off his engagement to the Princess Marie, and makes his protest against the injustice of society to an amazed judge, representing the official class which Tolstoi detests, in her mother's drawing-room. Act III. contains a very powerful and very painful scene, in which Nehludof visits the drunken drab in prison and is received by her, first with a leer of invitation, and afterwards, when she discovers who he is, with upbraidings and revilings. His notion of atonement is marriage, and this he offers, only to be savagely refused. But his action has touched a buried potentiality, and in her soul, too, the Resurrection begins. In Act IV. he follows her to Siberia, and ultimately succeeds in obtaining for her a pardon from the Czar. By this time her love for him has arisen, but she realises that his renewed proposal of marriage is motivated not by love, but by a cold sense of duty. Therefore she in turn makes her sacrifice, and finds her future in the ideals of a Nihilist, by whose devotion to the poor wretches amongst whom his lot is cast she has been deeply impressed. And so the play ends, as it began, with the kiss of peace, and the strains of the Easter hymn.

Mr. Tree's version has, as I said, many faults, but I do not wish to dwell unduly upon them, or to deny that there was, none the less, much in the performance to stimulate and to move. It is, of course, wholly devoid of literary style, a fact which, I am afraid, will hardly militate against its acceptance by an English audience, which only cares for style, if at all, in comedy. And like most of the plays at His Majesty's, it is a great deal too bustling. Some years ago, Mr. Tree discovered in himself a unique faculty for drilling a crowd, and since then crowds he has never spared us. So in "Resurrection" we have for Act I. a crowd of *moujiks* and retainers parading before Nehludof's window and entering his bedroom to drink *vodka* and give him the Easter greeting. For Act II. we have, firstly a crowd of jurymen, portrayed with much grim humour, to which Mr. Lionel Brough largely contributes, and secondly a crowd, of the most deadly sort, in a Moscow drawing-room; for Act III. a hooting and yelling crowd of male and female prisoners; for Act IV. the same crowd tramping and bivouacking in the weird Siberian night. They are (except the drawing-room one, which ebbs and flows as the principal actors do or do not require it, in the well-understood fashion) extremely life-like, and must represent a triumph of organisation. But they delay the action; they distract and vex the attention of the audience; and they are inconsistent with the fact that tragic emotions, by the very law of their being, pass essentially in detachment

and solitude. The dissipation of interest which they inevitably entail is, I think, responsible for a lack of concentration in the last act, making it come as something of an anticlimax and obscuring the ultimate issue—the issue of Nihilism—which, in fidelity to Tolstoi's intention, should have received clearer and more deliberate expression.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

Water-Colours, a Connoisseur and Adam.

A CHANCE remark set me thinking about English water-colours. It was made by an elderly man who had been associated with the arts for half a century. "I've had a most delightful time at Messrs. Agnew's exhibition of water-colours," he said. "Better than ever! They have some lovely Turners there, and among them is that magnificent 'Chryses on the Seashore.'" The man's face glowed with pleasure, and I realised that he was one of that faithful band who, through all mutations, remain loyal to the "National Art" of English water-colour. They are not uninterested in other pictures, but mention the names of Cox, de Wint, Copley Fielding, Varley, Barret, or Sandby, and their eyes glisten with the mournful ecstasy of an exiled Englishman who, on arid plains, suddenly has a vision of a Devonshire lane in springtime, or a Scot who, in the heart of Africa, remembers the Hebrides. The old water-colourists do not appeal to the younger generation of collectors, and in a few years' time the faithful band will be but a remnant; but many are still with us, and it is pleasant to see them going round the walls, for the thirty-seventh year in succession, of Messrs. Agnew's "collection of selected high-class water-colour drawings." What, by-the-by, is a low-class water-colour drawing?

The modern connoisseur, wealthy and cosmopolitan, has not much affinity with the faithful band. "Where are you going?" said one of these happy-starred individuals to me the other afternoon. "To look at British water-colours," I answered. He pursed his lips as if in scorn, then said, "Come and see my collection!" The water-colours could wait. It would be foolish to miss the opportunity of seeing my acquaintance's collection of pictures, furniture, china and curios. So I accompanied him to his house. In silence we ascended the thickly-carpeted stairs and entered the first of a series of noble rooms. "Turn on the lights," he said to the servant who had followed us, and instantly the walls of the larger room sparkled with portraits of women of the eighteenth century. The electric lamps, placed close to the portraits, shone on them; shades protected our eyes from the dazzle; the rest of the room was dim, but in that flood of light those gracious masterpieces of the eighteenth century glowed down upon us with startling vividness. My host did not speak. He gazed affectionately at them, then looked at me, and I guessed the thought in his mind. It was: "What are your pretty water-colours of ruins, hedge-sparrows' nests, and plums, compared with these?" Fortunately, I was not called upon to make a reply, for at that moment he was called away, and I was left alone with the treasures. It was a relief. Something above an ordinary mind is needed to please a collector in the presence of his spoils. He dislikes gushing approval, and silence disturbs him; he is not averse from having his taste questioned, but it must be accompanied by signs of a wider knowledge, and a stronger will. And in such a collection as this, which contained examples of all that is rare in the arts and art industries, the attitude of the visitor is curious rather than critical. What can one

say about a case of gold snuff-boxes? "I see you collect snuff-boxes, too," sounds tame, but it does not necessarily show a lack of appreciation. Few amateurs have anything to say before a Romney portrait except "Beautiful! Very beautiful." A bookman might be tempted to quote Edward FitzGerald, but to reel off seventy odd words about Romney, by a recluse of sentiment, to an owner of Romneys may not be expedient. This is what FitzGerald said: "How touching is the close of Romney's life! He married at twenty-one, and because Sir Joshua and others had said that marriage spoilt an artist, almost immediately left his wife in the north, and saw her but twice till the end of his life, when old, nearly mad, and quite desolate, he went back to her, and she received him, and nursed him till he died. This quiet act of hers is worth all Romney's pictures." That last sentence is a hard saying to repeat to an owner of Romneys.

The world had been ransacked for the spoils that stood in crowded magnificence in the room where I sat. A French king had written at that bureau; a princess had used that console-table; that marble group had been ravished from an Italian palace; no power of will or money could duplicate that cabinet of china; time had but given a more illusive beauty to the floral garlands that entwined themselves on the back of the couch on which I reclined. To that escritoire, inlaid with so many shining woods, a picked workman had given seven years of his life. The eye wandered over these things, resting nowhere, dazzled by the pomp and glory of the art world. I touched the shining woods of a cabinet. The surface was even—perfect workmanship. I removed the heavy key from the lock. It was made of gold. Holding that golden key in my hand I realised that the pendulum of my appreciation of the magnificent had swung to the highest point. The other extremity would be an agreeable change, so I slipped from that room, intending to return, and made my way to the British water-colours—ruins, hedge-sparrows' nests, and plums.

British water-colours are not the thunder and lightning of art, and these 268 drawings at Messrs. Agnew's which deal mainly with gentle subjects must be approached in a calm and unexpectant mood. They are the work of the quiet men of art, who would rather paint a landscape with cottages than a storm at sea, a hayfield than a battle. Even when they do choose a moving subject the drawing is keyed to their reposeful natures. Cox's "Welsh Funeral" is not sad, Copley Fielding's "Storm Clearing off: Entrance to Glencoe," is not dramatic: these drawings arouse no deeper feeling than a mild appreciation. The great eighteenth century portraits challenge and stimulate, flashing the personalities of men and women before our eyes, disturbing us as human nature—elusive, enigmatic, unending—must always disturb; but the eighteenth century water-colourists had nothing to do with such Titan's work. For them the simple face of things—evening glow, a church porch, or an Italian lake. Again through their eyes we catch glimpses of quiet corners of the world we have travelled, chosen because of some effect of atmosphere or colour that caught the wandering artist's eye. They repeat themselves, of course, but who is not glad to see again the Campagna or a Surrey common.

Wanderers were these old water-colourists, but not great travellers. A motor car would go as far in an afternoon as David Cox or de Wint in a summer. As for Turner, well, as usual, he dominates this collection, towering above his brethren. Water-colour was the expression of their whole talent; water-colour was the expression of but one of the compartments of his genius. Here you see him as the wanderer over England, making some of the drawings that were to be engraved in the "England and Wales" and the "Southern Coast" series. Also, you may see him pausing before Ehrenbreitstein, the fortress looking like a ghost on the top of its rock, or on the wet

Lancaster sands, or studying the effect of moonlight mingling with firelight in a Surrey lime-kiln, knowing just what water-colour could do, leaving such subjects as "Jack Cade's Rebellion" to Sir John Gilbert.

Darkness had fallen when I returned to the connoisseur's house. The rooms were brilliantly lighted, making the spoils look more magnificent than ever. There seemed no place for modest water-colours amidst such grandeur. My eyes wandered round from one spoil to another, up past the portraits till they rested on the Robert Adam ceiling. The unobtrusive lines of the design of that ceiling, with its simple symbols, its flowers and fantasies, harmonised with the memory of those quiet eighteenth century water-colours, and I wondered what my host would say to a few water-colours on the walls of an Adam room, with some pieces of Adam furniture against the white walls. But I did not suggest it to him.

C. L. H.

Science.

The Supreme Question.

It would be idle to comment at length upon the intellectual state of our time. Suffice it to observe that, on the afternoon of the day on which was published Mr. Myers' book on personal immortality, I saw on a bookstall a sixpenny edition of Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe." Within a few hours I had read that telepathy is an "acknowledged fact." Mr. Myers' book has been hailed as the greatest bequest of last century to ours, but from my recollection of Haeckel's work, now published at one eighty-fourth part of the price of Myers', I well knew how cogent were its claims to that distinction. It is to me no less than terrible that this book, so fascinating, so lucid, so momentous, should be broadcast to-day, presenting to the untrained mind the results of the work of the nineteenth century, and building upon that immovable and magnificent basis a system which is a lie.

After reading through ten chapters of familiar matter—chapters valuable, however, in that they present an epitome of all science—the reader of this sad masterpiece will make two observations of some moment. The first is that the author is not above an adroit juggling with terms, notably in his now familiar use of the word "soul"; and you will ask yourself, what is the relation of this method to his intention, the elucidation of truth? The second observation is this, that the apostle of "truth, beauty and goodness" finds it consistent with his professions to describe the sublime belief in an immortal soul as a "trivial conception," and to allude to the myriad pictures of the Madonna and Child in terms of a deliberate indecency which are to his lasting shame, and which, were such a thing conceivable, would cast an indelible stain upon Truth herself.

These blemishes apart, however, Haeckel's work is so far a direct exposition of the main facts of existence as modern science knows them. But in his next chapter ("The Immortality of the Soul") he *proves*, to his own satisfaction, and at great length, that the soul must needs be "etheric," or indeed gaseous; so that one might form "soul-snow," as Dewar liquefies hydrogen, and that this "reductio ad absurdum" demonstrates the soul—and its immortality—to be a myth. This theme is illustrated by allusions to the pleasure of the eternal company of a mother-in-law and to the history of Henry VIII., which are the cheap and obvious garbage of the slums of intellect, and which culminate in this (the italics are mine): "modern realism

can have nothing whatever to do with these incomprehensible notions; *they satisfy neither the mind's feeling of causality nor the yearning of our emotions.*" And "the belief in the immortality of the human soul . . . is in hopeless contradiction with the most solid empirical truths of modern science." As if that mattered. Modern science has "proved" what we all know, that a living dog is better than a dead lion, or that you may incinerate a corpse, and has, in Haeckel's view, proved the non-existence of that which it has not begun to attempt to understand. Agnosticism is intelligible,—*"there lives more faith in honest doubt,"* but atheism is not merely the antithesis of the scientific attitude, but a deliberate impertinence. Confession of ignorance is the first essential of the enquirer, and the denial of it which such assertions exemplify not only incriminates all thought, but is, if you think of it, the only possible way in which the world's time can be wasted.

But it is in the next chapter ("The Law of Substance") that is found the base of the monistic creed. Haeckel has applied this term—the law of substance—to those two supreme generalizations, the laws of the conservation of matter and of energy, which underlie all scientific conceptions. Before either of these was proved, Spinoza had embodied them in the "stately pantheistic system" which Goethe and Haeckel take to be "the loftiest, profoundest, and truest thought of all ages." "To this profound thought of Spinoza," he says, "our purified monism returns after a lapse of two hundred years." That matter and energy will be for eternity, is the scientific belief. From this Haeckel goes on most admirably to show—and he has tens of thousands of new readers at this hour—that there is a supreme unity in things, that matter and energy are indivisible, that all forms of matter are derived from one—the "prothyl"—and that all forms of energy are transmutable. All this is, of course, platitude,—splendid and vital platitude.

And here we are confronted with the supreme question. If monism is to stand; if, as Haeckel says, we "have the courage to accept a rounded philosophical system"; if we are to claim, as Haeckel does, to have found the solution of the world-riddle, at this point we must forsake Logic and say that, since matter and energy are to be for eternity, *it follows* that they have been from eternity. It does not follow. "Creation from nothing is a miracle," says Haeckel; "therefore it is false." For the "myth of creation" he substitutes evolution, as explaining everything. It has been proved to explain the *course* of everything, of the starry heavens and the mind of man. But it does not approach the question—*Whence?* This book, which professes to tell us all there is to know, from the "clash of worlds" to the theories of sociology, deliberately denies the first question of all. It does not follow that because matter and energy are indestructible—for this is the whole theory—they are therefore from eternity. The terminal atom on my pen defies Haeckel and his worthless logic. Whence, it says? He has no answer worth the name. If his system is to be "rounded," there must be no dualism, no antithesis. Therefore it is necessary to have resort to barefaced dishonesty. Hence the following: "All these and similar forms of belief in creation are incompatible with the law of the persistence of matter and force; that law knows nothing of a beginning." Exactly; it knows nothing of a beginning. Nor does it assert anything of a beginning. But this latter-day philosophy must settle that point; upon which its existence depends. Therefore the preposterous deduction is made that there never was a beginning: that Matter, being indestructible, is therefore from eternity. Says Schopenhauer: "the world exists in virtue of its own inherent forces . . . a polite way of giving the Lord God his *congé*." Observe that this answer to the supreme question directly depends upon a naked piece of false reasoning. We cannot destroy matter: therefore it can

never have been made. This is the logic of those who would show that God must be, if he is at all, a gaseous vertebrate.

As Haeckel himself shows, and endeavours without a trace of success to explain away, Kant, Virchow, Du Bois-Reymond, Newton, Baer, and many others, have passed through his stage; obsessed in their time as he even yet is, by the power of intellectual pride. Here this splendid thinker and observer stands, "drawing the line under his life work," with a book which promises to be the creed of many in our century. It is founded upon a gross error in logic. The "mighty atom" and many other absurdities have come and gone. We have, as the first fact, the "law of substance." One atom, or one ion, if you please, cannot make another, nor can the others destroy it. To me, from this admitted fact, the only deduction is a first cause. It is not only the fool, but the intellectual knave who "hath said in his heart, there is no God."

C. W. SALEBY.

Correspondence.

"As the English Knew Him."

SIR,—Many thanks for your gracious review of my compilation of "Lowell's Early Prose Writings." At a time when certain friends of Lowell are abusing me for having done a most indecent thing, such an acknowledgment of propriety from a high English source is, indeed, welcome. One point in the review leads me to express a wish. The point is where your reviewer says: "As for Mr. Littlefield's appreciation of 'Lowell in 1842,' it is a sound and just piece of work in the main, and the biographical detail in which it abounds will be more welcome in that Mr. Scudder's 'official' Life of Lowell has not left any deep impression on the great heart of the British-American public."

This last is perfectly true, and it reminds me of English criticism of both Scudder's book and Dr. Hale's "James Russell Lowell and His Friends," which invariably ended with—"but this is not the Lowell whom we knew."

And hence my wish—that some Englishman, before it is too late, should write of Lowell as the English knew him. I am sure that his ripest, fullest, most human years were spent with you—in his den at the Legation, where he chatted and talked of books with bookmen, and at St. James's, and at the laying of corner-stones of English libraries, at the inauguration of English schools, &c.—and yet we have no record of those years so rapidly dimming. But we should like to have them. Why will not one of Lowell's English friends—say Theodore Watts-Dunton—give them to us? A very important hiatus, I think, would thereby be filled.—Yours, &c.,

WALTER LITTLEFIELD.

Washington Square, S.W., New York City.

The Light that Failed.

SIR,—I do not think your dramatic critic, Mr. E. K. Chambers, can be aware that the "happy ending" to "The Light that Failed" is that of the version originally given to the public over ten years ago, in (I believe) "Lippincott's" Christmas number. This seems to me to make the case against Mr. Kipling very different from what it would be, had he, at this stage of his career, deliberately altered his story; or sanctioned its alteration to suit the requirements of the theatre.

With regard to the dislike of the public for tragedy, which Mr. Chambers appears to doubt, has not the fate of Mr. Pinero's "Iris," of Mrs. Clifford's "Likeness of the

Night," of Mr. H. V. Esmond's "Grierson's Way" proved very clearly that tragedy in modern garb, however good, makes very little appeal to the average playgoer? Moreover, the management at the Lyric have but lately put the readiness of Londoners "to subdue their souls to chastening influences" to the test. With what result? I was present at three performances of "Othello"; at two of them at least, with the exception of the pit and gallery, the house was half empty. Under these circumstances, it is scarcely strange that Mr. Forbes-Robertson should have decided against a tragic conclusion to his new venture.

I fear it is only too true that our drama can hope for no adequate support from a public which seems literally to revel in sham pathos and false sentiment.—Yours, &c.,
AGATHA M. BARRHAM.

[The "happy ending" to "The Light that Failed" printed in "Lippincott's" Magazine in January 1891 was a perversion of the story as "originally conceived" and published in book form later in 1891.]

Wanted: A Japanese National Song.

SIR,—May I suggest to your readers, some of whom have been writing this week poems in praise of Spring, that they should turn their attention to a real want—a National Song for Japan. The need for it is shown by the following extract from a Japanese newspaper, which was sent to the "Spectator" by a resident of Tokio:—

There should be a national song in every country but we Japanese have none. "Kimi-gayo" is by no means a national song. This is a song praising the virtues of the Emperor. A national song is the representation of the feeling of the populace. As a country is in reality the possession of commons, and not of nobles, the ideal of a country exists among commons and not among nobles. A song comforting the commons, ennobling their ambitions, and giving them the thoughts of self-respect and self-confidence, is that which our nation most urgently needs. The song though common must not be vulgar. As the commons are the natural nobles of a country, their song must be noble as far as their thoughts are noble. . . . As the song is common, it must be a song of labor. A song is not for pleasure, but for encouraging laborers. Some one said: "I take this pen for the country; I lift up this axe for men; I strike this hammer for humanity; and I work all for God." This is justly said to be suited for the spirit of a national song. A song that ennoble labour, which nobles, the lazy people, despise, is a true national song. It is neither genteel nor vulgar, but noble and common. Who can make our daily work holy? Who can compose the first national song in our country? Does the Heaven not send such a poet among us?

—Yours, &c.,

Penzance.

W. A. W.

The Recreations of Distinguished People.

SIR,—I am always wildly interested in your correspondence columns; this week they inspire and encourage me. Your courteous admission of Mr. Algernon Ashton's very proper protest against somebody's failure to include a description of his pastimes in an article on "The Recreations of Distinguished People" nerves my pen arm to the task and duty of calling attention through your columns to the equal injustice of my own case. The other evening (the Sunday before last, I believe it was), Miss Marie Corelli had a "Little Talk about Literature" with the Heaton Mersey Philosophical Society. The gifted lady drew brilliant, if obscure parallels between Mr. Pierpoint Morgan and the Etruscans, and between her own masterpieces of literature, and those of Byron, Shelley, Keats, Sir Walter, and the less known but admirable William Shakespeare; but, as Mr. Ashton says of his own striking case, "whether by a strange oversight, or for some other reason," she made no mention whatever of my various

works. Again, a person named John Smith has written an article in the Noodle's Journal on "The Occupations of the Illustrious." This includes particulars of the daily life of several European Sovereigns, and even of a Prime Minister or two, but nothing as to the features of my own daily routine, and this, as Mr. Ashton rightly says of his own remarkable case: "is all the more surprising as some of these . . . are perhaps the most singular of any. Here they are, copied word for word from the 1903 edition"—of "Who's Which": "Occupation: Mr. Dawson writes chiefly for posterity and fame. He rises at 2 a.m., takes a warm bath in whiskey and soda and dresses entirely in pale pink satin, with a moistened chest-protector affixed to his temples. He then sits down to his desk and writes without a break for ten or fifteen minutes, according to the weather. Then he visits the tombs of famous personages, and listens to the speeches in Hyde Park; after which he gives audience to creditors, and other hangers on to his fame. He then dines, generally upon boiled haunch of zebra with caper sauce, and retires for the day and night. Recreations: Chiropody, trumpet-playing (his own), and the study of medical journals, with special reference to Swelled Head and allied complaints."—Yours, &c.,

Fern Hill Park, Woking.

A. J. DAWSON.

"The Vision of MacConglinne."

SIR,—I am informed on good authority that credit for the admirable translation of "The Vision of MacConglinne" should be given to the original translator Hennessy, and that Prof. Kuno Meyer's work lay chiefly in a revision of Hennessy's text. I shall be glad if you will insert this, as a correction of my statement in the article "The Cuchullin Saga" in the ACADEMY of last week.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD GARNETT.

Mr. Davidson as Novelist.

SIR,—The author of the article on "Novelist Poets" should have made enquiries before he rashly wrote: "We do not look to Mr. Davidson . . . for novels." As everybody with a healthy taste for a moving romance ought to know, Mr. Davidson is, to adopt the title of one of his stories, "A Practical Novelist." I can also call to mind "Ninian Jamieson," "Baptist Lake," and that brilliant fantasy "The Wonderful Mission of Earl Lavender," not to speak of "The Pilgrimage of Strong-soul" and other shorter tales.—I am, &c.,

WILLIAM G. HUTCHISON.

Father-in-Law or Step-father?

SIR,—A few weeks ago some of those who think Dickens infallible were sending letters to the "Saturday Review" defending his use of the term father-in-law in cases where Shakespeare, Addison, and a host of other *literati* employ step-father. Is one then to believe that those who sneer at the use of step-father will be disposed to maintain that if a man leave a legacy to his father-in-law, his mother's second husband has as good a claim to the money as his wife's father? Is that the law? and can these ruffled Dickensites say, "Thyself shall see the act"?—Yours, &c.,

W.

Wanted a Poem.

SIR,—Could you or any of your readers tell me where I can find an old historical poem, beginning—

The Romans in England long held sway
The Saxons after them led the way,
Till both of them had an overthrow
Each of them by a Norman bow.

It gives a short description of each King and Queen. For instance:—

Good Queen Bess was a glorious dame
And bonny King Jamie from Scotland came,
Charles the First was a martyr made
And Charlie his son was a comical blade.

I should be glad if I could find out the last verse and who wrote it or where it could be found.—Yours, &c.,
76, West Hill, Sydenham. FLORENCE E. FOSTER.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 178 (New Series).

Last week we offered a Prize of One Guinea for the best set of verses, not to exceed 16 lines, on Spring. Eighty replies have been received. We award the prize to Miss Ethel C. Mayne, Rockwater, Blackrock, Cork, for the following:—

I heard the thrush to-day—the same!
He sang the thing he used to sing,
His throat as gladly thrilling;
And near I drew—he's grown so tame,
"Trill-rill!" he kept on trilling.

I found the buds to-day—the same!
The earth was quick with green a-prick,
And shy brown sheathes were showing . . .
There was our tree without a name,
Snowy as if 'twere snowing!

I felt the Spring to day—the same!
For every year the green is here,
And every year the singing . . .
But sure! no Spring-time ever came,
Bringing what this is bringing!

Other replies follow:—

When fair days shine,
Forgotten winds of Spring will wake and blow,
Like sudden notes divine
From some far lute a thousand years ago.

This barren rod
Will break to leaf and bloom within my hand;
Above the fragrant sod,
By every brook will greening willows stand.

O tempest-worn,
Forget the driving storm that comes no more!
For thee, chill and forlorn,
Waiteth an azure sky, an emerald floor.
[E. H. T., Manchester.]

"Wake, wake! The sun is high:
Back from the windows of the sky
The cloudy curtains roll: by many a token,
Snowdrop and crocus fair,
I know drear winter's spell is broken.
Rise up, old Earth, from out thy drowsy lair
'Mid mouldered leaves, and sing
Thy matin song of Spring."

"Nay, nay, I trust thee not,
Though in thy little garden-plot
Thy foolish firstlings cower, I wait the tidings
Of swallow at my eaves,
And all his whispered, soft confidings.
The house is dark and cold: my bed of leaves
Is warm. I rise not yet,—
Lest trusting brings regret."
[H. C. P., Uffculme, Devon.]

Lily, laughing light and free:
How I loved those days of spring
When you first danced down to me
Like some heavenly thing!

In my garden by the sea
Lilies white were flowering,
None so pure, it seemed to me,
As this heavenly thing.

Death came sailing silently—
Now I hate the days of spring,
While the lilies mock at me
Of my heavenly thing.

[W. M., Davos Platz.]

A voice breathes through the world to-day
From rain-swept woods of waking leaves :
This veil-like cloud shall pass away,
This veil the unseen spindle weaves.

It changes yet, it does not live,
It cheats, but still it shadows good ;
For lo, the soul earth cannot give,
Hath come to her for motherhood.

[E. H., London.]

In vain all the winter I studied
The proofs which no learning can prove,
Until springtide returning has flooded
The fields with the Spirit of Love.
From the milky way of the daisies,
The thick star-blossoming thorn,
Like a ladder to heaven, lift your praises,
O light-winged larks of the morn.
As of old in the Orient burning
Rose a star in the track of the sun,
So, ere nightfall, the same star returning,
Will shine, when the cycle has run.
We are slaves to the world and its wages,
We are wise, and eat dust, like the snake ;
Then arise, O thou Star of the Ages,
Awake in the west—Awake !

[G. N., South Norwood.]

Springtide in Egypt, this to some is sweet,
For now the days flash by on fervid feet,
'Companied by strong winds and cloudless skies
And sunlight riotous. With languid eyes
In the broad garden men, at evening,
Watch the pale orange-flowers blossoming.
England, with yearning do I turn to thee
Across long miles of sad estranging sea ;
Recall the pleasures of an English spring ;
Hear from tall elm the rooks' harsh music ring ;
Watch rain-filled freshets purling through the woods ;
See broad fields verdant from receding floods ;
Hail warmer days that herald April's reign
O'er dusty furrows with their sprouting grain ;
Seek hazlewoods where the first primrose blows,
Or mossy banks where the wild violet grows.

[P. T. B., Tonbridge.]

A voice comes over the sea,
And a whisper stirs in the land ;
My heart leaps up in me,
For I know that Spring is at hand.
Oh, Spring comes in like a tide,
Lifting the spirit high,
Nearer the wonder, and wide
Rapture, and rest of the sky.
The pulse of desire awakes
In the tired dumb soul of the earth.
Out of her lethargy breaks
The thrill of the passion of birth.
Alas for the flowerless pause,
The ebb that follows the flow,
What breathing of Hope may cause
The blossom of Love to blow ?

[H. S. B., Stirling.]

Competition No. 179 (New Series).

This week we offer a Prize of One Guinea for the best letter to the Editor on any Current Literary Topic. Not to exceed 250 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 48, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 25 February, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon ; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

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Messrs. T. and T. Clark announce an extra volume of Dr. Hastings' Dictionary of the Bible. This volume is not intended to supplement the Dictionary, which is complete in the four volumes already issued. It is an extra volume with full indexes. During the progress of the Dictionary through the press, it was seen that many of its articles touched somewhat closely upon subjects which lay outside the scope of a Dictionary of the Bible. It is sufficient to name Agrapah, Diaspora, Philo, Josephus, Talmud, the Samaritan Pentateuch, and the Religion of Greece and Asia Minor. Again it was felt that certain subjects or portions of subjects invited a fuller treatment than the space at command or the proportion to be observed could afford. This volume would therefore contain a fuller investigation of the English versions, The Sermon on the Mount, Textual Criticism of the New Testament, Wages, Ships, Religions of Assyria, and Babylonia, of Egypt, and of Israel; the Development of Doctrine in the Apocryphal Age. There are other subjects, related to one another, which had been treated at quite sufficient length under their own individual titles, but which lose something from being scattered throughout the volumes. A few general articles have been written in order to bring these subjects into relation to one another, e.g. articles on the Races of the Old Testament, on Roads and Travel, New Testament Times, Hours, Papyri, the Style of Scripture, Symbols, &c. All the articles have been written by scholars who have made a special study of the subjects assigned to them.

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which I was permitted to have my Mentor at my side—a time when not only the Prussian monarchy was at stake, but also the existence of the German Empire." Three maps and two portraits are included in the volume.

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONARROTI. By Charles Holroyd.

A fully illustrated volume by the keeper of the National Gallery of British Art, "with translations of the Life of the Master by his Scholar, Ascanio Condivi, and three Dialogues from the Portuguese by Francisco D'Ollanda." The first part of the volume consists of Mr. Holroyd's rendering of Condivi's Life, the most valuable of the lives of Michael Angelo. This is the first complete translation which has appeared in English. "Extracts," writes Mr. Holroyd, "have been given; . . . but the faithful and reverent character of the whole work can only be given in a complete translation, its transparent honesty, and loving devotion." The second part of the volume deals with the Master's Works. The three dialogues on Painting by the miniature painter D'Ollanda are included in an appendix.

HANDBOOK TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM. By E. T. Cook.

In this compact and packed volume Mr. Cook applies to the Greek and Roman galleries of the British Museum the method that he adopted with the National Gallery. The aim of the book is to say something about everything, how the objects are links with the past, how they came into the possession of the Museum, and what the poets, historians and essayists have said about them. On one page we find quotations from Pater and Sir Lewis Morris. The Elgin Room has a chapter to itself with introductory extracts from Emerson and Haydon.

It is not only novels that have large sales in sixpenny reprints. We learn that another 20,000 edition of Prof. Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe" is being printed, and that Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Education" has reached an equal circulation in its cheap form. The next reprint in the same series is to be Grant Allen's "Evolution of the Idea of God."

On Tuesday night Mr. Pinero delivered in Edinburgh, to the members of the Philosophical Institution, a lecture on "Robert Louis Stevenson: the Dramatist." The plays discussed by Mr. Pinero were "Deacon Brodie," "Admiral Guinea," and "Beau Austin," and the question which the lecturer set himself to answer was this: "Why should Stevenson, the dramatist, take such a back seat . . . in comparison with Stevenson, the novelist, the essayist, the poet?" Part of the answer Mr. Pinero states thus:—

We shall find, I think, that Stevenson, with all his genius, failed to realize that the art of drama is not stationary, but progressive. By this I do not mean that it is always improving; what I do mean is that its conditions are always changing, and that every dramatist whose ambition it is to produce live plays is absolutely bound to study carefully, and I may even add respectfully—at any rate not contemptuously—the conditions that hold good for his own age and generation. This Stevenson did not—would not—do. We shall find, I think, that in all his plays he was deliberately imitating outworn models, and doing it, too, in a sportive, half-disdainful spirit, as who should say "The stage is a realm of absurdities—come, let us be cleverly absurd!"

The point is a good one, though with whatever intention Stevenson set out in the plays he became at times absolutely and convincingly serious. For Stevenson's essential dramatic talent Mr. Pinero has, naturally, the greatest respect. As example of that talent he quoted the extraordinary story which Stevenson sketched for us in the "Chapter on Dreams." Concerning "Beau Austin" and technique Mr. Pinero said:—

I am not claiming any absolute and inherent superiority for our modern realistic technique, though I do not think it quite so inferior as some critics would have us believe. But what I do say is that the dramatist is bound to select his particular form of technique, master, and stick to it. He must not jumble up two styles and jump from one to the other. This is what the authors of "Beau Austin" have not realized. Their technique is neither ancient nor modern; their language is neither poetry nor prose—the prose, that is to say, of conceivable human life. The period has nothing to do with it. People spoke, no doubt, a little more formally in 1820 than they do to-day; but neither then nor at any time was the business of life, even in its most passionate moments, conducted in pure oratory.

True enough, no doubt, but Mr. Pinero seems momentarily to have forgotten those conventions of the stage which would seem to make realistic dialogue impossible. If Mr. Pinero ever takes the trouble to read through his own dramas he must be aware that his characters talk as no people ever did talk. And after all, when Mr. Pinero has criticised Stevenson as a dramatist and made out a reasonably strong case, there remains the fact that although we enjoy Mr. Pinero's plays, we have enjoyed Stevenson's more when we have had the chance of seeing them. Two of the Stevenson-Henley plays, at any rate, are literature.

Mr. MURRAY's instances of verb manufacture in the "Spectator" have drawn three letters on the subject. One of the "Spectator's" correspondents writes:—

In six out of the nine instances given by Mr. Murray the novelists or poets he condemns are supported by authority. The "Century Dictionary" gives "hoarse," "husk," "shrill," "tiptoe," "glimpse," "parrot," as verbs, with references to Shakespeare, Spenser, Richardson, &c. Mr. Murray must get used to bad calligraphy. I am convinced that his Guppy must have written, not "yells," but "wells of joy artesianed up his throat"; and if Guppy hath not "enriched our tongue," this effort is distinctly "good."

Then follows a communication from a lady concerning children's coinages:—

Only yesterday when my little girls were playing with a toy hospital, one of them said to the other: "This child seems to be suffering from 'cute neuralgia in the eyelashes; bettn't

we give it a dose of cough lozenges?" Again, in speaking of two china dogs, she said: "'Castor' and 'Pollux' look languid this morning; bettn't they have a bath?" Her sister observed to me just now: "What a noise you did make *tinacking* with that hammer!" "Had not we better," or "they had better," sounds very awkward and cumbersome compared to the brief and convenient "bettn't."

Children, however, are privileged; it is, perhaps, fortunate that they do not write for publication.

A LITTLE book which has had a rather remarkable success is "Wee MacGreegor." It has now reached its thirty-third thousand. Scotland has a pleasing habit of reading what its own children produce. We hear that in Glasgow, where "Wee MacGreegor" was published, people have been buying it by thousands. Would a book published in Birmingham, say, have anything like the same chance? We think not. It must be the dialect that does it. "Och," says one of the characters, "whit's about a rid toorie." We shall find out some day what that means.

THE "Literary Year Book" for 1903 leads off with a portrait of M. Maurice Maeterlinck; then follows a survey of the "Year's Work, 1902," by Mr. Herbert Morrah. Mr. Morrah is optimistic on the whole; he thinks that literature is flourishing, and that in the dramatic world there are "signs of abundant life." The "Year Book" continues to increase in bulk; authors join the literary ranks with airy cheerfulness, and if they repent they repent in secret. This year the directory of authors runs to one hundred and sixty pages, and that of publishers, including a useful foreign section, to forty pages. On the civil list there are no fewer than one hundred and seven more or less literary pensioners, the annual grants ranging between £25 and £250.

WILL the day of the artistic poster ever really arrive in England? Occasionally the hoardings are made less hideous by posters good in idea and capable in execution, but these intruders are put out of countenance by the conventional horrors which crowd them round. Yet there are plenty of men who have shown themselves capable of producing beautiful poster designs, and a few of these have been reproduced by Messrs. Spottiswoode in a collection of "Ideas in Colour." Amongst the most attractive of these are the drawings by Mr. Tom Browne, Mr. Hassell, and Mr. Charles Robinson. There seems no reason in the world why such work should not replace the glaring abominations which make a daylight bus journey something of a penance. But the old order in the poster seems too set to change.

A RATHER remarkable volume has just reached us, entitled "The Rebellion of 1815, generally known as Slachters Nek." The volume runs to close on a thousand pages and comprises a complete collection of all the papers connected with the trial of the accused. The book has been prepared under Government instruction by Mr. H. C. V. Leibbrandt, Keeper of the Archives, and forms a valuable record of certain passages in the history of the Cape of Good Hope. The general reader is hardly likely to attack such a portentous-looking volume, but for the novelist there is a mine of good material. We have page after page of verbatim question and answer, and a number of letters packed with interesting detail.

THE endless romance of the "Review of Reviews" is going endlessly on. The latest chapter shows us Francis

Gordon on the point of giving up all his wealth to the poor, and Rosamund flies from the prospective pauper, "her garments shaking out strange fragrances" as she goes. There certainly seems no reason why this kind of thing should not go on, as we are informed it will, "month by month without end."

We expressed our view of Nietzsche last week. This is what Mr. W. L. Alden gives to the readers of the "New York Times Saturday Review" as his opinion:—

Nobody denies the ability of Nietzsche, but of what possible use are the writings of a blasphemous lunatic? Nietzsche was precisely that and nothing else. His writings never by any possibility helped any man. They are bad through and through, and the less healthy people have to do with them the better.

We should imagine that there is a good deal of Nietzsche's work which Mr. Alden has never read.

IN "Memories of Half a Century," by Mr. R. C. Lehmann, now appearing in "Chambers's Journal," there are some characteristic stories of the writer's grandfather, Robert Chambers. The one personal interview with him which Mr. Lehmann remembers he records as follows:—

It must have taken place in 1864, when as a boy of eight, I had just begun learning Latin with a tutor. This great intelligence had been communicated to my grandfather, and I can remember my feelings of mingled pride and apprehension when the towering and dignified figure took me by the hand and began to question me: "So, my little man, you're into Latin?" "Yes, grandpa." "That's good; that's good. Now then, can you go through *mensa*, a table?" "Please, grandpa, we call it *musa*, a muse, in our book. I can do that for you." And I did, without in the least understanding why my grandfather gave a Homeric shout of laughter.

At the end of the article, Mr. Lehmann quotes some verses addressed by Wilkie Collins to the writer's mother, of which Mr. Lehmann says, "It is plain from these playful and polished lines that he might, had he cared for the task, have set up as a frivolous rival to Mr. Locker or Mr. Austin Dobson in the writing of *vers de société*." We have not space to quote the lines, but we may say that in our view they fall very far behind the work of the two writers named.

An article by Mr. W. J. Long in the "Field Naturalist's Quarterly," entitled "How the Animals Die," is quite above the average of such work; it has sympathy, knowledge, and a sense of style. We quote from the concluding sentences:—

The vast majority of animals go away quietly when their time comes; and their death is not recorded because man has eyes only for exceptions. He desires a miracle, but overlooks the sunset. Something calls the creature away from his daily round; age or natural disease touches him gently in a way that he has not felt before. He steals away, obeying the old warning instinct of his kind, and picks out a spot where they shall not find him till he is well again. The brook sings on its way to the sea; the waters lap and tinkle on the pebbles as the breeze rocks them; the wind is crooning in the pines—the old, sweet lullaby that he heard when his ears first opened to the harmony of the world. The shadows lengthen; the twilight deepens; his eyes grow drowsy; he falls asleep. And his last conscious thought, since he knows no death, is that he will waken in the morning when the light calls him.

In the current number of "Longman's Magazine" we find some simple and beautiful verses by Mrs. Shorter,

entitled "The Child." The child comes to turn hopelessness into gladness:—

"Will you not stay and teach us to be glad?"
The woman cried; "We then indeed were blessed."
"I am but little to go forth alone,"
The babe replied, and nestled to her breast.

And so he stayed for many years to play
Beside her hearth, and at each purple eve,
When came the man soft singing from his work,
All full of dreams he could but half believe.

The woman met him on their threshold; spoke
In solemn wonder, with a "Hush!" and "Hark!"
"To-day he drove out Sorrow from the door:
With his small hands he shut her in the dark."

Or, "Go you soft: he slumbers like a bird
That nests, half-singing in his pleasant sleep:
To-day from our hearth-side he thrust out Grief—
This wonder-child did laugh to see her weep."

Then the child becomes a man, goes out into the world, and returns with something of the world's knowledge, so that the mother who watches him sleeping sees that he is "dreaming of another face." The charm of the poem consists in its unaffected simplicity.

WE have already heard a good deal about Sir Henry Irving's forthcoming production of "Dante" at Drury Lane; we have even been told where and how the scenery is being painted, and the probable cost of the scenery. These points do not interest us. But we shall be interested to see whether Boccaccio appears in Dante's Hell, as a correspondent of the "Westminster Gazette" says he is to appear. Referring to this, another correspondent of the same journal writes:—

It is indeed, if true, an astounding anachronism for Dante to be made to put into Hell Boccaccio, of whom Dante had never heard, and who was the lecturer on Dante fifty-two years after Dante's death.

An astonishing anachronism indeed; but to such anachronisms we are gradually becoming accustomed. Historical accuracy in drama will soon be considered a sign of the amateur. Nowadays we seem to have no time for the essentials of such work.

THE latest Literary Examination Paper set by "Good Words" has "David Copperfield" for subject. Here is the first question:—

1. Explain with reference to the context—
 - i. "That's a settler for our military friend."
 - ii. "My foot will be upon my native heath."
 - iii. "Touch the Commons and down comes the country."
 - iv. "You are playing Booty with my clerk."
 - v. "What I wish is that parties was brought up stronger minded."

There follow six more questions, of which the last is: "Transcribe from the columns of the Middlebay 'Times' a valedictory letter (imaginary) to Lord Tennyson from the pen of Wilkins Micawber, Esquire, Junior." Competitions of this kind are very popular, we believe; but does the book selected for the examination paper ever give the competitors any further pleasure?

THERE is shortly to be published in Chicago a new quarterly journal to be called "Modern Philology." The first volume, we learn, is to contain six hundred pages, though whether "volume" means "number" we do not know. The advisory board consists of the following: Profs. Kittredge, Bright, Thomas von Jagemann, Warren, Matzke, Hempl, Gummere. "Their connection," we read, "with the work is not nominal, but real."

HERE is one of the dedications of the week: "To the Duchess of Sutherland and Rosemary I dedicate this story; which looks suddenly brighter since two such kind friends have accepted its dedication." The book is by Mr. E. H. Cooper, and is called "Wyemarle's Mother."

THE ideas of our competitors this week as to what constitutes a current literary topic are very varied. In addition to the replies printed on our competition page, we have received remarks on the following subjects: "The Black List," "Weddings and Woe," "The Dramatized Novel," "False Fiction," "Spring Competition," George Lewes' "Rose, Blanche and Violet," "The Decline of Fiction," "Celtic Literature," "School Magazines," "An Academy for Critics of Verse," "A Plea for Verse," "On Public Libraries," "The Sonnet in England," and "The Dislike of Tragedy in Drama." The amateur dramatic critics who have sent in replies have something sensible to say; they seem to know what they want, and with an astonishing unanimity they come to the conclusion that they seldom get it. The dramatized novel appears to be a source of constant annoyance, and "Resurrection" has received at the hands of our amateur judges as decided criticism as that devoted to it by Mr. Arthur Symons in the "Saturday Review."

Bibliographical.

IN writing a volume on Andrew Marvell for the "English Men of Letters" series, Mr. Augustine Birrell will have a comparatively easy task. Original research will not be expected from him, and of biographical data there is already plenty. There are the memoirs by Cooke, prefixed to the edition of the "Works" published in 1772, and by Captain E. Thompson, prefixed to the edition of the "Works" issued four years later. Of no special value are the "Life" by J. Dove, which accompanied specimens of the Poems in 1832, and the later "Life" by the Rev. E. Paxton Hood (1853). Still later, Marvell fell into the laborious hands of the Rev. A. B. Grosart, whose elaborate account of him and edition of his works occupied four volumes of the "Fuller Worthies Library" in 1872-5. Latest of all come the two volumes which Mr. G. A. Aitken contributed to "The Muses Library" in 1892—volumes containing the Poems, Satires, a Memoir, and a Bibliographical Note. On these and on the Grosart edition Mr. Birrell may well base his own biographical edifice.

Mr. George E. Woodberry, who is to do for the "English Men of Letters" series the volume on Emerson, is an American writer already fairly well known in this country. He is rather a versatile gentleman. He has written a book on Edgar Allan Poe for the "American Men of Letters" series (1885), and is one of the supervisors of the edition of Poe's Works which came out in 1895. He has also edited or "introduced" Bacon, Shelley (1892), and Aubrey de Vere (1894). His critical work includes "Studies in Letters and Life" (1890), "National Studies in American Letters" (1899), and "Makers of Literature" (1900). But Mr. Woodberry is "creator" as well as critic, having published at least three volumes of verse—"North Shore Watch and Other Poems" (1890), "The Players' Elegy on the Death of Edwin Booth" (1893), and "Wild Eden" (1899).

It is to be hoped that the forthcoming mammoth collection of Horace Walpole's letters will include a bibliography, for the manner in which the letters have gradually seen the light is full of varied interest. Keeping to the nineteenth century, we find these successive publications: "Letters to the Rev. W. Cole and others, 1745-82" (1818), "Letters to G. Montagu, 1736-70" (1819), "Private

Correspondence, now first collected" (1820), "Letters to Sir Horace Mann," edited by Lord Dover (1833 and 1843-4), "Correspondence with G. Montagu, H. S. Conway, W. Cole, and Lady Hervey" (1837), "Letters," edited by J. Wright (1840), "Letters to Lord Ossory, 1769-97" (1848), "Correspondence with Rev. W. Mason," edited by J. Mitford (1851), "Letters," edited by P. Cunningham (1857-9 and 1891), and then, after a long interval, "Some Unpublished Letters," edited by Sir Spencer Walpole (1902). The two handiest "selections" from Walpole's letters are, of course, those edited by L. B. Seeley in 1884, and by C. D. Yonge in 1890.

The new edition of Sir G. W. Dasent's "Popular Tales from the Norse" will, of course, be welcome. The book came out originally in 1859, and an edition of it for children followed in 1861. Apparently it has not been issued in many forms. It is probably the book by which Sir George will best be remembered, although those who recall his thirty-three-year-old novel, "Annals of an Eventful Life," will always keep for it a little corner in their hearts. Its author did not succeed in establishing himself as a novelist, for I doubt if many recollect even the titles of his "Three to One" (1872), "Half a Life" (1874), and "Vikings of the Baltic" (1875). On the other hand, his volumes of essays, "Jest and Earnest" (1873) may still be dipped into with some satisfaction.

The announcement that the Clarendon Press is to give us a new edition of the "Utopia" reminds us that we received from the same press some eight years ago a volume, edited by J. H. Lupton, which contained both the Latin text of 1818 and the English text (by Ralph Robinson) of 1551. Two years earlier—that is, in 1893—Robinson's translation, revised by F. S. Ellis, had been reprinted at the Kelmescott Press, with a "foreword" by Mr. William Morris. Robinson's version may be said to have outlived that by Bishop Burnet, though of that there were reprints as late as 1850 and 1858, the latter edited by J. A. St. John. Of the version by Arthur Cayley, jun., published in 1808, we hear nothing nowadays.

The announcement by the Stage Society of its intention to perform an English version of M. Maeterlinck's "Aglavaine and Sélysette" should cause a fresh demand for the translation of the play made by Mr. Alfred Sutro, prefaced by Mr. J. W. Mackail, and published by Mr. Grant Richards in 1897. As Mr. Mackail says, the work has "little interplay of action. Beyond Aglavaine and Sélysette themselves there are really no characters. . . . But praise cannot be too high for the fineness and truth of the two principal figures; nor for the consummate skill with which the interest, the sympathy, and beauty are slowly slid from one to the other."

There are two other theatrical enterprises which are likely to do some little benefit to literature. One is that by which Edward FitzGerald's "free translation" from Calderon, "Such Stuff as Dreams are Made of," will be represented by the Elizabethan Stage Society. This may send people not only to FitzGerald's work, but to D. F. McCarthy's translation from the same original, "Life is a Dream." The latter came out in 1873; FitzGerald's version in 1877. Then there is Miss Ellen Terry's promise to produce Ibsen's "Vikings"—that is to say, "The Vikings at Helgeland." This has been translated by Mr. William Archer, whose version is included in the third volume of Ibsen's "Prose Dramas" (1890). Mr. Archer will no doubt revise his translation for the occasion, and a cheap reprint of it would be a boon to many playgoers.

The name of the new editor of "The Literary Year-Book," Mr. Henry Gilbert, appears to be unfamiliar to some people. Mr. Gilbert is nevertheless the author of at least two books—"Hearts in Revolt: a Tragi-Comedy of Youth" (1901) and "The Captain of His Soul" (1902).

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Unknowable.

HUMAN PERSONALITY AND ITS SURVIVAL OF BODILY DEATH. By Frederic W. H. Myers. 2 Vols. (Longmans. 42s. net.)

FREDERIC MYERS wrote several volumes of prose and verse, all of them marked by great spiritual insight and a rare and even perilous eloquence. In particular his "St. Paul," a review of which stands almost alone amongst the collected works of Mr. George Meredith, may claim to rank amongst the more than minor poetry of the 'sixties. His latter years were not, from the literary point of view, productive. He lived the life of a blameless official, and devoted his personal energies to the investigation of the rarer psychological phenomena. With Edmund Gurney he founded the Society for Psychical Research. He collaborated in that epoch-making book, "Phantasms of the Living," and continued after Gurney's death the active collection of facts, and the unswerving effort to base upon them a satisfactory theory of human personality. In the pursuit of this aim he had to wade through sufficient records of human folly and credulity to sicken a less ardent searcher after truth. But in the end he came to consider that he had arrived at evidence which, although many of his colleagues interpreted it otherwise, justified very important conclusions upon the vexed questions of human destiny. He accepted a position not essentially different from that of spiritualism, in that he believed certain utterances obtained either verbally or by means of "automatic writing" through "mediums" to be veritable communications of departed or "discarnate" spirits made to those still in the flesh. The book now issued is his justification of the faith that was in him. It was found almost complete at his death, and has been prepared for publication by Mr. Richard Hodgson and Miss Alice Johnson. Whatever may be thought of its ultimate thesis, it is beyond question a work of the most profound and wide-reaching interest, forming a complete survey of the facts with which "psychical research" attempts to deal, and setting forth with singular persuasiveness and exquisite temper the interpretation of those facts which Myers thought that right reason compelled him to adopt. It is almost impossible to give in short space even the outline of the elaborate and complicated argument employed. It covers all the difficult and varied phenomena of dreams, somnambulism, hypnotism, thought reading, apparitions, hauntings and so forth. These, after due allowance has been made for illusion, mal-observation, dishonesty and so forth, Myers holds to establish the fact of certain direct activities of mind upon mind which do not necessarily pass through the channels of the physical organism.

At such a theory the materialist may chafe, but there is nothing in it which the Platonist need dismiss as inconceivable. Just as behind the material environment, suggests Myers, there is dimly becoming known the etherial environment, with laws of its own which are but little understood and can only be guessed to be at some unknown point continuous with those of matter, so even more shadowy but doubtless still continuous looms yet a third or metetherial environment in which our spirits live and move and have their being. The metetherial activities occasionally involve the normal waking consciousness, but more often that split-off, or, as Myers calls it, "subliminal" consciousness which comes into play in dreams or in the abnormal states of somnambulism, hypnotism or trance. So far as these activities, which may be generally summed up as "telepathy," go, modern psychology, profiting much by the investigations of psychical research, would probably in the main accept Myers' contention, and acknowledge them as a real, but

very obscure fact in the relations of man and man. Myers, however, now invites psychology to go a step further, and to hold that, although as a rule the trance phenomena are sufficiently explained by telepathy between man and man, yet there are certain cases in which the agent is not man in the ordinary sense, but a discarnate spirit, continuing its conscious existence after its dissociation with the bodily organism and endeavouring, for whatever reason of curiosity or apostolic fervour, to re-establish communications with the world it has left. The evidence upon which he most relies for this immense and startling extension of the telepathic theory is to be found, firstly, in the remarkable experiences of the late Mr. Stainton Moses, and secondly, in the trance-utterances of a well-known and carefully observed Boston medium, Mrs. Piper, which purport to come, and in Myers' view, actually do come, from individuals lately dead and well known during their lifetime to several of the Psychical Researchers and their friends.

For ourselves, after carefully reading Myers' treatment of the question, we remain wholly unconvinced that there is really any solid basis for his belief. All the facts seem to us, as to many others, including Mr. Podmore, whose own book was recently reviewed in these columns, capable of a more probable explanation as instances of telepathy between the living. But the pros and cons of this can hardly be discussed here, and it is perhaps more immediately interesting to throw some light upon the personal temper of mind in which Myers approaches his difficult and momentous problem. He manages to combine an unwavering belief in the unseen with one hardly less profound in the method of modern science, that "interrogation of Nature entirely dispassionate, patient, systematic." Were it not so, indeed, his book would have no more claims to serious consideration than the lucubrations of any illiterate spiritualist. But for him, although the etherial world is distinct from the material world, and the metetherial world from both alike, they all form ultimately part of the great cosmic order. In the psychological region, as in the biological, there is no miracle. All is law, although the laws may differ. Spiritual facts, like physical facts, must be explored by the one faculty for finding truth which man possesses, his reason. They are not to be kept in a "separate and sealed compartment," sacred to religion and shut in from the light of day.

My one contention is that in the discussion of the deeper problems of man's nature and destiny there ought to be exactly the same openness of mind, exactly the same diligence in the search for objective evidence of any kind, exactly the same critical analysis of results, as is habitually shown, for instance, in the discussion of the nature and destiny of the planet upon which man now moves.

This is a high ideal, and even those who are least inclined to accept some of Myers' most cherished conclusions will acknowledge that throughout all the lengthy and detailed discussions of his remarkable book he has done all that in him lay to give it his loyal adherence.

But it must not be forgotten that we are dealing with a poet as well as with a man of science, and not the least interesting of Myers' pages are those in which, after expounding his speculative theory, he lets the reins of his imagination go a little in summing up its spiritual bearings. Here, for example, is a noble and disturbing passage. Myers has been explaining that the initiative in the communications between this world and that seems to come rather from the discarnate than the incarnate spirits. Seeking some open avenue they discern a glimmer of light, which indicates an organism so constituted that a spirit can temporarily inform or control it:—

One touch of pathos, indeed—though not of tragedy—stands out to my recollection from the trances which I have watched—a kind of savage and immemorial emotion which takes one back to many an old-world legend, and to the "Odyssey" of Homer above all. Odysseus, at the entrance

of the under-world, poured the blood of victims into a trench, that the dim spirits of the dead might drink of it and have force to see and hear. But it was to learn from Teiresias that he came, and until he had spoken with Teiresias he suffered none of the thronging spirits to draw anigh. There sat he—as Polygnotus' picture showed him—on a heap of stones in the grey light beside the trench, his drawn sword laid betwixt him and his mother's soul; since, "not even thus, tho' sick at heart, would I suffer her to come nigh the blood, ere I had heard the tale Teiresias had to tell."

ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὧς εἶων προτέρην, πύκινον περ ἀχέων,
αἵματος ἄσσον ἔμεν πρὶν Τειρεσίας πυθέσθαι.

Even in such fashion, through Mrs. Piper's trances, the thronging multitude of the departed press to the glimpse of light. Eager, but untrained, they interject their uncomprehended cries; vainly they call the names which no man answers; like birds that have beaten against a lighthouse, they pass in disappointment away. At first this confusion gravely interfered with coherent messages, but through the second and third stages of Mrs. Piper's trances, under the watchful care apparently of supervising spirits, it has tended more and more to disappear.

All this must needs be so; yet I, at least, had not realised beforehand that the pressure from that side was likely to be more urgent than from *this*. Naturally: since often on this side something of inevitable doubt—nay, of shuddering prejudice and causeless fear—curdles the stream of love; while for them the imperishable affection flows on unchecked and full. They yearn to tell of their bliss, to promise their welcome at the destined hour. A needless scruple, indeed, which dreads to call or to constrain them! We can bind them by no bonds but of love; they are more ready to hear than we to pray; of their own act and grace they visit our spirits in prison.

The epilogue to the book is a "Provisional Sketch of a Religious Synthesis," in which Myers attempts to estimate the bearing of his beliefs upon the traditional religions of the world, and predicts that "in consequence of the new evidence, all reasonable men, a century hence, will believe the Resurrection of Christ, whereas, in default of the new evidence, no reasonable men, a century hence, would have believed it."

And yet in no single act or passion can that salvation stand; for hence, beyond Orion and Andromeda, the cosmic process works and shall work for ever through unbegotten souls. And even as it was not in truth the great ghost of Hector only, but the whole nascent race of Rome, which bore from the Trojan altar the hallowing fire, so is it not one Saviour only, but the whole nascent race of man—nay, all the immeasurable progeny and population of the heavens—which issues continually from behind the veil of Being, and forth from the Sanctuary of the Universe carries the ever-burning flame: *Aeternumque adytis effert penetralibus ignem.*

The Preacher Poet.

HERBERT'S POEMS. A New Edition. With the Life of the Author. By Izaak Walton. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 3s. 6d.)

THE seventeenth century poets are coming to their own; and above all, the religious poets of the seventeenth century. Vaughan and Crashaw have been made accessible to the every-day reader; and now the poetic father of both, George Herbert, is re-issued in cheap form by the S.P.C.K. Unlike Crashaw and Vaughan, Herbert has long been recognised and accessible. But the present volume gives us double riches by including old Izaak Walton's memoir of the poet. You can turn from the sweet and homely poems to such sweet and homely English as that which records Herbert's marriage with Jane Danvers:—

This Mr. Danvers . . . did so much affect him that he often and publicly declared a desire that Mr. Herbert would marry any of his nine daughters . . . but rather his daughter Jane than any other, because Jane was his beloved daughter. And he had often said the same to Mr. Herbert

himself; and that if he could like her for a wife, and she him for a husband, Jane should have a double blessing; and Mr. Danvers had so often said the like to Jane, and so much commended Mr. Herbert to her, that Jane became so much a platonic as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unseen. This was a fair preparation for a marriage; but alas! her father died before Mr. Herbert's retirement to Dantsey; yet some friends to both parties procured their meeting; at which time a mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city; and love, having got such possession, governed, and made there such laws and resolutions as neither party was able to resist; insomuch that she changed her name into Herbert the third day after the first interview. This haste might in others be thought a love-phrenzy, or worse; but it was not, for they had wooed so like princes as to have select proxies; . . . that the suddenness was justifiable by the strictest rules of prudence; and the more because it proved so happy to both parties; for the Eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections and compliance; indeed so happy, that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires. And though this begot and continued in them such a mutual love and joy and content, as was no way defective, yet this mutual content and love and joy did receive a daily augmentation, by such daily obligingness to each other as still added such new affluences to the former fullness of these divine souls, as was only improvable in heaven, where they now enjoy it.

There you have a staid little romance, smelling wall-flowers and sweet-marjoram. It provides an exception (by the way) to the general saying that only men fall in love with one they have never seen—if Mrs. Browning, perhaps, be not another exception. The orderly fixing of his affections on the lady proposed to him is quite in character with the writer of "The Temple," from whom one would expect no vagrant ardours. His person bears out the same character, as one sees him in the portrait prefixed to the book, and the portrait (at least equally lively) given by demure and charming old Izaak himself:—

He was for his person of a stature inclining towards tallness; his body was very straight, and so far from being cumbered with too much flesh, that he was lean to an extremity. His aspect was cheerful, and his speech and motion did both declare him a gentleman; but they were all so meek and obliging that they purchased love and respect from all that knew him.

One needs but these two quotations to have a sufficiently distinct conception of the man, bred from the noble Herbert stock, and born in their Castle of Montgomery, who came to be the devout rector of Bemerton, and to write the poems immortal under the name of "The Temple." But his poetic character is a less simple matter. Herbert the poet is a combination which could scarce have happened but in those spacious days, and can scarce be repeated in days less fraught with circumfluous poetry (if the term may be permitted us). Basically he is the typical Englishman; shrewd, homely, beef-nourished common-sense, looking squarely at what is before his eyes, rootedly ordering loving and practical. But into that competition has miraculously fallen a germ of the seventeenth-century fancy, in all its unexpectedness, its grace of child-like good-faith and simplicity—yea, its very ingenuitiveness is ingenuous. The result is a unique and charming blend, a goodly savour to the Philistine, yet savoured truly by refined culture alone. It is a delight to the unliterary pietist, and a choice morsel to Coleridge. Vaughan is for the few, Crashaw a stumbling-block to the multitude: the few and the many find pasture in Herbert.

The conspicuous feature of Herbert's usual style was long ago remarked by Coleridge. His language is the ordinary language of perfectly well-bred talk, plain but choice; yet it is entirely adequate to his poetic effect. Here his aristocratic breeding joins hands with his practice as a country preacher. The thing is related as a preacher might relate a deftly illustrative apologue to a homely

congregation. For the larger number of his poems are in effect apologues—allegorical stories driving home a point. The apologue itself is devised with that mixture of convincing fancy and hodge-podge practicality which makes his peculiar strength. It is difficult to find an example at once satisfactory and short; but "Redemption" may serve, though there are longer and better:—

Having been tenant long to a rich Lord,
Not thriving, I resolved to be bold,
And make a suit unto Him, to afford
A new small-rented lease, and cancel the old.
In Heaven, at His manor, I Him sought.
They told me there that He was lately gone
About some land, which He had dearly bought
Long since on earth, to take possession.
I straight returned; and, knowing His great birth,
Sought Him accordingly in great resorts,
In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts:
At length, I heard a ragged noise and mirth
Of thieves and murderers: there I Him espied,
Who straight, "Your suit is granted," said, and died.

It is comprehensible almost to a child; yet the art, in its degree, is excellent. That is Herbert at his level: and because his level rests on such a bed-rock of prose common-sense, he keeps it with a surer uniformity than the winged Crashaw or the illuminated Vaughan. Vaughan is naked spirit—the most essential poetry of the three; and the most of him is deadly prose. Crashaw's radiant Muse is often "tricked and frownced" and mincing and like an over-conscious Botticelli angel. But even when Herbert writes prose he does not write dull prose; whereas with his brethren who are all poet, it is poetry or failure.

But at intervals Herbert quits his level, and becomes lyric. His grave sincerity is quickened with a visitation of tenderer feeling, and becomes sweet with a contained sweetness. "Church Music" has so touched him:—

Sweetest of sweets, I thank you: when displeasure
Did, through my body, wound my mind,
You took me thence, and in your house of pleasure
A dainty lodging me assigned.
Now I in you without a body move,
Rising and falling with your wings:
We both together sweetly live and love,
Yet say sometimes, "God help poor kings!"
Comfort, I'll die; for, if you post from me,
Sure I shall do so, and much more.
But I travel in your company,
You know the way to Heaven's door.

The most beautiful examples of his usual style, such as the well-known "Peace," we have been debarred from (as we said) by their length. But there is a height of serene lyric loveliness which he touches but a few times, as in the famous "Sweet day! so cool," &c. Lovelier than this, to our thinking, and with a breath of tender ardour in it, is the "Easter":—

I got me flowers to strew Thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee.
The Sun arising in the East,
Though he give light, and the East perfume,
If they should offer to contest
With Thy arising, they presume.
Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred; but we miss:
There is but one; and that one, ever.

That rings rather Crashaw than Herbert; and so sweet a fervour he never reached again. We might dwell—perhaps we ought to dwell—on the sententious *gnomic* verse in which Herbert, with his practical wisdom racy of the soil which begot our English proverbs, is a master: "The Church-Porch" is compact of such. But "the

words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo," and we leave here our notice of a poet not the least of whose works is the engendering, according to the spirit, of two such disciples as Crashaw and Vaughan.

The Enigmatical Emperor.

AUGUSTUS: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE FOUNDER OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By E. S. Shuckburgh. (Fisher Unwin. 16s.)

In this volume of three hundred pages, Dr. Shuckburgh gives an account, drawn from wide reading and touched with sympathy, of "the greatest ruler known to us." It is a careful exposition of the situation at one of the crises of history, when Rome had conquered the world and was still vaguely hoping to rule it under a constitution designed for a city. Dr. Shuckburgh has none of those flashes of untrustworthy inspiration—nothing of the dramatic instinct of Carlyle or even of Mommsen; he gives no single portrait of the man who brought order into the chaos of the Roman world when for nearly a century prancing pro-consuls had been in command of huge armies over which flaccid consuls and a trembling senate had no means of control. And probably for all time Octavianus will remain a mystery, the human force that, half-unconsciously, gathered up a collapsing world and moulded it into a new form. His life was not so dramatic as that of his uncle Julius Cæsar, who was a man with fifty years and a past behind him before he thought of taking life seriously; there was no Rubicon, no fierce Napoleonic activity that crammed a lifetime into a few months and reformed the calendar and outlined a constitution in the intervals of fighting, and there was no dramatic ending by a dagger in the Senate House—merely an old man who fell back dead in his bed as he tried to kiss his old wife's lips. But this young man—he was more than Napoleonic in his precocity—set the tune to which the world danced for centuries. And in spite of records, in spite of contemporary adulation and subsequent depreciation, in spite of his own bare summary of achievement preserved on the walls of the temple of Ancyra, one is little nearer to the heart of the man.

When a little over eighteen years of age he heard of the assassination of his uncle Julius Cæsar, and with the news came the announcement that he was heir to his uncle. In the present day there is no parallel to the situation, for the world is bigger and less compact; but this youth, whose intentions even Cicero could not fathom, shewed no sign of hesitation—only a quiet coolness and a marvellous faculty for keeping his mouth shut. The world had no lack of men who wanted to be masters; Sextus Pompeius was scouring the seas, Brutus and Cassius, Marcus Antonius and Lepidus, all men of experience, had to be grappled with. And this mere boy, who in these days would be just leaving Eton, landed in Italy, gathered behind him a large section of the veterans of the Great Julius, and was able to treat on terms of equality with men who had been statesmen long before he was born. One of the grimmest scenes in history is the conference of Antonius, Lepidus and the stripling Octavianus when the proscription was decided upon, and each one sacrificed—with a sigh—his relatives to the enmity of his colleagues. The State needed purging, but the process was memorable in the awful history of proscription. And one of the mysteries in the character of Augustus is this initial cruelty which was followed by a clemency and a generosity quite remarkable in an age which had not yet listened to the Sermon on the Mount. Dr. Shuckburgh's statement of this difficulty is worth quoting, for until it is cleared up there can be no unity in our portrait of Augustus.

The moral problem presented by the change from ruthless cruelty to wise and persistent clemency has exercised the minds of philosophers and historians ever since. "It was not clemency," says Seneca, "but a surfeit of cruelty." But

this explains nothing. If Augustus had ever been cruel for cruelty's sake, the increased opportunities of exercising it would have whetted his appetite for blood, as it did in some of his successors. It was circumstances that had changed, not altogether the man. Still, no doubt, success softened (it does not always) Augustus's character. His ministers were humane men, and in favour of milder methods. His wife was a high-minded woman and always ready to succour distress, as she showed during the proscriptions, and afterwards in her son's reign. He had among his immediate friends philosophers and men of letters whose influence, so far as it went, was humanizing. And lastly, such opposition as still existed was no longer of irreconcilables who had "known liberty." A new generation had grown up, which on the whole acquiesced in the peace and security of a benevolent despotism. It was a new era, and Augustus became a new man. Full of honours and possessed with irresistible powers, feeling the responsibility heavily, and often in vain desiring rest, he had no farther personal object to gain beyond the credit of having served his country and saved the Empire.

That is a statement of the difficulty, but no solution. One does not become a new man by mere lapse of time. But it is, we think, quite possible that in the matter of the proscriptions the youth was overborne by the older men. Moreover youth is less tolerant than thoughtful age. It is only the best natures that improve with advancing years, and the increasing clemency of Augustus is at least a proof of character.

Dr. Shuckburgh gives a most lucid account of the steps by which this extraordinary young man, ever ready to take advantage of other men's mistakes (such as the infatuation of M. Antonius for Cleopatra), always disclaiming ambition, found himself master of the world before he had passed into the thirties. Between this and his death six and forty years intervened; and though one can trace the transformation in the Roman world, the change in the point of view of poets and orators, the reformed finance, the settlement of provinces, the efforts after public morality, though inscriptions throughout the Empire bear witness to the ceaseless activity of Augustus, though at his death he left a surely founded constitution, we have but vague ideas of the personality that lay behind. Dr. Shuckburgh has collected materials for the picture of the outward man:—

Augustus was a short man (just under five feet seven inches), but so well proportioned that the defect in height was not noticed unless he was standing beside much taller men. He was remarkably handsome at all periods of his life, with an expression of calm dignity, whether silent or speaking, which involuntarily inspired respect. His eyes were grey, and so bright and keen that it was not easy to meet their gaze.

Of *personalia* too, contemporary writers have left much that Dr. Shuckburgh has drawn upon. The sanctity of married life with the encouragement of matrimony and paternity was one of the objects of the Augustan policy. But in his own case Augustus took a more than American liberty in divorce. He divorced his wife Scribonia (whom he had married for political reasons) on the day of her son's birth. And he induced Tiberius Nero to hand over Livia to him. Tiberius was most complaisant, and entertained the bridal pair at a banquet:—

The marriage was so prompt that a favourite page of Livia's seeing her take her place on the same dinner couch as Cæsar, whispered to his mistress that she had made a mistake, for her husband was on the other couch.

And the pair lived in deep affection until Augustus died.

A Biblical Drama.

ABSALOM: A CHRONICLE-PLAY IN THREE ACTS. By T. Sturge Moore. (At the Sign of the Unicorn. 5s. net.)

MR. STURGE MOORE'S design is bold and sufficiently original. The difficulties of scriptural drama have repelled most writers. Those who have attempted it strive in some way to maintain the scriptural flavour,

and the note of scriptural dignity. Milton, in "Samson Agonistes," had recourse to the form of Greek choral tragedy, which permitted him to give a lyrical elevation to his treatment, and removed the whole drama far from realism. But Mr. Sturge Moore has deliberately elected to follow the model of the Elizabethan chronicle-play, with some modification; and has treated the theme of Absalom's revolt against David with frank realism and even modernity. The play covers the whole career of Absalom, so far as it is recorded in the Bible; and Absalom is drawn as a rash, headstrong, aspiring, vain, and unwise youth. Ahithophel is the crafty and astute politician, desirous only to divine the winning side, and ally himself with the dispenser of future favours. There is no attempt to maintain the Biblical diction: save in an occasional passage, there is hardly a colouring of it. The language is fearlessly modern. This realism and modernity is extended even to David. In the opening portion, indeed, we are bound to say Mr. Sturge Moore seems to give good cause for Ahithophel's opinion that the old king is falling into dotage: there is little trace of the sagacious and resolute King of Scripture. The David of the Bible has not a little of the fox about him, even in his age and misfortunes: but Mr. Sturge Moore's David presents rather a poor figure beside his Ahithophel. The realism becomes absolute in the accessories and minor characters: it gives one rather an odd sensation to have Absalom's runners playing the giddy goat and kissing the Jewish women. One of these accessory characters, Rebecca, seems somewhat aimlessly introduced in the scene in which Ahithophel's counsel to Absalom is defeated by Hushai: one does not see what effect her by-play has on the main action.

The style of the drama aims at the mixture of rhetoric and poetry which we have in the chronicle-plays of Shakespeare. But, truth to say, Mr. Sturge Moore's rhetoric is more conspicuous and more successful than his poetry. He can command very graphic descriptive touches, such as this:—

There! there, the smoke begins to skim away;
Thin, slant, and straight the smart breeze combs it up;
The flame, see, red, brown, purple, almost black,
Eager to singe more bristling beards, leans out;
The great blue noon watches with bated breath.

That "combs it up" is an admirable phrase. But more than this is needed for poetry; and Mr. Sturge Moore's imagery has a hard, intellectual cast, seems born of the brain more than the emotions. The metre, too, is over-monosyllabic, which gives it a prosaic movement, lacking in flexibility. As rhetoric, however, the speeches are good and characteristic, though it might be difficult to find one which would be very impressive as an extract, separated from its context. The drama, as a whole, is a satisfactory intellectual effort, the characters distinctly conceived and coherent: it fails in emotional power and effect. One is not moved by Absalom's fall; one is not even moved by David sobbing over his son, as one is moved by the brief, simple cry of the Bible. That cry is retained, and sparingly enlarged: but any enlargement is fatal, save from the hand of a master. What the play might be on the stage, the laws of the censorship save us the need to speculate.

For English Readers.

THE ATHENIAN DRAMA. II. SOPHOCLES. By J. S. Phillimore. (Allen. 7s. 6d. net.)

IN a sense this volume is a betrayal. From the Aeschylus, the first volume of the series, we understood that this series was intended primarily for the English reader quite ignorant of or but slightly familiar with the original. Let us see how this promise is fulfilled. The introduction (86 pp.) contains some forty quotations in Greek, all of

which are relevant to the matter under discussion. If the reader cannot translate the quotation or cannot place it in this volume he is debarred from a full enjoyment of the essay. An instance will make our point clear. We read (p. 69) that "the opening sentiment of the chorus in—

δοτις τοῦ πλεόνος μέρους
(O.C. 1. 1211)

seems likewise inspired by personal feeling." How is the English reader to check this statement? Mr. Phillimore's translation is not numbered; consequently the reader must refer to a text of the *Oedipus Coloneus*, compare it with a prose numbered translation, and then make search for it in this volume if the quotation happens to be taken from one of the three plays translated.

Betrayal number two is less serious. Forgetting for what object these translations are made, Mr. Phillimore takes as his example Browning's "Agamemnon." Could anything be more hazardous? Browning himself tacitly admitted that the best preparation for his version was the reading of a prose rendering. But Browning was a poet, and no matter what restrictions he placed on his Muse the poetry would out. The pity is that the translator did not feel that Browning's canon ought not to be applied in an edition of Sophocles for readers, many of them possibly reading an Athenian play for the first time.

Mr. Phillimore has, however, both poetic gift and metric skill. Nothing in its way could be more effective, perhaps because it reminds one of the opening passage of "Pippa Passes," than—

Sunbeam! Never a lovelier
Dawned on Thebus to awaken her
Seven Ports in the days of old!
The Dawn, ris'n at last, in a gleam,
Passes over the Dirce stream,
Open eyelid of dayspring golden!
Foeman mail'd with buckler of white,
Who from Argos sallied to fight,
Precipitately she turns him to flight,
Bit nor bridle can hold him!

Or than—

Rest here, friend: for the Land of Horses
Knows no better abode in all the region,
The white mound o' Colonos, where
Nightingales of a choice repair,
With sweet melody murmur'd soft in
Fresh green copses abounding;
The flushed ivy she keeps aloft in,
Thick-set bosky surrounding
Haunts o' the God where the berries are legion!
Never a wintry wind dishevels
Bacchus' close, never hot sun forces
These shy swards where he loves to lead the revels,
Nymphs to nurse and to tend his courses!

The introductory essay is an exceedingly careful evaluation of Sophocles' place in art, and is dotted with sayings which one remembers without effort:—

Self hungers after its own mystery, and seeks for the self in another, communicated by artistic interpretation. And it is the self which eludes us in Sophocles.

Only the almost sentimental turn for melancholy which marks the Ionian is strong in him (Sophocles), as in all natures which are hyperaesthetic both of pains and pleasures.

We close the book with mixed feelings, grateful for Mr. Phillimore's enthusiasm, sorry that the pursuit of a false ideal has robbed us of so much. The commentary should be at the foot of each page, and might with profit to most readers be made a little more complete.

Villagers.

THE RIGGLESSES AND OTHERS. By Evelyn E. Rynd.
("Country Life" Library. 6s.)

MISS RYND will be remembered as the creator of a Kentish charwoman of appalling but often amusing loquacity, who first babbled through the pages of a contemporary, and afterwards between the covers of a book—"Mrs. Green" by name. To Mrs. Green, Miss Rynd has now added the Rigglesses, a husband and wife of the same degree of illiteracy and powers of conversation, but of vastly more effective and cunning periods. To a certain extent they are types: every country clergyman must know something of the kind; but Miss Rynd makes them far too clever. If the Rigglesses were as clever as she would have us believe, they would long since have ceased to live humbly in their Kentish village. They would be wealthy tradespeople in a town. Mr. Riggles would have six shops in a row, and Mrs. Riggles would wear silk and take a nap every afternoon on a repp sofa.

If we overlook this discrepancy, and also do not too closely scrutinise the form of speech which Miss Rynd would have us believe is common in her village (but which, in our opinion, never really existed outside the pages of "Martin Chuzzlewit"), the book is frankly good fun. We will not go so far as the "Country Life" Library's own reviewer, who remarks (in the advertisement pages at the end of this volume) that—

the brilliant young writer who made such a hit with "Mrs. Green," has written a book much in the same vein, only that the humour is much brighter and touched with a finer pathos, while the wit is keener than ever. The scene is the same as before, viz., a village in Kent, and the characters are for the most part in the same status in society as the immortal charwoman. But light as is the vein, the authoress touches some of the deepest issues of life, and although it is always with a laugh, it is also with tenderness and insight.

It would be a great saving of time to have this kind of thing done for one, but since we have been asked to come to our own opinion of the book, we would say that by all with whom a book in the dialect of Mrs. Gamp is not too hard a nut to crack, "The Rigglesses" should be found to be good company. We quote a passage illustrating one of the many discomfitures of the curate in the presence of this terrifying couple:—

"Perhaps it might be as well to go back to the beginning," said the Curate, when he had revived sufficiently, "and start clear."

"An' where was the beginning, sir?" said Mr. Riggles, resettling himself in an affable manner.

"Ah, where, indeed?" said Mrs. Riggles, "which Genesis was nothin' to it."

"I mean," said the Curate, with an elusive eye skimming hastily past Mrs. Riggles, and Genesis, "let us return to the question which originally brought me here, Mr. Riggles, and which I have not yet fully stated."

"When the parat is sech as all should regret," said Mrs. Riggles, "why return to the same? Look at Lot's wife, as is salt for h'evermore."

The Curate refused, with a visible effort, to look either at Lot's wife or Mrs. Riggles.

"It might be easier, Mr. Riggles," he said agitatedly, "if you and I were to deal with this matter alone. You might understand me better, and I might find myself less confused, I mean."

"'Ardly," said Mr. Riggles. "Let us hever listen patient to the clergy, especially such a one as this 'ere. Do you mean without me wife, sir?"

"I think I do," said the Curate, avoiding the eye of Mrs. Riggles.

Miss Rynd details the dialectic triumphs of her villagers with remorseless assiduity. Our only wonder is that any one was found to tackle them at all. In real life they would decimate the country side.

Truth in Chaff.

F. C. G.'s FROISSART, 1902. By F. Carruthers Gould.
(Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.)

FOR a second time Mr. Gould, with pen and picture, has chronicled the events of a year, and we hope that for many years so gay a commentary on serious matters may be given us. Mr. Gould imagines Sir John Froissart contemplating the events of yesterday in the spirit of his own century, with the Emperor Wilhelm of Almaine, Sir Cawmell de Bannerman, Sir John de Morlaix, the Earl of Durdans, and other new friends with old faces. It is all good-humoured enough, and whether he describes or illustrates the Coronation or the voyage of Sir Joseph, Mr. Gould is never nasty, and one can well believe that politicians flock around him in the hope of publicity, and that Mr. Chamberlain has a choice and cherished collection of himself as seen by Mr. Gould's eyes.

Mr. Gould is alone among caricaturists—since Du Maurier died—in the possession of a literary as well as an artistic faculty. And being literary, he is impartial. His chaff goes all round. Thus "The Discomfort of the Buffs" or the split in the Liberal party is as amusing to him and to his readers as the "Buying of Horses for the Army."

Sir John Froissart enquires about the little difficulty between Sir Cawmell de Bannerman and the Earl of Durdans as to the tabernacle and the clean slate, and finds that there was no slate and no tabernacle:—

I had great marvel of this, and enquired how a slate might be cleaned if there were indeed no such thing. Whereupon the man of law made merry at my bewilderment, saying that he believed of a surety the slate and the tabernacle were metaphors, and could neither be written upon, nor cleaned, nor dwelt in.

Then he showed me what manner of thing a metaphor is.

"It is," quoth he, "a figure of speech of contrarious and perilous creation, for it ariseth out of a word that hath been taken away out of the place to which it pertaineth of right, and is put where it is not clearly understood and cannot easily be explained."

So Mr. Gould brings Froissart into the twentieth century, and a man who has been dead for centuries and looked at men and things with alien eyes is a valuable critic. But the pictures are the thing. Mr. Gould sees events in terms of black and white. And the Liberal split is drawn delightfully in the picture of the Earl of Durdans walking away from Sir Cawmell, who pokes a head from the forsaken tabernacle. One of the smallest pictures is among the happiest. "Sir Blundell de Maple protesteth that towel-horses would have better served the army than the horses that had been bought in Hungary." You should see Mr. Gould's towel-horse!

The things that are not said in leading articles can be said by the humourist who calls in the old world to redress the balance of the new. And that is precisely what Mr. Gould does. He tells the truth.

Other New Books.

THE STUARTS IN XVIIth., XVIIth., AND XVIIIth. CENTURY ART. By J. J. Foster. (Dickinson.)

MR. FOSTER sets at the head of his introduction to these sumptuous volumes the following quotation from Charles Kingsley's "Plays and Puritans": "The only temper in which a man can write accurately and well is a temper of trust towards the generation whom he describes; the only temper, for if a man has no affection for the characters of whom he reads, he will never understand them." In that temper Mr. Foster has approached his task, and he has accomplished it with distinct success. The extent of the period covered—from James V. of Scotland to Prince

Charles Edward—made it, of course, impossible for the author to give us any great amount of historical detail; his object has rather been to link together in a concise narrative the characters and events which are illustrated in the fine series of reproductions. It may be said that no such collection of Stuart illustrations has ever before been brought together, and the reproductions have evidently been made with the utmost care. The portraits, naturally, claim the most important historical place, then follow the medals and personal relics. No royal house has so persistently appealed to personal affection and loyalty as the house of Stuart, and the old attraction is curiously alive, if not actively vital, to-day. In their affliction and downfall they were more beloved than in their brief day of power; they were a race, indeed, arrogant in power, but in affliction capable of the most human and graceful tenderness and solicitude. In that lies their constant appeal to the romantic sense. Their tragedy was not inaptly summed up by Carlyle, who naturally was no Stuart lover and as naturally was unfair: "The Fates said to them be kings of talent, but not of talent enough; kings of a deep inarticulate people, in whose heart is kindled fire of Heaven, which shall be unintelligible and incredible to you. Take these heroic qualities, this sort of gypsy black. Let there run in your quick blood pruriency of appetite, a proud impatience—alas! an unveracity, a heat, and a darkness; and therewith try to govern England in the age of Puritanism. That we have computed will be tragedy enough for England and you."

Both author and publisher are to be congratulated on these beautiful and invaluable volumes.

LETTERS FROM AN UITLANDER, 1899–1902. With an Introduction by Major Sir Bartle Frere, Bart. (Murray. 5s. net.)

CONCERNING the author of these letters Sir Bartle Frere says: "The writer is a man who has long been resident in South Africa, and has held more the position of onlooker than of participator in its political and commercial affairs. He is not connected with gold mining, he has carefully watched events, and he is an honest English gentleman." The matter contained in the correspondence which follows seems to bear out Sir Bartle Frere's introduction; the letters are frank, honest, and eminently sane. The first of the letters is dated June 26, 1899, more than three months before the war began. We read:—

Is the British Government aware that in South Africa it has to face the greatest conspiracy of our times?

The position is grave beyond all precedent—"to let things slide" is fatal.

By hesitation England is fostering rebellion at hot-house speed—a show of power and determination would prevent war at once.

But the show of power and determination came too late, and so we had the South African War. The anonymous author of these letters, in common with everyone who knows anything about South Africa, saw, and still sees, the greatest element of danger in Cape Colony and the Africander Bond. But as that danger is at last being recognised, we need not dwell upon it here. Concerning our policy towards the natives the writer is equally sound. The amount of vague gush and nonsense talked about the general question of "the native" over here is astonishing, and also valueless. As Sir Bartle Frere says, when an Englishman changes his skies he does not change his traditions, and he is always inclined towards generosity:—

But do not let us therefore suppose, because the South African colonist sees the vital necessity of (as he would put it) "keeping the native in his place," that he has formed any dark schemes for turning the Kaffirs into mine-slaves, or victims of a tyrannical oppression.

The whole question, indeed, turns upon reasonable knowledge of both blacks and whites. Now that the war is over and administration has a chance, we begin to see what was patent before to scores of men whose experience might have been of use to avert the final catastrophe. But the catastrophe came, and these most interesting letters indicate its causes as well as suggest means of reasonable and sound reform.

LIFE AT WEST POINT. By H. Irving Hancock. (J. P. Putman's Sons. 6s.)

"THERE IS NO PLACE FOR A LIAR AT WEST POINT. Should a detected liar address one of his comrades on a personal matter, the only answer is frigid silence, possibly accompanied by a raising of the eyebrows." The superior attitude of the book will be appreciated from this quotation, and the reader may assume that the raised eyebrow takes the place of the senior subaltern's chastisement elsewhere. The author has no anecdote to relieve the praise of the system which turns out cadets equally at home in the work of the cavalry, the artillery, the engineers or the ordnance department. It is said that at the present day more than sixty per cent. of the cadets are the sons of men who toil for day's wages; and that the officers can live on their pay. Reading this book, one is forced to the belief that there is no time or inclination at West Point for practical joking or horseplay; there are no indications that the smoke-less, drink-less cadet has any excitements beyond the occasional "hop": but then, says the author enthusiastically, "on the floor many a face is seen radiant from love assured." There are also strolls down Flirtation Walk, but the authorities have set a time limit on this dissipation. The cadets are nominated, and the system is cast-iron, resulting at first in letters of resignation home, but after four years, producing an officer equal to any university man in education and his superior in physique. The Civil War was an exhibition of the practical results of West Point training: Grant, McClellan, Lee, Sherman were all cadets; Stonewall Jackson was not.

The book is most usefully illustrated, and gives a very thorough presentment of the system which produces a fighting machine to the complete satisfaction of the American people.

Mr. W. A. Hirst, in "A Survey of English Ethics" (Longmans), has hit upon a rather original and reasonable idea. He takes the first chapter of Mr. Lecky's "History of European Morals," and provides it with full notes and an interesting and suggestive introduction. "Experience in lecturing on Philosophy," says Mr. Hirst, "has convinced me that students learn far more by reading a standard work than by studying a handbook. The first chapter of 'The History of European Morals' is in every way suitable both to students who are beginning to attend a course of lectures and to those who are wise enough to pursue some branch of liberal culture in their hours of leisure." The experiment is for those "who wish to learn and to think."

The "Year's Art" for 1903 is the twenty-fourth issue of the annual. The scope of this publication is so well known that we need not enlarge upon it. Mr. A. C. R. Carter, in his review of "The Past Year," says: "In one quarter only was activity displayed, and that in the auction arena—a suspect locality indeed. Suspect, because of late years there has been a steadily increasing depletion of British Art treasures in private possession, which even a very heavy *ad valorem* impost duty levied in the American Custom-houses in no appreciable degree diminishes." With Mr. Carter's plea for a society which should "hold a watching brief, as it were, for the nation, and make a

private owner give time before yielding to the offers of American, French, or Teutonic millionaires" we have every sympathy.

NEW EDITIONS: In their "Pocket Classics" Messrs. Macmillan have issued "Tom Brown's Schooldays." The author's preface to the Sixth Edition is included, and many illustrations have been supplied by Mr. E. J. Sullivan. The popularity of Oliver Wendell Holmes seems inexhaustible. A new cheap edition of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," with an introduction by E. H. Blakeney, reaches us from Messrs. Blackie. The "Autocrat," says Mr. Blakeney, is "undoubtedly his finest achievement."—The latest addition to the "World's Classics" is Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" (Richards). Macaulay's characteristic preface is included.

Fiction.

A FREE LANCE OF TO-DAY. By Hugh Clifford. (Methuen. 6s.)

MR. CLIFFORD suffers in an almost inevitable comparison with Mr. Conrad, an artist who commands similar local colour. He has copious information about still unhackneyed territories—the regions on either side of the Strait of Malacca—and an admirable descriptive gift; the narrative, for instance, of how the seventh wave bore the pâyang containing his hero across the bar of a river could scarcely have been better done. But he has the fatal instinct to get dramatic situations at any price, and the fact that he is an arrant stage manager refuses to be disguised by such a chapter-heading as "The Finger of Fate." The "Free Lance" is an Englishman whose weariness with business routine and civilisation has induced him to give his services to a Sumatran kingdom called Acheh, where hatred of the Dutch is the chief spur of action. He fights the Dutch, and when he has seen the manner in which his brown friends treat the bodies of the slain foe he begins to feel his own whiteness as something besides a colour. Yet Mr. Clifford's Malays are in the main very sympathetic sketches, satisfactory proofs of our growing power as a nation to refresh ourselves benignly in the contemplation of racial differences. The queerest character in the book is a degenerate white who has turned pâyang or medicine-man. That is certainly an effective scene where, while confessing that he is the vilest of fear's votaries, the pâyang turns his contemptuous confidant's dagger into a writhing thing, limp as indiarubber and horribly amorous of its master. Artistically speaking, we hold the wily mariner Bäginda Sûtan the best portrait in the book. It is he who by pretending to punt persuades a pursuing steamer that the water his vessel occupies is of dangerous shallowness, and the perfect legitimacy (so to say) of this incident is in strong contrast with the jugglery that brings a number of ill-assorted people together in "The Place of the Ancient Dead." It was, of course, the love interest of his tale which involved Mr. Clifford in that which constitutes its failure as a work of art. Fortunately "failure," though an ugly word, has as many degrees as has the legal expression "damages." Mr. Clifford has not failed to write an exciting and picturesque story; he has failed in order to be popular, and is therefore only on the shady side of success.

THE SQUIREEN. By Shan F. Bullock. (Methuen. 6s.)

THIS is rather a study than a story, and those who look for exciting incidents in front of the stage will be disappointed. It is a study which deals entirely with the grey and rather sordid background of life in Ulster, at a point where Protestant carefulness wedges itself into Catholic shiftlessness. Gorteen, the small, fruitful and Protestant,

produces more than Bilboa, Armoy and Drumhill, which are big and bare and Catholic; it produces Martin Hynes, Scotch-English-Irish, who at thirty-five is good looking, has a long curled moustache and ambition to pose as country gentleman at Hillside, while the ledger tells an unflattering tale. There is nothing in the story but the marriage of Martin to Jane, who had a reputation for ugliness and a bit of money from old Hugh Fallon. And there is one scene in the story that is unforgettable in its realistic sordidness, the scene in which Martin, who must have money, bargains with Jane's relatives round the table, while Jane herself listens at the keyhole. The battle rages between fifty and a hundred and fifty (for no one would take Jane without generous recompense), until finally:—

"Well, curse you for a heart o' stone! Come," cried Hynes, with an oath, his words precisely those that a hundred times he had used in fair and market, "here's my last word: make it guineas an' I take the heifer."

"Pounds!" answered Fallon.

"Guineas!" shouted Hynes, rising from his chair. "It's my last word: guineas or nothin'."

This, then, is the story, how Jane finally submitted gladly to the masterful Martin, who was practically pledged to the penniless Kate. It all moves within a few square miles of Ulster, and is slow, sad, and carefully, conscientiously written. But Mr. Bullock does not succeed in explaining how Martin—lover of Kate—could ever have conceived even a temporary passion for the peaky-nosed Jane with her unattractive hair, or how the neighbourhood that grinned at her betrothal should christen her "snowdrop Jane." She was one of the women who are very valuable when they are old. Mr. Bullock's background of Ulster is excellent, but the people in the foreground are not quite convincing to those who know that Gorteen and Guildford and Galveston are alike when the soul is stripped of its conventional clothing.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

IN PICCADILLY.

BY BENJAMIN SWIFT.

The scene of this glittering story of "smart" life is Piccadilly, and passes mainly at the Hôtel de Luxe, the proprietor of which wrote Memoirs. In the beginning we are introduced to Debris, who, having loved Lady Ossington before her marriage, haunts her afterwards. "Their honeymoon across Europe had been a horror, because in almost every city, in every hotel, they found Debris." Among the other characters are a precocious youth and an aspiring valet. All have ebullient hearts. (Heinemann. 6s.)

WYEMARKE'S MOTHER.

BY EDWARD H. COOPER.

Most of this story is supposed to be written by the child Wyemarke; it begins: "Once a man wrote a book about me called 'Wyemarke and the Sea Fairies,' and next, he helped me to write one myself called 'Wyemarke and the Mountain Fairies.'" That man, as readers will remember, was Mr. Cooper. This story is all about Wyemarke and Mother and Kitty and Jim, with an interruption in Mr. Cooper's proper person concerning Kitty. (Richards. 5s.)

THE LITTLE RED FISH.

BY P. L. OLIPHANT.

Mesmerism, to be effective, requires, at this time of day, to be done well. Mr. Oliphant's heroine, whom we first meet at a country house in Scotland, was, by right of her great grandmother, the Ranees of Moralsarpur. The Government of India had set a usurper on the throne of her ancestors. It was her ambition, by means

of the Little Red Fish, and its hypnotic power, to regain her birth-right. Mr. Oliphant is at home in a country house. (Arnold. 6s.)

LOVE IN A LIFE.

BY ALLAN MONKHOUSE.

A problem novel. Theology, Socialism, commercial combines, the cleavage of classes, and the traditional young Manchester man of humble origin and intellectual aspirations. It is a pity that this young Manchester man so often lacks humour. John Axon is no exception to the rule. But the book is a serious study of many urgent problems. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE INTRIGUERS.

BY THOMAS COBB.

"Eliot Sefton was standing before a looking-glass, in the act of putting on his hat, when the proprietor of the house in Bury Street, where he had for some time lodged, entered the room." The proprietor of the house came to say that Mr. Bagster, the jeweller, was waiting, and to him Eliot Sefton owed money. Later, a man called Newman turns up, and Sefton says, "Have a peg?" The whole story is in Mr. Cobb's light and quite superficial manner. (Eveleigh Nash. 6s.)

THE LORD OF THE DARK RED STAR. BY EUGENE LEE HAMILTON.

"Being the story of the Supernatural Influences in the Life of an Italian Despot of the Thirteenth Century." The motto is taken from Shelley:—

Son and Mother, Death and Sin,
Played at dice for Ezelin,
Till Death cried, "I win! I win!"

Mr. Lee-Hamilton has written some good verse, and this book shows the influence of verse writing. But it is too fantastic and remote from life to be of much account. (Scott. 6s.)

FRIENDLY FOES.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

The story of a father and daughter, a butler, the butler's son, and a murder that was hardly a murder. This incident, however, provides the scheme of the book, which ends in happiness for Freddy (Freddy was a girl) and the butler's son. (Digby Long. 6s.)

JOSÉ: A STUDY OF TEMPERAMENT. BY FLORENCE SEVERNE.

José was one of the children who get tired of doing nothing. To her governess, who could not understand this, she said, "No, that is just what it is, I have done nothing, and I want to do something." Then her father marries a second wife, and the real trouble begins. A story with considerable intuition and even actuality, but complicated with extraneous and unnecessary details. (Digby Long. 6s.)

THE CYNIC AND THE SYREN.

BY J. W. MAYALL.

The Cynic was a young farmer who had "suffered badly at the hands of fickle beauty," and had foresworn woman at twenty-five. The Syren was a village coquette. The Cynic took Bank Top Farm, which adjoined that of the Syren's father. Need we say more? The cynicism of the Cynic is a little overdone. Even the misogynist of twenty-five does not remark, in the course of his first conversation with a charming girl, "I can believe anything of a woman. The Devil's in 'em." Letty was naturally indignant. But she had her revenge. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE THIN RED LINE OF HEROES.

BY MRS. FRED MATURIN.

A tale of the social side of army life, written as a journal by a lady who congratulates herself on having at last blossomed into "a real live Mrs. C.O." The regiment embarks for India. At Port Said, after a description of the canal and the desert, the writer remarks naively that "this high falutin' style is awfully difficult to keep up," an opinion with which we are disposed to agree. (Richards. 3s. 6d.)

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The Pretty Manner.

THERE are several kinds of pretty writing—the sentimental pretty, the descriptive pretty, the naïve pretty—and the varieties and combinations of these are innumerable. In our day we have almost elevated prettiness into an art; grown men strive to achieve it with a labour which often results not in real prettiness, but in a rouged and bejewelled counterfeit. The moment prettiness becomes laboured, disillusion is on her heels; the freshness of her youth passes in a flash; she becomes a *poseuse*, and though we may endure her for minor virtues she must descend at last into the limbo of the artificial. Mr. Barrie generally, but by no means always, saves himself from shipwreck by his delicate sense of humour; that humour is his compass through shallows which would prove fatal to less sensitive craft. Stevenson, too, had pretty moments, but they were always well in hand, and, as it were, in the picture; the inappropriate epithet, the tears of the sentimentalist, were never his. Much, indeed, may be said for prettiness, but there comes a point when it induces a sort of mental nausea, when we feel ourselves to be unwilling victims of an artificial mood, wandering in a world where all proportion is lost and actuality no more than a wavering shadow.

Sentimental prettiness meets us upon the threshold of Mr. Alfred Ollivant's "Danny" (Murray), and pursues us relentlessly to the conclusion of the story. The book has other qualities; here and there we find almost strength, and here and there real pathos. But the strength is more vague and suggested than actual, and the pathos never has the sting of sudden tears. Everything is worked up to with an elaboration which at times offends and at times amuses us. We are always glad to meet dogs in fiction, and no doubt "Danny" was a dog of dogs. Indeed, Daniel, son of Ivor, who on a time came to Hepburn, which is north of the Solway, was, on Mr. Ollivant's showing, a very Lancelot of beasts. We have ourselves numbered amongst our most intimate friends dogs who need not have been ashamed to meet "Danny" in the street, but we should have hesitated to weave about them such a romance of gloom and tears. Mr. Ollivant's book is fuller of prettiness and weeping than any book which we have come across for months. But the tears, as we have indicated, do not spring from that absolute contact with the actual which gives the crown to pathos—rather, and that against our will, we are involved in a maze of lachrymosity which not infrequently bears the authentic brand of snivelling.

The story of "Danny" is simple, and may be indicated briefly. The dog—he is a Dandie Dinmont—is sent to the child-wife of the dour Laird of Hepburn and kept at first against the Laird's will. Then the young wife dies, and the dog remains, to grow at last into the only solace of the old man and his two ancient servants. In the village are two who hate the Laird and all his house—a widow and a half-idiot son. The Laird, years before, had killed accidentally the woman's husband, an accident

most happy in its outcome for her, but wrought by an evil nature to bitter ends. "Danny" is hated by these two, and at last is half-drowned by the son; but he is rescued in time, and returns alive but utterly humbled. There follows his regeneration by the awakening of his old hunting instinct, which leads to a false accusation against him and the dog's death by—suicide. Such are the outlines of the story. Let us now turn to the treatment.

Of the young wife we read:—

The lady dabbed her eyes. Then she looked up. There was rain in her eyes, rain on her eyelashes, and her mouth a rainbow; and she began to talk in April showers.

The Woman tramped out. Hardly was the door shut, when Missie rose, arrayed as one about to walk the dewy lawns of Heaven, and stood listening.

Bending over him, she took his (Danny's) face between her hands; and he, dreaming dreams of slaughter and the chase, looked up and beheld her above him in long white raiment, with hair like the shadow of the glory to come veiling her.

Pretty? Yes, if you will, but of a prettiness quite on the wrong side of weakness. The first paragraph, we confess, makes us feel physically uncomfortable; its femininity is more than we can endure with patience. And what can be said of "the dewy lawns of Heaven"? Only, we think, that fiction can very well do without such meaningless phrases. Again, we may be sure that even the wonderful Danny when he "looked up" did not behold his mistress as Mr. Ollivant has described her. Mr. Ollivant is prolific of such passages as "with hair like a shadow of wrought gold"; which conveys as little as words may. Yet in the earlier chapters of the story there is a good deal of work which touches us, a suggestion of innocence and sweetness, delicately caught and delicately expressed. There is pathos in Missie's death and in Danny's faithfulness, but over all is the shadow of remoteness and the taint of a too luscious woe.

We find the same faults in Mr. Ollivant's descriptions of nature. The old servant Robin Crabbe goes searching for lost Danny:—

There was no sign of him he sought—only hope creeping out of the East over the land like the first faint flush of love rosyng Innocence; and the white mists drawing ever up from the face of the moors like the skirts of angel-hosts who rise from night-long watch in the dark places of the earth, and trail back to Heaven in the fair morning, there to fulfil their day-long duties as God's choristers.

That evening at the tender between-time when the day is gone, the night not yet come, and the gossamers swing across the evening like fairy tresses hung from star to star, there were three watchers on Lammer-more.

We had marked other passages for quotation, but these two will serve to indicate Mr. Ollivant's striving after prettiness. The first, we are sure, is of a kind to meet with wide appreciation, but to us it is entirely meretricious. And why should the angel hosts only fulfil "day-long duties as God's choristers"? The implication would be funny if Mr. Ollivant were not clearly in such deadly earnest. The second passage we need hardly criticise: gossamers swinging "across the evening like fairy tresses hung from star to star" is downright bad—there is no other word for it. Mr. Ollivant has a passion for stars, though happily he does not often introduce them with such entire inappropriateness.

To "Danny" himself, Mr. Ollivant's hero, the same strictures apply. "Danny" is overdone. Perfect he is not, but he is too near perfection even for a dog. And his affection for his mistress, the Laird, and the old serving man and woman is an affection surcharged with sentiment, and expressed from the author's point of view. Danny is for ever looking at his friends with "fond" eyes or "dear" eyes; he is a "tender gentleman in shining silver apparel," and the like, which again is too pretty, too sweet. "He could be patient as a cat, and as still; he

could be stealthy as a fox; and when the stalking time was past, and the time for the onset come, he smote upon his enemies, overwhelming them like an avalanche of stars." It is beyond our imagination to conceive how a Dandie Dinmont can overwhelm his enemies "like an avalanche of stars," and it is equally beyond us to understand how the author could see the phrase in bare type without instantly striking it out. Perhaps Mr. Ollivant's most characteristic note is the heroic, expressed in terms of prettiness or pathos.

It seemed necessary to say so much concerning "Danny" because the book has already received some attention in its serial form, and in its present revised form is likely to receive still more. We are far from saying that the story does not deserve consideration; it does. We have dwelt upon what we conceive to be its serious defects, but it also has qualities of understanding, and even of beauty, which we willingly acknowledge. Yet it remains, when all is said, an example of the pretty manner, and against the pretty manner we have always made, and must continue to make, our protest. Let the pretty manner be assiduously cultivated, and at once true literature begins to suffer, at once proportion—the strong handmaiden of real art—is lost. The art of prettiness is the art of unessentials, and to-day unessentials crowd upon us in letters. There are times when it seems to us that we have declined upon an age of embroidery in literature as useless as that embroidery in another kind which stares at us, framed and glazed, from the walls of pious keepers of family relics.

And with this prettiness there usually goes a misrepresentation of the values of life. There, perhaps, lies the great danger. The vital issues are forgotten or overlaid, the real things of flesh and spirit, if they appear at all, are left, as it were, to whimper in a corner. That was not the way of the writers who moved through the world open-eyed, and gathered from its triumphs and failures, its useless sacrifices and noble follies, materials for the teaching which humanity for ever needs and to which it will always listen. The pity is that it is so often necessary to remind the world that it has the right to demand of literature something more than frippery and prettiness. Fortunately there are living writers who give it more, but what are these amongst so many of the other sort? The dignity of letters is a phrase which should still carry a sound meaning and a wholesome moral.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

ZOLA's last book "Vérité" comes to me this week with a deep black line round the yellow cover. However deplorable the man's sudden death, if we needed fresh proof, "Vérité" is conclusive evidence that letters lose nothing by the author's silence. It is a dreary, monster failure to build romance out of fact. Zola wished to tell the story of the most poignant and complicated of national blunders, and turns it on a squalid provincial crime that never could have interested anybody but the few concerned. Having no imagination, not a particle of the artist's temperament, no power of living, vivid, convincing characterisation, such a task as he attempted was best calculated to show us his limitations. In the "Anneau d'Amethyste" and "Monsieur Bergeret à Paris," M. Anatole France has, with a few inimitable strokes here and there, with beguiling ease and accomplished dexterity, gathered all the essential features and characters of the Affaire Dreyfus into fiction. But Zola, with all his laborious

realism, has not even come near suggesting a remembrance of it. He surpasses even himself in dulness, prolixity, and overcrowded canvas, and it is sad to see such a passionate love of justice and humanity tarnished by such a bitter hate of those who teach and practise a religion he regards as the poison of life, the enemy of reason. Instead of contenting himself with attacking Rome and clericalism, it is individual Catholics he vindictively flagellates. He raves sheer nonsense when he assumes that all Catholic-bred Frenchwomen are hypocrites, sly, and immoral; that all priests and monks are monsters of cupidity, perfidy, and vice, and tumbles into hallucination when he again triumphantly depicts a regenerated France freed of the tyranny of Rome and priesthood; churches cleft by lightning, and priests without occupation. But his worst sin is the sordid mess he has made of the breathless drama we lived in for two years. Instead of the national crime that excited the whole world, we have an ignoble crime in an obscure province, an obscene attack and child murder by a Christian brother, for which a Jewish schoolmaster, the child's uncle, is condemned. A Christian brother was accused of such a crime some years ago in the north of France, which doubtless suggested the subject to Zola, but it is a sorry equivalent of the Affaire Dreyfus. Esterhazy, turned Christian brother, is an Esterhazy with all his ineffable characteristics left out, and Colonel Picquart, transformed into a village schoolmaster, is a Picquart without the salt of heroism. There is only one character in the book that has a slightly convincing air, and that is the rigid, implacable Madame Duparque, the grandmother of Marc's wife, an intractable Catholic who martyrisés everyone round her in the name of religion, and has a touch of the dreadful fanatical heroism of the Puritans and old-fashioned bigots.

The French are nothing if not serious, even in their frivolities. Here young men of genius are not content with killing time by writing prose or verse. They must found schools. Never mind if the new names express old ideas and older forms, since everything humanity can say or do has been said and done. The essential thing is to find the name and let the rest take care of itself. A few years ago M. Saint Georges de Bouhélier founded the school of naturism. He never did anything else, and nobody ever knew what naturism in literature meant. To-day M. Fernand Gregh founds the school of humanism, and the founder of naturism accuses him of plagiarism, while he in return accuses his accuser of having anticipated, if not stolen his ideas. Behold us advanced: humanism is naturism and naturism is humanism. But let us not demand a lucid explanation of either. M. Gregh is the victim of a first success. Since he published his charming volume of verse, "Maison de l'Enfance," which contained the famous "Menuet," as lovely as the loveliest lisp of Verlaine, he has done nothing of value. As well as humanism, there are three schools of poetry established within the last year. Nobody knows anything about them, except the few obscure geniuses who have founded them, and each school is usually represented by a solid society of two. To the sumptuary school may be said to be unofficially attached the poet Henri de Régnier, who offers us in his new volume of verse, "La Cité des Eaux," work that is both fine and polished. There is a mournful and sober beauty about some of these poems which recalls Alfred de Vigny. Such stately lines as:—

C'est un jour dont le soir a la beauté d'un songe,
L'air que l'on respire est pur en ces beaux lieux;
Et sous le doigt levé du Temps silencieux,
La lumière s'attarde et l'heure se prolonge—

give the note of the still, distinguished melancholy which pervades the volume. The sonnets to Versailles, "La Cité des Eaux," are chill and lifeless, befitting the dead splendours they hymn. Their lapidary form makes them a suitable offering to the poet's father-in-law, the

impeccable sonneteer, José Maria de Heredia. The "Bassin Rose" has an indescribable charm—

L'Echo muet dans l'ombre tend la main
Au Silence à genoux auprès de l'Amour mort,

are unforgettable lines, and no less fine—

Et le Temps, qui survit à ce qu'il a été
Et se retrouve toujours tel qu'il s'est quitté,
Fait l'eau trop anxieuse et les roses trop hautes.

"Le Sommeil," a beautiful poem, is pure de Vigny, with all the commanding resignation and haughty sadness of that most virile of pessimists. But it is not a mere echo, an imitation, it is the very voice and spirit of de Vigny. The rhythm is captivating, of a sober delicacy and sweetness. I would like to quote the whole, but content myself with the last verse:—

Non, ce laurier sans joie et ces fruits sans désir,
Et la vaine rumeur dont toute vie est faite,
Non, tout cela, c'était pour pouvoir mieux dormir.

H. L.

Impressions.

XXI.—The Journey.

A BOOK-SHOP window arrested me: pushing my way through the traffic, I stopped to read the pages open flat against the glass. Through one pane I read: "June's nightingales for me. . . . Leaf cries to leaf: we change not, though you change." Through another, this: "We hear his voice and feel that he had already come to know what he afterwards compressed into a single poignant line—'All life is but a wandering to find home.'"

Then I moved aside to make way for a thin-lipped individual, who came out of the doorway with a book under his arm, while another voice, raucous but cajoling, further disturbed my reverie. I turned. It was the liveried conductor of the new electric service who spoke. He stood on the kerb, pointing to the smart motor-omnibus. "Now, ladies and gentlemen," he was saying, "who's for the country? Who's for the fir-woods where the nightingales sing?" The afternoon was my own. I stepped into the motor-omnibus, and seated myself opposite the thin-lipped individual, whose eyes were already fixed on the pages of his purchase.

The first hour of that ride from the heart of London was familiar, and but for the exhilaration of the rushing air might have been dull; but when we reached those parts where the old, outlying villages are being linked up by paved roads to the metropolis; where the line of jerry buildings is broken here by an old manor house, there by a thatched cottage crumbling between a new terrace and a new fire station, then the wonder of this unresting, clawing London got possession of me, and I looked to my companion, feeling the need of someone to share with me the sense of her intolerable vastness.

He raised his eyes, smiled quietly and said. "Do you know a poem of Emily Brontë's called 'Last Lines'? It has seven stanzas, and it begins: 'No coward soul is mine, No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere Mr. Haldane, the author of this book, says that it contains the teaching of Aristotle transferred from the abstract to the concrete. Curious how thought bridges the centuries—Aristotle to Emily Brontë.'"

The motor-omnibus stopped to take up two secular priests; one was fat, the other thin. Each fumbled in his pocket for his breviary, and with rapid movement of his lips, with eyes fixed on the thumbled page, each began to read his office. Neither they nor the thin-lipped man seemed to notice that at last London was becoming exhausted in her battle with the country, and that twilight was falling on the hedges. At the next stopping-place they all alighted. The conductor lit the big lamps of the motor-omnibus, and we rushed on along the

illuminated road into the darkness beyond. Half-an-hour later the brand-new motor-omnibus broke down. After waiting patiently for some time I walked on, away from the sound of the hammering—on—till I found the fir-woods, but there were no nightingales singing.

I lost my way on a heath, wandered for two hours till I came to another wood, and through the trees a lighted window shone. "All life is but a wandering to find home," I muttered, "for me, as for Aristotle and Emily Brontë, the priest and the philosopher." Then I tapped at the window, and when I tapped the light moved and came towards me.

Drama.

Mr. Maugham's Irony.

MR. W. S. MAUGHAM has caught his feet in the net of irony. In "A Man of Honour," produced by the Stage Society at the Imperial Theatre, he has presented, with considerable insight and no sentimentality, an episode in the life of an idealist. Basil Kent is a barrister and a man of letters. He is full of high purposes and heroic illusions. He has volunteered to South Africa as a trooper, and has obtained a medal for distinguished service. At the beginning of the play he is in a considerable state of moral exaltation. He has seduced a girl, Jenny Bush, a barmaid, and a child is expected. Jenny is irretrievably common, and has a brother who is a bouncer of the first water. Basil does not love her—in fact he more than half loves Hilda Murray. But he has resolved to marry her. In reply to the remonstrances of his friend, John Halliwell, who urges the common-sense view of the matter, he takes lofty ground. It is his point of honour; and besides, the child must not slink into the world like a thief. Nothing can stir him from his determination. Unfortunately in marriage, it is not the first step which costs. The flush of Basil Kent's heroics fades away, and he is face to face with the daily problem of the life he has set himself. He makes but little effort to solve it. Practice at the bar and a villa at Putney do not afford many opportunities for the more picturesque virtues. To earn his living is irksome to him, and debts accumulate. The impossible brother-in-law pervades the house and borrows money. The baby dies. Jenny offends his fastidious taste in every action and every word. He takes refuge in sarcasm, a weapon which unliterary people do not understand, but do not the less resent. The brother-in-law endures the lash of Basil's tongue for the occasional pickings in the way of sovereigns and good cigars which the association yields; Jenny for the love she bears him. But she is not, on her side, able to control her temper or her speech, and the villa at Putney rings with recriminations. Meanwhile, Basil has not ceased to see, and even to philander with, Hilda Murray. Jenny, who opens his letters and follows him in the street, learns this and drives him to further distraction with her jealousy. He has given her no very serious cause for it until a day when, after a more bitter scene than usual at home, he takes refuge in Hilda's house, and declares his passion for her. Hilda is also something of a moral idealist. She repulses him, and adjures him to be faithful to his duty. Ultimately, however, she gives way. At that moment enters Jenny, who has forced her way into the house, looking more vulgar than ever, and violently upbraids the woman who has robbed her of her husband. Hilda is a little moved, leaves the room, and sends in a message to Basil announcing her intended marriage to Robert Brackley, a minor poet. Jenny has a glimpse of hope, and entreats Basil to "give her another chance," but he is merciless, tells her that he never loved and now has done with her, and departs without listening to her entreaties or her threats of suicide. Probably he knows well enough that a threat of suicide is a common form with women of the

barnmaid type when they are crossed in love. Jenny, however, as a matter of fact, does commit suicide, walking the same night into the Thames. The final act shows us the idealist in the depths of remorse, crying out somewhat hysterically, but not wholly without truth, that he is his wife's murderer. The faithful John Halliwell does his best to comfort him and to point the obvious moral that you should not enter upon a path which is not that of ordinary men, unless you are quite sure that you have the strength to walk in it. He also undertakes the duty of buying off the obnoxious brother-in-law, who loudly expresses his intention of getting his knife into Basil at the inquest. Then Mr. Maugham allows his irony full swing. Before long Basil confesses that after all, instead of passing, as even the housemaid had done, a sleepless night, with his wife lying dead in the next room, he had managed to drop into a doze upon the sofa; and further that, even in the midst of his grief, he is conscious, shamefully conscious, at the back of his mind, of nothing so much as an immense sense of freedom. Somewhat Ibsenitishly, he jumps up, pulls the blind, and lets a flood of morning light stream in through the window. It also emerges that he has already telegraphed to Hilda Murray, and presently Hilda enters, dressed with extreme propriety in black, and full of condolences with her "poor friend." Her appearance almost precisely coincides with that of the coroner's officer.

Mr. Maugham's play is certainly not impeccable. There are passages which drag. The ironical intention might perhaps have been made more manifest from the beginning; and I think that the introduction of the brother-in-law, who after all is mainly of the nature of comic relief, in the middle of the stress of the last act, was an error of judgment. But it is good honest work, well written, well constructed, and with a point of view of its own; and the Stage Society may fairly claim the production of it as a feather in their cap. Of course, as my acute colleagues of the daily press have not been slow to remark, it is very probable that, for all its merits, it would not be altogether a success upon the commercial stage. As one of them very properly points out, that unfortunate last act almost wholly destroys the respect of the audience for the hero. It must be admitted, I am afraid, that the London playgoer dislikes irony, if possible, even more than he dislikes tragedy. But a few unimportant alterations would doubtless enable Mr. Maugham to recast his conception into a form which would be more acceptable to the general public. Actors of more established reputation, although they would hardly give a more competent interpretation than that which I saw on Monday, would naturally prove attractive. Stress might be laid on the comic relief, and Brackley, the minor poet, might become, as one critic suggests that he ought to have been, the leading feature of the performance. And of course a more sympathetic ending is essential. I imagine it running something like this. Jenny Kent is carried streaming from the Thames and laid on the sofa. Basil, in floods of tears, realises too late that she has been his only love and that he has lost her. Suddenly she stirs, sighs, opens her eyes. Restoratives are applied. Slowly she comes back to life. Basil is kneeling by her side. There are embraces, pardons, protestations. Jenny will not be vulgar any more, nor Basil critical. Hilda Murray may go and marry her Brackley. And so the curtain falls upon a Putney villa turned into an Earthly Paradise. Once more the British public streams out into Charing Cross Road or the Strand, with the generous tear upon the satisfied cheek. I hope that Mr. Maugham will take advantage of my hints. They are not copyright. He will doubtless get his reward in royalties. But I do not feel so sure that he will himself care to witness a representation of "A Man of

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

Pioneer Painters.

"So you've not been working to-day," I said to the painter.

He stirred the litter of magazines and books on the table. "No, I've been reading about other workers; that always disturbs and deters me. I'm rather a coward. It began with a passage I chanced upon in a magazine, this: 'Beauty touched with strangeness.' That, I said to myself, is what painting should be—'Beauty touched with strangeness.' And that's just what my pictures have not. I realised it with hideous clearness this morning—couldn't do another stroke of work. Nervous, irritable, I picked up a book and tried to read. The volume nearest my hand was Zola's 'Truth.' I couldn't make any way with it, but I wanted to be just to the man, so I tried another Zola—an old friend, 'L'Oeuvre,' and that set me thinking about the pioneers in painting, the men who've been themselves for better or worse, and suffered. I recalled the first time I went to that bewildering little room at the Luxembourg where they've crowded the Caillebotte collection of French Impressionists. What a white-stone day that was. I was fresh from London, where I had been labouring on a picture called 'The Convalescent'—you know the kind of thing—pale girl, crimson shawl, porch, honeysuckle, mother in background, anxious lover watching, dull light from anywhere and everywhere, and all so brown and black. When I strolled into that little room at the Luxembourg I realised in a flash that these men had painted sunlight, not sentiments, what they had seen, not what they had idly imagined. What a sorry, shoddy thing my 'Convalescent' seemed. I painted the background in Surrey, the girl in my studio from a model, and the mother and lover just grew. Then these sparkling Frenchmen jumped out at me. Manet I knew, and the last picture I looked at that day was Fantin-Latour's 'Homage à Manet,' where the painter sits before his easel surrounded by his friends and followers—Monet, Renoir, Zola, and the rest. What a revelation that little room was. How that dogma of Manet's has since sounded in my head: 'The principal person in a picture is the light.' I'm older now, and the Impressionists have dropped into their pigeon-holes of my experience. 'Beauty touched with strangeness' is my present ideal, and yet when I think of Manet's 'Bar at The Folies-Bergère' I know that I could swing back into a grovelling admiration for *that*—barnmaid, beer bottles and all. It was Manet who said, 'Each time I paint I throw myself into the water to learn swimming.' Strong soul!"

"Who was Caillebotte?" I asked.

"He was a painter, and the patron of the Impressionists of his day. His fine picture, 'Les Raboteurs de Parquets,' a study of oblique perspective, aroused the derision of the Philistine, and his bequest of his collection of Impressionist pictures to the State disturbed the Professors at the 'Ecole des Beaux-Arts' almost to the point of resignation. The Government, however, showed uncommon tact, and the collection was accepted and hung. It's by no means complete, or representative of the movement, for Impressionism has run into many bye-paths since Caillebotte's day, but it serves for the present. You want me to define Impressionism? Some time ago when such pictures were unpopular, unrecognised, and unbought, a humble wit described an Impressionist painter as one who had a private income.

"I doubt if many know the origin of the term. It dates back to 1863 when the Salon jury rejected all the pictures by Manet and his friends. The Emperor intervened, and ordered that these novelties should be hung in a special room, which was called the 'Salon des Refusés.' One of the pictures was a sunset by Monet, called 'Impressions.'

From that day these painter-pioneers were called Impressionists. They are anti-intellectual, indifferent to, and unmoved by symbolism, psychology, or literary motive. Immediate vision is their sole concern. They hold that no colour exists by itself; that colour varies with the intensity of light; that shadow is not absence of light, but light of a different value; that the strict Impressionist should paint with only the seven colours of the spectrum; that touches of those seven pure colours should be placed upon the canvas juxtaposed, so that at a distance the individual rays of these colours shall blend and act like sunlight upon the eye."

"You are strangely learned on the subject," I remarked.

He smiled. "No, not learned, accretive. I have just been reading a little book, quite a remarkable little book for its size, on 'The French Impressionists.' It is No. 6 in Messrs. Duckworth's 'Popular Library of Art,' and has been translated from the French of M. Camille Maclair. The author holds a brief for the Impressionists, and an impressionable man like myself must read him with a steady head. He is an enthusiastic partisan of those bright rebels who pricked and punched the French Academic body from 1860 to 1900. Since then M. Maclair opines that they have come into their own, which means selling. But he knows his subject, and he has also had the great advantage of M. Durand-Ruel's permission to reproduce in this little green book no fewer than forty-nine of their pictures. Of course, you miss the sunlight and colour, but it's an immensely interesting pictorial record. What pictures, what visions, what effort the chapter headings call up! Manet, Degas, Monet, Renoir, Pissaro, Sisley, Caillebotte, the illustrators Lautrec and Forain, and finally the eager, facile Neo-Impressionists and Pointillists, and the scramble of third-raters, the young men in a hurry, the sedulous, brainless apes who have learnt the trick and little else. You can hardly go into a Continental gallery to-day but you are offended by some barbarity of shrill sunshine and false colour.

"But the great souls of the movement, Manet, the innovator, the man of tireless industry, the bold and frank Manet, the fighter who tried his hand at everything, and died—fagh! I quote: 'Manet died, exhausted by his work and struggles, of locomotor ataxy, after having vainly undergone the amputation of a foot to avoid gangrene.' Who was it said, 'Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold'? To proceed: how well I remember seeing Manet's 'Execution of Maximilian' at the first International Art Exhibition at Knightsbridge. In that picture, I am well aware, he was not the strict Impressionist, but how real it is, how quiet, how arresting, and how intensely pictorial.

"Degas troubles and captivates me. Is there anything more alien to beauty than the costume and posturing of a ballet girl? Yet I would sooner have hanging on the walls of this studio one of his ballet-girl pastels than anything I can call to mind. I suppose it's because he's such a consummate draughtsman. He's got the disease of truth, as somebody said, and I suppose when a man like Degas has those germs in him, he persuades you, even against your will, that what Keats said about beauty and truth was right. You remember the near woman in his pastel of 'The Greek Dance.' She's hideous, and she and her two companions are pirouetting on their toes—ugly attitude. But what a lovely picture it is: the trunks and the fuzzy branches of the trees imitate, as it were, the lines of the girls' upraised arms. Gesture and light—those are the terms in which I think of that picture.

"And Monet! Consider my machine-made 'Convalescent,' and then think of Monet and the hayricks, the poplars, and the water-lilies. He, more than any man, has made light the persons of his pictures. I see him

starting off at sunrise in a carriage with twenty canvases. He seats himself before a hayrick, studies its effect under the early morning light, and paints. So through the long day: to each hour its light, and he the recorder of the shining procession of the hours. He exhibits the pictures together, and you can follow the magical transformation of a hayrick from sunrise to sunset. Seventeen studies of the towers of Rouen Cathedral he made, and each is a new version of the worn and blackened stone. And his slim poplar trees. I see them in dreams.

"Here is a good saying of M. Maclair's: 'If Manet is the realist-romanticist of Impressionism, if Degas is its psychologist, Claude Monet is its lyrical pantheist.' Of Renoir, Sisley, and Pissaro I cannot say anything now. Seurat and Signac, with their theories of scientific cromatism, are a little beyond me. I prefer the man with the strong purpose to the experimentalist, but they are all for light, and that counts—that counts. The Impressionists have fought well in a good cause—for the right of personal vision, and for the honour and glory of the sun. France may well be proud of her children, these pioneer-painters. They have profoundly influenced French Art."

"Have you heard," I remarked, "that one of the important pictures at the next Salon will be a group of twenty-thousand, or is it thirty-thousand, Mayors?"

C. L. H.

Science.

The Destiny of the Horse.

CARLYLE was struck by the pathos of the horse's foot, with its five toes "glued together." But the primaevae horse submitted to no such process. He was a typical vertebrate, having ten fingers and ten toes. Upon these he walked in the American continent long ago; not upon his palms and soles. He is, therefore, styled digitigrade, not plantigrade. Complete skeletons of him, at this earliest stage, were found in the early Eocene deposits at Wasatch in North America. The fossil form, named Phenacodus, had been already unearthed. But, as the ages passed, the horse found that it was more to his purpose to let some of his fingers and toes go; he was content for some time with four instead of five, then with three. It is at this stage that the European evidence begins. In the early Miocene deposits a three-toed horse is found. In the later Miocene a further stage is reached; only the middle finger and toe touch the ground, whilst the lateral fingers and toes are becoming shorter and shorter. The four-toed was only a short stage in descent. The horse belongs to the odd-toed section of the hoofed or ungulate mammals. The even-toed, or those of the "cloven hoof," have another pedigree. In the horse of to-day and many past days, the middle fingers and toes alone remain. His knee is the homologue of man's wrist; his "cannon-bone" answers to the middle bone of the palm of the human hand; the "pastern," "coronary," and "coffin" bones answer to the three bones of the middle finger; and the hoof is its nail. The "splint bones" represent our second and fourth fingers, and some small bony prominences at the bases of these correspond with our thumb and fifth finger. The case is similar with the hind legs. The modern horse, therefore, walks upon the tips of the nails of his middle and only remaining fingers and toes. In an American museum you may see the entire series without a break, from the five-toed horse to the horse of to-day, nor is it possible to say, so complete is the series, that at any particular point a line of demarcation may be drawn. There is not a gap in the slow history of the horse's descent. The extreme significance of all this is that, nearly thirty years ago, it demonstrated for the first time the fact of evolution of an extant species, and the direct line of descent of an existing animal. The tale is

complete that links the one-toed genus *Equus* of to-day with a five-toed ancestor which was common to it, to the tapir, to the rhinoceros and to other hoofed quadrupeds.

For many generations the horse, as we know him, has been the friend and servant of man. Four thousand years ago, or thereabouts, the Hebrew poet Job sang his praises: "hast thou clothed his neck with thunder"; long afterwards the inventor who wrote the first page of the last chapter but one in the horse's history, exaggerated his powers for his own ends and made the unit, the "horse-power," just one and a half times as much as it should have been. Slowly the steam-engine has developed and been followed by petrol and electricity and underground cables, until a Royal Commission sits upon London locomotion. Soon the dust of our streets, in which blows the deadly plant—the tubercle bacillus—that slays one in six or seven of mankind, will be freed of the far less objectionable element due to the horse. Meanwhile horse-hair has become invaluable in surgery, and the horse's blood invaluable in medicine. Soon the wretched bus-horse will be unknown. For the astonishingly complex and incomprehensibly rapid chemical changes which occur when a muscle contracts—changes in motor nerve-cells in the brain and in the nerves leading therefrom; in the motor nerve-cells of the spinal cord and the nerves leading, in their turn, from them to the muscle-cells, and in those contractile muscle-cells themselves—for all these we shall have, everywhere, a column of steam or a dead dynamo. The horse's muscles are long ago superseded; for man's purposes, that is to say. But he has within him a living laboratory which no dead forces can emulate. Observe the horse of to-morrow, when his powers are really understood, when his ultimate and unique possibilities are realized. Freed from mere muscular toil, cared for as by the Arab of the desert, splendidly housed, liberally and regularly fed, he will be used for an end worthy of his ancient lineage, his beauty and his countless virtues. He will be made—he has already been made—to bear our children's diseases for them. The vicarious burden is nothing upon his noble shoulders. It is the easiest, as it is incomparably the most wonderful and the most valuable service that the horse has ever rendered to man. It is a worthy acme to the long climax of his history; even though that includes the furnishing of the final proof of the theory of organic evolution.

Cultivate from some unfortunate child's throat a colony of the bacilli of diphtheria (the Klebs-Loeffler bacillus). These inject through a hollow needle under the horse's skin. The bacilli are a bagatelle to him. His body-cells, easily and without any hurt, produce an antitoxin against the toxin or poison which the bacilli form. The same process is going on in a child's throat somewhere else, but the antitoxin is insufficient, the bacilli are winning, the child is dying. Open a vein, one of those beautiful sinuous veins on the horse's leg, remove a few drops of blood containing the antitoxin, inject them under the skin of, say, the wrist of the choking child: in a few hours it draws the grateful breath of convalescence. This is going on all over the world at this hour. The whole process costs the horse nothing. He will not deign to turn his head or stop champing his hay during your pin-pricks, and he leads a princely life for his trouble. The antitoxin he supplies has revolutionized the whole aspect of diphtheria. The death-rate has fallen twenty, fifty, sometimes ninety-five per cent. The result of a case of diphtheria depends almost entirely on the earliness of use of the antitoxin. Used on the first day it is practically infallible. The doctor need not calculate the dose in proportion to the age, or rather the weight, of the child. He is dosing the bacilli, not the patient. So he gives the same dose to every case. Tracheotomy is so rarely necessary that the doctors are almost forgetting how to

perform it. The horse has already rescued thousands of children, all the world over, since Prof. Roux, of Paris, invoked his aid—achieved his destiny.

I ask whether this is not a worthy reward for his centuries of labour in our behalf; for the myriad brutal blows; for the knacker's yard; for the rude omnibus, the cavalry-charge, and the race-course: that such work should be relegated to inanimate machines—machines which man can make with his own hands, and that the horse should lead a life of useful and honoured luxury, whilst the exquisitely subtle and inimitable chemistry of his living cells should save our children's lives?

C. W. SALLEBY.

Correspondence.

The Cuchullin Saga.

SIR,—In his brilliant and sympathetic eulogium of Miss Hull's "Cuchullin Saga," Mr. Edward Garnett pleaded for a completer presentment in English of the great cycle of which Cuchullinn is the central figure. "Let Mr. Nutt see to it," he said. Alas! how Mr. Nutt wishes he could see to it. But willingness, however great, is conditioned by facts, and it is a melancholy fact that in this, the richest Empire of the World, money cannot be counted upon for the support of scholarship, and that in these islands, the home of the vast majority of the Celtic race, the original home and developing ground of the only Celtic literature that counts in the culture-history of mankind, Celtic scholarship can only flourish if subsidised. If even at this eleventh hour the public would bestow a more generous support upon Miss Hull's labours, she and I would gladly face the risks and sacrifices necessary to present the fruit of those labours in a more perfect form. In default of the book-buying public, it is unfortunately the case in this country that no source exists to which the scholar can appeal for support.

It is not so in other countries. Let me cite the instance of France. For upwards of thirty years France has been, thanks to the existence of the "Revue Celtique," the centre of Celtic studies. Now the French Government has for years subsidised the "Revue Celtique" to the extent of some £40 a year. This year, I understand, in deference to the stringent demand for economy which has affected all departments of the national budget, the subsidy has been reduced to £30. £40 a year! a pittance it will be said. Quite so; my point is that an annual pittance, infinitely less in amount than many a wealthy man pays for an evening's gratification, may suffice to keep alive a publication of the utmost value the influence of which upon a most important branch of human knowledge has been beneficial in the last degree, and yet that in this wealthy country, this home of Celtdom, such a pittance cannot be counted upon. Four years ago, largely owing to the fact that the "Revue Celtique" could not expand its space to keep pace with the increasing output of Celtic research, a subsidiary Celtic review was started. In this country? Oh, dear no! In Germany. Yet most of the matter is supplied by scholars living in this country, and next to the Celtic languages the contents of the "Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie" are mainly in English. It is, I fear, safe to say that an application made to the Lord Lieutenant or the Secretary of State for Ireland for a subsidy enabling this review to be produced in England would have been negatived—regretfully and sympathetically by Mr. Wyndham, but negatived none the less.

In default of Governmental subsidy other countries can rely upon a well-organised system of academic and library support for scholarly research. If you think the matter of sufficient importance I will return to it next week and show

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how miserably Great Britain compares in these respects with other lands. For the present I must be content with driving home the contention that Celtic scholarship is seriously handicapped in this country by the lack of such official aid and encouragement as it receives, for instance, in France.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED NUTT.

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Wanted a Poem.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Miss Florence E. Foster, will find the poem she writes about in "A Book of British Song," by Cecil J. Sharp, B.A., published by John Murray, Albemarle Street, W. (1902). The words are said to be by "William Collins" (circa 1780), and have been brought down to date by "C. D. S."—Yours,

JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

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Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 179 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best letter to the Editor on any Current Literary Topic. Twenty-one replies have been received. We award the prize to Mr. M. I. Ebbutt, Lampeter, for the following:—

EARLY IRISH SAGAS.

I should like to echo Mr. Garnett's plea for an unperverted translation of the early Irish Sagas. There exists, in the pagan literature of Ireland, a body of evidence as to the life, religion, history, and customs of the unchristianized Celt, of the utmost value to historian, ethnologist, and folklorist. No literature of equal antiquity exists in Europe, but the Homeric poems, and an adequate translation of Irish Sagas, literally faithful and unchanged in tone, might give us even better grounds than we now possess for adopting Professor Ridgeway's ingenious hypothesis that the Homeric Greeks were an invading race of Celts. To prove this, however, we need a cumulative weight of reliable evidence, and this will never be satisfactorily obtained if translators are at liberty to embellish, or omit, at their own will.

The ethnologist will try to discover the origin of many curious customs of to-day in the earliest records of European Aryan nations, and will find traces of totemism, tabu, exogamy, and other pre-Aryan customs—he will wish to identify Celtic gods with Greek or Roman, and trace the growth of Celtic influence—but how can he do it in security, when the translator may wilfully falsify the whole tone of the work on which he relies? The real lover of human nature, too, will rather see life as it was then, in all its crude bloodthirstiness and heroic chivalry, than be shown a refined and idealised twentieth-century version of third century life and humanity.

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Other replies follow:—

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

The three lectures recently delivered by Mr. A. B. Walkley at the Royal Institution will, I devoutly trust, have a wholesome effect upon many persons. It would be too much to hope that the lectures themselves as delivered will ever reach the multitude, but their logic and outlook and taste ought to so influence the hundred or two writers of dramatic stuff that finally—as the sun reaches London, let me say—these lectures should arrive and wake the slumbering senses of all those who glance at "stage echoes" and "green room gossip" in the scores of different publications.

One knows, of course, that the technique and literary form of dramatic criticism must be mainly determined by the capacity of the audience for whom the criticism is intended, yet a judgment without bias, without influence and prejudice, a verdict without any sacrifice to fad, would be much in these days.

I have often thought that the professional dramatic critic should have always upon his table when writing for the press a big card upon which in bold print should be this message: "Recollect that you are writing for those who have seen the performance in question as well as for those who have not. Let neither your swift damnation nor your easy praise run loose unless you can give reasons as plain as the nose upon your face."

[C. C., London.]

A MISCARRIAGE OF LITERARY JUSTICE.

May I suggest that, in defending the English language from the invasion of verbal aliens, our literary critics should beware of whipping forth the honourable citizen along with the intruding knave. In Mr. John Murray's letter to the "Spectator," commented on in your last issue, "hushed," "hoarsed," and other ill-deserving rascals are justly pilloried. But among them, his fine quality showing all the clearer for his evil company, stands our old friend "shrilled." The ACADEMY rescues "tip-toed" from condemnation, leaving "shrilled" unsuccessful. What is the reason that they use him thus? Poor "shrilled," beloved of poets from Spenser to Tennyson; proudly placed by Johnson and his successors at the head of a brilliant retinue of quotations, any one of them ready to plead trumpet-tongued on his behalf:—

"Break we our pipes that shrilled as loud as lark."—*Spenser*.

"How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth."—*Shakespeare*.

"No sound is heard but of the shrilling cock."—*Goldsmith*.

"The shattering trumpet shrilleth high."—*Tennyson*.

Shall we forget the lily-maid "shrilling," "Let me die!" in the fiery dawn? Indeed, Tennyson calls in the aid of this good word no less than nine times. Literary justice surely demands that some amends be made to "shrilled" for this attempt to bring him into bad repute.

"Parroted" is another injured innocent. Though not of such high degree as "shrilled," he is an honest, homespun citizen, with dictionary authority to back him; he should not be left helpless in the pillory.

[A. D. A., London.]

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RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 4 March, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Strong (Josiah), *The Next Great Awakening* (Melrose) 2/6
Bernard (Edward R.), *The English Sunday* (Methuen) 1/6
Shaw (Rev. R. D.), *The Pauline Epistles* (T. & T. Clark) net 8/0

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

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Schütze (Martin), translated from the French by, *Twelve Songs by Maurice Maeterlinck* (Seymour, Chicago) \$1.50
Hamilton (George L.), *The Indebtedness of Chaucer's Troilus and Criseyde to Guido delle Colonne's Historia Trojana* (Macmillan) net 5/0
Pinero (Arthur W.), *Robert Louis Stevenson: The Dramatist* (Chiswick Press)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Legge (H. Edith), *A Short History of the Ancient Greek Sculptors* (Unwin) 6/0
Lennox (Cuthbert), *George Douglas Brown* (Hodder & Stoughton) net 3/6
Lane-Poole (Stanley), *The Story of the Nations: Medieval India* (Unwin) 5/0
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Compton (Herbert), *Facts and Phantasies of a Folio Grub* (Treberne) net 7/6
Blumenthal (Count Albrecht Von), edited by, *Journals of Field-Marshal Count Von Blumenthal for 1866 and 1870-71* (Arnold) net 12/6
Harper (Robert Francis), *Assyrian and Babylonian Letters* (University of Chicago Press)

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Marriott (J. A. B.), *George Canning and His Times* (Murray) net 5/0

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Vernon (H. M.), *Variation in Animals and Plants* (Kegan Paul) 5/0
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Hirst (W. A.), edited by, *A Survey of English Ethics* (Longmans) 3/6

EDUCATIONAL.

Crane (Thomas Frederick), edited by, *Les Héros de Roman* (Ginn) 3/1
Hill (G. F.), arranged and described by, *Illustrations of School Classics* (Macmillan) 10/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bell (Mrs. Hugh), *The Minor Moralists* (Arnold) net 4/6
Bright (Allan H.), *Is Liberty Asleep?* (Unwin) 1/0
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Crichton-Brown (Sir James), *Some Food Dangers* (King) net 0/6
Greening (Edward Owen), edited by, *"One and All" Gardening* (Agricultural and Horticultural Association) 0/3
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The Assets of the Company, in both branches, as shown in the Balance Sheet, are £47,155,201, being an increase of £3,863,175 over those of 1901.

The Staff Provident Fund, which was founded in 1898 for the benefit of the out-door staff, shows a satisfactory increase for the year, the total amount standing to the credit of the Fund being £115,608.

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The Literary Week.

THE publications of the week have not been important: more books about Shakespeare, Lives of Bret Harte and George Douglas Brown, a popular work on Hegel and Hegelianism, and the usual abundance of novels, including Mrs. Humphry Ward's new book, "Lady Rose's Daughter," which was issued serially in Harper's magazine. Short stories may or may not be popular, but authors continue to produce them. Mr. Henry James has published a volume containing eleven under the title "The Better Sort"; Mr. Israel Zangwill a volume containing eight, called "The Grey Wig," and Mr. A. C. Benson a volume containing twelve, under the title "The Hill of Trouble." Among the other publications of the week we note the following:—

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Covering the years 1849 to 1852-3, of which period Mr. Ellis writes: "Were the whole body of Wagnerian documents destroyed save those relating to the years 1849 to 1852-3, from them alone we might reconstitute the import of his life. For this period, so rich in psychologic and æsthetic interest, so amply illuminated by authentic records, many of them accessible only in quite recent days, I have therefore allowed myself the luxury of an unstinting hand. This "unstinting hand" has resulted in the expansion of Herr Glasenapp's original hundred pages into the five hundred contained in this volume.

THE TALE OF A TOUR IN MACEDONIA. By G. F. Abbott.

Mr. Abbott went to Macedonia under the auspices of the University of Cambridge to study the folk-lore of that country. The results of those researches will be published later in a special work. The present volume deals with the author's experiences of men, women, and Government officials. His aim, he tells us, "has been merely to describe things as they presented themselves to his own eyes, without favour and without fear." The volume has particular interest at the present time.

THE LIFE OF BRET HARTE. By T. Edgar Pemberton.

The first three chapters are headed, "Boyhood: 'Floundering';" "First Flights: 'Struggling';" "In Life's Stream: 'Swimming.'" Mr. Pemberton has collected much interesting material concerning both the early and later years of Bret Harte's life, and has presented it clearly and appreciatively. The letters of Bret Harte to various correspondents are just such letters as we should have expected from the author of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat"; they are kindly, human, and often full of boyish fun.

WE have to record, with deep regret, the death of Mr. John Henry Shorthouse. Mr. Shorthouse's name stands high in the literary annals of our time. He was always an absolutely sincere worker, and cared nothing for the popularity which may be attained by almost any man who chooses to make capital out of a first success. "John Inglesant," perhaps, was never a popular book in the ordinary sense, but it was a book which left its mark; its spiritual quality had an appeal that was bound to touch such readers as took into serious account the eternal conflict between the spirit and the flesh. Mr. Shorthouse was an artist whose lapses were part of his quality; but what his work lost in art was often gain in strength. "The Little Schoolmaster Mark" was, in some respects, an artistic failure; yet it lives in the memory with something of the insistent recurrence of music. "The Countess Eve" was a story slight, indeed, but full of the emotional and spiritual suggestion of which Mr. Shorthouse was a master. In that delicate suggestive faculty he approached Nathaniel Hawthorne more nearly than any writer whom we can recall. The greater part of his working life was spent in business; he gave to literature only of his intellectual best. Of the real value of that best we can say nothing more here. There are no doubt many readers to-day to whom Mr. Shorthouse's name is almost unknown; reputation crowds out reputation, and the strong, still man is lost sight of. But when many names now more prominent have been forgotten, the name of John Henry Shorthouse will be remembered and loved.

THE little birthplace of Shakespeare in Henley Street, Stratford-on-Avon, stands now cheek to cheek with two gabled and timbered houses of which the age is disputed, but the proportions and appropriateness are obviously right. And even as to their age, the Mayor of Stratford owns that a stable of Shakespearean antiquity was built into one of the little houses. They are condemned to the pick-axe, and their place is to be taken by a new free library, to be built by the munificence of Mr. Carnegie. Our national enthusiasm for free libraries has sensibly cooled of late; but even granting that the library in question is a boon to Stratford, and nothing but a boon, the building should surely not be set up, tall, new, and altogether different as it must needs be, on the ground near to the small house of Shakespeare, ground so fitly occupied now by the doomed cottages.

THE attempt to stop demolitions has generally proved futile. Streets in Chelsea have had to go; Kensington High Street has had to go; there has been short work made of Westminster. Whether for utility, or on the plea of "opening out a view," the last strong old wall, the last gable in London, will fall. But there is only one Henley Street, and surely a unique "artificial" interference with the laws of change might be hazarded in that one little plot of English earth. A few feet only are in question. Miss Marie Corelli, Lady Colin Campbell, and Miss Ellen Terry have made an appeal in the press, metropolitan and provincial; Miss Terry suggests that the library can be comfortably lodged in certain houses now standing. And surely there are men also who care. It is proposed to make a general literary protest. Mr. Carnegie and the Mayor are for the demolition and the new building, and a great majority of the people of the town are said to be against it. It is much to be wished that all the authors, say, taking part in the new Harvard Shakespeare, might lend their voices in protest; for Mr. Swinburne is one of them, and he speaks loud.

A CONTRIBUTOR to "Notes and Queries" has been writing on the subject of "Accuracy of Quotation." He pleads, of course, for correctness, though the examples of incorrectness which he quotes are rather uninteresting and unimportant. The writer proceeds:—

There are persons unprincipled enough to perpetrate a sin which, for want of a better term, we might call the reverse of plagiarism. It consists in putting forward as a quotation their own words, thinking, perhaps, that this plan gives them more weight, but never thinking of the useless trouble that may be given to those industrious searchers after truth who try to trace quotations to their origin.

Such trouble is, even when the quotation is genuine, often useless enough. There comes a point when annotation develops into utter boredom, and for the annotating bore we have no sympathy. We suspect that the sham quotation has sometimes been employed for the express purpose of misleading the barren annotator at whose hands we have all suffered too much.

THE "Monthly Review" prints, under the not very happy title of "A Morning's Work in a Hampstead Garden," an article by Mr. Sidney Colvin concerning Keats's Nightingale Ode. The autograph draft of the poem was given by Keats to his friend John Hamilton Reynolds; then it passed to Reynolds's sister, and through her to her two sons, Charles and Townley Green. The manuscript came up for sale at Sotheby's not very long ago, and was bought by the Earl of Crewe "at no extravagant price." The document is reproduced in

facsimile in the "Monthly Review," and Mr. Colvin says concerning it, "that we have in it Keats's true and original draft of the poem is certain." On which hypothesis he proceeds to point out certain trifling inaccuracies in Charles Brown's record of how and when the ode was written. But we fail to see how Mr. Colvin arrives at his certainty. The manuscript reproduced, so far as its own evidence goes, might very well be a second or third draft. Brown said that the ode was first written on "four or five" scraps of paper; the manuscript in question covers only two half-sheets of notepapers. In absence of further evidence we should be inclined to assume that Brown was right, and that Mr. Colvin's assumption as to this being a first draft, wrong. The matter is of no great importance, but it suggests the necessity of caution in such inquiries. The emendations and cancellings in the draft are of great interest, but for these readers must go to Mr. Colvin's article.

THE statistical problem of the last few days for one of our contemporaries has been the working out of the cable cost of Mr. Kipling's poem, "The Settler," in the "Times." Certain other papers have been telling Mr. Kipling that he ought to leave politics alone, and Mr. Christie Murray in his turn has been telling the gentlemen who express this view that they are "ladling out the waters of a muddled ignorance." As a matter of fact the poem contains no politics; it is wise and sane on the broad question of the future. We quote the two last stanzas:—

Bless then, our God, the new-yoked plough, and the good
beasts that draw,
And the bread we eat in the sweat of our brow according
to thy law:
After us cometh a multitude — prosper the work of our
hands
That we may feed with our land's food the folk of all
our lands!
Here in the waves and the troughs of the plains where
the healing stillness lies,
And the vast benignant sky restrains, and the long days
make wise—
Bless to our use the rain and the sun and the blind seed
in its bed,
That we may repair the wrong that was done to the living
and the dead!

THE "School World" prints an article on the "Systematic Study of Shakespeare in Schools." The writer pleads for Shakespeare study in ordinary secondary schools as well as in the upper forms, and she indicates the lines on which she considers such studies should be pursued. For ourselves, we consider Shakespeare peculiarly unsuited for ordinary school study; he presents difficulties which the young mind may, indeed, overcome, but usually at the expense of real appreciation. Let Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" be used, by all means, and let the child read the plays if he wants to read them. But we believe it, in many cases, to be a mistake to make the study of great literature into a kind of task-work.

THERE appeared in the "Times" of Tuesday the following paragraph under the heading "Garrick Theatre": "At the first performance of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play at this theatre, last night, our dramatic critic was refused admission." Enterprising journalists at once saw the possibilities of a pretty quarrel, and Mr. Bouchier was interviewed. Then it appeared that Mr. Jones had been deeply offended by certain criticisms of his plays which Mr. Walkley had written for the "Times," criticisms which, said Mr. Jones, "have degenerated into personalities and hints that scarcely

stop on the safe side of libel." Mr. Bouchier read the offending notices, and agreed with Mr. Jones, whereupon he wrote to the editor of the "Times," requesting that another critic should be sent to judge of the merits of "Whitewashing Julia." The editor of the "Times," however, took no notice of this communication; Mr. Walkley presented himself at the theatre, and was refused admission in the capacity of what Mr. Bouchier foolishly calls "dramatic reporter." The case as it stands seems to suggest that Mr. Jones is unnecessarily sensitive to criticism and that Mr. Walkley is rather unenterprising. Was there no seat to be bought in the house, no corner of pit or gallery, that Mr. Walkley should have deprived the readers of the "Times" of his illuminating comments on "Whitewashing Julia"? Any man who pays his money is at liberty to criticise a play as much as he likes, in print or out of it. The position of the editor of the "Times" was, of course, perfectly clear; a paper is not to be dictated to as to the critic whom it chooses to select. We seem to be approaching a time when the managers of theatres will exclude all those dramatic critics who have shown that it is their habit to express honest and independent opinions.

THE writer who is responsible for the Collects, to which we have referred before, in the Philadelphia "Conservator," continues to pour forth his five-column staccato utterances. The latest begins thus:—

Toilers and talkers. How much of you is toil and how much of you is talk? How much of you is simply lip and how much is simple deed? You go about the earth filling your days. But filling them with what? A thousand men may talk a thousand years and their world may still be void. The professional embalmers may deaden the social life in a sepulcher of words. Words. The beggar at the street corner may shame ten generations of talkers. For though the beggar only begs he does fulfil a primary law of life. But the talkers talk and talk destroys. Where have you taken your station? With the good dressers or the perfect chatterers? Do you like the people with clean hands and clean language who spend life between the pages of dictionaries and blue books? You like soft phrases. You like to take account of all the refinements. You think that a man who can speak in perfect English must have perfect morals. Your shrine is talk.

It is clear that this gentleman has no sense of humour.

THE "Letters to a Literary Aspirant" are continued in the current "Blackwood." The engaging uncle who advises his nephew deals with various forms of fiction, including the realistic:—

Realism attends to the ash-buckets, the smell of the fried-eel reservoirs, the bottle-nosed loafer propped against the wall.

And what would stick in your memory when you came in? Surely the two or three unexpected encounters, the incident that was a little different from other incidents.

Realism remembers the number of the lamp-posts passed, the pattern of the pavement flags, the specks of the everyday dust floating in the air.

And it is this that realism calls a picture of life. Hence the necessity for a special course of preparation before handling its delicate tools. The reiteration of the unimportant and the obliteration of the picturesque are the two aims you must keep steadily before your eye.

It all depends, of course, upon what is meant by realism. But "the reiteration of the unimportant and the obliteration of the picturesque" hits off skilfully certain forms of pseudo-realism. The word has come to have a narrow and arbitrary meaning for which it is rather difficult to account. There is a realism of beauty as well as of ugliness.

FROM "The Point of View" in "Scribner's Magazine" we extract the following:—

I heard the question brought up, the other day: "Why is it that a description of a painting, couched in terms of music, or of a musical composition, couched in visual terms, is so much more vivid and forceful than a description expressed in terms of the particular art with which it has specially to do?" Why, for instance, do such expressions as "an orchestra of colors," or "a flower-bed of tones," appeal so awakingly to the imagination?

"Of the truth of the statement," says the writer, "there can be no doubt." There is, however, every doubt; no writer of any real literary sense could use such a metaphor as "an orchestra of colors." The writer says later: "Your image must be not only apposite, but startling; it must compel the attention." That is a dangerous saying. From its application proceed those terrifying stridences which make a reviewer's life unhappy.

THE life of Bret Harte, just issued by Messrs. Pearson, has the following notice inserted in the review copies: "The publishers beg to draw attention to the fact that this copy is cut for the convenience of the Reviewer." We are thankful for this, though why so sensible a thing should have been done only in the case of this particular book we cannot conjecture.

MAXIM GORKY's latest play, "At the Bottom," experimentally produced in Moscow, was a great success. It deals with the dregs of the lodging-house and the street, and the regeneration of certain of the characters by means of the simple and loving humanity of an old ex-Siberian convict. The Moscow "Slovo" said of the play:—

This drama is a song; it is a hymn to humanity. It is awful and joyful. Seeing at the bottom decaying, abandoned people, you say to your conscience: "They are already dead; they no longer feel." And you are reconciled, at peace, whatever may happen to them.

But suddenly you retreat in horror. They are still alive!

A marvellous spectacle of indescribable beauty presents itself to our eyes. Beneath the mire, beneath filth, ugliness, vice, loathsomeness, horror, in a lodging-house, among the dregs—the human personality still lives!

MR. ANDREW LANG has been writing in the "Morning Post" on the subject of circulating libraries. Mr. Lang says: "The more you look, with a mind disengaged, at the mystery of circulating libraries, the more you perceive its roots extending into darkness and infinity, and understand that it has relations co-extensive with the universe." So it has, on general principles, but Mr. Lang, in common with many of us, has found it, in the country at least, of no practical value. Novels you can get by the score, but they are generally the "amateur drivel" which Mr. Lang presumes to have "an eternal attraction." Books which are not novels are to seek. You may ask for them, but you never get them. Mr. Lang concludes:—

Judicious book-buying on the side of the public would be, at least to some people, the most agreeable solution of the problem of how to get books. Unfortunately the whole house would not contain the books that should be purchased. "The peety is that, in this world, as God made it, ye canna hae a' things as ye would want them," says a philosopher in one of Mr. Stevenson's works. On this general conclusion the wearied intellect courts repose. And yet the ingenuity of man, if man will only exert his ingenuity, may yet find a way of improving lending libraries.

We doubt whether the ingenuity of man will ever attain such heights. The country circulating library does not exist for book lovers.

A SITE has been assigned for the memorial to the late Sir Walter Besant in the crypt of St. Paul's. Mr. George Frampton is to execute the work, and Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Austin Dobson have been appointed to decide upon a suitable inscription. Up to the end of last year the subscriptions amounted to about £330.

WE review in this issue Mr. Lennox's memoir of George Douglas Brown. As an instance of the work which a man in training for a novelist often has to do, the following is of interest:—

In 1899 . . . Brown undertook regular employment as sub-editor, as well as contributor to "Sandow's Magazine." He was responsible for several articles that appeared in its columns on such subjects as "Walt Whitman," "The Strong Man in Dumas's Fiction," "The Strength of Porthos," and the like.

THE matter of titles is always a difficult one for authors, particularly novelists. We know of one who has run through both the Bible and Shakespeare for a telling title, and failed to find one that fitted his book, which, we believe, is still nameless. But when the right title comes along there is no mistake about it. Such a title has been hit upon by the writer of a cookery book just issued by Mr. Unwin. "Please, M'm, the Butcher!" is a stroke of inspiration.

Bibliographical.

PROF. RALEIGH's "Wordsworth" will be read, of course, with very considerable interest, and perhaps with some measure of curiosity. Is it possible to say anything new about the poet? Look at the number and the quality of the men who have written about him even in our own generation! One thinks at once of the lecture by Robertson of Brighton (published 1858), of George Brimley's essay (1860), of J. C. Shairp's (1868), of R. H. Hutton's (1871), of Prof. Masson's (1874), of Mr. Stopford Brooke's (in "Theology in the English Poets," 1874), of Mr. Matthew Arnold's (in introducing his selection from the poems, 1880), of the critical passages in Mr. F. W. H. Myers' "Wordsworth" (1881), of Mr. John Morley's introduction to the Poems (1888), of Prof. Dowden's "ditto" (1892-3), and so forth—to say nothing of the criticism in verse by Mr. Arnold, Mr. W. Watson, and the like. No doubt Mr. Raleigh will shed some new light upon the much-discussed topic; but the enterprise is arduous and bold.

I notice that the "Letters from a Self-made Merchant to his Son," published in this country by Messrs. Methuen, does not bear the name of its author on its title-page. That name, to be sure, figures twice upon the cover; but I know at least one reviewer who, on the strength of the title-page alone, had been inclined to describe the book as anonymous, until the information on the binding was pointed out to him. I note the fact, because the omission of an author's name from a title-page is likely to lead to its omission in cataloguing, and thus add to the labours of bibliographers.

With reference to the forthcoming new edition of Sir G. W. Dasent's "Tales from the Norse," a literary gossipier recalls the fact that a "Life" of John Delane, of "The Times," "by Sir G. W. Dasent," was announced some years ago by a well-known publishing firm. The "Life," we know, did not appear; but at Sir George's death Mr. Delane's voluminous correspondence passed into the hands of Mr. Arthur Irwin Dasent, who, it is to be hoped, will in due time give us the biography of the great Editor which his father seems to have projected.

Signor Ricci's promised English version of Dante's "Vita Nuova" will be the third that we have had within the last decade. That by C. S. Boswell, published in 1895, was a literal translation. That by Charles Eliot Morton was published over here in 1892. Signor Ricci naturally disclaims competition with D. G. Rossetti or Sir Theodore Martin, whose versions continue to be popular. Rossetti's was reprinted so recently as 1899, and Sir Theodore's reached a third edition just ten years ago.

Prof. Dowden's "Cymbeline" makes the third play which he has contributed to the "Arden Shakespeare." He began the edition with "Hamlet" (1899), which he followed up with "Romeo and Juliet" (1900). Then came the "Tempest" of Mr. Morton Luce (1901), the "King Lear" of Mr. W. J. Craig (1901), the "Julius Cæsar" of Mr. Michael Macmillan (1902), and the "Othello" of Mr. H. C. Hart (1903). The last-named was the first volume of the series in which the edition was announced as the "Arden," and Mr. W. J. Craig described as the "general editor."

Messrs. Isbister have sent out simultaneously the "Wolfville" and "Wolfville Days" of the American humourist, Mr. A. H. Lewis. The latter volume is, I believe, new on both sides of the water; but "Wolfville: a Story of the Far West," was issued in this country in 1897 by Messrs. Laurence and Bullen. Apparently it fell flat, though in my opinion well worthy of notice. Now Mr. Lewis has his chance.

Mr. W. M. Rossetti has been digging again in the wide field of his unpublished Rossettiana, and we are to have from him a volume of "Rossetti Papers, 1862-1870." It was only yesterday—so it seems to one—that he brought out "Prae-Raphaelite Diaries and Letters," which included "Madox Brown's Diary" (1844-56) and the Journal of the "Prae-Raphaelite Brotherhood" (1849-53), both of them well worth having.

There is some danger, it appears, of Mr. G. W. T. Omond, who is to tell us about "The Boer in Europe," being confounded with Mr. T. S. Omond, who is to give us "A Study of Metre"; and vice versa. Bookish people are not likely to make the mistake, for Mr. G. W. T. Omond has been before the public for a good many years. His account of the Lord Advocates of Scotland came out so long ago as 1883, followed in 1887 by "Arniston Memoirs," in 1892-96 by sundry fictions, and in 1897 by a little monograph on Fletcher of Saltoun. It was, I believe, in the last-named year that Mr. T. S. Omond "commenced author" (a vile phrase) with a brochure on "English Verse Structure." Since then, we have had from him "The Romantic Triumph" in one of Messrs. Blackwood's series.

Something pleasant is in store for us, apparently, in the "Shakespeare's Garden" of the Rev. J. H. Bloom. I take for granted that Mr. Bloom will not merely cover the same ground as that tilled by Canon Ellacombe in his "Plant Lore and Garden Craft of Shakespeare," brought out originally in 1878 and again in 1896 (enlarged, if I remember rightly). In this connection Mr. Roach Smith's "Rural Life of Shakespeare" will, no doubt, be remembered. We may assume, by the way, that the articles on Shakespeare's History-Dramas now appearing in "Macmillan's Magazine" will in due course figure in volume form. Some phases of the same subject were dealt with by T. P. Courtenay in a book issued in 1840, and by the Hon. A. Canning in a volume issued in 1884.

"The Bookman" makes the surprising statement that "The Red House" is the first novel from the pen of Mrs. Bland (E. Nesbit). How about "The Secret of Kyriels," published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett in 1898? I forget whether Mrs. Bland's "In Homespun," contributed to the "Keynote" Series in 1896, was a story, or only a collection of stories.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Sir Walter Besant's *Magnum Opus*.

LONDON IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By Sir Walter Besant. (A. & C. Black. 30s. net.)

THE word survey has two opposed meanings: (1) a general view, and (2) a particular view. When Sir Walter Besant's "Survey of London" was projected, and for so long as he lived to work upon it, we supposed that its title would bear the second of these meanings. That would have been traditional. John Stow's "Survey" was a particular view of London, street by street; and its successive enlargements and imitations by Howell, Strype, Maitland and the rest, were Surveys in the same rigid sense. We now know that Sir Walter Besant's dream went further. A particular view, or Perambulation as he called it, did not satisfy his ambition, and his work was to include a series of historical volumes containing a general view, or History. He thus proposed two tasks, either of which might be deemed sufficient for half a life-time. It is true that during many years he had been qualifying himself for a great work on London, and that when at last he began it his hope and strength were unabated. It is not the less clear that the "Survey" of which we are now receiving fragments was a Sisyphean task that was bound to overwhelm and confuse his powers.

A new traditional "Survey" of London would be an orderly and particular account of all its streets and houses. On its orderliness, particularity and completeness its value would rest. It was for such a work that students looked when Sir Walter Besant's plan was announced. At that time, indeed, the emphasis was all on the perambulation; and we, among many, had a pleasing vision of the modern Stow, throned in his room in Soho Square, holding the threads of a vast and order-establishing registration of London. To-day it is quite unnecessary to blink the fact that we were never likely to receive such a work from Sir Walter Besant's hands. The reasons for this are entirely honourable to the author of the scheme; they form, indeed, a testimony to his insatiable love and zeal for London. The task was too big for his years; its details were too complexly alluring for his temperament. We have now had fragments of both sides of the "Survey"; of the Perambulation (in the "Fascination of London" series) and of the History (in the present volume). These show the texture of the whole, and we are frankly unable to regard them as parts of a work which, had it been completed, would have marked an epoch in the study of London.

The one work which would do that, and which is imperatively needed for the sake of the past and of the future, is a new and exhaustive Survey of London in John Stow's sense. For such a work the time is more than ripe. Stow's "Survey" attained its full growth in Strype's edition of 1756. Since then no new survey worthy of the name has been made, and it is well to understand that though the scheme begun by Sir Walter Besant has much interest, it did not promise any such result.

The nobly produced volume before us is simply a larger and more highly organised production of the type of the author's "London," "Westminster," "South London," and "East London." It has the excellences and defects of these books, both of which are due to that novelist attitude which Sir Walter Besant assumed to London's life and history. This it was that made him look always for effective episodes, this it was that made him interesting to the general reader rather than helpful to the inquisitive student. The present work on eighteenth century London may, however, be safely recommended to each; it has enough in it for each; it is, in short, a wonderfully good budget

of information, anecdote, description, and statistics. We go further, and say that no student can afford to be without it, though we have certain reservations to make. It is arranged under such heads as Historical Notes, The City and the Streets, Manners and Customs, Society and Amusements, Crime and Police, &c. It is in the twenty-one chapters on Manners and Customs that we find Sir Walter Besant at his best. We will illustrate his success by his composite portrait of an eighteenth century "cit":—

The question whether London was a more cheerful city—in other words, whether the people of London were more cheerful and happier—in the eighteenth century than now, has often been asked and never answered. For, in truth, cheerfulness or happiness depends entirely on the standard of life: we get what we desire, and we are happy; we cannot attain to what we think constitutes the most desirable form of life, and we are therefore discontented. Let us ask what the City man desired in 1760.

He desired, first, such a sufficiency of the world's goods as would keep at a reasonable distance the ever-present terror of bankruptcy and the debtors' prison. The contemplation of those places; the misery of wife and children when the breadwinner could earn no more; the coldness of old friends—especially that of the industrious apprentice himself, raised to the civic chair—towards the less fortunate or the less industrious in the Fleet and the King's Bench, acted as a constant stimulus to work moderation. The City man rose early and worked late; he lived frugally and spent little, till his money-bags began to fill out; he was decorous in his behaviour, moral in his sentiments, religious in observance; when he feasted it was at the expense of his Company.

His wife was like-minded; their pleasures were simple, the toast and muffins of the tea-table, a roast and a pudding for dinner; when they grew rich, Vauxhall or Marylebone once or twice in the year. The theatre they cared nothing about; the opera was beyond them; of art or literature they knew nothing; sometimes, as at Christmas, they would play a game of cards, say Pope Joan or Speculation; they attended the week-day sermon and the two services on Sunday. The wife knew a great many people in the City and paid her rounds of visits; in dress she affected the substantial citizen, and was dignified in silk or a gold chain. In the summer a drive to Tottenham or Walthamstow was a favourite pastime. As for her husband, he had his club to which he repaired either on stated evenings of the week or every evening. There were clubs of every kind; his, however, was the sober and steady kind, in which there was neither singing nor merriment. The members sat round the table and conversed in mannered and conventional speech, with great politeness and deference towards each other. They gave to each other what they most desired for themselves—the consideration due to credit and the reputation of soundness. This kind of London citizen was certainly as happy as a man can expect to be, because he got all he wished to get and died leaving a good round fortune. He died contentedly, knowing that he would "cut up" better than his friends expected; and that his memory would be, on that account, envied, admired, and respected.

Of such passages there are very many, and we need fill no more space to prove what everyone knows, that in Sir Walter Besant London found a very engaging descriptive historian. He was not a philosophical historian. Nor was he, as we have said, so helpful to studious readers as he might have been. He had a curious way, born of his novelist instincts, of covering up his tracks. Drawing his facts from a multitude of sources, he sometimes ladled them out in a you-may-take-it-from-me style which would have been perfectly right, indeed unnoticeable in an historical novelist, but which in any work professing to impart historical truth in the language of history is rather out of place. We observe that in the preface to this volume Sir Walter Besant particularly warns his readers not to ask him for his authorities:—

If it were required to name authorities for any statement advanced, or to give reasons for any conclusion, I could not, probably, do so, since the authority would lie hidden in some obscure history or some long-forgotten tedious novel.

This is a curious saying. Are we to accept as a sufficient voucher for a considerable body of information the fact that Sir Walter Besant derived it from old and obscure novels whose titles he had forgotten? If, as he points out, the forgotten novels of the eighteenth century are a treasury of hints and information (and he expressly puts them above those of Fielding and Smollett in this respect), he would have done us a real service in bringing their titles and authors' names to our notice. As it is, he found them in the twopenny box, "in the limbo of lost satires, forgotten poems," and there—perhaps not even there—they remain for us. Sir Walter Besant has only distilled their backgrounds and local colour drop by drop into his book, and each drop has melted imperceptibly into his general mass of information. But, as we have said, it was his novelist instinct that made him chary of setting up mile posts. So far does he indulge this reluctance, that not infrequently a well-known author sinks in Sir Walter's pages to the level of "a writer of the period," or some other impersonality. In the chapter on Servants an extract is thrown in to show how, even in the eighteenth century, the country girl coming up to London to enter service lost her rural simplicity, the "plain country Jane changing into a fine London madam." Any studious reader would like to know the source of this pithy description, but it is not here that he will learn that it is Defoe's. Under "Coffee Houses and Clubs" an excellent passage is introduced as from the "Journey Through England" of 1714. Why balk the reader by omitting the name of its author, John Macky, a man whose career has considerable interest and who numbered Swift among his readers? Who was the foreign traveller whose diary of 1760 is used in the chapter headed "Sundry Notes"? In a chapter on "Holidays" we have a paraphrase of an account written by "a certain visitor to London in 1831." There is quite enough in what follows to arouse the curiosity of a careful reader, but where is he to learn that the account thus imperfectly quoted—quite a document in its way—was written by one Thomas North, in "Read's Weekly" of January 9, 1731, and is quoted entire by Malcolm? Yet a small-type foot-note to this effect could not only have given this information, but it would have lent vitality and authenticity to the paraphrase. References to the "Tatler" and "Connoisseur" are seldom or never given with exactness. A list of amusements is taken from "a work published in 1786." Elsewhere much use is made of a pamphlet which is described as "the first of many 'Bitter Cries' as to the violence and the robberies carried on in the City of London." This "pamphlet" is evidently Defoe's last written work, but no inkling of the fact is vouchsafed. A versified note on the appearance of the country on the skirts of London in 1783, in the chapter on "The Extent and Aspects of the City," is very interesting for its photographic picture of the dreary builders' zone which was even then between London and the country. It is an unusual little document, but all we learn is: "It is a poet who speaks or sings." The poet was Charles Jenner, and the lines appear in his "Town Eclogue," first published, not in 1783, but in 1772. These are but a few instances, taken at random, of a needless reticence. A work of this kind has nothing to lose by generosity in the matter of foot-notes and references; but Sir Walter Besant seems to have dreaded them. It is a pity, because their absence deprives his books of much helpfulness, isolating them somewhat from their predecessors and successors.

Of the present lordly quarto volume it may be said that it fairly represents that "Survey" which Sir Walter Besant conceived, and which he used to refer to as his "magnum opus." It is a worthy literary monument to his deep knowledge and love of London.

Publisher and Authors.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GEORG JOACHIM GOSCHEN, PUBLISHER AND PRINTER OF LEIPZIG, 1752-1828. By his Grandson, Viscount Goschen. 2 vols. Illustrated. (Murray. 36s. net.)

VISCOUNT GOSCHEN, in these two bulky volumes, has set forth the career of his grandfather, a German publisher of the eighteenth century in the town of Leipzig; as recorded in his letters and business documents. Georg Joachim Goschen was no ordinary publisher—indeed, one may fairly say a very extraordinary publisher; and the record is put together with much skill and sense of selection. The elder Goschen became a publisher when German literature was in the thick of its heroic period, and was himself actively concerned in the building-up of that period. He had a genius for his calling: a remarkable energy, self-reliance, and business capacity. He began his publishing business on a capital of something over four hundred and fifty pounds: yet in the teeth of all difficulties he never flinched from heavy enterprises, and contrived, himself a struggling publisher of scanty means, to forward struggling authors of scanty means. He possessed the exceedingly rare combination of business faculty with keen literary sensibility—even to a degree of what we modern Englishmen would consider sentimentality. His calling and career brought him into close touch with the greatest German authors of his time; and it is here that comes in the attraction of his biography. His relations with Goethe and Schiller alone compose an interesting chapter of literary history.

With Schiller especially. He backed Schiller, young, striving, and almost desperate, when to back Schiller was a generous deed; and Schiller famous and prosperous repaid him very scurvily. That is our judgment, on Viscount Goschen's narrative; and the narrative is drawn from the correspondence (chiefly) of Schiller himself and the elder Goschen's rival-publisher, Cotta: so there seems little room for misjudgment. But the beginning of their relations is a publisher's idyll. Goschen was a friend of the quartette (Körner, Huber, and the two Fraulein Stocks) who lured Schiller from Mannheim to Leipzig, and formed with him a romantic fraternity. Körner, indeed (the father of the afterwards famous poet of the German rising against Napoleon), was Schiller's saviour, paying his debts and aiding him with money repeatedly; and Körner was Goschen's partner in business. The quartette began by sending the young poet they admired a joint letter of sympathetic encouragement. Körner enclosed a musical setting of one of Schiller's songs; Minna Stock had worked a pocket-book; Dora Stock sent a sketch of the four anonymous enthusiasts. It was all very German and of the age. But Schiller discovered the names of the four, and was on fire with gratitude and characteristically sudden rapture of friendship. This was the unknown thing which his life had lacked; and existence was insupportable unless he forthwith migrated to Leipzig. But without paying his debts he could not move; without money he could not pay his debts; they must get him money. He had a periodical, "Thalia," which he could make over to a Leipzig publisher; would they procure him three hundred thalers on that security? Of course, the friends must have their Schiller; no money, no Schiller, therefore Schiller must have his money. They turned to Goschen; Goschen agreed to take over the "Thalia," and so he too was drawn into the band of Schiller-devotees. Stipulating that his coming should be kept secret from "the girls" (Minna and Dora Stock) till they had planned a little hoax on them, Schiller hastened into his worshippers' arms (he was always in a hurry for someone's arms).

It was Schiller who was hoaxed. Having promised to call on a lady (name not given) when he arrived, this is what happened, according to an account long afterwards

written (it is imagined) by Goschen. Schiller was announced:—

What? This pleasant, self-satisfied man! [It was Huber.] these lively and sparkling eyes! this satirical mouth! this elegant light clothing! this easy bearing! this polite condescension! this easy, mocking way of talking!—was Schiller all this? The reality had pleased her much, but not just in the way she had expected. . . . The servant entered and announced "Herr Schiller," and at once the mystery seemed solved—a stranger had played her a trick, and this was the real Schiller. . . . Scarcely of medium stature, of powerful, not of stout build; large, candid eyes, full of intellect; an earnest mien, and rather severe and commanding glance—his words few but incisive; his speech slow, impressive, and musical. . . . This visitor certainly answered more to the conception she had formed; but once more the servant entered and announced, "There is another Herr Schiller without, and he begs." And, to her astonishment, a tall, lean man, with large joints, very marked features, pale yellow complexion, deeply set but penetrating eyes; a somewhat fixed, but not repellent look; with somewhat negligent garments—entered and said in a monotonous, hollow voice, "I owe you thanks," &c. This Schiller of course she believed to be a hoax, and matters were becoming rather strained . . . when once more the servant appeared and informed her that the two other Herr Schillers desired to speak again with her. . . . They came up to apologise for the practical joke which they had played on her, and the mystery was at once cleared up by Schiller recognising in the two who had assumed his name, his friends Huber and Jünger.

It is worth quoting, for Goschen's description of Schiller, whom he knew so well. For presently Schiller retreated to the little village of Gohlis, outside Leipzig; where among the woods and meadows of the "Rose Valley," as it was called, he became Goschen's guest for half a year. In the following year Goschen himself wrote of this experience to Bertuch:—

For half a year I lived with Schiller in one room. He inspired me with the tenderest friendship and esteem. His gentle demeanour and the gentle tone of his spirit in social gatherings, compared with the productions of his muse, are to me a riddle. I cannot tell you how yielding and grateful he is to every critic, how he strives for his moral perfection, and how disposed he is to patient reflection. He knew that Moritz had reviewed him scornfully in the Berlin paper. Nevertheless, when Moritz was here, he received him with such esteem and pleasing politeness, that Moritz, on going away, embraced him and assured him of his eternal friendship. With the greatest earnestness, with moving eloquence, with tears in his eyes, Schiller has often exhorted me, young Huber, Ober-Consistorial-Rath Körner, Jünger the poet, each to employ all his powers in his own vocation to become men whom the world would one day be unwilling to lose. We have all much to thank him for, and I shall remember him with gladness even in the hour of my death.

It is well to have Goschen's testimony, for one does not always associate such gentleness and sweetness of character with the impetuous poet and part-author of the ferocious "Xenia." For the rest, the exuberant sentiment of the letter exhibits that remarkable union of qualities in Goschen to which we before referred. It is all amazing to an Englishman. Conceive an English poet worth his salt, conceive Shakespeare, conceive even Shelley with his effusive ideals and universal benevolence, speechifying to his friends with moving eloquence and superfluous tears about the lofty use of their powers. When the friends entered an inn after a meeting with Körner, Schiller tells Körner—

Your health was drunk. Silently we gazed at each other, a solemn sense of devotion filled our minds, and all of us had tears in our eyes which we forced ourselves to repress. Goschen said that he still felt this glass of wine burning in every limb; Huber's face was as red as fire as he confessed that he had never before tasted wine so good.

Dear young men! they wept with fluency. On the appropriate occasion they always have tears in their eyes. But Goschen afforded Schiller more than tears. From

this time throughout the period of their connection he was always liberal in payment, and ready with advances to meet Schiller's constant necessities. This although his capital was for long small, and he grumbled that the German public was scandalously "impervious." "Twenty people read, and only one buys," he said—a charge miserably true of the English people in these days of Free Libraries, Circulating Libraries, and Mr. Carnegie. His most important publication for Schiller was the drama of "Don Carlos," while the "Thalia" continued to run, though Schiller had left Leipzig. But before the breach between them, to which we shall come back, Goschen had signalled himself by the acquisition of Goethe. The glimpses of Goethe in this book, though fairly numerous, are not interesting. Goethe was seeking a publisher for his collected works, but his terms made publishers falter. Bertuch communicated with Goschen on Goethe's behalf, and Goschen undertook the task. With one exception, it was solely in this matter that Goethe and Goschen were concerned: they never met or became friends, and Goethe's letters relate wholly to the business-affair and the forwarding of copy from Italy,—for Goethe chose this moment for his famous Italian journey. Nothing of his intellectual side comes out in the letters. Perhaps, indeed, the most interesting light on Goethe is a mere side-light, in the impression he made on Wieland. Wieland was a literary ruler before Goethe arose; Goethe had satirised him with little, if any, just provocation; finally supplanted him in the affections of the famous Duke of Saxe-Weimar. Yet after meeting him, Wieland wrote of Goethe with sheer idolatry. Thus, to Jacobi he wrote:—

How entirely I felt at the first glance that Goethe was a man after my own heart! How I fell in love with the splendid youth as I sat by his side at the table! All that I can say . . . is this: since that morning my soul is as full of Goethe as a dewdrop of the morning sun.

And nine weeks later to Zimmerman:—

To-day I have seen him for the first time in his complete splendour—in his complete, beautiful, pure humanity. In a moment of ecstasy I knelt down beside him, pressed my soul to his heart, and worshipped God!

These Germans! But yet, let us admit a certain moderation: when he accomplished the singular gymnastic feat recorded in the final sentence, the tears were not in his eyes.

Goschen's collection of Goethe's works would be memorable for one fact alone: the fragment of "Faust," ultimately to evolve into his masterpiece, first appeared in it. Yet the German public, indifferent to his "beautiful, pure humanity," received the collection coldly: it was no great success, after the great labour and capital expended on it. This, and Goethe's exacting terms, must have cooled Goschen; for when Goethe, entering a new field, offered him his famous essay, "On the Metamorphosis of Plants," he refused it. The experts, of course, sneered at the poet essaying science, which was another reason. It cost Goschen his connection with Goethe, who was willing to have made him his sole publisher. Perhaps the same tendency to draw back just when he should have gone forward made him decline Schiller's new periodical, "Die Horen," which was to assemble the intellect of Germany. The result was that Schiller accepted the overtures of Cotta; and once engaged with him over "Die Horen," gradually succumbed to him altogether, placing in his hands the edition of his complete works, and assigning to him the sole publication of his further writings. The quarrel between the two publishers broke out formally over the inclusion in the complete edition of "Don Carlos," already held by Goschen. But the real grievance was that Schiller had given his writings at large to another man. It had been understood that Goschen should have first claim on his work; Goschen was his early and proved friend, had stood by him in the

years of famine, had been his good helper when money was a crying need to him. He might well look to share the profits of his risen fame. But Schiller kicked down the ladder he had climbed, and went to another man. He did not even write to his friend on the matter, but left Cotta to transact negotiations. No marvel Goschen lost his temper with Cotta, or felt bitterness. There was no question even of higher pay from Cotta. For three years Schiller and Goschen were asunder. Then they renewed friendship; and it speaks much for Goschen's good heart that he should have renewed friendship, since to the last Schiller never renewed his publishing connection with his old friend. We cannot but feel that the poet was seriously ungrateful; and this record of Goschen's experience is scarce encouraging to publishers minded, at some risk and trouble, to encourage young and ill-rewarded genius.

An Icelandic Tale.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF CORMAC THE SKALD. Rendered into English by W. G. Collingwood and Jón Stefansson. (W. Holmes, Ulverston.)

MR. COLLINGWOOD and Mr. Stefansson have translated between them in "Cormac the Skald" a Saga of particular interest, and we have to thank Mr. Collingwood in especial for a very interesting Introduction in which he summarises the motive of this Icelandic tale, which "is the biography of an important historical personage." Cormac the Skald, "a thorough Irishman," whose ancestors must have migrated to Iceland about 931, is thus interpreted for us by Mr. Collingwood:—

The story of a poet, poor and proud, with all the strength and all the weakness of genius. He loves a fine lady, a spoiled child, who bewitches him and jilts him and jilts him again. He fights for her, rhymes for her, and rises for her sake to the height of all that a man in his age could achieve. Then, after years, he has her at his feet and learns her heartlessness and worthlessness. He bids her farewell; but dies in the end with her name on his lips. This is the motive of the book, very modern, we should call it.

In truth the saga is far more modern in tone than, say, "The Story of Burnt Njall," and we are not quite convinced by Mr. Collingwood when he argues that the people who put it into permanent literary shape "between 1250 and 1300" were more or less faithfully transmitting it as it was told two hundred years earlier. "It is a coarse rough story of coarse rough life," says the late Dr. Guðbrand Vigfússon, "and it would seem that the early and rude language of the first version was preserved in the later book, which is the most primitive piece of Icelandic prose-writing that has come down to us." This may be perfectly true, and yet the thirteenth century transcribers by eking out the primitive outline of the tale, and by turning parts of it into the language of their day, may have introduced into it its curiously modern feeling. Mr. Collingwood does not commit himself definitely on the point, which, of course, as in the case of all recensions of primitive pieces of literature, must always be highly debatable. However, taking the saga as it stands, it is certainly a very interesting document, and if we are to trust its evidence we must find that human nature in the Iceland of a thousand years ago was pretty much the same as in England to-day. A man was crossed in love and turned "viking," and harassed the coast of Ireland as a natural sequence, just as our younger sons go out to Rhodesia or Somaliland to-day. Steingerd, the faithless woman of the piece, behaves extremely like the heroine of George Egerton's "Keynotes." Cormac certainly gave her cause:—

Afterwards many people had their say in this manner; but in the end it came to this—that he asked for her, and she was pledged to him, and the wedding was fixed; and so all was quiet for a while.

Then she had words. There was some falling-out about settling down to such a pass that after everything

was ready, Cormac began to cool-off. But the real reason was, that Thorveig had bewitched him so that they should never have one another. . . . Cormac never came to the wedding at the time it was fixed, and the hour passed by. This the kinsfolk of Steingerd thought a slight, deeming that he had broken off the match; and they had much talk about it.

We can imagine the sort of talk that went round the countryside. Anyway, Steingerd's family shortly afterwards married her off willy nilly to Bersi, a famous fighter, and Cormac, after chasing the bride and bridegroom to their door, challenged Bersi to fight "at the holmgang." But Cormac is again unlucky; he borrows a famous sword Sköfnung, but only succeeds in slicing off the tip of his adversary's sword Whitting, and the flying splinter wounds Cormac in the hand. Men said, of course, that there was witchcraft in the business; and Skeggi, a man of the old school who lent the sword, was disgusted, and said the "holmgang" had been brought to scorn. Steinar, Cormac's uncle, took his part, and picked a quarrel with Bersi, saying, "All we want to teach thee is thy true place"; and Bersi, having lost the charm he wore round his neck, was wounded as a matter of course. Then Steingerd, because her husband's wound healed slowly, and people no doubt jeered at him, got discontented, and "when she had got everything ready for going away," she twitted him with his wound, "and spoke her divorce from him"; and she took up, later on, with Thorvald, "a wealthy man, a smith and a skald, but mean-spirited for all that." Cormac goes off as a Viking, wins great renown, comes back, meets Steingerd, and passes a night with her "in a little farm where they were taken in and treated well." "That night they slept each on either side of the carven wainscot that parted bed from bed"; and Cormac made several songs in praise of his lady. But Steingerd was not to be mollified. She only replied: "Thou didst let me go once for all; and there is no more hope for thee." In vain Cormac rescued her twice from pirates when her mean husband Thorvald refused to risk himself; it was all no good, and even when Thorvald, shamed, said: "Go along with Cormac, for he has fairly won you, and manfully," Steingerd said: "Nay, I will not change knives." Cormac's great mistake, in fact, was that he behaved like a refined modern man. Just at the critical moment he sang songs to his mistress, and gave her the option of going with him or not, and Steingerd, no doubt, would have responded to somewhat rougher treatment. However, the reader can study the Saga for himself and see whether he is of our mind.

Mr. Collingwood takes his readers into his confidence in his introduction, and lays before them all the difficulties of translating adequately the Skald's verses. We cannot be ungrateful for the manifold experiments and the great labour these must have cost him, and we do not doubt that the form he has finally settled on is one that reproduces the characteristic features of the original. We must, however, admit that we find the verses a little too obscure and a little too difficult to read to get much pleasure from. We much prefer the alternative form he gives us on page 14 of his introduction, and we hope that, later on, he will give us a version in the short metre. Meanwhile we can only thank him heartily for the care and skill with which he has edited the Saga, and the admirable prose style of which he and his co-editor have command.

A Lippo Lippi of Poetry.

SKELTON: A SELECTION FROM THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN SKELTON. With Introduction, Notes, and Glossary. By W. H. Williams. (Isbister. 2s. 6d.)

WE may be grateful to Mr. Williams for these specimens of a very curious and unique author—the more curious because, with all his popularity during his life, he exercised no influence upon the after-development of English

literature, but remained a sport and by-product (so to speak). It has very careful and scholarly notes, besides the needful glossary; and a judicious introduction, summarising the little known about Skelton's life, and the references to him in subsequent literature; besides giving a list of his works, lost or extant, and a brief but sufficient critique of his merits and place in English literature. The book, as Mr. Williams says, though designed primarily for students of early Tudor literature, has also an eye to the possible general reader; though we fear that vaguely formidable person is like to let it severely alone. The four poems chosen are fairly representative of Skelton's better work; though to be representative of all his characteristic aspects it should have comprised some such ribald poem as "The Tunning of Eleanor Rummyng," with its coarse but lively pictures of lower-class life under the first Tudors. And we could have desired that most charming Skeltonism which celebrates—

Merry Margret,
That midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower.

But as a whole it gives a very good idea of Mr. Alfred Austin's Tudor predecessor.

A strange and far from reputable voice in English song was John Skelton; a kind of poetic and very Anglo-Saxon Lippo Lippi. Whether he were a Cumbrian or a Norfolk man is uncertain: we should be disposed to fancy him Cumberland by birth and early residence, Norfolk by connection and subsequent rearing. His university associations are just as mixed: he seems to have been educated first at Cambridge, and afterwards to have become connected with Oxford, which made him laureate. Then he was tutor to Prince Henry, afterwards the truculent Henry VIII.; and (perhaps for the purpose) took Holy Orders, becoming priest, and ultimately Rector of Diss in Norfolk. His Court career, as favourite of Henry VIII., who called him his "Vicar of hell," was reckless enough, one may guess; and ended in disgrace and imprisonment. Taking up his position as Rector of Diss, he seems to have been a devil-may-care rector indeed, if tales told of him have any truth; and his lampoons and epigrams on his parishioners do by no means suggest a man of God. His poems would alone bear out the stories of his life. They are reckless, satirical, ribald, fanciful, graceful; the very metre (which is all his own) is a metre in a state of dissolution—wild, light, flexible, with a Bohemian happiness. The substance is like unto the man: pedantic, smelling of the scholar-priest, yet withal vigorous, vernacular, caustic, abusive, and strangely shot with wild and dancing lights of daintiness. Not a great poet, not even an important poet, not a considerable poet—nay, doubtfully a poet at all; yet with suggestions of neglected and haphazard powers: interesting to the scholar rather than the general reader. Not a man of principle: he began as hanger-on and eulogist of Wolsey, then turned his audacious satirist; once a courtier, then a popular advocate, an assailant of abuses in Church and State. In this style can he write, when he makes a damsel mourn her sparrow:—

Sometimes he would gasp
When he saw a wasp;
A fly or gnat
He would fly at that;
And prettily he would pant
When he saw an ant;
Lord, how he would pry
After the butterfly!
Lord, how he would hop
After the gressop!
And when I said, Phyp, Phyp,
Then he would leap and skip,
And take me by the lip.
Alas! it will me slo,
That Philip is gone me fro!

But he can also pour out the coarsest ribaldries: altogether a vagabond voice of English song. And at that, after all, we must leave him.

Old-World Moralities.

THE BOOKE OF THENSEYGEEMENTES AND TECHYNGE THAT THE KNYGHT OF THE TOWRE MADE TO HIS DAUGHTERS. (Newnes. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS quaintly-named book is a selection (comprising about half of the original) from the rare translation by Caxton, of which there are two copies in the British Museum. There is an earlier translation than Caxton's, which never went beyond MS., made by an anonymous translator in the reign of Henry VI. It is of more literary merit than Caxton's (for the celebrated printer knew French ill, and was diffident as to the quality of his English); and the Early English Text Society published it in 1868. Caxton's version seems to have been chosen for the present selection solely because it is rare and has not been reprinted—surely an inadequate reason, when the other is admittedly superior. The French original was written in the latter part of the fourteenth century by the Chevalier Geoffroy de la Tour Landry, for the purpose of teaching his little daughters to read, and also imparting to them all the lessons of morality and behaviour suitable to young demoiselles of good birth. In those days, you see, when a papa wanted a First Reader for his little misses, he went and made one—if he was able. The Knight of the Tower (as Caxton calls him) was able; and he made a reading-book which should instruct his mediæval young ladies after his own heart. It found favour in the sight of other mediæval French papas; for it was immensely popular in the land of its nativity. Perhaps the papas (not to speak of the mammas) themselves were not above reading it; and this would not be surprising. A great many English misses nowadays would be glad to substitute this collection of quaint (the much-tried word is unavoidable) and curious stories for the not too seductive compilations on which they cut their literary milk-teeth. Caxton considered that it taught tender demoiselles "how they ought to govern them virtuously in this present life." That is as may be; but the point, from the learner's standpoint, is that the stories are most unscholastically interesting.

If a young lady is to learn the evils of vanity, and the desirableness (from the parental standpoint) of economy in dress; how shall she absorb the lesson more delightfully than by reading the tale of the knight with three wives? It was the first wife who had an extravagant wardrobe. And the result was that a holy hermit had a vision of her, after her death; of which, in our extract, we take leave to modernise the spelling:—

He saw the poor soul before Saint Michael the Archangel, and the fiend at the other side, and was in a balance, and her good deeds with her. And at the other side was the devil with all her evil deeds, which grieved and troubled her sore. It were her gowns that were of much fine cloth, and furred of calabre, letuce, and ermine. And the devil cried with a high voice and said, "Sire, this woman had ten pair of gowns long and short, and ye know well she had with half of them enough, that is, a long gown, two kirtles, and two *cotes hardies* or two short gowns, and therewith she might have be pleased and sufficed, as a good and simple lady, and after God and right she hath had of them too much by the half; and of the value of one of her gowns, fifty poor people had had fifty ells of burell or frieze, which have suffered such cold and such misese about them, and yet she never took pity on them." Then took the devil her gowns, rings, and jewels that she had had of the men by love, also all the vain and idle words that she had said of other by envy and taken away their good renomme . . . but all this together he did put in the balance. And . . . much more they weighed than did all the good that ever she had done.

A very statistical devil, and of a good conscience, with much zeal for the poor, and speaks as though he were a

husband himself. Then is there the pie (magpie) that betrayed the wife's eating of a "great eel," to her husband who designed it for a present; and was plucked by the irate lady. Wherefore, when any man "bald or pilled" came to the house, the said pie cried, "Ye have told my lord of the eel." Such are the simple old-world japes and moralities of this book; the ancient spelling of which, however, may frighten off the children, though their elders will find it both curious and diverting.

Superfluous.

GEORGE DOUGLAS BROWN. By Cuthbert Lennox. (Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)

Six months ago the author of "The House with the Green Shutters" died, and already we have his biography put into our hands. Such haste, at best, could hardly be justified, and in the present case we feel that no need existed for such a book at all. Brown wrote one successful and most promising book; on that his reputation stands. We cannot think that the public desired any detailed life, and certainly no real service is rendered to Brown's memory or to letters by this volume. The note is pitched too high; hardly more could have been said for Brown if he had produced half-a-dozen works of genius, instead of one work of distinguished talent. We have no desire to depreciate Brown's accomplishment, but it is necessary, it would seem, to defend his true position from the eulogies of indiscreet friendship. We are told by Mr. Lennox that "The House with the Green Shutters" became the most talked of book in literary circles, both in this country and America." We cannot speak for America, but certainly at no time was it the "most talked of book" in London.

The details of Brown's life, as set forth by Mr. Lennox, present no particular points for comment; they represent the usual struggles and difficulties which have been the commonplaces of the literary life to scores of men who have had to make their way, and to scores of men who are making their way to-day. Brown, perhaps, took himself more seriously than most men; he meant to be a novelist, and to that end he made some sacrifices. But in that he was not singular, as Mr. Lennox seems to suppose.

Mr. Melville, whose reminiscences of Brown, reprinted from "The Bookman," follow Mr. Lennox's memoir, is on the whole rather more discreet; yet even Mr. Melville insists upon saying the wholly unnecessary. When Brown's success came, we read, "he neither rioted in it nor shunned it. He was not humble about his book and its success, but he remained practically unaffected by it. . . . His dress was as careless as ever, his habits Bohemian as they had always been, his visits to his friends as unexpected, and his conversation of the same range and quality as during the time of his obscurity." Why should such things be set down? It is surely no compliment to the memory of a man to say that he remembered his friends, that he was perhaps wiser than his eulogists, and that he continued to talk after success as he had talked before it came. The impression left by such a volume as this, indeed, is by no means that which the authors would appear to have intended. They make the ordinary decencies of life and social conduct into signs and tokens of the greatness of the individual. We need hardly say that the point of view is absurdly narrow and without any broad justification whatever.

It is the same with regard to Brown's religious views. Those views, so far as we can gather, appear to have been the views which most young men of talent and strong personality have held at one time or another. Mr. Melville writes: "I hope it is not necessary to explain that it is not intended here to claim Brown for an orthodox Christian. That he never had been, probably

never could have become." And then Mr. Melville proceeds to talk about "his royal arrogance of intellect." Such "royal arrogance" is usually the indication of an immaturity from which Brown suffered, no doubt, in common with many greater men.

Mr. Lang's introduction is the best part of this otherwise superfluous volume. It is human, kindly, and not overloaded, and its conclusion will touch most readers:—

In thinking of him and reading about him, I am reminded of two others who never reached success, and of one who did—Thomas Davidson (the Scottish Probationer); R. F. Murray, the student poet of the scarlet gown, and Robert Louis Stevenson. It is natural to regret that Mr. Stevenson never met Mr. Brown; often, on a hundred occasions, one misses him, and his power of appreciating things and men. "They all are gone into the world of light."

Other New Books.

THE CRICKLETON CHRONICLES. By W. Carter Platts. (Jarrold.)

THERE are some books that give themselves away with their titles; and this is one. The practised reader would guess that the "Crickleton Chronicles" would be funny after the manner of Albert Smith, a manner which still subsists and earns innumerable halfpennies in "Funny Cuts" of various names. Many things happened at Crickleton. For example, Widow Macwillin married old Grigson, and insisted on a musical service. But the organist was taken ill. However, the best man remembered that his neighbour had a mechanical organette that could play "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden," and other things. He borrowed it. You foresee the obvious and infuriating sequel. Of course the organette, as the couple marched down the aisle, struck up "The Wrong Man." And then we have a picture of old Grigson finishing the organette in the chapel yard. London is full of errand-boys to whom the joke will come as a revelation.

But the essence of the book is the cowboy's courtship. He had come from "the Rockies" to Crickleton, and picked up Miss Carson on the verandah with the idea that she was his sister. He kissed her. "'Sir!' she indignantly cried, blushing crimson as the hot blood surged to her face and neck." You foresee the awful anguish of Jack Raeburn when the mistake is discovered, and the confusion of Miss Carson. That is the convention. But the reality would be simply a laugh at the mistake. However, Jack Raeburn and Miss Carson fall into each other's arms, only to discover that the grandfather of the one flogged the grandmother of the other in Delaware some half century ago. That, of course, in the opinion of the squire (her father) and of Miss Carson (for a time) settles it. A man may not marry his grandmother, but he is responsible for his grandfather. That is the conventional attitude of the squire in fiction. We will not follow out the story to its end, but the conclusion may be given. It occurs in chapter twenty, which by a rare stroke of humour appears at the beginning. "So they were married at eleven o'clock this morning, and have lived happily ever since."

A WOMAN'S WANDERINGS AND TRIALS DURING THE ANGLO-BOER WAR. By Mrs. (General) De la Rey. (Unwin. 2s. 6d.)

MRS. DE LA REY'S narrative has the value of directness and simplicity; beyond that, as a contribution to the history of the war, it is of small account. Mrs. De la Rey has that kind of sincere piety which expresses itself in the continual use of Biblical quotation, generally apt enough, but sometimes almost funny. The book reveals a personality eminently domestic, eminently practical, and quite

incapable of more than one point of view. The singleness of the point of view was, of course, to be expected: the Boers were God's chosen fighting for freedom. Of the true facts of the situation Mrs. De la Rey has no idea; she was merely the wife of a soldier in what to her was the just cause. Yet even in her narrative, with all the inevitable prejudice which marks it, we see with what magnanimity the war was conducted. The more we read of the South African war, indeed, the more it becomes clear that no war was ever waged with more of true courtesy. In Mrs. De la Rey's story it is the kaffirs and not the "khakis" who made themselves objectionable. The author, naturally, has to tell of things which appear terrible enough, but there is no hint of unnecessary or meaningless destruction. And Mrs. De la Rey was herself sometimes a woman first and a partisan second. When Lord Methuen was a wounded prisoner Mrs. De la Rey went to see him in memory of the days when he had sent her out of Lichtenburg:—

When I got there, one of our people, a man called Tom, said that he did not want to see any visitors. . . . All the same, when he heard that I was there, he said that I might come in—that he would like to see me. I went into the tent; there lay the great, strong man wounded above the knee, right through the bone. . . . I had a fat chicken killed, and took some biscuits and sent them with the chicken to the wounded lord.

Yet even concerning so small an attention there were people who could ask why it should be bestowed "upon such a man." Of many of the hardships incident to most warfare this book has no hint. There was food, and even reasonable shelter, for the women and children. Mrs. De la Rey's younger children enjoyed the fun.

A DESCRIPTIVE GUIDE TO THE BEST FICTION. By Ernest A. Baker. (Sonnenschein. 8s. 6d. net.)

A LABORIOUS compilation, running to over six hundred pages. The author says:—

The object of this book is to supply a fairly complete list of the best prose fiction in English, including, not all that interests students, but all that the ordinary reader is likely to care about, with as much description of matter and style, for the guidance of readers, as can be condensed into a few lines of print for each book.

Books which in the author's opinion are masterpieces or peculiarly representative are marked by asterisks, and a number of translations have been included. The volume opens with the names of three authors under the Fifteenth Century; under the Sixteenth Century there are seven names, and under the Seventeenth five. In the Eighteenth Century the names and works begin to multiply, and the Nineteenth marshals in an innumerable host. Perhaps of necessity this innumerable host includes much which cannot by any standard be considered to come near the "best" in fiction; but, as Mr. Baker says, he has been able "merely to select a few thousand novels from the legions and legions that have issued from the press." On the whole the selection is reasonably good.

NEW EDITIONS: The latest volume in Messrs. Macmillan's three-and-sixpenny edition of Mr. Thomas Hardy's novels is "Jude the Obscure." Mr. Hardy's brief and memorable preface is of course included.—In Messrs. Dent's reprint of Thackeray's prose works, "The Irish Sketch Book" has just reached us. Mr. Walter Jerrold's bibliographical note is brief and to the point.—Messrs. Newnes's thin-paper edition of Lord Lytton's "Night and Morning" strikes us at first with a sense of strangeness. One always felt that only ordinary paper could support Lord Lytton's style. But a glance at these pages reassures us of the fact that Lytton was a born story-writer.

Fiction.

THE LITTLE RED FISH. By Philip Laurence Oliphant. (Arnold. 6s.)

THE only condition upon which one can consent to be interested in a Hindu fetish upon which depends the welfare of a native dynasty is that it shall be made convincingly to appear to fulfil its mission. A fetish that in the most deplorable way fails to come within shouting distance of success might just as well have been made in Birmingham.

The heroine of Mr. Oliphant's tale possesses in the red fish a kind of title-deed to the territory of her maternal grandmother, who had made a *mésalliance* with a no more than respectable European. In a country house where her uncanny tricks gave her an evil reputation, she encounters an English officer, who in South Africa (of course) had distinguished himself by carrying out the Wonderland principle of "Sentence first"; and that, said Kara in effect, is the man for me. So she showed him her treasure and swore him to secrecy, and hypnotised and kissed him; but failed on the whole to persuade him to become her ally. And when she arrived in state at Moralsapur to reap the fruit of a *coup d'état*, this Gerald Paulett had already been appointed by the Government of India to the post of President of the Council. A last appeal failed, and the next morning Kara is found dead by her own hand.

The other string to the author's bow is the love story of Paulett with a charming widow, and Paulett's appointment to a post at the War Office affords an opportunity for an exposure of the system which the author, who is ingenious in the invention of chapter-headings, embraces under the title of Tape Vermilion.

On such lines the book is worked out handily enough to keep the reader for an hour or so pleasantly concerned.

THE RED HOUSE. By E. Nesbit. (Methuen. 6s.)

IT is a question whether it is not always a pity to write a story in the first person. The fact that some of the best stories in the language have been written in this way does not affect the question at all, because there is no reason why they should not have been better stories still if they had been written impersonally. The children's instinct to avoid what they call "I stories" is probably the right one. But, in any case, most people will agree that for a woman-writer to tell a story in the guise of a man is a distinct risk, and a risk not worth taking. And E. Nesbit is a particularly feminine woman-writer; that is the secret of her charm. So we feel resentful when she cheats us of what she has taught us to expect from her, for the sake of masquerading in doublet and hose. "The Red House," while not by any means a strong book, would be a very pretty study in sentiment if the narrator had been the wife instead of the husband. But so feminine is the whole purpose and outlook of the book that it is difficult at times not to forget that the "I" of its pages is the person called Len, and not the one called Chloe. We wish very heartily that it had been the person called Chloe, for by letting her husband tell the tale she has left us to form the impression of a most effeminate and rather tiresome young man, who would never, we feel sure, have deserved all the kisses he seems to get in the book. And talking of kisses, we come to the story itself. There is very little story, for the plot deals only with the doings of a very young married couple, who go to live in an old house that is much too large for them, and tumble in and out of mild scrapes and difficulties in consequence. The only value the book could have would lie in the way it is done; and we have said what we think of the way in which it is done.

The young married couple by this time needs more careful doing than it is likely to receive at the hands of a man who has all the while the heart of a woman. That kind of man is all very well when he is explained by a woman, but when he explains himself on every page of "The Red House,"—well, it makes us want to go back to "The Treasure Seekers," and all the other delightful books where E. Nesbit is not pretending to be some one else.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER. BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

The history of Julie Le Breton, the central figure, is known to a few of the habitués of Lady Henry Delafield's drawing-room. Some of them knew her mother, Lady Rose, and the reason of her flight to Belgium, where she died. All feel the influence of Julie Le Breton's fascination, particularly two men, a self-seeking soldier and the heir-presumptive to a dukedom. A searching and sympathetic study of character, the theme being the purifying and ennobling power of love. (Smith Elder. 6s.)

THE BETTER SORT. BY HENRY JAMES.

Eleven characteristic short stories. Some of the titles are "Broken Wings," "The Tone of Time," "Mrs. Medwin," "Flickerbridge," "The Beast in the Jungle." The first story opens with this sentence: "Conscious as he was of what was between them, though perhaps less conscious than ever of why there should at that time of day be anything, he would yet scarce have supposed they could be so long in a house together without some word or some look." (Methuen. 6s.)

THE GREY WIG. BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

"This volume," says Mr. Zangwill in a prefatory note, " . . . embraces my newest and oldest work." The book contains eight stories in varying moods, though most, as the author tells us in the dedication, "are mainly a study of woman." The title story is Mr. Zangwill almost at his best; in the second, "Chassé-Croisé," we have the ironic Mr. Zangwill. "'Love!' Her voice was bitter. 'Any bench in the park, any alley in Highmead, swarms with love.'" "The Big Bow Mystery" looks rather out of place in this collection. (Heinemann. 6s.)

PEARL MAIDEN. BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"A tale of the Fall of Jerusalem." The story opens at Cæsarea. "Herod Agrippa . . . now at the very apex of his power, celebrated a festival in honour of the Emperor Claudius, to which had flocked all the mightiest in the land and tens of thousands of the people." We hear of "the new sect called Christians," some of whom are to be cast to the wild beasts in the circus. (Longmans. 6s.)

THE HILL OF TROUBLE. BY A. C. BENSON.

A collection of twelve short stories, the note of which is struck in the quotation from Sir E. Burne-Jones which introduces them: "I mean by a picture a beautiful, romantic dream of something that never was, never will be—in a light better than any light that ever shone—in a land no one can define or remember, only desire—and the forms divinely beautiful—and then I wake up with the waking of Brynhild." The stories are touched with allegory, and have a quiet distinction and charm. (Isbister. 6s.)

HER LADYSHIP. BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

"A Romance of the House of Valmore." When the story opens "the eighteenth century was moribund, and the lurid star of the great-little Napoleon, newly risen

above the horizon, was drawing all men's eyes to itself. . . ." We are introduced to Philip Gervis Valmore, Baron St. Oswyth, and then Mr. Speight proceeds to develop one of his familiar mystery stories. The last sentence runs: "One mystery they were destined never to fathom, and that was why her son did not succeed to the St. Oswyth peerage." (Chatto. 3s. 6d.)

CORNET STRONG OF IRETON'S HORSE. BY DORA GREENWELL MCCHESENEY.

A vigorous and effective historical novel. "'To-morrow,' said the man at length. 'So long I have been withheld by sickness and captivity; but to-morrow I must set forth.' 'It is the Lord's Day, but the work is His,' assented the woman, and laid a steady hand on the sword hilt." The story takes us to Marston Moor and Newbury Field, and skilfully suggests the fever and action of the time. The book also has human feeling and a strong sense of form. (Lane. 6s.)

MARTY. BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

Marty's mother conducted a second-hand clothes business, first in Great Castle Street, and then at a small villa in Rose Diamond Road. Marty married a clerk in a Government office with aristocratic connections, and then realising that her husband had "married beneath him," went away in order not to ruin his career. Mrs. Stannard tells the story with the ease and simplicity familiar to her readers. (White. 6s.)

'BERT EDWARD. BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

The story of a golf caddie. "It was some years ago that 'Bert Edward arrived at St. Rule," and Mr. Hutchinson tells us that the picture of Pat Rogie does not hold good for the young professional golfer at St. Andrews in the present day. For "golping Scotland has arrived at a general standard of sobriety that would have shocked some of the older generation very badly." 'Bert Edward came from the Highlands, where an accident to his foot made it impossible for him to walk the heather. There is a "love interest." (Murray. 2s. 6d.)

THE KNIGHT PUNCTILIOUS. BY ARTHUR MOORE.

A complicated will story. Lady Fratton's will, made upon "one of those admirable printed forms—only fourpence half-penny at the stores," decides the destiny of the chief characters. Miles Vandale, who unexpectedly came into the money, was punctilious in the discharge of his father's liabilities. In obscurity he had entertained literary ambitions. (Methuen. 6s.)

SEAWARD FOR THE FOE. BY HEADON HILL.

"The long-threatened war-cloud had burst at last, and Great Britain stood face to face with allied France and Russia for the death-grip." A French submarine gunboat appears at Bournemouth, and Lieutenant Lesource calls at the Bath Hotel to demand of a South African millionaire who happens to be staying there, an indemnity of £500,000. "If not paid Captain de Boutron very much regret his duty to lay the town of Bournemouth in ashes. He beg me to say the 'Vengeur' carries six 19-centimètre guns, throwing melinite shell. 'They make a lot of mess,' added the lieutenant persuasively." (Ward Lock. 3s. 6d.)

DORRIEN OF CRANSTON. BY BERTRAM MITFORD.

"General Dorrien sits at the breakfast table in the cheerful dining-room at Cranston Hall, with a frown upon his face, and an open letter in his hand." The letter is from his eldest son, who had left the country eight years ago in disgrace. There is another son—his mother's favourite, "who would have taken first prize at an unlicked cub show." The entail ceases with General Dorrien, and hence the uncertainty of the succession, and the plot of the novel. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

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Music or Mathematics?

CERTAINLY something is the matter with music. The youngest of the arts, started so gaily and with so firm a step on her career, she can scarcely have found a check in the nature of things already. Yet where are we? Ignore the ballad-concert and the "musical comedy"; take the Symphony Concert, as it is at the Queen's Hall this season. As signs of the times we may observe; first, the visitor who fixes the orchestra with his opera-glasses during, of all things, a superbly rendered Beethoven Symphony, as if to see the music; second, the votary who intently reads his programme during a Strauss tone-poem, as if to spell the music; and, last and most horrid portent, the reciter who, in a voice entirely unlike any other manifestation of energy in the universe, declaims, in a Greek costume, an English mistranslation of a Norwegian Saga to an orchestral accompaniment by Grieg, as if to shout music. How comes it, then, that in these days we try to see, spell, or shout music, which is neither vision nor words nor street cry, but beautiful sound?

It is the distinction of music that it has a scientific basis. Indeed, this is the apotheosis of mathematics. The prelude to "Parsifal" might be written, of course, in a series of vibration-numbers, each representing certain tones and qualities of tone. Hence one may find, embedded in a work on physics, surrounded by terrifying equations and formulæ, a definition which is the basis of music. A sound, it says, consists of rhythmical vibrations and is a musical note, or of arrhythmic and is a noise. It is this scientific basis which has given music its organic character of growth and development, until it has reached the stage of parasitic incrustation in which we see it to-day.

The musician's material is preordained to beauty. Ugly music is a contradiction in terms. Hence music fulfils, as no other art can fulfil, the definition of art as "the creation of beauty." To this must be added the singular anomaly that a mathematical criterion is available; so that we can say, in theory, that this will be a fine chord, in that its vibration numbers are as 4, 5, 6, 8 (the common chord), or a splendid voice, in that its overtones bear some correspondingly simple relation to the fundamental note.

To our mind, the explanation of Strauss, with his tone-poem dealing with the blackguardly history of a village thief; and of the audience which will listen unconvulsed to the discords between a woman's shouting voice and a dozen violins, and will gather up its traps and depart for afternoon tea in the midst of Mozart—the explanation is to be found in a positive degeneration, threatening to become a disappearance, of the ear for beauty. We speak of the cities, whose musical taste determines the fashion. How much the noise of the cities has to do with this, we cannot say. Certain it is that the ear of a child will shrink from the tone of a shrieking soprano, or the "crimson blaring" of a badly played trombone, whilst its seniors listen complacently,

and if they have "culture," will speak of "power," "intensity," "vitality," or indeed of anything but beauty—which is quite out of the question. Our theses at this time are therefore: first, the loss of the sense of beauty in sound; and, second, the recent disordered action of the scientific principle in music.

As to this second, let us compare, as typical, two works performed, one in the afternoon, the other in the evening, in London on the first day of this year. They were "Die Heldenleben," by Richard Strauss, and the "Messiah," by Handel. Each deals with a worthy theme, a great life. Strauss's work, which takes much the less time to perform, took a little over two years, we believe, to compose. Handel wrote every note of the "Messiah" (done as it is nowadays by the Royal Choral Society under Sir Frederick Bridge, without the additional accompaniments by Mozart) in eleven days. His every phrase is lucid, unmistakable, final. In Strauss's "Hero's Life" the complexity is such that you must study the full score for many weary hours before you can begin to understand it. This is the result of the development of the sciences of counterpoint and orchestration which Berlioz and Wagner so greatly furthered, and which Strauss has carried to a stage that leaves the higher mathematics far behind, as it certainly does the power of the human ear to follow and understand. A comparison more precise than that between a choral and an instrumental work is to be found in the song. Compare a Gregorian chant, or Beethoven's "Nature's Praise of God," or Schubert's "Hymn to the Almighty," with Strauss's "Song of the Priestesses of Apollo," introduced to England by Miss Marie Brema last week. We will not comment upon the frightful discord of the brass in the accompaniment, nor upon the cymbals in the peroration. Take the thing as a whole. To begin with, it is not a song. The voice is a very secondary affair compared with the orchestra. Nor is there anything even distantly suggesting melody observable anywhere throughout. Go from this attempt to render praise in music, to hear the choir at the Brompton Oratory sing a "Gloria in Excelsis" by Haydn or Mozart. You cannot call both music—the term would cease to mean anything. Yet Strauss has moments of beauty. But he is obsessed by this idea of development, of scientific progress in music; not realizing that the hearing ear is the only judge. It cares not whether the work took a year or a day, whether it be for an unaccompanied solo violin, or written on special paper with forty staves for the biggest orchestra on record. It says, "Give me beauty": having which it is satisfied.

But the same want of simplicity and sense pervades nearly all modern work. Last week, at the Broadwood Concert, we heard Sir Charles Villiers Stanford's settings of some lyrics of Tennyson. Sir Charles in the "Revenge" gave us some moments worthy of the dignity and beauty of that ballad. To-day, however, he is older and must, of course, show the "development of his genius," as the misleading phrase has it. (We have heard a critic declare that no one familiar with Wagner's later work would suspect him of "Lohengrin," which it would certainly be impossible for such an one to sit through!) Well, Sir Charles's genius has developed, or rather he has allowed it to be swamped, thus. He takes the lyric "O! Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South," which Schubert, who knew nothing about musical "science," would have made immortal, and sets it for four voices, two male and two female. Just imagine the inanity of making two men and two women sing together, for the sake of technical composition, words like those of "O! Swallow"! And, when this heterogeneous quartet has worked through the individual and personal apostrophe and has reached the last line—"tell her that I follow thee"—which is the be-all and the end-all of the poetry, lo! and behold, the technique or the "science" demands that the music shall fizzle out in

guominy, as if the lover had said, after all his fine talking, "Well, thank goodness I haven't got to cross the Channel in this beastly weather." We venture to say that a child, singing those lines impromptu on its way up to bed, would make something more of the parting message, "I follow thee."

To the lover of beautiful tone, of simple melody, and of the true harmony it comes with the greatest shock to be told by the most modern critics that his idols were slaves of form. One of these critics, an admirer of Strauss's tone-poem, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" (and why Strauss does not drop a brick at the back of the orchestra to represent the hanging of that rascal we know not), raised his startling eyebrows—"startled" his eyebrows—at an allusion to Handel, and disposed of that lovely air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," with the remark that it was "music made to order." Well, for ourselves, we prefer beauty and order to the not "admired disorder" of ugliness apeing beauty.

An Author at Grass.

THE critic is probably never so true to his office as when he wishes to resign it under an impulse to accept and enjoy a book that touches him intimately. Speaking, no longer as a judge, but as a man overcome, he would say: "This book interests, nourishes, calms me; it is a permanent addition to my pleasures; I shall read it often."

We think that not a few critics would be content to offer only this personal witness in regard to Mr. George Gissing's book, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." Under a veil of biography Mr. Gissing has given us a more compact and direct revelation of himself than can be captured in his novels. That such a revelation was worth having will not be questioned. To have read "The New Grub Street," "The Whirlpool," "Born in Exile," "Demos," "The Year of Jubilee," "A Life's Morning," "The Charlatan," "The Town Traveller," is at least to have learned that Mr. Gissing has an interesting mind. These twenty years he has been known for an intellectual novelist who unites observation made keen by experience with a literary power fed by scholarship. Mr. Gissing's "public" may not be large, but each one of his adherents has been individually won, not hustled into the ranks by a craze or a coterie. The career of no living novelist has been more individual. Year by year there has grown up a band of readers who, though they have never used the name (or invented a hymnology of discipleship), are sworn Gissingites. Some one said of a book, "If Daudet wrote it, I want it," and to-day there are those who say, "I will read anything of Gissing's." This is literary success: terms like fame and genius may wait.

Many may differ on Mr. Gissing's achievement; but few will demur to any praise, however warm, of his native ability, his acquired skill, and his singleness of mind in an age of literary opportunism. Unlog-rolled, unboomed—alas! that we should use such words—he has fared on through periods and popularities, winning nothing more showy than the hearty respect of everyone who can recognise a true man of letters. Averse from pyrotechny of thought or phrase, he has produced books which the panting fuglemen of reputations could not read while they ran. Excellent error! Yet he has that to offer which grows rarer every year, a slow, cultured, and sagacious grasp of reality. He has plunged into life with the crowd, then written of it with the grave solicitude of a thinker who knows that art is long and the world very old. It is inevitable that such work will engage men's minds afresh, will have a new and enlightened welcome.

And now, before his readers are really mustered, Mr. Gissing writes a book which, in a manner, is the coping-stone of his literary life. "Hoc erat in votis" are the simple Horatian words on the title page, and we are told of the suppositious Ryecroft: "I suspect that, in his happy leisure, there grew upon him a desire to write one more book, a book which should be written merely for his own satisfaction." The whole note of this, his imputed book, is heard in its personal testimonies of joy and regret. It is the man who is served by the author; the last touch of professional writing is gone; the things which had been said in character, or with circumstances of indirectness, are said with testamentary dignity—the gold of a life, hoarded and minted and rendered to Caesar. Perhaps every novelist of worth ought to write such a book, though to demand it would be presumption. Still, it would be good, if at the last, or earlier, a novelist would emerge from his world of creations and open his meaning in direct communications like these. That Mr. Gissing has written such a book is matter for gratitude; that, being written, it makes such correspondence with all his work is a proof of intellectual consistency.

We have no mind to describe the book in detail, nor shall we ask the reader to see in many quoted fragments the charm of the whole. We might dwell on its long sigh of relief at escape from the London literary scramble; its long sigh of contentment with unlooked-for leisure to taste the earth, the simple realities, and the inner spirit of books. We might bring in the intimacies and repulsions of place from a memory which has stored the dreariness of the City Road in fog, and the whiteness of a little town on the Acroceranion promontory. We might pass from Dickens to Tibullus, from Gibbon to Xenophon. We might seek the personal equation in many an arresting proposition. For the book remains the "incondite miscellany" to which its four chapters, named after the four seasons, lend a semblance of order sufficient for the eye and the approach: a revelation of self must needs be broken and diverse to have the unity of truth.

With unusual feelings we leave these delectable pages. It is seldom that a new book seems fit to be wedged between old. As we close it the winds of March are already sweeping through the night; the rain flings cold on the window; in the blackness the poplars sway and despair; and, when these voices are still, the immeasurable soft tumult of the distant forest rises like some vaster synthesis of all that men feel and would fain utter in books. How great a gift is any book of which one is quietly aware that one will read it when twenty Marches have stormed over roof and field.

Impressions.

XXII.—Stars and a Ship.

It was late in the evening in an hotel at Venice, and the tired sight-seers were gathered in the withdrawing-rooms that opened from the hall, chattering and reading the American and English newspapers. The talk—such as you may hear in any drawing-room in London or New York, slight, trivial, pleasant—was at its loudest when the Sailor came quietly through the swing doors. About him was the air of one who had passed his life under wide skies, in the company of his own simple thoughts. His clear eyes looked out from his bronzed face in search of his friends. Having found them, from the corner of the room to which they welcomed him came his deep voice, giving forth sonorously, in lulls of the general conversation, startling fragments of his adventures during his last voyage. Into that upholstered room leaked something of the wonder of the world. By degrees the sight-seers

retired, till at last nobody was left but the Sailor and his friends. I joined them.

As the night wore on he talked more freely, and when one asked him what sights had made the most impression on him during the disastrous voyage, he answered, "The Stars and a Ship. As I have said, we were on the island three weeks before we were rescued. It was flat, and at night, lying awake, stretched on my back, there seemed to be nothing in the whole world but the great Southern sky blazing with stars, and myself. I had always cared about astronomy, and as I lay there night after night bits of knowledge, half forgotten, came back to me, and, piecing them together, I brooded myself into that immensity till I seemed to understand. I realised with extraordinary vividness the procession of the Great Nebula in Orion across the firmament. And in the middle of that stupendous fire mist was the great multiple star. I saw, I think, some of the faint stars, so remote that if the tidings of the first Christmas at Bethlehem could have been flashed by telegraph to them, the message would still be travelling through space. Then I gazed at the nearest star, Alpha Centauri, visible in those latitudes, and I saw the two great suns of which it is composed slowly revolving round each other, doing their part in the stupendous movement of the heavenly worlds in a plan that has been unchanged since the beginning of things. Nothing else seemed worth doing, but to lie there at night and dream of the evolution of those bodies eternally obeying the will of the Creator.

"It was in the very early morning that the ship which rescued us came. It was light, there were no stars, the sea was a great desolate waste, as if man had never done anything to disturb the early simplicity of the world as it looked when ready for man. I was staring idly out at the sea when suddenly I heard a whistle, and from behind the headland shot out a big steamer. The apparition was so sudden that I could not signal. Action was impossible in the thought of all that vessel meant. Out of the brown earth, with nothing but his own hands to help him, man dug and made for his use every appliance, every luxury that that vessel contained. Steam, the compass, lighting, books, foods, clothes, everything had been found and fashioned by him with no help but his own brains and hands. It seemed so wonderful, that I said to myself—"

"Yes?"

"I hardly like to say it here, but that steamer alone on the sea put it into my head. I thought the Creator must be a little astonished at all the things man has grubbed out of the old brown earth."

Egeria's Childhood.

In her pretentious preface to a book, "The Romance of My Childhood and Youth," by Mme. Edmond Adam (Heinemann), whose chief charm should consist in its simplicity, Madame Adam (Juliette Lamber) makes the mistake of taking herself seriously as a writer; whereas her sole claim upon our notice is the fact that she has been a public woman, one who held in days now almost forgotten a political salon. As a writer Juliette Lamber does not count. To-day in Paris you will hear malcontents assert that Madame Adam is the true type of the sort of woman who wins her way into a conspicuous place under Republican rule—the epitome of pretentious mediocrity—without a particle of distinction. There is no use in reminding these malcontents of the Dubarrys of Royalist rule. Théroigne de Méricourt is at present being held up to reactionary reprobation, since M. Hervieu has recalled her to public consideration, as the epitome of the Revolution. Perhaps when the annals of Gambetta's times come to be ransacked for literary or dramatic

purposes a hundred years hence, some playwright or literary portraitist will seize the personality of Madame Adam, and throw slight upon the Third Republic by showing up the common and inferior quality of its Egerias. True Madame Adam has now, by her conversion, gone over to the turbulent and so-called patriotic minority. But in this light she plays no more part than Théroigne at la Salpêtrière. To live in the memory of men she must be content to be known as Gambetta's Egeria, as the lovely president of an intriguing political salon which was a kind of succursale of the minister's cabinet. Later on she associated herself with the Russian Alliance through her review, "La Nouvelle Revue," and a complaisant coterie helped her to believe in her own political importance long after the hour of sunset.

To come forward with the romance of her childhood and youth, as that of a woman who has lived life to the full, sought repose from the complications of varied romances and politics in the writing of a few unreadable novels, is a thing perfectly justifiable in itself. But why preface it with such arrant stuff as Madame Adam's inflated commonplaces translated into common English? Here is a sentence taken at hazard: "It requires time to discover the master thought of any work of real worth in order to disclose its high morality, its art tendencies." Could anything be in more doubtful taste than such writing as this set before a record of childhood? "Art tendencies" may be American for aught we know, but it is very vile English. Another long quotation from this impossible preface will give the author's measure: "The asking of a question or two, and even the explanation of a phenomenon which is often as clear as day, can be undertaken as we hurry along, but simply to examine the 'whys and wherefores' of things, or to attempt to discover the laws of facts, or group them methodically, giving the logical relations of these laws in general origins—verily, only a few vulgar, slang words can express the impression made on the minds of those who wish to be considered 'modern men,' with respect to these very problems of which we of the elder generation are so fond, and which are called by the modern *stuff*." I have not read this choice passage in the original French, so cannot pronounce upon the injustice it may have suffered at the hands of the translator, but it is not encouraging as an invitation to perusal of the book.

Childhood is always an interesting study, but the absence of style and of what Madame Adam would grandiloquently call "art tendencies," but what I prefer to call the revelation of the artist, is here so conspicuous, the place being so lamentably filled with a tiresome pedantry, an unchildlike tone of speech and reflection, that "The Romance of My Childhood and Youth" falls flat as entertainment, and adds nothing to our knowledge of a complex and engaging period. From the point of view of literature, the French is so utterly common, so undistinguished, so lacking in all the qualities of French prose, that no translation could do it signal injustice. The book opens with a description of the romantic grandmother, which contains all the elements of an original portrait, but on the fourth page we are repelled by a confession of a childish instinct carried out so faithfully in after life. "Between my father and my grandfather I applied myself, instinctively at first, determinedly later, to be something. Was that the starting-point of my resolve to be somebody?" This is the parvenu's touch: genius is spontaneous and unconscious in its early revelation. We hear of relatives "very properly educated." The story of the grandmother's romantic search and choice of a husband, if told prettily and quaintly, would make a charming tale, but grace, wit and humour are not qualities we must look for in Madame Adam, and so our consolation lies in the fact that these sketches may serve a future novelist or short-story teller, who, having Molière's belief that he must take

his material where he finds it, would do well to steal this odd and amusing *Pélagie* and her lover *Pierre Seron*, and serve them up again renewed and vitalised by art.

Madame Adam's father, a Jacobin of the Revolutionary school, is a sympathetic figure, the mother insupportable, and all the family troubles and quarrels dull enough in spite of the originality of some of the characters. Little Juliette was spoiled between them all, and being talkative and quick she was soon accepted in the domestic circle as a genius, and allowed to dominate everybody, grandfather, grandmother, and father. Only her mother had sense to recognise that she was "a pretentious little chatterbox." "My grandfather did not wish that they should 'clean' me every day, water he declared made pimples on the face. . . . One cannot imagine nowadays how little they washed themselves in our Picardy in the year of grace 1839. They soaped their faces only on Sundays in the kitchen, and their hands every morning."

Quite the prettiest thing in the book, almost pretty enough to justify it, is the visit to the great-aunts. The donkey and these three old ladies, living like recluses, never having once in the course of their lives gone beyond their garden, and dressing like peasants, are really delightful. "I was less of a child than these five women, including Marguerite, who ate at the same table with us. They were interested in little nothings: my manner of talking, my funny ways, my assurance and important air were taken in earnest whenever any great questions were discussed. My aunts were delighted to find their minds in constant movement under my impulsion." Aunt Sophie teaches her Latin and translates the "*Bucolics*" to her, they talk together of Homer and Virgil, and Aunt Constance teaches her to cut grass and clover for the donkey while they discuss Sismondi's history of the Italian Republics. Bred in such an original atmosphere, the amazing thing is that Juliette Lamber did not turn out an original character herself. The refined and gracious charm of these delicate little old ladies of Soissons, preserving intact the quaint features of old maidenhood shut out from the world, cultured and obscure, is worthy a tale of Hawthorne or Mrs. Gaskell. Not dull old ladies their niece represents them, but "witty, quizzical, and gay," we are not surprised that the last surviving at eighty told her niece "she did not like her epoch." Nothing could be more unlike them than the further development of their niece with her youthful politics, her inexplicable marriage, and its no less inexplicable consequences. The book reads better in English than in French, and is interesting as the story of a full and active life.

H. L.

Lamb's Composite Portraits.

To his confession: "I love to lose myself in other men's minds," Lamb might well have added: "and I love to lose other men's minds in my own." Books thought for him, giving to his receptive mind striking passages which, appropriated with no conscious effort of memory, became part of his mental wealth to be re-issued when called for in forms differing in some instances so slightly from their originals as to appear what they purported to be—virgin quotations, verbally untouched. But on examination, the work of the meddler becomes apparent; and we see how, as with his own loved Izaak Walton, his quotations are but what he thought them to be; to verify them he troubled himself in no way. In many cases what he undoubtedly considered actual transcripts were unmistakable improvisations.

Akin to such attitude was that which permitted (or prompted) him to carry into his writings names, occurrences, characters, combining, deleting or adding to as

the whim moved him with the result that those seeking now-a-days for Lamb-origins and prototypes find themselves in a bewildering maze.

That in every case Lamb's characters had their respective prototypes cannot, I think, be questioned. To build up a character, it was necessary that he should have a "somebody" to work from: he nearly always discarded his model after it had furnished him with the required start, but he needed some definite personality to begin with.

How careful he was to hide away his model on the first possible opportunity might be seen in his treatment of "Captain Jackson." Here it would appear that immediately he touched his original he thrust it from him, in some overpowering dread. Little wonder that "Captain Jackson" has so far "baffled research"!

"Captain Jackson" originally appeared in the "*London Magazine*" for November 1824; and the paper, it will be remembered, begins: "Among the deaths in our obituary for this month, I observe with concern 'At his cottage on the Bath Road, Captain Jackson' He whom I mean was a retired half-pay officer." The essay is—well! Elia, and as such offers scope to all students of Lamb who care to pursue the subject. Suffice it for us here to direct attention to the obituary column of the "*London Magazine*" for December 1821, where particulars are given of the death of Lamb's old friend Captain (recently gazetted Rear-Admiral) Burney, at his house, St. James Street, Buckingham Gate, in his seventy-second year.

Then with reference to Mrs. Battle—"old Sarah Battle (now with God), who, next to her devotions, loved a good game of whist!" Lamb tells us that she died in "that haunted room" in Blakesmoor in H-shire. Some particular elements of her composition probably did, but others clearly continued to exist in the personality of Mrs. Burney, whose "determined questioning of the score, after the game was absolutely gone to the d—l," was one of the old images revived in Lamb's mind by a letter of Ayrton's in 1830.

We all know of the intimacy between Lamb and Tom Hood. Hood, it will be remembered, married in 1824 a daughter of Reynolds, the writing-master of Christ's Hospital, who lived in Little Britain. About this time Hood wrote a facetious proposal of marriage in verse addressed to "Mrs. Battle, care of Mrs. Reynolds, Little Britain"; and this prompts us to enquire whether any Mrs. Battle was known to the Reynoldses. If not, one of two conjectures might be correct: either that in the Reynolds circle some one lived answering sufficiently to Lamb's picture of the immortal Mrs. Battle to cause friends to conclude that she was the original; or that, as a result of Lamb's presentment of Mrs. Battle as the incarnation of the temper of the game, anyone devoted to whist became known as of the tribe of Battle, and that one such enthusiast lived, at the time of Hood's writing, under the Reynolds's roof. We incline to the opinion that Hood knew no actual Mrs. Battle.

As to the name Sarah Battle! If the two Mrs. B.'s—Battle and Burney—were identical, we have not far to seek for part of it. Mrs. Burney's Christian name was Sarah. For Battle we must go further a-field.

Before me as I write lies a little octavo in old brown calf, entitled "*Vulgar Errors in Divinity Removed*," published in 1683. The Dedication is signed Ralph Battell. It is just such a book as Lamb would have picked up for a few pence on one of his rambles. Between its pages is a letter in the autograph of Allan Cunningham, dated August 28, 1822, regretting his inability to accept his correspondent's welcome invitation, adding: "In the course of eight or ten days I will hazard an evening call on you—your prints and your company will be enough—the addition of Irish whisky would make a feast for the gods." I like to think that this book was once the

property of Lamb, and that this letter was addressed to him, escaping in some way the fate of his friends' communications. But there is no proof of this, and the name of the addressee is wanting in the letter.

It is, however, possible that the name of the author of the book furnished Lamb with his "Battle," as Mrs. Burney's had given him "Sarah." There is also, I think, sufficient similarity between some of the text of Battell's "Vulgar Errors" and that of Lamb's "Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist," to make it likely that a copy of the former was not only in the possession of Elia, but was also read by him, about the time his essay was written.

Lamb probably also took from this old author's name the "Ralph" of his "Ralph Bigod" (the John Fenwick of "The Two Races of Men," an essay written about the same time as "Mrs. Battle"). Lamb's "The latter are born degraded: 'He shall serve his brethren,'" appears but a compression of the old author's "The elder shall serve the younger, as it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated. . . . These words are not spoken of 'Jacob' or 'Esau's' persons, but by a figure the person of either is put to represent and shadow cut the condition of their Posterities," and so on.

Another Lamb production of this period was "A Quakers' Meeting." Anyone reading it together with passages such as "He assisting us with inward motions, carrying forth our affections with zeal and fervency, further than naturally they would tend," might easily be pardoned for associating with Elia's production the chapter Battell entitles, "Vulgar Errors Concerning Praying by the Spirit Removed."

Take again the case of Lamb's Mr. Hedges, who for some reason seems to have been associated in his mind with his friend Tobin. In a letter to Southey, August 9, 1815, Lamb writes: "Tobin is dead. But there is a man in my office, a Mr. Hedges, who prosed it away from morning to night, and never gets beyond corporal and material verities. . . . When I can't sleep o' nights, I imagine a dialogue with Mr. Hedges, upon any given subject, and go prosing on in fancy with him, till I either laugh or fall asleep." In his "Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago," Lamb gives us the picture of a monitor, "one H——, who, I learned in after days, was seen expiating some maturer offence in the hulks." (Do I flatter myself in fancying that this might be the planter of that name, who suffered—at Nevis, I think, or St. Kitts—some few years since? My friend Tobin was the benevolent instrument of bringing him to the gallows.) This petty Nero actually branded a boy, who had offended him, with a red-hot iron; and nearly starved forty of us, with exacting contributions, to the one-half of our bread, to pamper a young ass," &c. Was the Mr. Hedges of the India House, with his "material verities," the grown-up H——, the "petty Nero" of Christ's Hospital? His fellow-clerk Pitman once got Lamb to solve for him the riddle of the initials and asterisks of the "Essays of Elia," and against this "H——" Lamb set down "Hodges," a disguise we can well understand, if the Hedges of his office was really the individual intended. The MS. to which I refer lies before me, and the alterations in it in Lamb's autograph are interesting. Against "S——" he had at first written "Stevens died in Bedlam," and "M——" had been interpreted as "Middleton dismissed school." "Stevens" was subsequently altered to "Scott," and "Middleton" to "Maunde." But the o in "Hodges" did not become an e.

It might interest readers to know, in connection with the above, that Lamb presented a copy of his 1798 "Rosamund Gray" to a certain Henry Hedges.

JOHN ROGERS.

Drama.

The Seriousness of Comedy.

I TAKE it that the quality which chiefly differentiates true comedy, not only from farce, but also from the various forms of pseudo-comedy, is its extreme seriousness. The end of farce is sheer laughter, the crackling of thorns beneath the pot. The end of the so-called comedy of intrigue is a narrative interest, in the neat unravelling of an ingenious plot. True comedy, on the other hand, has always its strenuous outlook upon life. Through laughter it aims straight at the moral sense, and more than one reformer has found with Mr. Bernard Shaw that its incidental merriment is the best of anæsthetics, when the knife of progressive ideas is to be applied to the slow intelligence of a *bourgeois* society. Herein it has the advantage, if one likes to put it so, of tragedy. Aristotle said—perhaps in the regrettable absence of Mr. A. B. Walkley I may be allowed to quote Aristotle—that tragedy is more philosophical than history. He might have gone on to say that comedy is more ethical than tragedy. Tragedy, indeed, is hardly concerned with ethics as such at all. It awakens the pity and awe which spring from the clash and collision of the great with the greater. Moral greatness may be, and often is, one of the forces which it marshals, but in the tragic view moral greatness, like any other form of human greatness, must inevitably be overwhelmed in the collision with fate or circumstance, or stupidity, or something still greater than itself. And is the issue of suicide, which is generally the ultimate expression of the pessimism of tragedy, anything else than the negation of that will to live in which, when rightly understood, the moral sense is found to be rooted?

It is, of course, this ethical character of comedy which makes it attractive to so serious a mind as that of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. For the mere manner of comedy Mr. Jones has not, to my thinking, any special aptitude. His humour is rarely irresponsible. His dialogue does not flower naturally into epigram. He relies largely upon his interpreters—safely enough when they are Mr. Arthur Boucher and Miss Violet Vanbrugh—to put the fun into his plays. But the moral purpose, which is the heart of the matter, he can generally be trusted to supply. "Whitewashing Julia," now, at the Garrick, is just what a comedy should be, a deft entertainment, and an adroitly insinuated sermon on the desirability of social charity. Its theme is a variation on that of "The School for Scandal." Lady Pinkney is the Lady Sneerwell of the Scandal Club in the little cathedral town of Shanctonbury, and the Hon. Bevis Pinkney, who is married to the bishop's daughter, combines the parts of Joseph Surface and Sir Benjamin Backbite. The opening scene is placed in the refreshment tent of a charitable bazaar, and the club is engaged in the congenial task of passing a social ostracism upon Julia Wren, who has returned to Shanctonbury, the home of her childhood, under the shadow of a somewhat vague scandal, in which a Grand Duke at Homburg and a puff-box standing where it ought not are conspicuous features. Julia, if I understand Mr. Jones aright, is an essentially true-natured woman, although I am bound to admit that Miss Vanbrugh gave a touch of ambiguity to the part by occasionally reminding one of the adventuress in "My Lady Virtue." Nothing is more tedious than the analysis of the plot of a comedy; and I do not propose to relate the steps by which, mainly through the agency of the genial and broad-minded amorist, William Stillingfleet, the overthrow of the Hon. Bevis and the rehabilitation of Mrs. Wren in Shanctonbury society are brought about.

Mr. Jones' moral, for all its very different expression, is precisely that of the Tolstoyan juryman in "Resurrection," whose sole contribution to the trial of the Maslova is the reiterated truth, "We are none of us saints!" The best of it is that the true story of the puff-box, like that of "ould Grouse in the gun-room," is never told. I observe that such of my colleagues of the daily papers as were allowed to be present at the first night's performance are inclined to make a grievance of this. No, no doubt, were the good folk of Shantontbury. To me it seems to reveal a lighter touch than is quite usual with Mr. Jones. Perhaps he has been studying in the school of Mr. Henry James.

The twentieth-century critic is ashamed of nothing so little as of ignorance. And why therefore should I hesitate to confess that my enjoyment of Sudermann's "Es Lebe das Leben" at the Great Queen Street Theatre was very considerably interfered with by a most imperfect acquaintance with colloquial German. Nor is the guttural speech of our distant kinsmen and temporary allies, apart from the ideas which it is used to convey, precisely—

like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more!

As a matter of fact I made my pilgrimage to Great Queen Street less to see Sudermann's play than to see the distinguished Berlin actress, Madame Rosa Bertens, who had come to London to take her original part of Beate von Kellinhausen. It was well worth while. Madame Bertens acts with great intelligence, with real emotional force when necessary, and with an absence of restlessness and exaggeration from which some of our own *tragédiennes* might well take example. For the study of the mimic art it is perhaps in some ways an advantage rather than a drawback to be slightly at sea with the language. You learn how much really depends upon gesture, upon facial expression, upon intonation, upon all the shade and colour which a trained interpreter instinctively adds to the bare outline of the text. But the play itself may serve to illustrate what I have already said about the essentially unmoral character of tragedy as compared with that of comedy. I speak, of course, of its direct didactic intention, not of the purification of the imagination and the emotions which accompanies it. Beate von Kellinhausen has lived her life, and has brought it into an inextricable tangle. She is divided between her affection for her husband and children, and her old passion, now no more than a loyal friendship, for Richard von Völkerlingk. Richard's own life is bound up in his political future, which is threatened by the disclosure of his former relations with Beate. For the sake of this future and for the sake of her daughter who is to marry Richard's son, Beate will atone. She takes poison and leaves her secret buried in the hearts of her husband and her lover. She has lived her life. My point is that, while such a theme touches close upon realities of human existence, it does not pass any judgment upon them. It states facts as they are, traces the interwoven motives of action, and shows the sorrowful issues to which they lead. But it does not offer a solution of those issues or suggest an ideal from which they may be excluded. It does not, directly, condemn or teach. The "ought" is left out of it. Now comedy, however much it may adorn its lesson with arabesques of wit and fancy, always has its eye on the "ought."

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

Grave, New, and Gay.

FIRST, the Grave: what word so fitly describes the best old English mezzotints? Under the austere command of this art, which modern haste has hustled into desuetude, even the portraits of beautiful women of a past day take on a gravity and repose that their youth does not deserve. The old mezzotints are no longer within reach of slender purses: they are in fashion now, and humble admirers must seek them in the windows of shops in bye-streets, or in such an exhibition as that open just now at Messrs. Colnaghi's in Pall Mall. Last year at this season Valentine Green's work was being shown, now James and Thomas Watson are honoured. The Watsons were not related, and little is known about these two industrious men who left to the world so much that is beautiful. James was born in Ireland in 1739, he exhibited at Spring Gardens, and he died in 1790. Thomas was born in London in 1743, he kept a print shop in Bond Street, and he died in 1781. As patient unambitious men one thinks of them, hard-working, poring over the plates year after year, well content to be the interpreters of the creations of greater men, and spreaders of their fame. For one man who has seen a particular portrait by Sir Joshua, thousands know it through the mezzotints of such engravers as the Watsons. There are fifty-three mezzotints at Messrs. Colnaghi's, and thirty-four are after Sir Joshua Reynolds. Many of the pictures from which they are engraved are familiar. Who else but Sir Joshua would and could have painted C. J. Fox sporting with the Ladies Sarah Lennox and Susan Strangways, which James Watson engraved? Who else could have given that group the distinction of the grand manner? One elegant companion stands with Fox, gazing upwards, the other leans from a window holding a dove in her hand. In another of James Watson's mezzotints, Mrs. Hale, as Euphrosyne, walks swiftly and lightly across the plate with sandalled feet; in a third, the strong, eloquent face of Edmund Burke gazes out at the spectator. Among the mezzotints by Thomas Watson, who is the finer artist of the two, there is Sir Joshua's beautiful Mrs. Crewe. She is seated against a tree, her chin resting on her hand, reading, against a background of water and hills. Here, too, is the celebrated set of "Windsor Beauties" after Lely, and after Sir Joshua the unforgettable portrait of Garrick, the Bartolozzi, and Warren Hastings in a flowered waist-coat. The same feeling of repose and gravity informs all. The Watsons, and their fellow-workers, having mastered the art, were content to go on quietly, improving if possible, but not seeking other channels of expression for their talent. To pass from these mezzotints hanging on the walls of their quiet room to the twenty-first exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers on the other side of Pall Mall, is like being taken from some venerable ancestral house to a modern hotel quite new, very luxurious, and cosmopolitan.

Second, the New: stand for a minute in the middle of the gallery where the two hundred and seventy-three exhibits of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers hang, and you will recognise that "the New" is a fitting description. A few still practise mezzotint: fewer still interpret the work of other men. Who would think of making a mezzotint of a Sargent portrait? We are painter-etchers now, and engravers with ebullient temperaments. Mr. Alfred East pauses in his painting, and takes a plate to express his vision of "A Cotswold Farm" or "Stow-on-the-Wold." The result is interesting, decorative, akin to tapestry, new, very new, an expression of individuality, but not the frank English country we saw as a background to Thomas Watson's mezzotint of Sir Joshua's "Mrs. Crewe." The climes have been

explored for subjects. On the walls of this exhibition my eye is caught by a scene where polar bears are the chief actors; by a woman of fashion driving in a smart carriage; by a Russian Rabbi; by the Shambles, York; by the Debtor's Door, Newgate Prison; by George Fox on the Haystack; by Beggars at a Belgian Church Door; by a scene from the second book of Esdras; by the Cradle of a Mermaid. But with the memory of the grave Watson mezzotints over the way still with me, it was M. Helleu's large, slight, brilliant presentments of Parisian ladies that spoke in clearest voice of the new methods of the new men. There, Catherine, Lady Bampfylde, and the Beauties of Windsor—here, Mme. L. and Mdle. X. The contrast between the two methods is suggestive, and illustrates the change from the old to the new. Over one of these etchings of fashionable beauties—dainty, delicate, soulless—the arrangement of their hair, the design of their frocks illustrating the latest mode, M. Helleu spent an infinitesimal portion of the time that one of the Watsons took to complete a mezzotint. They look it. There was a time when these Mdle. X.'s were novel and seemed very attractive, but the eye tires, appreciation droops, when one sees them year after year, always pretty, always smart, and always conforming to the same type. M. Chahine affords another example of the cleverness which titillates without leaving any abiding sense of pleasure. His "Viel Ouvrier Sans Travail" slouching down the pavement is extremely clever, and no doubt a typical presentment of one of the French unemployed. It should be judged on its merits as a brilliant specimen of the work of a modern painter-etcher, but that other portrait of Edmund Burke, the grave mezzotint by James Watson, with its velvety texture and rich blacks loomed up before me, and, without fuss, displaced the brilliant "Viel Ouvrier Sans Travail." Some of the etchings, however, stood their ground—some which express a personal and restrained note of accomplishment, such as the work of Mr. Frank Short. The lines of his "Old Steaming Box at Lynn" have real beauty: this etching shows once more how a quite ordinary object can become pictorial in the hands of the man who has mastered the difficult art of knowing what to reject. Mr. Charles Holroyd is also an accomplished master in the art of rejection, not so much in his interiors, but certainly in his landscape plates. In the absence of Mr. Strang and Mr. Cameron, who have retired from the Society, I find in Mr. Holroyd the etcher whose work gives me the most pleasure. Again and again I returned to look at his "Cypress Trees near Siena, the Osservansa in the distance." Here is the true feeling for Italian landscape. The six trees stand up, in noble simplicity, on the hillside, filling and decorating the spacious country, giving its sentiment and its character. Fine too, and dignified is his "Great End, Scawfell, and Sprinkling Tarn," so simple in composition, with the dark rock reflected in the still water. Mr. Holroyd's work is new and modern, as the intense feeling for landscape is modern, but his work has also something of the simplicity and dignity of the old.

Third, the Gay: gaiety is the note of the two hundred and more little pictures by members of the Langham Sketching Club now being shown at the Woodbury Gallery. The Club, which was founded in 1838, meets every Friday evening during the winter season, "when its members devote two hours to producing sketches of given subjects, and afterwards sup together." Here are crowds of little pictures done in high spirits, against time, the activity of his neighbour urging each one to excel, and supper at the end. A grave subject may find a place, or a sad one, but the note of these pictures done at high speed is gaiety—a right note to end on.

C. L. H.

Science.

A Chain—or a Spur?

It would be but superficial to regard Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's remarkable article in the "Fortnightly Review" as a mere matter of idiosyncrasy. But colour is lent to this view by the ease with which his statements may be refuted. In brief, his conclusion is this: The earth is the actual centre of the universe, and the position of man upon it is special and probably unique. The supreme end and purpose of this vast universe was the production and development of the living soul in the perishable body of man.

This paper is certainly the logical outcome of the curious course of Dr. Wallace's mind during several past decades. Worthless in itself, it is yet to me of the gravest significance as a study in mind—in mind using wrong methods. Long ago Dr. Wallace independently conceived the theory of organic evolution. He fought well for it when people cared and fighting was needed. So much work, indubitably, has Dr. Wallace done for the world. The good remains. His name will be remembered in its relation to the supreme discovery of the ages, the discovery of which the publication of the "Origin of Species" in 1859 may be taken as the landmark. The generalisation of evolution is the lasting legacy of that century to its successors. But the deductions from that fact are entirely another matter. A materialism astoundingly crude was the expression of the swing of the pendulum in the 'sixties. It is rampant, of course, to-day, though in a very different form.

In a recently published letter Ruskin expressed his opinions upon Lord Avebury's list of the "hundred best books." Amongst those through which he dashed an angry pen, as objectionable and dangerous, was Darwin's thunderbolt above referred to. And how wise were his reasons. The book seemed to him dangerous, because it attracted a crowd of idle, curious people concerned with the secondary question of their history and descent, whilst forgetful of their proper realm of thought, the primary question of their immediate personal business here and now. To all such, Darwin, in Ruskin's delightful words, was "like a dim comet wagging its tail of phosphorescent nothing across the steadfast stars." The comment was only too just. The deduction from evolution was, that if man be brother to the worm, he is practically but a worm; that if his ancestor be Simian and gibbering—the "dead-sea ape" of Carlyle—to the body of this death he is for ever chained. Dr. Wallace's attempt to reinstate the Ptolemaic Cosmogony, and to prove that man is the very centre and apex of all things, is the reaction from this hopeless view. Both methods of reasoning are faulty. But, of the two, the later is infinitely preferable, infinitely nearer to the truth. Wisdom is justified of her children. Dr. Wallace's wisdom is in the conviction—innate, intuitive, call it what you will—the truth of which he has sought by a method as futile as superfluous to prove.

For my Simian ancestry perturbs me no whit. I cannot for the life of me see why the means of my production should affect the validity of me. The evolutionist, with whom Dr. Wallace was himself so long identified, and from whom he has now so completely sundered himself, has lost the glory of to-day and the promise of the future in the unmasking of his past. If evolution be purely a matter of retrospect, Ruskin's expurgation is justified, and Dr. Wallace's wild article is a splendid, if desperate protest.

If a given sun or planet were proved to be the centre of the universe, that physical relation, great indeed to think upon, would be nothing worth beside the smallest of the unselfish acts or noble thoughts of man. That is to say,

if the dwellers on that supposed centre were merely beasts or blackguards, then Mother Earth and her brood would take precedence of them by right divine. Therefore the mere question of position in space, upon which Dr. Wallace has argued at such length, is beside the point. But, to his mind, it is part of the argument. Man's value to the universe, he thinks, depends in some measure upon the position of the globe which he inhabits. Now this is an indication of the folly of Dr. Wallace's method. He seems to me to be trying to prove the great instant fact of the present by reference to the past. For, despite himself, he is an evolutionist at bottom; and, among scientists, that is to be, with rare exceptions, like Lot's wife. She, as they of themselves, knew whence she had come. She, like them, must vainly look backwards. They, like her, are therefore become pillars of salt.

And this is where I follow Stevenson and Tennyson and Drummond. There is no need for splendid revolt against evolution, no need for wild theorizing. It is correct, I am told, to decry Tennyson's later work. Mr. Andrew Lang, in his lifelet of the seer, makes no mention of one or two poems which, for their relation to the great thoughts of a momentous epoch, are certain of immortality. Now I adore the melody of the *Juvenilia*. "Where Claribel low-lieth" is a line that ever delights me. But, among his unread work, Tennyson gave us a line that has another value: "As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height that is higher." Now it is a matter of interest only remote and speculative to me how much headway they have made in Mars. I have one or two friends with whom I would dare challenge the best of any race on any planet, central or circumferential, in the Universe. They establish our "Place in Nature" finally enough for me. I do not need Dr. Wallace to argue from the depth of the Atlantic or the nature of atmospheric dust that man is a little lower than the angels. A few among our fellows make that patent enough—thank God—to most of us.

The monkey is to man the pledge for posterity. When I know what he implies, I cease to consider him further. Ourselves and our children are far more interesting. Ages yet unborn will recall the nineteenth—as Dr. Wallace has called it, the "wonderful"—century for its establishment of the supreme theory of evolution. They will forget the deductions of that century. It had made such an astounding induction that its power of reasoning forwards was in abeyance. I would have the men of the twentieth century to be remembered as well, and perhaps even more gratefully, by posterity. How we should respect the monkey if we knew that he had guessed the truth and had planned and plotted to make the most of his latent possibilities—that *we* might be! So, in a distant æon, ere the sun has grown too cold, may the transfigured men who wear our form, but who have achieved all that our noblest have but dared to dream—may they look back on us and say, "The men of the nineteenth century found the Truth, but the men of the twentieth looked 'before and after,' and pined and strove for what indeed was not, but, by the promise of that Truth, assuredly was to be."

(C. W. SALEERY.)

Correspondence.

The Characters of Theophrastus.

SIR,—With reference to your "Bookworm's" paragraph concerning the new translation of the "Characters" of Theophrastus, in which it is stated that "the most modern version till now, has been that of Isaac Taylor (1836)," will you permit me to point out the singular omission of

all mention of Prof. Jebb's admirable translation, published in 1870 by Messrs. Macmillan? This, I believe, is now out of print. As it is obviously out of the question to suppose that the new translators are also in ignorance of Prof. Jebb's edition, it is difficult to conceive an adequate reason for their work of seeming supererogation.

—Yours, &c.,
London.

M. S. G. M.

Nietzsche.

SIR,—Apropos of the review of Nietzsche's "Dawn of Day" in last week's ACADEMY, may I suggest that the erratic way in which the English translation of Nietzsche's works is being issued may in some measure account for the imperfect understanding and slight appreciation his writings have met with in England.

No author is more difficult to sample haphazard than Nietzsche. To begin at the wrong end with "Der Fall Wagner" and the esoteric prose poem "Zarathustra," then to jump a little further back to "Morgenröthe," is a course well calculated to baffle and perplex the reader. But to read Nietzsche's works in their proper order, as they came hot from the forge of his fiery brain, is to follow tentatively the evolutions of a remarkable mind not least remarkable for its plasticity, and to gain a clear insight into an astoundingly complex personality. One should first make acquaintance with Nietzsche in "Die Geburt der Tragödie aus dem Geiste der Musik," that glorious "first careless rapture" of youthful enthusiasm written under the magic spell of the sunny Greeks and Richard Wagner. To the same period belong the four masterly essays, "Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen," dealing respectively with Strauss, Schopenhauer, The Teaching of History, and Richard Wagner in Bayreuth. "Menschliches Allzumenschliche" marks the crisis in Nietzsche's career when he separated himself from Wagner. "Morgenröthe" and "Die Fröhliche Wissenschaft" show him groping in the blind alleys of materialism towards the mountain-top on which he emerges as the rose-crowned Zarathustra. After came "Jenseits von Gut und Böse; Zur Genealogie der Moral," and the bombshells hurled at Wagner and all old idols and existing institutions in the volume called "Götzendämmerung," which also contains "Antichrist," the only fragment extant of what was designed to be Nietzsche's masterpiece, the great "Umwerthung aller Werthe," the gospel he would have proclaimed for "Uebersmenschen" of the future, when the eclipse of his intellect came, and he sank into eternal night.

Between the "Birth of Tragedy," published in 1871, and "Antichrist," in 1889, lies the Homeric combat of a soul. Those who have not traced it phase by phase as it is recorded in Nietzsche's successive works, cannot hope to get any clear grasp of his philosophy or to estimate its significance.—Yours, &c.,

Hampstead.

BEATRICE MARSHALL.

"To a Nightingale."

SIR,—Reading your "Art on the Dissecting-Table," I am led to send you the following, written when Prof. Wm. C. Wilkinson was bold enough to tamper with the ode, "To a Nightingale":—

Alas, the Fancy cheats anew
As she of old was famed to do,
And of her victims blinder none
Than William can't C. Wilkinson.

—Yours, &c.,

St. Charles' College,
Ellicott City, Md.

JOHN B. TABB.

Children and Words.

SIR,—The paragraph in the ACADEMY concerning the coinage of words by children, reminds me of a child of my acquaintance who invariably "off" her hat or boots or gloves, and "unparcel" any package. "Bettern't" I have heard used by several different children.—Yours, &c.,

LINA MARSTON.

17, Westminster Palace Gardens, S.W.

"John Buncle."

SIR,—Our attention has been drawn to the paragraph in your issue of the week before last, wherein you suggest that a reprint of Amory's "John Buncle" would be of interest to-day. Such a reprint is at the present moment in hand with us. The book will form one of the volumes of the forthcoming series to be entitled "Half-forgotten Books," which will start, under the editorship of Mr. E. A. Baker, M.A., author of the new "Guide to Fiction," with two volumes towards the end of this month.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, LTD.

Broadway, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

The International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers.

SIR,—The next exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers will be held in Buda Pest, opening early in April.

The British Section of the Society was last year invited by the Hungarian Society of the Fine Arts, the national, official, representative artistic body of Hungary, to make an exhibition at Buda Pest, and this was so successful, that the International Society has again been invited by the Hungarians to contribute and arrange a British Section.

Some seventy pictures, representative works of nearly all the members, were last week sent to Buda Pest; including contributions from the President, Mr. Whistler, as well as oil paintings by Messrs. Lavery, Sauter, Walton, Priestman, Muhrman, Cameron, Henry, Grosvenor, Thomas, and others; water colours by Condor and Anning Bell; lithographs by C. H. Shannon; etchings by Pennell; black-and-white by E. J. Sullivan; colour prints by Morley Fletcher; a very representative collection of much of the best work that is being done in Great Britain.—Yours, &c., for the Society,

JOSEPH PENNELL,

14, Buckingham Street,
Strand.Chairman, *pro tem*.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 180 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best brief criticism of any play, new or old. Thirty replies have been received. We award the prize to Miss Eva Lathbury, Gladysbohae, Didsbury, Lancs, for the following:—

"HEDDA GABLER."

Other and cleaner people than Ejler Lövborg whisper the name of "Hedda Gabler" with cautious fascination: she embodies memories, possibilities, witcheries, degradations. But, though monstrous, she is human: though compounded of evil it is the evil flesh is heir to.

She stands naked, and too self-absorbed for shame against a clever background:—Tesman, the rock of definite and provocative disappointment; Brack, the ring-master, now coaxing, now forcing her tendencies to declare themselves; Thea, standing ineffectual and

fore-doomed between a woman's bold curiosity and a man's half-explored, sin-bespattered intelligence.

But Hedda's boldness is never courage: her pistols are for the unarmed; with the weapon of scandal at her own head she stands confessed a coward: her ferocity is for the feeble spark of noble shame, for unlicensed and timid devotion, for the humble spinster and the unborn child threatening her freedom, and yet, through all these moods she earns acknowledgment; she is consistent, possible, and we follow her irresistibly to the annihilation she aims for, on to the culminating scene of Act III, where, in a frenzy of blindness, she fancies herself at last mistress of life and its issues, the great god in the machine, for it is here she ends for us: that last act is but a burying of dead, a rubbing-in of morals: who cares for, or believes in, the ignominious touch lent to Lövborg's end, or hears the click of Hedda's property pistol? No! Hedda ended with her full and final revelation of herself, and the portrait is too convincing to be repudiated, too alarming to retain: we stumble back into everyday conditions, crying ineffectually with Brack, "but, may God take pity on us—people don't do such things as that!"

Other replies follow:—

"THE COUNTESS CATHLEEN."

"The Countess Cathleen" is of all Mr. Yeats' plays the most human, real, and convincing. "The Land of Heart's Desire" is an enchanted fairy play, "Where There is Nothing" an allegory, the teaching of which is obvious, for all its beauty; but "Countess Cathleen" though mediæval, is finely and universally human and spiritual, for it deals with utmost self-sacrifice not for love, but for pity, which is the very essence of Christianity.

The play is not well fitted for acting. Its dramatic crises are few; its characters, except the heroine, too shadowy; there is no relief to the deepening gloom through which Cathleen moves, and the lost souls and supernatural existences are impossible to represent. Besides, the play appeals to associations and traditions alien to the majority of theatre-goers, except in Ireland.

As a literary play, things are far otherwise. The verse has all the haunting melody and charm of the best Celtic poetry, there are some wonderfully fine soliloquies, and beauty of thought and language are indissolubly wedded in some few magnificent lines, which yet have not the obtrusive self-consciousness of "purple patches." Cathleen's restless wanderings, her awakening to the woe around her, her efforts, failure, self-surrender, and redemption, are very finely shown, especially her farewell to Heaven and the Saints. The pious old peasant women are faithful types of much that is best in Irish country folk, as the mad poet lover, who lives in the past with gods and heroes of old, typifies much in modern literary Ireland. There is strong realism and character-drawing in the bargaining peasants, and the worthless souls whose joy is to lure others to ruin, while the soul-merchants shine with lurid gleams from the land of their heart's desire.

[M. T. E., Lampeter.]

"THE ALKESTIS OF EURIPIDES."

Even the mere reading, in this late day, of the wonderful old Greek play, "that strangest, saddest, sweetest song," the Alkestis, grips at one's heart-strings with an appeal for sympathy not to be withstood. And to take oneself back, with Charles Reade's good old Pagan monk, to find the play, like some rich, long-lost jewel, replaced in its own setting—spoken under the open sky, "the audience a seated city"—this is to catch at one golden thread of that many-coloured web of glorious life.

The motive of the play finds its counterpart in all generations—the struggle of a man with himself, his downfall, his awakening, his victory, and final triumph. Admetos lies his young wife die in his own stead, bewailing her untimely fate, but blinded by selfishness to the enormity of his crime. She bids farewell to the light and leaves her children motherless. While she lies dead within the house, Herakles, bound on a journey, comes seeking quest-right; and Admetos, inconsolable, but callous still, sees with dim eyes the noble thing to do, and bids his guest enter and be of good cheer—pretending that he mourns for some strange woman. It is this spark of the man's noble nature, not wholly dead though buried deep, that brings him his happiness at last: for Herakles, learning the truth, and perceiving that better things are to be, conquers Death and brings Alkestis back. The realisation of his ignoble deed has come to Admetos in the meantime, and it is a man purged by suffering who, scarcely believing his own rapture, receives his wife again.

Made clean by suffering—victorious over self—this is the keynote of the play; this is its claim, in all ages, to comfort and uplift.

[E. L. G., Rochester.]

Competition No. 181 (New Series).

This week we offer a Prize of One Guinea for the best original opening paragraph of an unwritten novel. Length not to exceed 300 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 11 March, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Adderley (James), <i>Quis Habitat</i> (Brown, Langham)	1/6
Meyer (Rev. F. B.), <i>Jottings and Hints for Lay Preachers</i> (Melrose) net	1/0
Abbott (Edwin A.), <i>Contrast, or a Prophet and a Forger</i> (Black) net	1/6

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

Wynne (Charles Whitworth), <i>David and Bathshua: A Drama in Five Acts</i> (Kegan Paul)	5/0
Graves (Arnold), <i>Clytemnestra: A Tragedy</i> (Longmans) net	5/0
Hallett (Archer), <i>Daisy Ballads</i> (Gay & Bird) net	1/0
Richardson (Frederick), <i>Hesper and Helonæ and English Verses</i> (Melville & Mullen)	
A Dilettante, <i>Seria Ludo</i> (Longmans) net	5/0
Gordon (John), <i>Eriuna: A Tragedy</i> (Arnold) net	3/6
Clutterbuck (Edmund H.), <i>A Day-Dream and other Poems</i> (") net	3/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Darwin (Francis) and Seward (A. C.), edited by, <i>More Letters of Charles Darwin</i> . 2 Vols..... (Murray) net	32/0
Ellis (Wm. Ashton), <i>Life of Richard Wagner: Being an Authorised English version of O. F. Glasenapp's "Das Leben Richard Wagner's"</i> . Vol III..... (Kegan Paul) net	16/0
Pearse (Henry H. S.) edited by, <i>The History of Lumsden's Horse</i> (Longmans) net	21/0
Laking (Guy Francis), <i>The Armoury of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem</i> (Bradbury Agnew)	10/6
Gomme (George Laurence) edited by, <i>The Gentleman's Magazine Library: English Topography. Part XIV</i> (Stock)	7/6
Johns (C. H. W.) translated by, <i>The Oldest Code of Laws in the World</i> (Clark) net	1/6
De la Rey (Mrs. (General)), <i>A Woman's Wanderings and Trials during the Anglo-Boer War</i> (Unwin)	2/6
Mackintosh (R.), <i>The World's Epoch-Makers: Hegel and Hegelianism</i> (T. & T. Clark)	
Official Report of the Nature-Study Exhibition and Conferences 1902..... (Blackie) net	2/6
Dixon (W. Willmott), <i>Dainty Dames of Society</i> (Black) net	2/0
Ward (Bernard), arranged by, St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, <i>His Life as told by Old English Writers</i> (Sands) net	6/0
Harting (Johanna H.), <i>Catholic London Missions</i> (") net	7/6
Moryson (Fynes), <i>Shakespeare's Europe</i> . Edited by Hughes (C.)..... (Sherratt & Hughes) net	15/0
Pemberton (T. Edgar), <i>The Life of Bret Harte</i> (Pearson's)	16/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Schopenhauer (Arthur), <i>The Basis of Morality</i> (Sonnenschein)	4/6
Sandlands (J. P.), <i>Fallacies in Present-Day Thought</i> (Stock) net	6/0
Welby (V.), <i>What is Meaning?</i> (Macmillan)	6/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Abbott (G. F.), <i>The Tale of a Tour in Macedonia</i> (Arnold) net	14/0
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MISCELLANEOUS.

Baker (Ernest A.), <i>A Descriptive Guide to the Best Fiction. British and American</i> (Sonnenschein) net	8/6
Barwick (G. F.) compiled by, <i>The Pocket Remembrancer of History and Biography</i> (Eyre & Spottiswoode)	
Praga (Mrs. Alfred), <i>What to Wear and When to Wear it</i> (Newnes)	2/6
Drury (Chas. T.), <i>The Book of British Ferns</i> (Newnes) net	3/6
Sheppard (Arthur), <i>How to Become a Private Secretary</i> (Unwin)	1/0
McKenzie (F. A.), <i>Famishing London</i> (Hodder & Stoughton)	1/0
Bloom (J. Harvey), <i>Shakespeare's Garden</i> (Methuen)	3/6
Earle (Mrs. C. W.), <i>A Third Pot-Pourri</i> (Smith Elder)	7/6
Organ (T. A.) and Thomas (A. A.), <i>Education Law</i> (Butterworth) net	12/6
Tremayne (Harold), <i>The A.B.C. of the Horse</i> (Draue)	1/0
Five of the Latest Utterances of Frederick Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury..... (Macmillan) net	1/0
M. C. and G. de S. W., <i>Confidences</i> (Limpus)	3/6
Quick (Jonathan), <i>Gulliver Joe</i> (Isbister) net	1/0

EDUCATIONAL.

Loane (George G.), <i>Livy. Book XXII</i> (Blackie)	2/6
Scholle (W.) and Smith (G.), <i>Elementary Phonetics</i> (Blackie) net	2/6
Clarke (G. H.) & Murray (C. J.), <i>A Primer of Old French</i> (Blackie)	2/6
Thoms (D.) edited by, <i>Selections in Verse by Heinrich Heine</i> (")	0/6
Ash (E. P.) edited by, <i>Select Poems by Körner</i> (")	0/6
Cran (Alex.), <i>Scenes edited by, Racine's Berenice</i> (")	0/4

NEW EDITIONS.

Hardy (Thomas), <i>Jude the Obscure</i> (Macmillan)	3/6
Thackeray (W. Makepeace), <i>The Irish Sketch Book</i> (Dent) net	3/0
Lyton (Lord), <i>Night and Morning</i> (Newnes) leather, net	3/0
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NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

A new book by the late Mr. Max Müller is being prepared by Messrs. Longmans. It is called "The Silesian Horsekeeper" ("Das Pferdebürla"): Questions of the Day answered by F. Max Müller, with a preface by Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter. This is a translation of a work which was published some years back in Germany, but which is now for the first time translated into English. It consists of a controversy on religion carried on between Prof. Max Müller and an unknown correspondent in America.

Messrs. A. and C. Black will publish shortly "The Diary of a Turk," a volume dealing with social, political and religious matters in Turkey, and containing a considerable amount of information on subjects frequently misunderstood in this country. The author is H. Halid Effendi, M.A., M.R.A.S., who, after having retired from the service of the Sultan's government on account of his liberal views, settled in England. Mr. H. Halid is now teacher of Turkish to student interpreters (for the Levant) in the University of Cambridge.

"Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," by the late Clarence King, has long been out of print. A new edition is to be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin next week. Its author was not only an eminent geologist, but a writer with considerable literary gifts.

Lady Butler's book on the Holy Land, shortly to be issued by Messrs. Black, consists of letters written to the author's mother, and is illustrated by reproductions of her water-colour drawings done in the course of an Easter pilgrimage. This is Lady Butler's first appearance as a writer, and almost her first appearance as a landscape artist. The drawings are reproduced in colour.

Messrs. Methuen are about to issue a little book entitled "The Education Act—and After," by H. Hensley Henson. In this little work Canon Henson renews the earnest appeal which he recently made in the pulpit of Westminster Abbey to the Nonconformists to unite with the English Churchmen in working the Education Act.

Mr. Bourdillon's new translation of "Aucassin and Nicolette" will be published in a few days by Messrs. Kegan Paul. It varies a good deal from the well-known translation which he made some years ago.

Mr. Edward Arnold has just completed arrangements for the publication of "The Memoirs of M. de Blowitz." Contrary to the general belief, M. de Blowitz had been engaged for some time before his death in putting into shape for publication some of the more remarkable incidents of his career as Paris Correspondent of the "Times." The book is being arranged by his adopted son, M. St. Lauzanne de Blowitz, the Editor of "Le Matin."

A fully illustrated "Popular History of the Free Churches" is to be published early in March by Messrs. James Clarke & Co. The author is the Rev. C. Silvester Horne, of Kensington.

Messrs. Skeffington and Son, publishers to the King, who have carried on business in Piccadilly for more than half a century, are removing on March 18th to much larger and more convenient premises at 34, Southampton Street, Strand, as their old premises in Piccadilly will shortly be pulled down.

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The Literary Week.

SEVERAL weighty books have been published during the week, many of them in two volumes. Charlotte Yonge's biography has, we are glad to see, been compressed into one volume. Although politics are scarcely referred to in Mr. Molloy's "The Sailor King" he has taken two volumes to tell the story of the seven years' reign of William IV. Two volumes were also necessary for the late Robert Adamson's "The Development of Modern Philosophy: with other Lectures and Essays." Among the interesting books of the week we note the following:—

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To the latest volume in the revised edition of Tolstoy's works Mr. Aylmer Maude contributes an interesting preface. The volume contains Tolstoy's three plays: "The Power of Darkness," "The First Distiller," and "Fruits of Culture." When Mr. Maude said to Tolstoy, "and what about 'The First Distiller'?" he "only waved his hand contemptuously, to show that 'The First Distiller' was not worth talking about." "The Power of Darkness" has been acted in most European countries, but never in England. Perhaps so moral and terrible a play would hardly find a welcome in London at present. "Fruits of Culture," on the other hand, as Mr. Maude says, is "a play brimful of laughter and merriment, and enough by itself to refute the accusation, sometimes brought against Tolstoy, that he lacks humour." These three plays were written in the years 1886-1889, so that they belong to the later years of Tolstoy's activity. The remaining volumes of the edition the translators hope to complete at the rate of two a year. "Each sentence," says Mr. Maude, "and almost every word has to be carefully weighed, and, Tolstoy having written more than 3,000,000 words, the task is one which, under the most favourable conditions, must occupy a number of years, and cannot be completed by my wife and myself alone."

On October 5th of last year Mr. J. W. Mackail delivered the first Larnier Sugden Memorial Lecture at the William Morris Labour Church in Leek, its subject being "The Parting of the Ways." The personal element of the lecture, a printed copy of which lies before us, was William Morris. Morris, it will be remembered, went to Leek to learn and experiment in certain technicalities of weaving and dyeing. But he found time to write the greater part of "Sigurd the Volsung," and often sat down to work with "fingers so stiff from the blue-vat that they would hardly hold the pen." Of the man himself Mr. Mackail said:—

Perhaps there may be some present who remember his heroic and romantic figure in those days; the noble tempestuous head with its grey eyes and delicate mouth, the blouse and sabots, the hands dyed deep in indigo. Whatever may be the chances that await Leek and its townsfolk, they are not likely to see so great a man moving among them on his daily work again. But if there are any here whose recollection goes back to those days, they can hardly have known or suspected then the inner workings of his spirit, or the strange seas of thought through which he was voyaging, chiefly in silence and alone.

We cannot here follow Mr. Mackail through the Socialistic themes which he discusses, but as a record of certain phases of William Morris's development this booklet is of distinct value. The lecture concludes:—

In a sense, there was never any parting of the ways for Morris, because throughout life his way was to a degree almost unexampled in our time, single and straight-forward. As soon as he was convinced that a thing was right, however strange or difficult or imprudent it were, his choice was already made, and he simply did it. In this, at least, if not in his other more unapproachable qualities, he has left an example that we may humbly attempt to follow. That immense and all-embracing outlook is only for the great minds of the world, and is by them only attained through long labour and vigilant discipline. But to all of us, if our heart is fixed on doing right within our daily sphere and the limits of our narrower horizon, Socialism must needs be as Morris called it, a belief involving the very noblest ideals of human life and duty. For this church and for all believers, the motive forces of life are manifold. One or other of them will take a place before the rest in different minds; the love of beauty, the pursuit of truth, the glory of freedom, the law of kindness, the joy of brotherhood: but above them all, before them all, beyond them all, is the hunger and thirst after righteousness.

In an article in the "New Liberal Review" on Lady Gregory's "Poets and Dreamers," Mr. W. B. Yeats contributes some thoughts of his own to the eternal question of the possibilities of Irish nationality and the revival or creation of an Irish literature. Concerning these Galway people he says: "I do not think imagination has changed here for centuries, for it is still busy with these two themes of the ancient Irish poets, the sternness of battle and the sadness of parting and death." These two themes are, of course, universal, the more primitive the people the stronger being their hold. Later Mr. Yeats says:—

There is still in truth upon these great level plains a people, a community, bound together by imaginative possessions, by stories and poems which have grown out of their own life, and by a past of great passions which can still stir them to imaginative action. One could still if one had the genius, and had been born to Irish, write for these people plays and poems like those of Greece. Does not the greatest poetry always require a people to listen to it? England or any other country which takes its tune from the great cities and gets its taste from schools and not from old custom, may have a mob, but it cannot have a people.

To what "imaginative action" does the past of "great passions" stir these people? And does Mr. Yeats seriously believe that even if the genius came they would hail him for what he was? Personally, we very much doubt it.

When Mr. Yeats says that England "cannot have a people," frankly, we cannot follow him. It is so easy to say things like that, and so difficult to support them reasonably.

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Morning Advertiser," apropos of Mr. H. A. Jones's little difficulty with "The Times," has sent to the "Advertiser" particulars of "a wordy protest from the then (1876) manager of Drury Lane Theatre against adverse criticism," which, in that case also, had appeared in "The Times." Mr. Chatterton, the manager, admitted that critics usually treated him with fairness, but that "The Times" had fallen foul of "Richard III." without warrant. Nine years before "The Times" had said that Mr. Barry Sullivan would soon "be acknowledged as the leading legitimate actor of the British capital"; the later critic (or was he the same?) sneered at Mr. Sullivan as "an actor high in favour in America, and on our own provincial stages, but less known, perhaps, in London." And now we have the old story all over again, only in the modern instance it is the author and not the actor who considers himself aggrieved. Well, perhaps we should be grateful to Mr. Jones for a certain amount of mild amusement.

THE "English Illustrated Magazine" prints an article by Serge Nelidoff on "Newspapers as Public Characters." Mr. Nelidoff illustrates his text by certain caricatures, which he somewhat needlessly explains as "not personal." "The Times" is represented by a heavy and prosperous individual of the typical John Bull sort; the "Daily Telegraph" by a stout person in a fancy waistcoat carrying a cricket bat and bags of "shilling funds"; the "Daily News" by a lean and earnest man in gaiters, and so on. Concerning papers in general, Mr. Nelidoff says:—

The character of "The Times," the "Standard," the "Daily News," the "Morning Post," the "Telegraph," the "Chronicle," is made up of traditions which each succeeding editor and each succeeding staff regard as inviolable. Every member of the editorial staff of either of the great dailies is aware of its history and peculiarities; and almost unconsciously he entertains the prejudices of his predecessors concerning any personage, institution, or event. We should not be at all surprised if that valuable compilation known as "The Times Index" is consulted by no one more assiduously than by the present editor of "The Times." "What have we said before on this subject?" was one of Mr. John Walter's most constant inquiries, as we learn from one of his associates in Printing House Square.

As an instance of the survival of tradition the author gives the following:—

One of the most curious happened when one morning a few years ago the "Standard," to the surprise of every one, and none more so than its proprietor, and even of its literary editor, published a leading article severely depreciating Mr. George Meredith. It was apropos of the birthday of the venerable novelist, and to his admirers it came as a bolt from the blue. It is said that the article was written quite without animus; it did not represent anybody's opinion, but was a continuation of the judgment passed upon Mr. Meredith in a leading article in 1861, or soon after the appearance of his first novel, "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel."

Such continuity of tradition as that suggests a conservatism which we should not have suspected even of the "Standard."

THE committee of the Institute of Journalists appointed to arrange for the memorial to newspaper correspondents who died in South Africa have received the following names as coming within the terms of their reference:—

Mr. George Warrington Steevens, "Daily Mail," London—died at Ladysmith; George Alfred Farrand, "Morning Post," London—killed at Wagon Hill; Albert F. Adams, Exchange

Telegraph Company—died of fever at Aliwal North; W. J. Lambie, "Age," Melbourne—killed at Slingsfontein; Robert Mitchell, "Standard," London—died of fever at Ladysmith; Ernest G. Parslow, "Daily Chronicle," London—killed at Mafeking; H. H. Spooner, "Evening News," &c., Sydney, N.S.W.—died of fever at Deelfontein; Lieutenant Joseph Smith Dunn, Scottish Horse, Central News, London—died of fever at Johannesburg; Miss Mary Kingsley, "Morning Post," London—died of fever at Simons Town; Mr. F. Slater Collet, "Daily Mail," London—killed at Schoerman's Farm; E. D. Scott, "Manchester Courier"—killed at Elandsfontein; W. T. McKenzie, Reuter's Agency, London—died of fever at Aliwal North.

It is a terrible and pathetic list, and the Committee ask for supplementary information. Such a bare statement brings home to us with painful vividness the price paid for our breakfast-table news in war time.

WHAT appears to be a rather foolish piece of vandalism is reported from Salisbury. Over one of the three archways leading into the Close there was a statue of Charles II. This, on the plea of its being "decayed and mutilated," has recently been removed, and its place taken by a brand-new effigy of Edward VII. The Legitimists, naturally, are very angry, but the matter is one of wider than merely Legitimist interest. Surely the statue of Charles II. might have been restored? The inner Chapter's loyalty, we presume, was not in doubt.

MR. MARION CRAWFORD recently said to an interviewer of the New York "Bookman": "I could not write at all, if I did not delight in such employment. I know of no one who has written many books who would willingly lay down his or her pen. After twenty years of continuous writing it has become second nature to me. I should be unhappy if I stopped. Can you name a well-known writer of romance who is not in harness, or has not died in harness?" Mr. Crawford, as readers of his books know, does not believe in novels with a purpose. Indeed, any true presentation of life needs no definite "purpose" to give it force. There is in it the inherent and often unconscious purpose of human action.

THE same journal has been endeavouring to get "authoritative light" on the sales of certain popular books in America, to which end it requested their publishers to furnish figures. The publishers of "Audrey" wrote:—

Replying to your favour of the 28th, we would say that the latest advertised figure on the sale of "Audrey" is 170,000 copies.

Another firm said:—

Answering your inquiry of the 28th inst., we give you herewith our latest figures for the following books:

"The House with the Green Shutters"	21,858
"The Hound of the Baskervilles"	83,558
"The Two Vanrevels"	80,154

The publishers of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" were almost shy. They wrote:—

Our reasons for not making public the total sale from time to time have been: (1) the sale, while it has been rather extraordinary, has not yet approached the "great" figures of "Richard Carvel," "David Harum," *et al*; (2) the sale is so continuous that any figures made public one week would be considerably surpassed before the news got well out; and (3) we have had a kind of sentiment against "working" the public, and making them buy "Mrs. Wiggs" because it is "a big seller." The book itself is too delicate in its motive to be handled in that way—at least, so it seems to some of us.

But having said this they add: "We do not mind the announcement that the sales of 'Mrs. Wiggs' have considerably exceeded two hundred thousand, and are

going merrily on." We are glad to hear that delicacy of motive is taken, if only nominally, into consideration.

By the early death of Lieutenant-Colonel George Henderson the army has lost a distinguished instructor and literature a man who wrote with force and ability on themes which are generally, though for no apparent reason, counted as outside literature. Colonel Henderson's "Stonewall Jackson" was a fine lesson in the means and end of strategy, and it was on account of his special knowledge that he was selected to edit the official history of the South African War. From a communication to "The Times" by "Linesman" concerning Colonel Henderson we extract the following:—

Men more famous have vanished, yet few with more promise of fame, and none more beloved. The dread gazette of death has never removed a soldier whose commission is handed back to its great Giver more unsullied, its oath of allegiance more faithfully kept, its injunctions to duty more honourably obeyed. If the confused patchwork of life has stainless parts, Colonel Henderson surely filled one of them, and the tearing of it so suddenly away leaves a grievous rent to us who rejoice in its purity.

SIR WILLIAM RICHMOND's lecture before the members of the Institute of British Decorators on "The Decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral" was at any rate a personal vindication of some account. Of Sir William's early reminiscences not much is to be said; apparently he felt that he was, as it were, set aside for the work of decorating St. Paul's:—

When he was a little boy of about thirteen his mother took him to hear the service at St. Paul's, and they sat in the choir. He looked up at that naked roof—that was before he had ever been in Italy or seen a piece of mosaic—and on going out he said, "Mother, some day I will cover that with mosaic."

Such prophetic vision is, perhaps happily, rare in children of thirteen, but in the case of Sir William Richmond it came true. He deliberately prepared himself for this prospective work by visiting "all the churches covered with mosaic in Italy, many in Asia Minor, and all in Greece." When the commission for the decoration came to him he took a strong stand; he told the committee that he was not going "to submit his designs to the approval of the British public. He knew the British public, and he knew the British critic," and neither could ever make up its mind as to what it liked and why it liked it. So Sir William went on in his own way, and used his mosaic as he thought best. Concerning colour decoration in general the lecturer said some wise things, though his manner of saying them was not always happy. The Parthenon, he said, was coloured "from top to toe"; "top to toe," of a building, is curiously unhappy.

A PLEASING little booklet of "Lays and Lyrics from German Poets," by Sydney Hesselrigge, reaches us from Nottingham. Mr. Hesselrigge appears to have aimed, and properly, at absolute simplicity, as the following translation of Heine will show:—

Once there came a lovely picture
 Into my life's dreary day;
 Now the night has closed around me,
 For the picture slipped away.
 Little children in the darkness,
 When their courage fast grows cold;
 Try to ease their hearts by singing,
 Till their fears away have rolled.
 Thus do I, alone in darkness,
 Like a child, begin to sing;
 Care not if my song be merry,
 Should it only comfort bring.

We referred recently to an offensive method of book advertising by means of postcards. In America a new method, and if possible an even more objectionable one, has been hit upon. In a New York paper the following appeared:—

STIRLING.—By suicide in the Hudson River, poet and man of genius, in the 22nd year of his age. Chicago papers please copy.

Shortly afterwards there was issued the diary of Stirling, who had, of course, not committed suicide at all.

A CONTEMPORARY says, in reviewing Mr. Buckley's "Croppies Lie Down," that it "makes sure of an Irish audience." We wish we could feel equal confidence. The writer of Irish stories is unfortunately aware that the native market for them is very small. A writer of Scotch stories, on the other hand, is pretty sure of a reasonable sale.

Bibliographical.

THE next best thing to a book is a catalogue of books, especially if that catalogue be in any particular unique. Unique, surely, among the catalogues of circulating libraries is that of the London Library, just issued. Here is a tome of 1,626 pages (in double columns), containing references to about 220,000 volumes. The entries (save of course in the case of anonymous or pseudonymous books) are under the names of authors, arranged alphabetically. A subject-index is to follow; but, in the meantime, some of the more important topics, such as "Shakespeare," have a special treatment, by which the student is guided to works on sub-divisions of the theme. I do not, personally, like the arrangement by which the works of a writer are ranged under his name in alphabetical order; this makes reference easy, but the chronological order would be in some ways more instructive. Dr. Wright, the editor, has done well to follow the example of the British Museum Catalogue in giving, in many cases, brief descriptions of the authors; and one could even wish that the principle had been carried further. Thus in plain "Adams, Henry Cadwallader," everybody may not at once recognize our old friend the Rev. H. C. Adams, the author of "Schoolboy Honour" and so forth. The introduction of the "Rev." might have been a help to many. Happily, Dr. Wright does not follow the bad example of the British Museum Catalogue in entering notable authors under names by which they are not usually indicated. Thus Mrs. Hemans figures under "Hemans," not under "Browne, Felicia Dorothea," as (if I remember rightly) the old lady in Bloomsbury has it. In respect of accuracy this London Library Catalogue is monumental; I have been browsing over it from time to time, and have found only a single entry which is in the least degree misleading, and that of minor importance only. As a whole, the Catalogue is a triumph not only of industry, but of knowledge and good judgment.

One reflection a cursory examination of the Catalogue does suggest, and that is, that the Library would have been all the better for a little "weeding-out" before the Catalogue was put in type. The process is one to which all libraries, and especially all circulating libraries, should be submitted at suitable intervals of time, because there are some books of which time alone can finally establish the value, whether fleeting or permanent. Again, one notes in the Catalogue, as one notes even in the British Museum Catalogue, gaps which one feels the responsible parties ought to busy themselves in filling up. There are certain standard authors, one feels, who should be fully represented in a library—an ideal which its controllers or custodians ought to keep steadily before them.

In the case, unhappily, of a circulating library, there is always a demand for new books which has to be met, even though the librarian knows that most of those books have no element of permanence. This is one of the banes of the perfect librarian's existence.

Talking of catalogues, I may record the publication of the "English Catalogue of Books" (S. Low & Co.) for 1902, the sixty-sixth annual issue. The work of compilation has been carefully done, and the information given can be relied upon. "The Catalogue" is, indeed, an institution, and, unlike most institutions, scarcely susceptible of improvement. Space could, I think, be saved here and there, and I should like the names of authors to be given (at least once, where there is more than one entry under them) as fully as the title-page allows. But these are counsels of perfection.

The "Index and Epitome" of the "Dictionary of National Biography" will, of course, be welcome to many; but still more people will be pleased when the proprietors of the "Dictionary" begin to issue it (if they ever do so issue it) in sections, each covering a single subject, such as soldiers, sailors, lawyers, doctors, painters, musicians, actors, and so forth. Tastes and studies are much specialized nowadays, and there is very, very much in the "Dictionary" which does not appeal at all to the average man. I may add, I am heretical enough to hold that very many of the biographies in the "Dictionary" are by far too long, and that the work as a whole might profitably have been less bulky than it is. In the cases especially of monarchs, statesmen, and politicians, the historical element is too often permitted to overwhelm the purely biographical.

There have been several references lately to the preface which Mr. Shorthouse supplied for an edition of "The Temple," published in 1882. He wrote at least three other prefaces—one to Molinos' "Golden Thoughts" (1883), another to Morse's "Peace, The Voice of the Church to her Sick" (1888), and another (on the Royal Supremacy) to Galton's "Message and Position of the Church of England" (1899). His paper "On the Platonism of Wordsworth" was printed in 1882.

We are promised, from the pen of a lady (Mrs. E. H. Fremantle), a new translation into English of the works of Heine. This, I presume, would include the poems, which in themselves would tax very severely the powers of any one translator. Hitherto, one may say, they have managed, as a body, to elude complete fusion into our tongue, despite the well-meant efforts of E. A. Bowring, C. G. Leland, Sir Theodore Martin, Emma Lazarus, and others. Mrs. Fremantle, we are told, was introduced to Heine by the selection from his poems (in English) published in the "Canterbury Poets" in 1887. In this instance many translators were judiciously drawn upon. But is Heine's verse translatable at all?

The list of forthcoming "King's Classics" is undoubtedly appetising. Early in it stands the Life of Margaret Godolphin, written by John Evelyn, and edited by Bishop Wilberforce in 1847. An abridgement of this "Saintly Life" came out in 1853, and again in 1864. The "Life" was also edited by William Harcourt in 1888. Then we are to have, under the title of "Monastic Life," a translation of the Chronicle of Jocelin de Brakelonda, monk of St. Edmundsbury, the full text of which was published by the Camden Society in 1840, the English version by T. E. Tomlins following in 1844. Next, by way of companion to the last-named, we are to have "Convent Life," an English translation of the thirteenth century "Ancren Riwele," a version of which, by J. Morton, was issued by the Camden Society in 1853. Extracts from the "Ancren Riwele" were added to the Clarendon Press publications in 1884.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Work Done.

MORE LETTERS OF CHARLES DARWIN: A RECORD OF HIS WORK IN A SERIES OF HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS. Edited by Francis Darwin and A. C. Seward. Illustrated. (John Murray 32s. net.)

THESE letters are supplementary to the three volumes of the "Life and Letters," published in 1887. Primarily, they are a record of work—work of such value, scope, and unity as can with difficulty be paralleled. They illuminate, as could no other source of light, any previous conceptions of the worth of Darwin to the race. It was well to retain these letters until this present. Their publication now, in a century which has such distorted views of Darwin, will be a boon to the student, the historian, the prophet, and the public at large. Passionless as a scientist, a man of peace, patient, minute, and almost incredibly accurate as an observer, Darwin was a man who must be loved. Humour, sensitiveness, sympathy are writ large on every page. Of his intellectual honesty and self-criticism, and the power of sheer prevision that were his, we must attempt the portrayal in relation to these letters.

Born in 1809, the year that gave us so many great men, Darwin has left a delightful fragment of early recollections far too good to be garbled by part quotation. The first letters are from Edinburgh, where he went to study medicine. But the chance of a half-cabin offered to a naturalist who should embark on a ship voyaging westwards was too good to be missed, and we find him next at Monte Video. Long afterwards, speaking of the doctrine of Design (as it then existed), he alludes to this theory in relation to varying lengths of nose, and tells us that "the shape of my nose (eheu!)" very nearly made Captain Fitzroy refuse to accept the offer to accompany the "Beagle" on her trip. The young naturalist who, as a child, had longed to know the origin and nature of each of the many-coloured pebbles before his father's front door, writes home the most jubilant letters of his many finds in botany, zoology, and geology at Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Ayres. Of the Andes he writes:—

I cannot tell you how I enjoyed some of these views—it is worth coming from England once to feel such intense delight; at an elevation from 10,000 to 12,000 feet there is a transparency in the air, and a confusion of distances and a sort of stillness which gave the sensation of being in another world, and when to this is joined the picture so plainly drawn of the great epochs of violence, it causes in the mind a most strange assemblage of ideas.

On this voyage Darwin visited the Galapagos islands, where the first conception that species might not be immutable crossed his mind. Twenty-four years later was fruition. On his return he became engaged to Emma Wedgwood. A noble tribute he paid in after years to his "greatest blessing," of whom he says "in my whole life I have never heard her utter one word I would rather have been unsaid." We pass over many pages dear to truth, and quote an allusion to Owen, of whose part in the most vital period in the history of science it is kindest not to speak. "What wretched doings come from the order of fame; the love of truth alone would never make one man attack another bitterly." And, indeed, in these 782 letters of one of the greatest lovers and finders of truth in any age, there is not one word of bitterness, though calumny, misrepresentation, and what Goethe, his great predecessor, called the most dangerous thing in the world, "ignorance in motion," faced him all his days. All honour to the living and the dead for the relations between Darwin and Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace. If ever it is worth while to squabble about priority, it was in their case. Instead they loyally fought for nothing but one another and truth. Observe the elder's manner and method: "As I am writing my

book, I try to take as much pains as possible to give the strongest cases opposed to me and often such conjectures as occur to me." To Huxley: "What you have written agrees with what I have been writing, only with the melancholy difference for me that you put everything in twice as striking a manner as I do"; and "Farewell, my good and admirable agent for the promulgation of damnable heresies!" To Sir Joseph Hooker: "Adios, you terrible worrier of poor theorists," and "I believe I am the slowest (perhaps the worst) thinker in England."

Darwin was much concerned with a letter from Sedgwick accusing him of "departing from the spirit of inductive philosophy," and was relieved by Mill's assurance that his method was sound. The most recent work on Variation demonstrates how sound that method was, and how needless the words, taken from a letter of 1862: "I look at it as absolutely certain that very much in the 'Origin' will be proved rubbish; but I expect and hope that the framework will stand." At this hour, the doctrine of pangenesis, of which his wife said it "sounded wicked like pantheism," and of which he always spoke with a half-melancholy humour, is being found necessary, in a modified form, to correct the theory of Weismann, with whom Darwin so often and so valuably corresponded. And what an illustration from bacteriology is the remark that "the struggle for life is sometimes between forms as different as possible, for instance, between grasshoppers and herbivorous quadrupeds." What would he have said of the tubercle bacillus as an illustration, discovered three weeks before his death?

Darwin was pleased with a letter of Kingsley's which contains a story of a heathen Khan in Tartary who was visited by a pair of proselytising Moollahs. The first Moollah said, "Oh! Khan, worship my God. He is so wise that He made all things." But Moollah No. 2 won the day by pointing out that his God is "So wise that He makes all things make themselves." And in a letter to the greatest of geologists, Sir Charles Lyell, Darwin says, "I do not wish to say that God did not foresee everything which would ensue." In this connection we may quote from the "Origin": "There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning, endless forms, most beautiful and most wonderful, have been, and are being evolved."

We must quote the following:—

To Lyell, 1860: "I cannot explain why, but to me it would be an infinite satisfaction to believe that mankind will progress to such a pitch that we should look back at ourselves as mere Barbarians." Observe the early date to understand why he says "it would be," not "it is." Note also how completely this sentiment is shared by Tennyson, born so near to him in time and place. Compare this, to Sir Joseph Hooker:—

I quite agree how humiliating the slow progress of man is, but . . . this sinks into my mind into insignificance compared with the idea, or rather I presume certainty, of the sun some day cooling and we all freezing. To think of the progress of millions of years, with every continent swarming with good and enlightened men, all ending in this, and with probably no fresh start until this our planetary system has been again converted into red-hot gas. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, with a vengeance.

In a letter dated 1877 we have the historic fact:—

When I was on board the "Beagle," I believed, in the permanence of species, but, as far as I can remember, vague doubts occasionally flitted across my mind. On my return home in the autumn of 1836 I immediately began to prepare my journal for publication, and then saw how many facts indicated the common descent of species, so that in July 1837, I opened a note-book to record any facts which might bear on the question; but I did not become convinced that species were mutable until, I think, two or three years had elapsed.

Darwin's disapproval of theorizing beyond the point where facts stopped is shown in a letter to Lyell: "I demur also to your putting Huxley's 'force and matter' in the same category with Natural Selection. The latter may, of course, be quite a false view; but surely it is not getting beyond our depth to first causes." Of all his followers that have got beyond their depth, Haeckel is the first, and the present editors deeply regret his publication (without permission) of a letter, in which Darwin comments severely on Virchow.

An instance of prevision is in a letter to Wallace:—

With respect to the differences of race, a conjecture has occurred to me that much may be due to the correlation of complexion (and consequently hair) with constitution. Assume that a dusky individual best escaped miasma, and you will readily see what I mean.

Recent work demonstrates more clearly every day the truth of this proposition, as is shown in Dr. Vernon's authoritative book just published. This quotation from the same letter has a practical bearing to-day:—

Our aristocracy is handsomer (more hideous according to a Chinese or Negro) than the middle classes, from having the pick of the women; but, oh! what a scheme is primogeniture for destroying Natural Selection!

In one of a valuable series of letters to Mr. Francis Galton, Darwin points out the error into which that great philosopher and (we may add) Tennyson had fallen—"so careless of the single life"—and puts it thus:—

Surely Nature does not more carefully regard races than individuals. Would it not be truer to say that Nature cares only for the superior individuals and then makes her new and better races.

Many allusions to children are of interest. Of the "Darwin's tubercle" on the ear, hinting an ancestral pointed ear, he writes to an observer of children, "Could you not get an accurate sketch of the direction of the hair of the tip of an ear?" Pregnant are his suggestions as to the beginnings of music: "Children make an interrogative noise, before they can articulate, and others of assent and dissent, in different notes." Elsewhere he writes:—

Facility in the utterance of prolonged sounds may possibly come into play in rendering them musical . . . those who vary their voices much, and use cadences in long-continued speaking, feel less fatigued than those who speak on the same note.

Space fails for quotation from letters dealing with Darwin's work on earthworms and their incredible value to the soil, or his theory of subsidence of coral reefs, which was proved in 1891 by the method of boring such reefs suggested by himself ten years before. We can only refer the readers to the volumes for all the work in geology and botany which they so admirably illustrate. We should wish to mention the sane views of this gentle man on vivisection, and to refer to his gratitude for Mr. Herbert Spencer's criticism and his adoption of Spencer's term "survival of the fittest," as explanatory of his own constantly misunderstood term, "Natural Selection."

The editors have done their work well in providing a complete index and admirable portraits. The combination of the human and the scientific interest in these volumes is rare.

The Good Man Triumphant.

TWO BIOGRAPHIES OF WILLIAM BEDELL, BISHOP OF KILMORE.
Edited with Notes and Index by E. S. Shuckburgh.
(Cambridge University Press. 10s. net.)

MR. SHUCKBURGH is to be congratulated on this very satisfactory and complete edition of Bishop Bedell's Life and Correspondence. Credit for the initial undertaking and for the collection of the material, the introduction tells

us, must be given to Prof. Mayor, who also published, in 1871, one of the Lives here reprinted. Mr. Shuckburgh has, however, completed the work undertaken, and his scholarly edition is in every respect worthy of the traditions of the Cambridge University Press.

The life of William Bedell (1571–1642) will be treasured to-day not so much on account of the theological controversies in which the Bishop engaged, as for the rare picture it presents of the Good Man triumphant in the naughty world. Bedell, who was of English Puritan stock, was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, became noted for his great gifts as a scholar and philologist, was made a Fellow, passed to Venice as a chaplain of the English Ambassador, returned to England and accepted a country living, and sixteen years later was nominated by the Crown as Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. It is here that the chief interest in his life as a human document centres. For Bedell, who became Bishop of Kilmore in 1629, construed his charge to be actually that of shepherding his flock of poor Irish sheep, and, as a man of God, he girt up his loins and denounced the scandalous abuses and corruptions in Ecclesiastical Ireland, wrested back property stolen by ecclesiastics from the Church, protected the native Irishry from illegal spoliations in his diocese, nay, he even stood up against the authority of Laud and Strafford, who were then dominant in Church and State. In pursuit of his spiritual ideas, seeking to teach the poor Irish, protect them and minister unto them, Bedell, this sturdy old Protestant, became as highly obnoxious to the majority of his fellow bishops as he became beloved and respected by the Catholic Irish round him. So undeniable was his great learning, so versed in theological controversy, so skilled in law, so upright his life, and so obstinate and pertinacious was he as an antagonist that, marvellous to relate, Bedell carried his points in the teeth of his powerful adversaries, won most of his lawsuits, and retained his Bishopric. It was the triumph of the fearless, conscientious man of saintly life against the powers of the world. So much was Bedell beloved by the Irish that when the Great Rebellion broke out in 1641, the Bishop was assured by the Catholics that he should be the last Englishman to be expelled from Ireland. And indeed the Irish saw that no harm came to him, and when he died of a fever contracted in the little castle of Loughwater where they had confined him, chiefly for his safety, the Irish gathered at his funeral and gave him military honours. Truly Bedell was the true shepherd of his flock, and had he lived in the days, ten centuries earlier, when Christianity was struggling to make headway against heathendom, he would have come down to posterity as St. Bedell the Wise.

The Life by his son William Bedell is so delicious a document that we heartily wish it could be printed as a pamphlet and distributed broadcast among modern biographers. It is the very model of what a life should be. Everything that is of interest is presented in pithy and picturesque phrase, and all the platitudes, all the non-vital tedious trivialities with which the modern biographer stuffs out his redundant and circumlocutory volumes, find no place. Bedell's severe rectitude and honesty of purpose are depicted in the quaint and vigorous style of which, a century later, English writers lost the secret. "There is yet farther to be noted in his domestical course of conversation his behaviour towards the beggars, bedlams, and travellers, that use to come to men's doors," says his biographer. "These he would not fail to examine, mixing both wholesome instructions and severe reproofs. Nor rested he there; but if they had any passes to travel by, he would be sure to scan them thoroughly, and finding them false or counterfeit, his way was to send for the constable, and after correction given according to law, he would make them a new pass, and send them to the place of their last settlement, or birth. This made him so well-known among that sort of people that they shun'd the

town for the most part, to the no small quiet and security of him and all his neighbours."

The account given by Bedell's two biographers of the Rebellion of 1641 is full of curious details, inasmuch as both writers—Bedell's son and his son-in-law—were eye-witnesses of the scenes, and participators in the sufferings of the unfortunate English settlers who, stripped of their lands, houses, and goods in a single day, fled for safety to the few fortified towns. The surprise of the English in Cavan was complete. The last thing, seemingly, they had anticipated was that the people they had subjected should endeavour to get their own again. Thus we read of "one Mr. Arthur Cullum and his wife, whose father Sir Hugh being a captain under the Q. in Tyrone's wars, had that fort committed to his trust, for the keeping of which he had a large proportion of lands given him; but his son that knew nothing of the wars of the Lord, neglected the place so much, where the magazine ought to have been kept for the defence of the country against sudden insurrections, that tho' he said 'he had in his hands' (when he was taken prisoner) '*ten pounds worth of sugar and plums*, yet he had not one pound of powder, nor one fixt musquet for the defence of it.'" The Irish of Cavan, not wishing to bring on themselves the hostility of the Scotch, at first proclaimed that their quarrel was with the English alone; but the Scotch settlers, canny folk, stood to arms in two small castles, and for months beat off the Irish attack which was not very long in coming. Eventually, however, the Scots, wearied out, obtained an armistice, and marched away towards Dublin. The sequel we give in the narrator's words:—

So, on the 15th day of June, 1642, in the eighth month after the Rebellion, we marched away above 1,200 men, women, and children, after they had eaten the cowes' hydes that had covered their cabbins and huts, from Christmas to June. A sad company of poore people we were, as ever were seene together. Some loaden with children, some great with chield, some two children on their backs, many with little ones in their armes, yet all rejoicing in the Lord for our enlargement at last. About 2,000 rebels accompanying us for our lyfe-guard, according to the articles of our agreement.

The country had orders to bring us provisions for money, as was artickled, which they did in great plenty. Though there were many plots to cut us off by the way . . . yet the Lord of Hosts was with us, and his glory did shlyne over us, as in a cloud by day and a fyre by night, for our defence, and restrayned their malice, and brought forth this little flock. . . . On the 22nd day of June, Sir Henry Titchbourne, the governor of Drogheda, with Captain Gibson, met us with a party of horse and foot within ten myles of the garison of Drogheda, and conducted us safely thither by the good hand of our God upon us. The rebels that conducted us took sollemne leave of us, being sore afrayed at the sight of our English force . . . and many of them wept at our parting from them that had lived so long peaceably amongst them, as if we had been one people with them. . . . Most of our poor pillaged company came towards Dublin, a poore exhausted city of refuge, which was neytheir able to lodge us nor relieve us with things necessary, thousands dying every weeke, being pierced through for the want of the fruits of the earth, as is at largeset forth in the booke of Dr. Jones, Deane of Kilmore, who wrote the history of the horrid Rebellion. . . .

The Child.

CONCERNING CHILDREN. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2s. 6d.)

NOTHING points so much to a revolution in our views of childhood as the increasing production of books about children. Whether these are done humourously, as in the majority of cases, or seriously, as in "Concerning Children" by Mrs. Gilman, the impulse that produces them is the same, and it is an impulse towards the better understanding of children. The old idea that children should be kept in their place is giving way, in fact, to the newer one that the place, if it is to be limited at all, should be a very

different one in the household. There is no doubt a good deal to be said for this change of attitude towards children. It is quite time we began to recognise the child as an intelligent being with a personality of its own, instead of as one of a class that exists mainly for the amusement of adults; and books like Mrs. Gilman's are at least useful in putting this growing tendency into words. Whether they are of value in suggesting a counter-treatment to the one they condemn, is another matter. To us it seems that Mrs. Gilman is more eloquent in stating the wrongs of childhood than practical in suggesting their remedy. In the chapter called "The Child and the Slipper," for instance, she condemns very logically the practice of arbitrary punishment; but her plea for punishment by natural consequence does not altogether convince us. The unimaginative child, if allowed to burn itself not too seriously, as the author proposes, will probably learn to avoid the fire more effectually than if it were whipped for playing with it; but we have a shrewd suspicion that the enterprising child, of whom there are many, would chance the pain on another occasion for the sake of making further fascinating experiments. Nor do we think with her that a continual appeal to the child's intelligence is altogether a good substitute for training it to obedience. After all, in either case, the child is being guided by the adult; and the success of either method depends upon the wisdom of the one who employs it. A wise mother will never exact blind and unreasoning obedience; an unwise one might very well awaken the child's intelligence in the wrong direction. Of course, we are aware that Mrs. Gilman means the child's intelligence to awaken more or less unaided by the adult; but the smallest practical observation of children proves the fact that as long as the adult is about, the child's instinct will be to copy that person rather than to initiate a rule of conduct of its own.

There is another danger, too, in this new discovery the world seems to be making of the child's intelligence. Education, whether in the nursery, the kindergarten, or the school, that is based on a perpetual appeal to the intelligence, would result, it seems to us, in something like brain pressure before the children had reached their teens. Over-development of the reason almost inevitably means a warping of the imagination; and many children, taught to use their reason in their play as well as in their work, would end in having their individuality driven out of them as completely as if they were the victims of the old system of blind obedience and the slipper. We say many children advisedly, for Mrs. Gilman in common with most enthusiasts is inclined to forget, in spite of her assurances to the contrary, that rules can no more be laid down for children than for men and women. Every child has to be studied separately, and it is difficult to see how this is to be done better in the crowded baby garden or the baby school, even though the teachers are all trained and certificated, than in the home where the mother has love and instinct to guide her. It is true that Mrs. Gilman places love and instinct far down in the list of qualities necessary to the bringing-up of children, and considers a mother chiefly as the person who keeps the bed aired for her child when it returns home to her after a day spent with the people who are trained to understand it; but we should like to take the vote of the nursery on these points before we admit that she is right. Personal experience has shown us on more than one occasion that the intelligent way of learning to read, which is now superseding the old way of learning columns of words by heart, is producing a race of girls and boys who cannot spell; and this fact makes us pause and wonder whether the child who is taught to govern its conduct by its reason will not grow up with a system of morals that is, to say the least of it, as unconventional as its spelling. Morality, like the spelling of English, stands a

poor chance if approached only with intelligence; and the conventionality which is so largely responsible for both must be learned in the old-fashioned parrot-like way, or it can never be learned at all. And if we know anything about children, their intelligence will be all the fresher at fifteen if they have not been over-using it ever since they were five.

There is much in Mrs. Gilman's book that we have not space to touch upon here; for it is an exhaustive study of child psychology, and deserves consideration if only for its obvious sincerity. But as we began by saying, it has more value as a treatise about children than as a guide to their better education, and we should be sorry to see the misunderstood and persecuted child of Mrs. Gilman's imagination changed into the priggish sort of superior person that her book suggests to ours.

The Higher Etiquette.

THE MINOR MORALIST. By Mrs. Hugh Bell. (Edward Arnold. 4s. 6d. net.)

It is not easy nowadays to find a literary gap which someone or other has not stopped with a book. But Mrs. Hugh Bell thinks, with some reason, that she has discovered one, and in these seven essays, carefully, thoughtfully, suggestively written, she rather points to the gap than claims to have filled it. The gap yawns somewhere between the "Critique of Pure Reason" and the latest book of etiquette, between Kant of Königsberg and "Comme il Faut" of the "Lady's Pictorial." A man may talk learnedly of the antimonies and never make a mistake in the number of cards he leaves upon his hostesses, yet be a most uncomfortable person with whom to share the world. For between these two desirable accomplishments there lie huge possibilities of mistakes in everyday dealings with relatives, servants, acquaintances and strangers, which may be regarded as the subject of the higher etiquette—or the minor morality—which you please. In her initial essay Mrs. Bell pleads for some regular teaching of manners—not the mere avoidance of an improper use of the knife in eating peas (that is corrected by a rap over the knuckles from the governess), but a kind of second-grade instruction, which shall give the manners that make up personality. And the average man's success in life, as well as his enjoyment of it, depends largely on his secondary manners—his higher etiquette. Genius, of course, is above law, and a Dr. Johnson may pant and snort over his plate and interrupt conversation with a sure welcome. At present we simply tell our young people (when they have learned not to attack the gravy with a spoon) that "good manners proceed from a good heart," and expect them to fill in the details, as though one should tell the law of gravitation and expect them never to tumble.

We allow them to try by practical experiment whether it is by being pompous, offhand, or patronising that you can make yourself the most disagreeable, and how long other people will enjoy talking to you if you are looking the while with ill-concealed inattention over their shoulder. And yet these are things which should be deliberately taught, and not left to chance.

Now these rules of the higher etiquette, thinks Mrs. Bell, should be formulated, put into a book, hung in school-rooms by the side of "Thou, God, seest me," and committed to memory by the young. It would be a great task, with a great result, for the field is a wide one, and if the book is to be written—the book of the higher etiquette—Mrs. Bell has certainly a claim to be author. Here is an instance. The person who has had a bad night, who suffers from a chronic complaint, who is in

trouble with servants, never gets consolation. The only reply is a capping of the story:—

Notice, for example, round a breakfast-table in a country house, how, if one person says he has been awakened by a thrush at 3 a.m., he will in one moment be in possession of the experience of the entire table, without one word from any one of comment or sympathy on the experience of others.

Let one of the simple rules to be obtained in our book, then, be never to say how you have slept yourself when your neighbour tells you what sort of a night he has had.

That puts a premium on the man who is first with his woes. But breakfast would be pleasanter without a rechauffée of the night. And the rule might be hung by the electric light button on the bedroom wall, as Mrs. Bell saw "No gentleman to dance in a great-coat" on the walls of the "Peopletown Social."

In treating of the minor matters of life Mrs. Bell is always suggestive, and most suggestive perhaps in her comments on the relations of "Mothers and Daughters." There are few things more pathetic than the gradual severance of the child from the mother, who as years go on sinks from a paragon to a problem. From two years onwards the child loses gradually its absolute and unquestioning confidence in the mother. When the daughter is grown up, there is the case of two adult women living in the same house (supposing the daughter has not a husband or house of her own), looking at life from points which are a generation apart. There is a problem for the higher etiquette. Daughters of to-day are apt to depart and set up their bachelor-girl establishments. Mrs. Bell is somewhat in favour of this, and in discounting the "oddness" of a revolting daughter makes a very sensible comment:—

The misery of being talked about exists mainly in our imagination; it is not often, if ever, that we actually hear the things that are said about us! We only imagine them.

Of the relations of servants and mistresses and the absurd deification of thrift by people with large incomes Mrs. Bell writes lucidly and amusingly. And we should be glad to see her rules formulated and hung by every bedside, for the higher etiquette is the real lubricant of life.

A Belated Journal.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN THE HIGHLANDS AND WESTERN ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND IN 1800. By John Leyden. Edited by James Sinton. (Blackwood. 6s. net.)

THE MS. of this volume had a long and uneventful history. About five years ago it was bought at Sotheby's; but the Editor "has been able to discover nothing of its former owners." Dr. Leyden himself, however, was well known in his day. From the bibliography appended to this work it is manifest that he was a scholar of wide and varied interests, and he was held in high esteem by Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter, indeed, wrote a biography of Leyden, a work from which Mr. Sinton quotes in his preface. The journal now before us Sir Walter, writing in 1811, declared to be a curious monument of Leyden's zeal and industry in the matter of "the decaying traditions of Celtic manners and story which are yet preserved in the wild districts of Moidart and Knoidart." It contains, he wrote, "much valuable information on the subject of Highland manners and traditions, which is now probably lost to the public." Sir Walter dealt very generously with his learned friend. About Highland manners the journal tells practically nothing at all, and Highland traditions are treated allusively, in a mode so casual that really we are obliged to wonder what Sir Walter was talking about.

Dr. Leyden's interest in the Highlands was mainly geological. Only at rare intervals do we come upon a passage of more than local concern, and the passage is never quite complete. For example, there is the story of Connal,

"the Thirsites of the Fingalians," who excelled in arranging an army in array of battle. Connal, we are told, had made three resolutions. He would never see a door without entering it; he would never see a feast without sharing in it; he would never see the landlord of an inn frowning without giving him a box on the ear. Now, one day, seeing Hell open, Connal entered, found the devil dining, and sat down. Satan looked surly, and Connal smote him on the ear. Here we have all the conditions necessary to a fine how-dye-do; but Dr. Leyden touches upon the matter only in order to mention that he "did not learn the issue of the business." Similarly, at Glenelg Dr. Leyden finds himself in the company of a party of sportsmen, "which consists of clergymen, seamen, and our hospitable landlord"; and at the very moment when we expect him to become humanly interesting he breaks off to say that he "seized some trifling pretext for leave of absence in order to escape from the surprising anecdotes, related with so much glee, of the sagacity of pointers." A few pages of the sportsmen's talk would have been much more attractive than the many pages which Dr. Leyden devotes to his fruitless endeavours to solve the mystery of Ossian's poems.

Those who are interested in agriculture will find what may prove a useful suggestion in the entry in Dr. Leyden's journal recording a visit to Inveraray. The Duke of Argyll of a hundred years ago managed the hay crop in a way peculiarly his own. He had a barn "in the form of a semi-circle, with numerous ventilators. The low story forms a double range of stalls for black cattle in winter. The floors of the upper stories are formed of boards placed at six inches distance, and the walls and roofs are provided with wooden hooks for suspending sheaves of corn or bundles of hay, which are deposited green or new-cut, and are soon dried in the wettest seasons." As storing the crop in silos, which is the most modern method of saving the hay, has not been wholly successful, the ancient plan at Inveraray seems worth consideration.

Whilst we cannot write much in praise of this work, we quite realise that at the time it was written, when the Highlands were an unknown region to practically all save those who dwelt in them, Dr. Leyden's journal and letters may have been fresh and entertaining to his friends.

The Romantic Drama.

THE TREASURE OF THE GARDEN. By Jack B. Yeats. (Elkin Mathews. 5s.)

So many in these days are for reviving the romantic drama, for bringing to life—

The mellow glory of the Attic stage,

and for restoring the arts of acting and of speaking verse, that we have come to regard the exposition of a new theory without emotion; the advent of a new play without excitement. Our romantic dramatists take themselves too seriously, and aim at expressing rather the sorrows than the joys of life. Since the world has heard the beauty of the muted string it has forgotten that life ever went merrily to a pipe, or to the Arcadian, but penny, whistle. It has forgotten the song, and the old tune, and the old story. It has forgotten that the drama ever shook men's hearts, and has come to prefer that it should help to digest men's dinners. We want—

The old laughter that had April in it.

Now perhaps the chief reason for the dulness of modern plays is the somewhat exclusive attitude of the playwright. His appeal is no longer to the world. His appeal is to an audience. No breadth of range, no scope, is allowed to him. He has lost touch with the external forces of daily life. An introspective study, an allegory of the

state of his own mind, is the most we can look for from him.

But in Mr. Jack B. Yeats we recognise the makings of a dramatist of an older order; a writer of plays that are written in the intimate speech of the folk-ballad. While his contemporaries argue, wrangle and disagree as to what is music, and what is the best music, and what music saves a man's soul, he, like the hero Finn, is content with that best of all music—

The music of the thing that happens.

His play of "The Treasure of the Garden" carries on a tradition that shook the stage before playwrights became self-conscious and before poets aimed to please the high foreheads in the stalls. There is no mental dyspepsia in his characters. They present no problem. Their aim is to be real. To be glad and sorry for a little while on a miniature stage measuring a foot across.

Many will regard this tragedy as a *jeu d'esprit*, a piece of dainty fooling, but it is more than this. Here is his old emigrant speaking. "Come away, neighbours, the poor captain is feeling sad in his heart. The poor man, like the rest of us, doesn't like leaving the dear silk o' the kine." That gentle sentence is "not altogether fool." One should note, too, the delicate tact and rightness he shows in his handling of the recitative. How actual, how pregnant with jolly sarcasm, is Bo'sun Hardbite's speech in Scene I.: "Well, good bye, cap, sit there on yer old iron mushyroom till the seaweed grows on you."

The coloured figures and scenes at the end of the book are designed to be cut out for use upon a toy stage. They show the author's peculiar gift for catching a quick effect of natural action. The colours are all that could be desired. Of the figures we prefer Plate IV., a tragic effect. Of the scenes, the charming harbour sketch in Plate II.

Other New Books.

LIBERAL JUDAISM. By Claude G. Montefiore. (Macmillan. 3s. net.)

THIS essay would be of wider interest but for the author's modest disclaimer of authority. He speaks, he tells us, for himself alone; not as the apologist of that important section of his race which is striving, much upon the lines of our own Broad Churchman, to disentangle from traditional accretions a substratum of the national religion upon which the intelligent and educated may stand firm against the consequences of modern destructive criticism. It would have been easier to grasp his position, we may add, if he had been at pains to provide his book at least with chapter headings and a table of contents. But it is not very long.

The Reform Jew would seem to reject the Law, and to rest upon the Prophets; but he does not accept every jot and tittle of these as authentic or as inspired. If Israel is to be regarded as a chosen people, that is only in virtue of the illumination bestowed from on high upon these men, since theirs surpassed the measure of the seers of other peoples. He believes in one God as declared through them. His religion is a monotheism that rejects as destructive any such refinements as those enunciated by the dogmas of the Christian Church. The point he has most difficulty in making clear is the way in which Judaism in this broad sense is to be distinguished. That, in fact, he never succeeds in making very plain. But in practice he strongly dissuades his brethren either from joining themselves to Unitarian or Theistic bodies, or, more especially, from lapsing into indifferentism. And it is in the interest of the rising generation in particular that he

urges fidelity to the customs and rites handed down from their forefathers. The essay breathes a spirit of sincere conviction.

AS WE ARE AND AS WE MAY BE. By Walter Besant. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

HERE are a dozen papers from a dead hand. They cover the ground upon which Sir Walter Besant laboured as a social economist. His view was always a practical one, limited by the conditions and formed in accordance with the tendencies of his day. He was the soberest of dreamers. To him the world had no great significance; human life had no infinite import. But conscious beings for a little space had the possibilities of well-being—intellectual well-being and physical. To enlarge the mental outlook and to multiply pleasurable activities was the end of the social movement he did so much to stir. Since we are alive, let us try to have a good time. His kindly soul had compassion on bright boys growing prematurely jaded in ill-paid drudgery, on the befringed factory-girls three abreast and their mirthless laughter, on the marriages contracted in mere vacuous recklessness, on the troops of neglected children. Let us teach them to dance, he said, to sing, to sew, to act, to carve, to paint, to read. The idea is no longer unfamiliar. The settlements of various kinds whose work is conducted in the spirit of which he was in his day the principal spokesman are a familiar fact of labouring London. As in the paper entitled "From Thirteen to Seventeen" his passion for sane and healthy life could sometimes touch the commonplace of his style with passion.

Everybody has been young [he writes], but somehow we forget the sweet spring season. Let us try to remember, in the interest of the uncared-for youths and girls, the time of glorious dreaming, when the boy became a man, and stood upon some peak in Darien to gaze upon the purple isles of life in the great ocean beyond, peopled by men who were as heroes and by women who were as goddesses. Our own dreaming was glorified, to be sure, with memories of things we had read; yet, as we dreamed, so, but without the colour lent to our visions, these *sallow-faced lads*, with the long and ugly coats and the round topped hats, are dreaming now. For want of our help their dreams become nightmares, and in their brains are born devils of every evil passion.

Well, it has been in a good measure taken to heart, the object lesson that in this essay he shows us on Hampstead Heath.

THE HISTORY OF LUMSDEN'S HORSE. Edited by Henry H. S. Pearse. (Longmans. 21s.)

THIS history gives no elaborate descriptions or criticisms of operations, but is intended to be a regimental record enlivened by the personal experiences of the men themselves. The editor has collected his data carefully, and the letters here introduced are taken from the Indian papers where they originally appeared. These letters furnish the reader with a sufficiency of the psychological side of war.

Lumsden's Horse was raised and equipped in India, and natives and Europeans alike determined that the corps should be fully representative. A corps of planters it might have been called, for they outnumbered all other occupations. Naturally the selection of 250 men gave rise to much jealousy and heart-burning on the part of the rejected, and one disappointed applicant issued the following manifesto: "I am not a planter. I am willing to shoot a match up the range with the best man selected from Behar, run him a given distance, ride him on strange nags, and in the end with my weight and other recommendations beat him."

All might Africa be called a place of strange meetings: in the uttermost corners of the earth who had,

perhaps, not seen each other for years, foregathered there; a rough word of careless greeting, a hand-grip, a light laugh, and then a jaunty "So long, old chap!" and they parted again. And, then, the baptism of fire. "How did I feel?" you ask. "Well, to be strictly honest, I didn't like it. Do you know, I just felt as if I were outside the headmaster's room waiting for a dashed good hiding. I think that hits off the sensation." The famous corps saw all the fighting they wanted, and the tablet in St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta, tells the tale: "They died for England, and the least made greater her great name." An excellent map, several plates and indexes, go to complete this souvenir volume.

CAN TELEPATHY EXPLAIN? RESULTS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. By Minot Savage. (The Knickerbocker Press.)

IN this little volume Dr. Savage attempts to illustrate from records collected by the Society for Psychical Research his thesis that telepathy, which he takes for granted, cannot explain "spiritualistic" phenomena. He refuses to call himself a spiritualist, however, and prefers "spiritist," for reasons which he explains at somewhat obscure length. His sixty-four chapters practically consist of accounts of "spiritistic" phenomena, without encumbrances of proof. It is stated in the preface, however, that the reader "may rest assured that there is nothing in the volume which has not been subjected to the most rigid tests of scientific verification," which, without the "not," would be, we suppose, an accurate enough statement. Any value the book possesses may be found in the appendices. The first quotes the opinions of well-known men, such as Victor Hugo, Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. A. R. Wallace, Thiers, Flammarion, &c., and is of much psychological value. The second appendix consists of a partial list of those who have believed in communications with spirits, and though the list dwindles astonishingly fast in modern times it is long and wide enough.

COLLOQUIES OF COMMON PEOPLE. By James Anstie. (Smith, Elder.)

THE author of this volume is unquestionably an acute dialectician, but he must be also something of a humourist. For common people would find in, let us say, "The First Principles" of Herbert Spencer, on one hand, and in the "Sartor Resartus" of Carlyle on the other, an infinitely clearer insight into the meaning of symbolism and the essential evasiveness of all human knowledge than in the 530 closely reasoned pages of this book.

Here is what may be taken as a fairly typical extract from this long dialogue:—

MIDDLETON.—Then all you have left is a set of notions which do not correspond to anything in nature which you have any reason to believe exists.

LAWSON.—This is exactly what I have been labouring to make you understand; and now you have found it out yourself.

ELLIS.—I, for one, have never doubted that sensible impressions were things in nature, if nature exists . . .

If nature exists—surely these three words are suggestive of another volume.

NEW EDITIONS: We are glad to welcome a new edition of Clarence King's "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada" (Unwin). The book was originally published in 1871, and has been long out of print. Its publication was discontinued owing to the author's desire to make certain emendations in the text; a few such emendations, as indicated by him, have been made in the present

issue. The literary quality of the book is far above the average of such work: "It is the mountaineer's privilege to carry through life this wealth of unfading treasure. At his summons the white peaks loom above him as of old; the camp-fire burns once more for him, his study walls recede in twilight reverie, and around him are gathered again stately columns of pine."

Fiction.

LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith Elder. 6s.)

JULIE LE BRETON, the central figure in "Lady Rose's Daughter," was suggested by the career of Mdlle. de L'Espinasse as Madame du Deffand supplied the framework for Mrs. Ward's Lady Henry Delafield. But Julie Le Breton, in the pages of this book, is no mere historical figment. She is a living woman, and the power she exercises over all with whom she comes in contact is suggested with such intellectual appreciation of the moods of her genius, that not only does she become one of Mrs. Ward's most attractive characters, but also one of the most convincing. We meet her early in the book, the story revolves around her, and we part from her in the end regretfully. She has been scorched and purified by the fire of experience, and of the two men who loved her, one, things being as they were, was not unhappy in dying; the other we leave happy in his life, through her. Julie is very human, not in the least a saint, richly endowed, inheriting from her parents those moods and impulses that made Lady Rose, her mother, choose exile with a lover, to respectability with a husband she disliked. To Julie comes a similar temptation: she, too, runs to meet it, and is only saved by chance, and the devotion of another of her adorers. That man was Delafield, a dreamer, mystic, and individualist, who eventually succeeds to a Dukedom. This is how Julie appeared to him:—

He meanwhile, as he advanced further in the knowledge of her strange nature, was more and more bewildered by her,—her perversities and caprices, her brilliances and powers, her utter lack of any standard or scheme of life. She had been for a long time, as it seemed to him, the creature of her exquisite social instincts,—then, the creature of passion. But what a woman through it all!—and how adorable! with those poetic gestures and looks, those melancholy gracious airs that ravished him perpetually! And now this new attitude as of a child leaning,—wistfully looking in your face,—asking to be led,—to be wrestled and reasoned with.

It is a crowded canvas where Julie Le Breton, Warkworth the ambitious, self-seeking soldier, and Delafield move in the foreground. At first one is inclined to resent the number of titled and distinguished people. There is a Duke, a Duchess, a Cabinet Minister, an Ambassador, a distinguished Editor, and a host of other more or less eminent controllers of affairs, to say nothing of Lady Henry Delafield, the *grande dame*, old, peevish, half-blind, who has engaged Julie as companion, and who realises that it is the amazing charm of this companion that gathers the select crowd to her house. We certainly feel the fascination of Julie Le Breton, her extraordinary adaptability to circumstances, her power of growth, the diplomacy of her sympathy. "In talking with her, dead walls seemed to give way; vistas of hope and possibility opened in the very heart of discouragement. She found the right word, the right jest, the right spur to invention or effort."

In the latter part of the book we escape from the atmosphere of great houses, crushes and footmen, and the

spiritual drama of the action of individual lives one upon the other is worked out by Mrs. Ward with an intellectual sympathy, and a knowledge of the complexities of the human soul, that has not been surpassed in any of her former books. Love is not here the sentimental emotion of the ordinary novel or play, but the power that purges the weaknesses and vivifies the dormant nobilities of men and women. Warkworth, for all his faults, had the courage of his impulses, and few will read that last letter of his, or the sudden news of his death, without emotion. To Julie is left an abiding sorrow, and the humanising of Delafield; his destiny is to tame and console her. Here is a picture of Delafield. The Duchess and Dr. Meredith are watching him from a distance:—

"It's like something wearing through,"—she said slowly. "I suppose it was always there—but it didn't show."

"Name your 'it'!"

"I can't!" But she gave a little shudder, which made Meredith look at her with curiosity.

"You feel something ghostly—unearthly?"

She nodded assent; crying out however immediately afterwards, as though in compunction, that he was one of the dearest and best of fellows!

"Of course he is," said Meredith. "It is only the mystic in him coming out. He is one of the men who have the sixth sense."

"Well, all I know is he has the oddest power over people!" said Evelyn, with another shiver. "If Freddie had it, my life wouldn't be worth living. Thank goodness, he hasn't a vestige!"

"At bottom it's the power of the priest," said Meredith. "And you women are far too susceptible towards it. Nine times out of ten it plays the mischief."

Mrs. Ward writes of the things that matter in the inner, individual life, and in no former book, we think, has her touch been surer, or her insight into motive and character more searching and sympathetic.

IN PICCADILLY. By Benjamin Swift. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE finest thing in Mr. Swift's art is a sort of intelligent inhumanity. Were it conceivable that the claw on a living animal should turn stylus, such writing as his might be the result. In his latest, as in former work, he limns with a curious combination of ingenuity and crudity characters that live in a waking dream of life rather than in life itself. Here we have Piccadilly, and down this Piccadilly move those cautious merchants of their own charms whom Aholibah would have disdained. But Mr. Swift's Scotch eye takes the image freshly, which is so stale in ours, and adorns it with "a misery of jewels." "Night was pouring into London like a drug, but Piccadilly was stark awake," he says, and will have it that she was visited by "the Greek witch Aphrodite . . . the immortal and gaudy idol of the soul's mania." It is an obstinate poeticism that speaks there; but Mr. Swift is not of the crowd who see what they will because they are frightened to see what they may. His picture of a married couple shadowed incessantly and openly by the woman's jilted lover derides the suggestion; so, too, does the brutal study of a valet, whose loathing for livery and passion for authority blossom at last in a reign of terror over his aged Scotch master. Mr. Swift should be the very man to put into art the coercive will-force manifested in hypnotism, which has hitherto been the refuge of bungling sensation-mongers. Both in "The Tormentor," and in the menial Dalbiac of the present novel, the writer exhibits intuitive science. Humour he gives us too; one may cite the cook who made a lamenting Frenchwoman swallow a pastry figure of herself. "Il faut avaler la tragédie!" he said.

In fact Mr. Swift is a power, as the phrase goes, though it were more correct to say two or three powers, the trouble being that they are at issue with one another. It is a

mistake to interlace two bizarre stories in one short volume, and to weaken good psychology with arbitrary melodrama. Writing with his two hands, as it were, Mr. Swift is a pathetic figure.

THE JALASCO BRIG. By Louis Becke. (Treherne. 3s. 6d.)

MR. BECKE, when he is telling us the ways of the water and sky in the Southern Seas, is graphic and just; so, too, he can show us the islander with a touch that we recognise as right. Here he spins us a yarn of a stolen ship and of a stainless navigating officer who, by the aid of certain islanders, recovers her for the rightful owners. And in spinning this good enough yarn, we regret to say that he fails to rise above the conventions of his subject matter. "'Shame, Captain Rowley!' he cried thrusting him back, 'shame! would you murder an unarmed man?'"—that, we submit, is the style of the penny dreadful; and unfortunately it is the style characteristic of the bulk of the story. Also the grammar often is wild.

If this is not early work we are the more deceived; and if it is early work, we cannot commend the discretion of an author with a reputation in suffering it to appear. In the two short stories printed between the same covers, we find traces of the Mr. Becke who knows the water and sky of the Southern Seas and the gentle islanders. But what, unless that of filling out a prescribed number of pages, is the business served here by a magazine article on "Fighting Whales"?

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE BANNER OF BLUE. By S. R. CROCKETT.

"Grim, grey, dour, fell the early December twilight upon the seaboard parish of Gower. . . . But up on the side of Bennangour Anton MacMillan, the herd, drew his checked plaid more closely about him, and hummed a cheerful psalm." A story told by various narrators, and full of the dialect and matter which Mr. Crockett affects. A careful piece of work in the main, and marked by the author's usual unfailing invention. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

RANSON'S FOLLY. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

Mary Cahill, the daughter of the post-trader, liked Lieutenant Ranson "because he was no 'cracker-box' captain, but a fighter who had fought with no morbid ideas as to the rights or wrongs of the cause, but for the fun of fighting." Mr. Harding Davis writes with his accustomed vigour. The volume contains three other stories. "The Derelict" is a vivid tale of war correspondents, and of the battle of Santiago Harbour. (Heinemann. 6s.)

A STRETCH OFF THE LAND. By G. STEWART BOWLES.

Sketches and stories of life on board a man-of-war. "The Honour of their Company" conveys a vivid picture of the gun-room mess. "Everyone in a gun-room can sing on occasion. . . . Many and strange are the songs. Songs from English music halls, from Japanese tea-houses . . . songs from the backwoods brought down to Sydney and heard after sunset floating along the great harbour; chancies from the ocean tramps; the songs and catches of all that world which can bring its speech or products to the sea." Mr. Bowles, who was "lately a sub-lieutenant in His Majesty's Fleet," is the author of "A Gun-Room Ditty Box." (Methuen. 6s.)

OVERDUE.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Mr. Stanhope admonishes his daughter Phyllis on her preference for Captain Mostyn of the merchant service. "Hundreds of these men are starving, and you are walking about with one of them." Phyllis confesses that she is already married to Captain Mostyn. Her father turns her out of the house with a cheque for £100. By the fifth chapter Mr. Clark Russell is happy in having her at sea with the Captain. All other methods having failed, she went on board as a stowaway. (Chatto. 6s.)

THE TRIUMPH OF COUNT OSTERMAN. By GRAHAM HOPE.

A novel of diplomacy and of the Court of Peter the Great. The Tzar "had transplanted Russia from Asia to Europe; . . . she was beginning to grow now: she would soon flourish over-luxuriantly he feared, and need the pruning of a wiser gardener." The gardener upon whom Peter relied was his German minister, Osterman, whom he sought to attach to his adopted country by a Russian marriage. The author acknowledges his indebtedness to Prof. Morfill's "History of Russia." (Smith Elder. 6s.)

THE POET'S CHILD. By EMMA BROOKE.

Wynspeare of Wandisforth loved his bride with the passion of a man "who postpones the chief movement of his affections to his thirty-fifth year." But, on a visit to the metropolis, his "white Madonna" made the acquaintance of the Poet. When Lord Wynspeare died his will was found to contain curious conditions. If an heir were born "the act of bequeathment (which was also, in effect, an act affirming legitimacy) would depend on the attachment of her own signature." Lady Wynspeare's position was difficult, for the son she bore was "The Poet's Child." (Methuen. 6s.)

ARMS AND THE WOMAN. By HAROLD MACGRATH.

A story of an American journalist who fell in love, was refused by the lady, came into money and went to London. After that follow adventures in getting copy concerning the Princess Hildegard of Hohenphalia, who had "disappeared again." Also the place of Phyllis is supplied by Gretchen, who promises in the end never to take up the sword again save in her lord's defence. A bustling story, well told, but of the impossible order. (Pearson. 6s.)

CONNIE BURT. By GUY BOOTHBY.

When Maurice Ogilvie left Eton he observed to his housemaster, "I don't suppose I shall have to work for my living, so as I can read and write, and know what people mean when they talk about the Pons Asinorum, I expect I shall manage to rub along." But the estate became involved in debt, and when his father died, Maurice inherited nothing but the Baronetcy. He went to Australia, and was subsequently arrested for the murder of Connie, a lady of the music-hall stage, whom he had known in the days of his prosperity. (Ward Lock. 5s.)

KNIT BY FELONY. By E. LIVINGSTON PRESCOTT.

Louis Tallantyre was the child of an eccentric recluse "whose attitude towards his son was a well-worn scandal of the country side." The boy had shown a disposition to villainy, but upon the death of his father without a will he "began life afresh as a wealthy subaltern in the regiment he had joined as a ragged, despairing recruit." The story moves to India. The author has assigned her pecuniary interest in the book to the "British Home for Incurables." (Richards. 6s.)

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The Poetry of Silence.

THE philosophy of silence has been over and over again a favourite topic of the garrulous and the unphilosophic. Every one of us has been at one time or other compelled to listen to a wordy discourse upon the uselessness of words. The futility of all this in itself proves the impotence of words to translate a feigned attitude of the soul. But in literature there have been genuine expositors of silence, brooding souls haunted by the suggestions of a meaning to life wholly alien from the visible contact with men and things. Amongst these interpreters of silence there have been those whose silence consists in the voluntary refraining from speech, such as Sénancour. There have been others for whom silence means a listening in expectation of some new and mysterious vibration, such as Amiel. And finally there have been those who seem really to hear a deep inner voice, such as Maeterlinck. The first is lonely in his silence and remote from human sympathy. The second is paralysed by his very intentness, concentrated wholly upon catching the illusive whisper which is to explain the inexplicable. But for the third the meaning of life seems to be really luminous, and he is profoundly sympathetic with nature and with the human heart.

George Leneveu has called Maeterlinck a "collectionneur d'états d'âme," and in that one phrase he shows us the uselessness of comparing, for example, "Aglavaine et Sélysette" with any phase of modern drama. For Maeterlinck's drama is one in which the action is the expression of the soul rather than of the will. The characters speak, but one feels that this "action" neither commences with their speech nor ceases with their silence. It is infinitely subtle, but it is also permanent. Aglavaine glides through the play, shadowy as a dream, haunting as a dream. But one feels that she is and has always been. She has not told us her story as a woman of flesh and blood, but she has communicated to us the more evasive message of her soul. In other words, just as there is behind the tricks of gesture, the smile, the frown, the interrogative glance, the mocking challenge of ordinary social intercourse, a something which tells the sensitive who is their friend or their enemy, so Maeterlinck contrives to suggest by words that which is behind the mask of language, whether of word or gesture—the state of the soul. And to him these pervading phantoms with whom he communicates and through whom he speaks are nearer and more real than the creations of French drama who "ne peuvent pas se taire, ou ils ne seraient plus."

In a one-act play by De L'isle-Adam we have an extraordinary example of the same attitude of the soul brought into close contact with actuality. We see in this play, "La Révolte," two people for a few hours, and we learn their lives—that much it is the métier of the dramatist to teach us. But we learn more, and yet this little play is strangely differentiated from those of Maeterlinck. Baldly and briefly, Félix, the husband, is a man of commerce, sunk in commerce, lost in commerce. He believes in the gospel of the exact sciences and he sees plainly. For four

years, Elizabeth, his wife, has echoed his lucidity and has appeared in all things to see as plainly as her husband. But for four years she has been waiting for the hour of escape, and it is at that hour that the play opens. For in that hour she tells him all, how she has stifled in this atmosphere of regularity and calm, how she has longed for the escape which will give freedom to her soul. No lover claims her. "Je vais," she exclaims, "renouer avec le silence, c'est mon viel ami." So far the motif seems to be that of "The Doll's House" of Ibsen. In each case the woman leaves her husband to seek alone the real meaning of life. But in "La Révolte" the woman returns with the despairing cry on her lips: "Trop tard: je n'ai plus d'âme." They had beaten her in these four years of words and materialism; it was no longer possible for her "renouer avec le silence."

Some time ago Maurice Maeterlinck published twelve short poems which are typical of his inimitable symbolism. The volume has recently been translated into English by Mr. Martin Schütze (Seymour: Chicago). The translator shows in his preface a genuine appreciation of Maeterlinck and of the gospel of the "awakening of the soul." He has sympathy and enthusiasm, and now and again he comes near to caging in our language the illusive, unearthly melody of the Belgian poet. Here, for example, one might also imagine that he had really caught the fleeting beauty of its spirit:—

He thinks it is of strange import,
 He thinks it is a golden vein,
 He thinks it is an angel sport,
 He turns aside to pass again . . .

This is good, the cage is a golden one, but the melody of Maeterlinck comes from outside the bars. Listen to it:—

Il croit que c'est un signe étrange,
 Il croit que c'est une source d'or,
 Il croit que c'est un jeu des anges,
 Il se détourne et passe encore . . .

It is a commonplace that for the haunting vibrations of poetry there is much in favour of our language as compared with French. Moreover, these verses are of an extreme, an almost childish simplicity, and yet—

You are sixteen years my sisters,
 Go far away,
 Take my staff my sisters,
 And seek alway . . .

is very, very far from—

Vous avez seize ans, mes sœurs,
 Allez loin d'ici,
 Prenez mon bourdon, mes sœurs,
 Et cherchez aussi . . .

how far, no subtlety of assonance or rhythm can ever explain. And this fact is the more significant because the translator in his preface dwells upon this poem as interpreting Maeterlinck's own striving for the splendid simplicity of the third "essence," the "sphere" of the soul life.

The syllables of these poems fall like far-off echoes breaking momentarily an immense silence. That is how they come to us. They tell no story of human love or hate, or joy or grief, but they summon us to an altitude at which soul speaks to soul in the subtle language of silence.

M. De L'isle Adam has shown us that it is impossible to translate into the language of action the soul life, which, blighted by materialism, loses its hidden power and dares not face silence. We have called these twelve lyrics the poetry of silence because they must ever remain remote from the common speech and thought of men. Neither Mr. Schütze nor anyone else will ever translate them except in a verbal sense, and mere verbal accuracy brings us but little nearer to them. For they vibrate from an atmosphere remote from us, an atmosphere of which

Maeterlinck has written in "Le Trésor des Humbles": "Les âmes se pèsent dans le silence, comme l'or et l'argent se pèsent dans l'eau pure, et les paroles que nous prononçons n'ont de sens que grâce au silence où elles baignent."

There, bathed in a cold and impenetrable silence, freed from intellect even as intellect has been freed from the senses, soul communicates to soul the secret of a larger harmony.

Contrasts.

THE art of the short story in England is still almost a tentative art. The mere technical difficulties of the form have, we believe, been over-rated; the true difficulty lies rather in our national temperament, which does not run to sharp definition of ideas or verbal conciseness, and in particular may be referred to an inherent modern prejudice against the small thing well done. As a matter of fact, in literature, the small thing well done is not with us over-marketable, whereas for the small thing crudely done thousands of mouths are agape. This fact is clamant in our magazines, where the short story finds its birth and usually its grave. In America, we must admit, the short story is taken more seriously. There are half-a-dozen American writers who have made the short story almost great. One of those whom we propose to discuss is American, but we like to think of him as at least half our own.

Mr. Henry James has written scores of short stories, Mr. Israel Zangwill by no means so many; each has used the short story as a means of actual personal expression, and each has achieved success in a baffling art. No two methods could be more unlike than the methods of these writers; no real comparison is possible; yet the simultaneous publication of a volume of stories by each suggests certain contrasts which may be worth consideration.

Mr. Henry James's "The Better Sort" (Methuen) breaks no new ground. In the main Mr. James's characters are drawn from that leisured class which has always irresistibly appealed to a mind intent on dissecting vital trivialities, if we may be allowed the phrase. One of the stories, indeed, deals with a young newspaper man and a young newspaper woman, but these two talk, on the whole, pretty much as all Mr. James's people talk, which is to say that they play with conversational threads with the dexterity of conjurors. Mr. Zangwill's volume, "The Grey Wig" (Heinemann), has a rather wider range of subjects, and represents the author's work over a number of years. "The Big Bow Mystery" and "Merely Mary Ann" were first published some ten years ago; "The Grey Wig," if we remember rightly, only about twelve months ago. In the long-short story Mr. Zangwill has made distinct advance; "The Grey Wig" is more delicate, more persuasive, than the earlier stories we have named. But Mr. Zangwill, to our thinking, hardly approaches in this more elaborate work to the force and hard reality of certain of his brief "Ghetto Tragedies."

There is this similarity between Mr. James and Mr. Zangwill, that each builds up his fabric on trifles, each has an eye for those small things of life which are the essence of tragedy or comedy. But there the similarity ends. Mr. James works by suggestion, by implication; he demands from his readers not only a sympathetic mood, but also an acute intelligence; he will by no means act the part of conscious guide through the delightful or terrifying labyrinths which he explores. As he makes one of his characters say, "it is not my fault if I am so put together as often to find more life in situations obscure and subject to interpretation than in the gross rattle of the foreground." Mr. Zangwill, on the other

hand, has little of Mr. James's elusiveness; he knows precisely what he wants to do, and does it with a firm assurance. But he gives us none of those thrills, none of those sub-conscious recognitions, which spring from delicate art. Such a story as "The Big Bow Mystery," indeed, excellent though it is in its way, cannot be called art at all; it is a piece of clever mechanics, with mechanical characterization and mechanical effects. "Merely Mary Ann" is better, though in that story the study of the servant girl seems to us to miss the essentials in a curious and unaccountable way. Yet it is a story to be read, and gives Mr. Zangwill opportunities for the play of a suggestive and often bitter irony. Better still are "Chasse-Croisé" and "The Woman Beater," though again we feel that Mr. Zangwill's reading of women, at any rate of youngish women, is by no means profound. This, in a book described as "mainly a study of woman," is a defect which forces itself home. "The Grey Wig," which we take to be the best story in the volume, deals delightfully with two impoverished old ladies, and has in it both humour and pathos. As a piece of art, however, it is spoilt by an entirely arbitrary ending, which misses the effect of real tragedy. If we had to say in a word what Mr. Zangwill's work lacked, we should say it lacked beauty. It has no touch of lyrical impulse; its appeal is seldom to the imagination; its outlines are clear, hard, almost photographic. This, in certain of the "Ghetto Tragedies," was pure gain, but in work of the kind before us it is loss. We never seem to approach intimacy with Mr. Zangwill's characters; their cleverness is detached; they are of our world, indeed, but seldom of our household. And yet we should be sorry to see Mr. Zangwill attempt to depict ordinary sentiment, for when he approaches it we find ourselves at once in an artificial atmosphere where even mild passion assumes a pose. Mr. Zangwill has not yet perhaps discovered his limitations. It is important that he should discover them, for we have few writers, within those limitations, so sincere and so well-equipped.

Mr. James, on the other hand, discovered his limitations long ago. We are sometimes inclined to think that he has too deliberately circumscribed his method—his outlook was never circumscribed. There are two or three stories in the volume before us that intrinsically would seem to have been hardly worth doing, yet they are so accomplished in craftsmanship, so assured of touch, that for those qualities alone they remain minor achievements. Who but Mr. James could have written "The Story in It"? We have two women and a man; between a pair of them there exists an irregular affection which is most subtly suggested in a conversation which hovers round the abstract. The second woman loves the same man, but the romance for her consists in the fact that the man does not know it.

Mrs. Dyott continued to gaze. "The object's unaware—?" "Utterly."

Mrs. Dyott turned it over. "Are you sure?" "Sure."

"That's what you call your decency? But isn't it," Mrs. Dyott asked, "rather his?"

"Dear, no. It's only his good fortune."

Mrs. Dyott laughed. "But yours, darling—your good fortune: where does that come in?"

"Why, in my sense of the romance of it."

"The romance of what? Of his not knowing?"

"Of my not wanting him to. If I did"—Maud had touchingly worked it out—"where would be my honesty?"

Later, Mrs. Dyott tells the man all about the other lady's infatuation, and the man sums up the thing like this:—

Not a romance like their own, a thing to make the fortune of any author up to the mark—one who should have the intention or who *could* have the courage; but a small, scared, starved, subjective satisfaction that would do her no harm and nobody else any good. Who but a duffer—he stuck to his contention—would see the shadow of a "story" in it?

The slightness of the sketch constitutes half its charm; so much is implied, so little expressed. It represents quite typically the remarkable alertness and intuition of Mr. James's mind—a mind which, as it were, thrusts forth innumerable tentacles to select from the mass its proper food. It is perhaps this selective faculty which marks Mr. James as a supreme artist; he seizes the apparently trivial and indicates how the trivial may guide great issues and victoriously assert itself as conqueror in the end. Comedy and tragedy, after all, are seldom heroic; they are compact of the infinite littlenesses which only in their unconscious accumulation load either side of the scales which we label with their names. There are, of course, gross tragedies and gross comedies whose mere crudity robs them of artistic value; those Mr. James very properly leaves to the dozens of writers who exploit them on and off the stage. Mr. James, indeed, always deals with reality; you may now and then doubt his means, you may occasionally be slightly annoyed by his deliberate indirectness, but you can never get away from the conviction that all the time he has his hand on some human pulse.

Of Mr. James's grip of essential tragedy we have a fine instance in the volume before us. "The Beast in the Jungle" is not heroic tragedy, it is pitiful and poignant tragedy, worked out with a precision and an analytical force which show Mr. James at his best. The story tells of a man who lived in fear of some terrible visitation, some beast in the jungle which might at any time leap upon him and bear him to destruction. The obsession is not rare in certain forms of nervous disease, but Mr. James raises the idea far above the regions of pathology. Marcher, when he was young, had hinted at this terror to a girl whom he met casually abroad; ten years later they meet casually again, and she asks, "Has it ever happened?" It had not happened, and the terror is still with him, so the pair glide into an intimacy whose core is the unknown beast. The woman becomes Marcher's protectress, as it were, the sole sharer of his devastating secret, and for years this curious intimacy continues, continues till the woman grows old and has the hand of death upon her. Then she understands, but he does not, and she refuses to tell him what she believes the dread to be. Says Marcher:—

"... I feel your beliefs are right. Therefore if, having this one, you give me no more light on it, you abandon me."

"No, no!" she repeated, "I'm with you—don't you see?—still." And as if to make it more vivid to him she rose from her chair—a movement she seldom made in these days—and showed herself, all draped and all soft, in her fairness and slimmess. "I haven't forsaken you."

And still the man did not see, nor did he see until the woman was dead, and the beast had leapt upon him:—

The escape would have been to love her; then, *then* he would have lived. *She* had lived—who could say now with what passion?—since she had loved him for himself; whereas he had never thought of her (ah, how it hugely glared at him!) but in the chill of his egotism and the light of her use.

The whole story is remarkable, not only in itself, but as one of those indirect comments upon life in general which Mr. James delights to give us.

There are indications that the short story in England is likely to assume some real vitality. It is, at any rate, a hopeful sign, though there is at present arrayed against it an almost impregnable want of knowledge and appreciation. With Mr. James and Mr. Zangwill there are others who have set their hand seriously to the work, and to these we look for the emancipation of an art too long fettered to the follies of an arbitrary convention and the assumed needs of a public which it should be the business of serious writers to lead and not to follow.

Impressions.

XXIII.—Our Dream.

THIS is what I read: "Those whom we believe to be dead have entered into real life, and they wait for our dream to finish." Putting down the book and closing my eyes I recalled, without effort, the time long ago when a companion had whispered that communication into my astonished ears. Now, by chance, idly turning the leaves of a volume in a second-hand book-shop, it cried out to me again, bringing back the time when I had first heard it. Was it a dream or reality? Had I really experienced the magnetism of that night, and heard that music?

But the impression of the violinist's personality was vivid enough. I saw her once, and once only, in the rough dining-room of a Bavarian inn among the mountains. She had walked modestly on to the temporary platform, indifferent to the family parties that were gathered at the tables. A young girl, pale, with large eyes and nondescript hair, she stood there for a moment tuning her violin. Then she played, and gradually the babble of talk ceased, heads were stretched forward, and over that assembly came silence. Did she realise the force of her extraordinary gift? Had she any prevision of the years to come when she would hypnotise the world as she held the few in that bare room? Probably not. Her entire sensibility was given to her playing; sometimes the emotion that went in gusts through her slight body, impelling music from the strings, made me start as if a shot had been fired. She played: it was as if we listened to a message from the dead. Voices spoke in the silence of that room. And a living voice, my companion's, whispered: "Those whom we believe to be dead have entered into real life, and they wait for our dream to finish."

Our dream! But when the violinist had finished, the spell that she had woven over us persisted. We were still initiates at a mystery. What happened later remains also part of the excursion into the unrevealed whither the violinist led us; one of the German family gatherings sang a part-song very quietly. This was the song:—

Wo weilt er?—Im kalten, im schaurigen Land.
Wo ruht er?—Am Meere auf steinigem Sand.
Was treibt er?—Er haschet das fliehende Glück.
Was denkt er?—Er sehnt sich zur Heimath zurück.
O grüsst ihn, ihr Wolken im schaurigen Land;
O kühlt ihn, ihr Lüftchen, am steinigem Sand;
O kränz' ihn, du falsches treuloses Glück.
Ich ruf' ihn: "O kehre zur Heimath zurück."

The spell still held. I looked at my companion. Our minds were filled with the same bitter-sweet thought. But for him there was no return, only the waiting for our dream to finish! Then a figment of that dream, a longing that was warp and woof of it, found expression, and the Germans turned, stared, and listened gravely, eyes peering through spectacles at my companion, who sang in English this petition:—

I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail,
And a few lilies blow.
And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

So that episode in our dream ended. It was long ago. I lived it over again in a flash, as the man in the German fable lived three hundred years listening for three minutes to a bird's song.

"John Inglesant."

A FIGURE, curiously incongruous in English fiction, has passed away. It has not been usual for all English novelists, even the greatest of them, to regard their art quite seriously, but the late Mr. Shorthouse was one of the exceptions. The fashions of novels come and go, and occasionally they assume the mask of history. We are given, indeed, names and dates and phrases, but these things do not give flesh and blood to the phantoms that have been evoked so carelessly. There is a something hidden in the centuries which no amount of painstaking accuracy can ever reproduce, and because of this we recognize constantly beneath the sonorous appeals from the past, the imposture of an inadequate ventriloquism. Just now this ventriloquism is particularly obvious, and yet it is not so very long ago since an English book was published which was instinct with the historic sense, and the feeling for an age that had passed. These things give the glamour of tone, of atmosphere, the illusion of art penetrating through history. But there is another illusion to be found in "John Inglesant."

As you read this or that novel of to-day you feel that you are in the atmosphere of a conservatory. With others, again, you feel that you are in a garden, with others in fields, separated in each case one from the other, limited, arranged. Of the elemental influences, the influences of the sea, the plains, and the forest, these authors know nothing, and yet it is precisely by these primitive influences that some of the greatest writers have been dominated. Even to-day we have Pierre Loti, who has expressed with so subtle an analysis the barren passion of the sea, and Maxim Gorki, who translates for us the whisper of the steppes that challenges the wanderer to endless distances. Of the third influence, that of the forest, very few books—"Lorna Doone" is one of them—are more typical than "John Inglesant."

And just as this book is impregnated with a spirit utterly alien from that of the average novelist, so it expresses ideals that to the majority of us have become mere phrases. Briefly these ideals are, setting aside the question of religion, personal fidelity to a personal sovereign and single-hearted reverence for one woman. These two ideals in themselves revive an old attitude of thought towards history. For, since Voltaire, history has ceased to be the register of courts and camps, and, in sympathy with this democratic tendency, the novel has passed further and further away from romance and has drawn nearer and nearer to sociology. That the very word "chivalry" has become almost too meaningless to be used as a sneer is of course obvious, but this fact also can be accounted for by the same general movement. Democracy, which pulled the hero from his pedestal, did not spare the heroine. All men must stand a little higher, but there must be no pedestals: women must have their rights as sensible economic factors, but there must be no exaltation. There must, in point of fact, be very little worship of any kind. Against all this a very strong protest was written, and the protest was "John Inglesant."

This book was proudly called a romance, and in it the romantic as opposed to the sociological spirit is applied to history. It is the spirit which accepts a tradition without criticism and spurs a man to die for it without comment. It is the spirit which made of love the crown or the despair of heroism, a conquest or a martyrdom, anything under heaven excepting a sneer of fatigue. Well, in four vivid scenes these ideals find culminating utterance. The first comes to one with all the tragedy of history: it is the scene in which the king questions Inglesant about the ghost of Strafford. The second is that in which Inglesant allows the woman he loves to pass out of his life. The third scene is the one in which

Inglesant, "fighting a desperate battle for the King's honour, forsaken by God and men," lies for the House of Stuart. The fourth is the one in which Mary Collet dies. In these four scenes, historic and personal—the personal loyalty to the woman merging always in the personal loyalty to the sovereign—we find a picture of life without which literature would be the poorer, a conception of conduct concerning which all words are idle:—

The old familiar glamour that shed such a holy radiance on the woods and fields of Gidding, now, to Inglesant's senses, filled the little convent room. The light of heaven that entered the open window with the perfume of the hawthorn was lost in the diviner radiance that shone from this girl's face into the depths of his being, and bathed the place where she was in light. His heart ceased to beat, and he lay, as in a trance, to behold the Glory of God.

That "glamour" of the forest and that "light" of the soul are symbolic of the romance called "John Inglesant."

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

By the death of Gaston Paris the world of letters loses a most distinguished and seductive personality. In his youth he was known as "le beau Gaston," and his amorous adventures were many and famous. Fifteen years ago, when I came to Paris to settle here, I first met him, and even then, though long past youth, he was remarkably handsome, with a singular charm of manner and conversation. There was inevitably that touch of slightly affected graciousness that marks the conquerors of both sexes, a certain self-consciousness of charm and magnetism which evidently men and women appreciate since it everywhere accompanies fascination. But how admirably, how easily he spoke, with a delightful modulation and a delicate insistence of gesture to accentuate his utterance! I preferred him infinitely in the simpler days, before he became the director of the Collège de France, when I constantly met him at intimate little dinners, and he charmed us all by lamp-shade with his witty and suggestive talk. I have never heard anyone tell a tale so supremely well as he. The mystery to us all who tasted the graceful charm of his conversation was how he managed to write in so cumbrous, so laboured, so involved a style. As a writer he lacked most of the qualities he possessed so pre-eminently as a talker. His touch was heavy and pedantic: he, so sure a critic of French prose, could give to his own nothing of the charm, the grace, the witching lightness and clarity that characterise that matchless medium of wit. This was possibly due to the fact that his serious studies were made in Germany, and the forming years of style were spent over long-winded German sentences. At his instant request I consented to translate his last book, written for Messrs. Dent, "Mediaeval French Literature," and in many cases I have split up his sentences into five or six. One I remember numbered exactly fifty lines. The book did not attract the attention due to it in England, thanks to the unworthy way it was produced, which excited the indignation of many of his disciples in England and France. Such an important contribution to letters deserved a different treatment at the hand of the publishers, and poor M. Paris was so disappointed at the ugly and inconspicuous dress of his last work in English that he did not even send out the presentation copies he had promised to his intimate friends, and wrote me a lamentable little letter, the last I received from him—for almost immediately afterwards his long winter illness began—expressing his great regret that I should have

been induced to devote so much labour upon a task so ill-rewarded. In friendship he was extraordinarily faithful and devoted, and he inspired an unlimited affection in his pupils. The modern French novel he abhorred, and when some time ago I attacked this nauseous literature in the *ACADEMY*, he wrote and thanked me warmly, saying that no foreigners could find books like those of Louys, &c., more odious than Frenchmen like himself. In fact, unless assured by some one on whose opinion he could rely that a new novel was not pornographic, he declined to open it. Even "Gyp" he held to be "infamous," and was seriously distressed when a writer like Anatole France descended to competition with the band of novelists who, as he sternly put it in a letter to me, "enervate and degrade France."

When "*La Terre qui Meurt*" appeared, we fondly believed that in M. René Bazin a novelist of the first rank was revealed. But since then M. Bazin has given us two novels, "*Les Oberlé*" last year, and this month "*Donatienne*," and alas! neither is above the level of mediocre literature. There was an indescribable and mournful charm in "*La Terre qui Meurt*" which we look for in vain in "*Donatienne*." The former is a tale that lingers long in the memory with the sweetness and delicacy of an unforgettable melody. It holds its place with "*La Mare au Diable*" or "*La Petite Fadette*" of George Sand, but nothing in "*Donatienne*" arrests or captivates us. It is merely a well-written story, spoiled by an improbable ending. It is quite unlikely that a woman capable of Donatienne's heartless abandonment of husband and young children not even for an overwhelming passion, but for the mere perverse attractions of city luxuries, would be touched by their accumulated misfortunes and return to them in the very depth of poverty. The sufferings of the father and children are great, and the father's dogged peasant pride in concealing from his fellows of the road the humiliating fact that his wife has forsaken him touches our sympathy, but somehow M. Bazin has failed to give his treatment of the subject the note of pathos he so obviously strives for. It is forced and dull, though the writing is careful, deliberate, and finished. But Louarn's miseries do not seem to us inevitable. Having his children there, and all young, one wonders why he should choose to sell his home and wander like a vagabond because his wife, who went up to Paris as a wet-nurse, prefers to stay there instead of returning to her humble Breton hearth. It is doubtful if anywhere in France the mother of young children she loved would be capable of this choice. Donatienne becomes the mistress of a coachman she does not love, and opens a public-house. In this way, after years of suffering and privation, Noëmi, her eldest daughter, is able to communicate with her, and hearing of her husband's illness and infirmity, Donatienne leaves her lover, her public-house, and Paris, and rushes back to her miserable family on the wings of love. We are not convinced that in the flesh Donatienne would have been guilty either of the abandonment or the return.

Léon de Tinseau is a mild and amiable writer whom the Young Person can read without emotion or a blush. "*La Princesse Errante*" is an interesting story with some semblance of being taken from life, else why make his princess by choice a stewardess? For a French novel it is curiously exotic. A beautiful Swede is betrayed by the prince Royal, and exiled after compulsory marriage. Her life and her daughter's in America are told with a striking air of actuality.

H. L.

Drama.

The Glamour of Melodrama.

THE devotee of melodrama will find his earthly paradise just now at the Adelphi, where they are giving Mr. Walter Melville's "realistic sensational" piece of "*The Worst Woman in London*." Already, one understands, the play has had its vogue in districts which very properly plume themselves upon being judges of melodrama. There can be no doubt that it is the real thing. Mr. Melville will have none of your half-and-half compromises. He is no Wilson Barrett or Hall Caine, with their sneaking desire to be literary. Nor does he share the megalomania of Drury Lane, with its craze for scenic splendour, for the well-drilled crowd and the ingenious mechanism. He is content to rely on human flesh and blood, to search the wickedness and exalt the nobility of the human heart. Like Bill Crichton, he "plays the game." The ancient moral issue shall be plainly stated. The villains shall be frankly black; the righteous shall be spotless as the ermine. And in the end, justice shall be done. And so four acts full of dark treacheries and outspoken loyalties, full of plots frustrated and thrilling escapes. Here are all our old friends once more: the broken man in search of his revenge, the lover over whom hangs a wholly unmerited cloud of suspicion, the faithful girl with blonde hair and trusting eyes, the adventuress with copper locks and a wry smile, the amorous and senile pantaloons who falls a ready victim to her snares. And for comic relief what do you want more than the policeman, the cook, the outwitted detective, the "drunks" of both sexes? From such the rill of honest laughter flows perennial. If one may suggest a fault, it is perhaps to be found in a certain dissipation of the dramatic interest, which swells to its stirring situation at the end of each act, while the progressive unity which should bind the acts into a whole is somewhat neglected. The piece is episodic, rather than epic, in its conception.

This invasion of West is not without its amusing features. It is, of course, the occupants of the gallery who set the critical key-note; their unstinted applause which the virtuous sentiments never fail to wake; their groans and cat-calls, which, at the fall of the curtain, send Miss Edith Cole flying in mock terror to the wings. The stalls are less vocal, but I do not think that they are for the most part unsympathetic. There are deaf souls, one fears, in every audience; and certain scenes, notably, a sort of inverted Desdemona business, in which the pantaloons, dressed in a long white nightgown, puts himself to bed in preparation for his murder, evoke in the minority manifestations of unholy mirth, at which the majority wax indignant. For my part I remember the day on which the Philistines sniggered at the live filaments of Mélisande's hair hung out of the window, and am avenged. It will, perhaps, be apparent that I have not the "Open Sesame!" of melodrama. This particular glamour is not for me. Possibly my play-going days came too late. But I am quite aware that it has been a very real glamour for many persons, whose critical opinions I should be the last to despise. Thackeray, for example, loved the "vast, delightful complication of crime" of plays hardly more literary than the "*The Worst Woman in London*." Charles Lamb, too, one is sure, sat out a goodly number of melodramas in his day. The type can hardly be dismissed as merely the tragedy-comedy of the illiterate. Evidently it must respond to some instinct in the human mind which ought not to be beyond the reach of analysis. I imagine that the very crudity of the melodramatic presentation of things has a good deal to do with the matter. We live, as at the end of the last century we were never tired of reminding each other, in an age of analysis. The task of criticism is the application of psychology to imaginative literature. The realisation of the infinite complexity of human character

and conduct, the discrimination of delicate shades of motive, the finer moral judgment: such are the ends at which, not without some difficulty and stress of spirit, we aim. Melodrama is the reaction from all this to what certainly is not a more true, but as certainly is a simpler and less fatiguing attitude towards life:—

In tragic life, God wot!
No villain needs be. Passions spin the plot.
We are betrayed by what is false within.

But melodrama rejects the introspective mood, and finds it far neater and more intelligible to have the recognised and apparent villain. "Purr, the cat is gray!" says the psychologist. "Pooh!" says melodrama, "a cat is white, or it is black, and there's an end of it."

I need hardly say that the tradition of melodrama on the English stage is very much older than that of either tragedy or comedy. The formula of the miracle-plays, with their vast cosmic theme of the Fall and the Redemption, is essentially melodramatic. They have their incarnate villain, in Lucifer, their protagonist of righteousness, their visible heaven and hell, their crude symbolism of white-robed "savyd sowles" and black-a-vised "dampnyd sowles." Falstaff "saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire." The devils, with their horns and hoofs, and clanging chains and beaten kettles, as you might see them not so long ago painted on the walls of the Guild Chapel at Stratford-on-Avon, afforded the comic relief, at least as dear to the mediæval crowd as to the modern gallery. They were also the ministers of poetic justice. It was their business to drag the "dampnyd sowles," into the smoking hell, fashioned like the gullet and jaws of a fabulous monster, while the "savyd sowles" passed up the rickety stairs amongst the choirs of singing angels to the heaven on high. And, naturally, there was not much of psychological subtlety about the moral judgments of the miracle-play. Stay! I do remember one instance. In the twelfth-century Anglo-Norman play known as the "Jeu d'Adam," each of the Old Testament fathers and prophets is in turn haled off to hell after his part has been played, because the time of salvation is not yet. But a distinction is made. After the scene of Cain and Abel comes the stage-direction: "*Venientes autem diaboli ducent Chaim saepius pulsantes ad infernum; Abel vero ducent mitius.*" Damnation for both; but a hard damnation for Cain and a gentle damnation for Abel. The tempering of justice with mercy, inadequate as it is, must be taken as a concession to the psychologist.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

Dutchmen and a Recluse.

ADVANCE paragraphs about the opening of the French Salons, with the pictorial orgy they herald, predisposed me to visit the two exhibitions of Dutch pictures that have just been opened in London. With the Dutchmen you may count upon sobriety, repose, and painting that is distinguished and unaffected. Essentially is this so with the Dutch artists of the seventeenth century, a collection of whose works is now being shown at Messrs. Lawrie's, in Bond Street. It is not easy to analyse the intellectual pleasure that such a picture as "The Portrait of a Boy," by Frans Hals, gives. So simply done, with such apparent ease, this portrait rests in its frame in calm assurance that no vagary of fashion, no change of taste, can ever detract from its perfect accomplishment and grave beauty. Nothing in it disturbs or distracts: against one of these faintly lighted walls that the

Dutchmen painted so consummately, you notice that pale, studious boy reading. That is all. And this is by that astonishing Hals who could paint a jolly cavalier, a jovial group, or a wanton serving-maid with the same unerring instinct for the true meaning of what he saw before him. How clear and direct was his vision: he saw, rare gift! things as they are, and no wiles of the imagination ever came between him and his work to weaken or falsify it. That Reading Boy remains with one like some august portrait by Velasquez. And Terburg! How describe the particular charm that such a picture as his "Card Party" has! The players are not attractive, there is no particular interest in the incident. A group of card players on the walls of the Royal Academy rouses no emotion, but this family gathering in a Dutch room of the seventeenth century has the elements of greatness, and appeals as only a masterpiece can. Is it because the greatest of the Dutchmen felt intensely what Manet expressed in words: "Light is the principal person in a picture"? But there is light and light. For Manet and his school it was the vibrating light of the sun in the open air. For Terburg, Vermeer, de Hooch, and Hals it was the pale light that filters from grey skies into dark, panelled rooms, giving feeling to walls, and life to the texture of clothes. It was his profound knowledge of the subtleties of imprisoned light that enabled Terburg to give such loveliness to the satin dress worn by the woman in his picture of "The Card Party."

But it is not to the Dutchmen we go for the brilliant light of day on meadow, stream, and harvest field. The French impressionists, among others, made that their province, but those vivid pioneers are not for all moods. Oftener I am drawn to the men of 1830—Corot, Troyon, Daubigny, Michel, &c.—some of whose pictures, from the collection of Sir John Day, were shown last year at Messrs. Obach's galleries, and discussed in these columns in the month of March. We were then promised a sight of the second part of Sir John Day's collection—the Dutch pictures. These are now on view, twenty-nine of them, and all belong to the nineteenth century. I found the first glimpse of this collection a little disappointing. The strong note of individuality, and the exquisite quality of the paint that distinguishes the work of the Dutchman of the seventeenth century, has disappeared. These men of the nineteenth are cosmopolitan, and something of the sadness of the modern has suffused itself into their pictures. They no longer, as a class, delight in painting simple interiors, episodes of domestic and social life for their own sake; and when they step into the open air, one feels that they have not really challenged the light of the sun. Mesdag bears an honoured name in the world of art, but his grey seas, stormy sunsets, and threatening skies lack, for me, the vitality and gusto that would make them entirely acceptable. Israels is another honoured name, but he sees life in terms of weariness and sorrow. His "Anxious Wife" seated in a darkening room peers through the window into the sunset, and not all the glow of the evening light outside can make the picture pleasing. Anton Mauve, who is apparently a favourite with Sir John Day, as he has purchased twelve of his pictures, has seen the sunlight, and followed it flecking through trees and glinting on the backs of sheep nibbling as they walk. Mauve will show you cows ruminating in line against a bare landscape, and tended by a Bastien Lepage figure that stands willfully out from the picture. But Mauve is not a master. Let him be described as one of the talented.

Fortunately for the critic, there is in every exhibition some group of pictures that stirs the imagination, some painter whose personality stands out from the rest, offering himself as a subject for the pen. The youngest of the brothers Maris gave me this opportunity. More than half the pictures in this collection are by one or other of the three brothers. Jacob, the eldest, who died four years

ago, was sometimes a great landscape painter. In such pictures as the "Towing Path" and "Ploughing" there is movement and vigour, as there is in the scurry of the clouds in his "Flickering Moon." His later pictures, such as "Amsterdam from the River" and "Near Dordrecht," have a quiet charm in keeping with the Dutch waterways and buildings that grow old so beautifully. William, the second brother, has a daintier touch. Pleasing are the delicate greens of his "Cattle in the Meadows," and you can judge of his disposition by reading the titles of two of his other pictures, "Ducks in a Pond" and "Cattle in the Meadows." But there is little to single him out from other landscape painters of ability.

With the youngest brother, William Maris, it is different. From time to time during the past decade I have seen pictures by him, and always with the feeling that here was a man of personal vision, reproducing in his work some remote, mystical inheritance that transforms all he sees. Like Mantegna, Botticelli, Rossetti, and Burne Jones, his pictures recall the phrase, "beauty touched with strangeness." On each is impressed the illusive outreachings of a complex temperament, on the "He is Coming," which was etched some years ago by Mr. Hole, on the two small pictures by him that stand out in curious isolation in this exhibition. It is difficult to express in words the charm of "The Four Mills." Is it the golden tone of this study of buildings and water? Is it the precision and quality of the painting, or the gay unobtrusive lighting of the picture, with its tiny incidents that only disclose themselves when you peer into it? Wherein lies the charm of his "Feeding Chickens"? Is it enough to say that it evokes the same feeling as a Hans Andersen fairy tale? Matthew Maris is an artist with a temperament. The gift of the inner eye is his.

Eager to know more about him, I referred to "Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century," and there I found a long, illustrated article on Matthew. Let me quote two passages. When he went to Paris "the most beautiful pictures were begun, but that eternal dissatisfaction—which was as obstinate as that deep melancholy which penetrates into the innermost soul of a man, until the two become inseparable—took away all his powers of work and destroyed his confidence, which was already wrecked by overmuch seeing and admiring." Later in the article I find this about our "dreamer from the misty North," who is described as having the touch of a van Eyck, with the culture of a Da Vinci: "a visionary wandering and lost in these unsettled times; a stranger whose sensitiveness prevented him from making friends; an idealist not proof against the materialism of to-day; a lonely man in every sense of the word."

He is living now in a suburb of London where he has "found rest and isolation."

C. L. H.

Science.

The Evidence for Telepathy.

My thanks are due to Sir Oliver Lodge for his courtesy in offering to submit to me the material bearing on the subject of thought-transference or telepathy that has been collected by the Society for Psychical Research during the past twenty years. I was led to the subject by Sir Oliver Lodge's third presidential address recently delivered to that Society, in which he spoke of telepathy as being scientifically proved and accepted. If this were so, which I utterly deny, the fact would be of immeasurable importance. Indeed I am astonished that Sir Oliver does not now devote himself to this subject to the exclusion of all others. His theory of electrons (to which I believe

the great problems of heredity may some day be referred) might be left to other physicists. Sir William Crookes' investigations into the occult have led him to a "brick wall"; but Sir Oliver's beliefs on the most fascinating of all subjects for thought would lead him and us (if they be well founded) to conclusions of quite incalculable value. Now that he has perfected his system of wireless telegraphy and has therein obtained an analogy for thought-transference far superior to any imagined or suggested before (and the telepathist loves the argument from analogy), he might crown all by the discovery and adaptation of the laws—for laws there surely must be—that govern the transmission of thought directly from mind to mind.

The difficulty of conceiving an hypothesis for telepathy and the fact—may I be forgiven for alluding to it—that the Society for Psychical Research is, to say the least of it, not a body of physiologists, is no doubt the reason why the Society confines its efforts almost entirely to the unimpeachable and perfectly scientific method of proving that telepathy exists—that it is, in Sir Oliver Lodge's words, an "experimental fact." And if the fact be proven, then the *a priori* objectors, myself included, must away to the limbo of most of their predecessors. Necessarily, therefore, it would be the sheerest folly for me to attempt to prove that telepathy cannot be, unless I have first sifted the evidence in as judicial a manner as I may. If it be found wanting, then one may venture to suggest the reason.

Needless to say, if, to take a favourite instance, a person at one end of a room guesses correctly a proportion of the suits and numbers of playing-cards which he has not himself seen, and which are turned up at random and earnestly gazed upon by someone at the other end of the room, the question at issue depends upon the relation of these correct guesses to the number which must follow the Laws of Chance. (I use the term "guess," which is an invidious one, not because it favours my view, but because it is convenient and, as such, is used by the Society itself.) And here "let us clear our minds of cant." The Society for Psychical Research has suffered beyond telling from accusations of one or another form of dishonesty. From these I entirely dissociate myself. The Society wishes to get at truth, and is, of course, striving to do so as honestly as any other body or person. In the very nature of things, it labours under exceptional disadvantages in this regard. "Spiritualist cases" and the like must be a bitter pill for the believer, but they have no necessary connection with his beliefs nor should they have with ours. Every word of the Society's "Proceedings," over which I have spent much of the past weeks, must be freed from any suspicion of conscious fraud, and must be accepted and criticised as one would accept (and criticise, if one could) an equation concerning electrons—without for one moment questioning the propounder's good faith.

Now since the protagonist of telepathy must prove that his results are beyond probability, Sir Oliver's paper, to take an instance, in Part II. of Vol. II. of the Society's proceedings, is simply valueless. Let me quote: "In proceeding to the details of the actual experiments, it would take far too long to recount the whole—failures as well as successes; I shall only describe a few from which a more or less obvious moral may be drawn." From a selected few, of course, no moral may be drawn—or certainly not the moral intended. When I asked a representative and official supporter of telepathy how he accounted for failures, he said (I copy the words from my note-book, for they were too good to trust to memory), "Well, it's exactly the same—mind, I don't say that there's the slightest analogy, but it's exactly the same as if you had twenty Marconi instruments all going at once across a given area." No comment on the contradiction in terms is needed. And it will be seen that some form of hypothesis is inevitable. Naturally enough, it takes the form of brain-waves, though

Sir Oliver says I must not attribute any such hypothesis to him. Mr. Podmore, I believe, has suggested some form of ether-wave. Certainly to those who know nothing of the physiology of the grey surface of the brain, the "cortex cerebri," and who imagine that it acts by means of waves, ethereal or other, some such hypothesis may appear tenable. I may here say that electrical waves pass between less and more excited portions of the brain as they do in muscle or, indeed, as Dr. Bosc has shown, in carrots or in tin. The relation of these waves to thought is entirely accidental. Changes in the nerve-cells, especially in their nuclei, are however, to be found associated with thought, with fatigue and with sleep, and well worth pondering over they are. Recently it has been shown that Hertzian waves may affect the brain of the cat; it would be very surprising if they did not; and the effects of thunderous weather in causing headache and the like may be so explained. This, as briefly as possible, is all that is at present known about brain waves. And at this point I may quote—it speaks for itself—an opinion about crystal-gazing expressed in a lecture which Sir Oliver has sent me, and by which he may therefore be assumed to stand. "It is possible that the clairvoyant is responding to some unknown world-mind of which he forms a part." Similarly, when I suggested to my informant quoted above that the brain was the organ of mind, and that before one was qualified to experiment or to express opinions upon the action of that organ, he must study its structure and action in health, must observe it in gross disease and in hysteria, and must then study it for at least three months in a lunatic asylum, he asked: "Can you say that the brain is the only organ of mind?" Well, of course I cannot. Neither can I say that there may not be some obscure corner of the universe wherein the law of gravitation does not act. But if facts were laid before me which suggested some defiance of established law I should attempt to find some simpler explanation before I was prepared to recant my belief in that law. So in dealing with the occult, we must follow Sir William Hamilton's Law of Parsimony, and seek for the simplest explanation, which is the explanation that does not contradict ascertained knowledge, before saying that the brain is not the only organ of mind or that gravitation does not act everywhere.

The most successful experiments recorded were made by Prof. Sedgwick in 1889. To these, as crucial, my attention has been specially directed. The "percipients" were hypnotised and guessed numbers at which the "agent," Mr. Smith (the hypnotiser) was gazing. When the two were in the same room the results were 131 successes out of 644; when in different rooms 9 successes out of 228. The figures chosen ranged between 10 and 90, and a success was counted whether the figures were given in the right order or reversed. The results are far above probability when the two were in the same room. Having carefully studied the account of the experiment, with the conditions as far as they are stated, and with the accompanying conversation, I record my opinion that these experiments prove nothing. I am not going to consider here the possible explanations—such as unconscious whispering, &c.—of the results. I can only say that I believe the Society for Psychical Research has not established telepathy as an experimental fact; that, even if it be a fact, the Society cannot hope to prove it until its members have completed courses in a psycho-physiological laboratory (and that means some years in simpler laboratory work first); and that, meanwhile, it is more than doubtful whether they are not fostering credulity and superstition with all the innumerable and often terrible evils to which the boards of the Regent Street sandwich-men, the advertisements in fashionable papers, the Law Courts, and the experience of every one of us bear implicit or explicit witness.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

Nietzsche.

SIR,—Perhaps a word may be said by way of supplement to Miss Beatrice Marshall's letter, in which she attributes the cold reception of Nietzsche's writings in England partly to the erratic way in which the translations are being issued. No doubt the difficulties and delays attending the issue of the translations have tended to discourage the study of Nietzsche's writings, and the fact that the earlier volumes were supervised and printed in Germany probably made them less suitable for English readers. It seems to me, however, that deeper causes have had a more potent influence. The English mind, more steeped in Christianity, Utilitarianism and Neo-Hegelianism than the continental mind, is less receptive, at present, of ideas hostile to these convenient doctrines. This natural antagonism of the English mind to Nietzsche's ideas has, moreover, been further intensified by the misrepresentations of ignorant and interested parties, who have also exploited Nietzsche's illness, by using it as a popular sophistical argument to prove the worthlessness of his teaching. The brutal criticisms formerly passed upon Nietzsche had doubtless considerable influence, in the first place, in prejudicing the public against his works.

It may also be that some of Nietzsche's friends, who appreciate highly his early works, are too much inclined to belittle his later writings, notwithstanding that the latter—especially "Zarathustra" and the "Genealogy of Morals"—have really brought Nietzsche into prominence. As these later volumes contain Nietzsche's most original ideas, and can generally be tolerably well understood apart from his earlier writings, they were naturally the first to be selected for translation and publication, just as the most important works of other foreign writers—for example, Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" and Goethe's "Faust"—are generally translated earlier than their less important works. "The Case of Wagner," which is a very short work, was translated first, owing especially to the valuable "Epilogue" it contains, in which the distinction between slave-morality and master-morality is very clearly and concisely set forth. "Le Cas Wagner," in a separate volume, was also one of the first of the French translations of Nietzsche's works, and it does not appear to have greatly prejudiced the French against Nietzsche, judging from the number of editions which have already been issued of some of the French translations, which have not, any more than the English translations, been issued in chronological order.

—Yours, &c.,

THOMAS COMMON.

112, George Street, Edinburgh.

Wanted—Two Words.

SIR,—May I call attention to a curious coincidence in connection with the use (although now regarded as a misuse, or at all events a provincialism) of the words father-in-law and mother-in-law to express the double relationships of father-in-law and step-father, and mother-in-law and step-mother respectively. Evidently words were wanted to express the meaning of step-father and step-mother, and they were accordingly forthcoming; but may we not, therefore, consider ourselves fortunate as compared with our neighbours across the Channel? The French still not only use the words beau-père and belle-mère for father and mother-in-law, and step-father and mother, but, as far as I have been able to learn, have as

yet no other word (single or compound) to distinguish the two relationships, as we have. So that, as I understand it, a Frenchman, if he happens to have a mother-in-law, and his father marrying again presents him with a step-mother (it does not matter which marriage happens first), has to use a circumlocution if he wishes to make a distinction between the two ladies in speaking of them to another person. In such a precise language as the French, surely this want should be supplied. There is a word that expresses the relationship of a step-mother (*marâtre*), but it is only used in a figurative sense.

Now, with regard to step-son and step-daughter, and son-in-law and daughter-in-law, the distinction can be and is made by using *beau-fils* and *belle-fille* for the first pair and *bru* and *gendre* for the latter.

In the case of step-brother and step-sister we can say *frère consanguin* or *sœur consanguine* (familiarily, *frère de père*, *sœur de père*) if desired to indicate relationship on the father's side only; or, if by the same mother only, the expressions *frère utérin*, *sœur utérine*, are available (*fam*, *frère de mère*, *sœur de mère*). Sometimes *demi-sœur* is used (half-sister), but where are the words for step-father or mother? For want of better, may I suggest the adoption of *demi-père* and *demi-mère*, or do these or other expressions exist after all? I should be pleased to hear that the lacunæ exist only in my imagination and that of the few French people of whom I have made fruitless enquiries.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD LATHAM.

61, Friends Road, East Croydon.

"The Supreme Question."

SIR,—In reading Mr. C. W. Saleeby's article, "The Supreme Question," in the *ACADEMY* of a week or two ago, I was struck with the warmth of feeling with which he argued for the Immortality of the Soul, combating Haeckel's thesis. For, after all, that is the only "Supreme Question," as if we are not to live again, it cannot affect us at all whether there be a God or no, or whence we came, or what will become of us as a race.

And yet it always seems to me that what a man really requires is not Immortality itself so much as a permission to believe in Immortality as a consolation for his troubles in life and as a palliative for his fear of death. In this sense he almost may be said to need this conviction, as a dream to sweeten his waking hours.

For it is only with his waking hours that the idea can have any concern. The desire to live again hereafter may occur to me with poignancy during the day, but the moment that I fall asleep, both the thought and the desire are immediately as though they had never been. Should God neglect for ever to awaken me again He would be doing me no injury, for I would have no interest in His action one way or the other. For I also am as though I had never been, and one cannot injure that which does not exist. It were as reasonable to assert that the Creator does wrong to unimaginable myriads of uncreated souls because He has not willed them into conscious life.

This is, no doubt, blunderingly expressed, but I may perhaps put it more briefly, thus: That, although to my conscious mind it may seem—owing perhaps to the innate instinct for self-preservation—of immense importance that I should live again, yet the moment my consciousness is in abeyance—whether in sleep, or swoon, or death—it is actually of no moment to me at all.—Yours, &c.,

E. K. L.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 181 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best original opening paragraph of an unwritten novel. Forty-one replies have been received. Many competitors seem to be in doubt as to the meaning of the word "paragraph"; some attempts consist of half a dozen paragraphs. We award the prize to Mr. T. McEwen, Ardlin, Bloomfield, Belfast, for the following:—

The Red Lion Inn, Kirkmaben, was the "howff" of all the "gangrel bodies" for twenty miles around. Here, one day in the height of summer at the humming time of day, foregathered Jingling Jimmy, the tipping tinker, Rob Affleck, the mole-catcher, dark and mysterious as his quarry, Jock Candlish, the wandering sweep, garrulous and jovial, and Steve Wallace, a man of no ostensible occupation, but who was known through all the countryside as the most skilful poacher that ever set a spring or tickled a roosting pheasant. With the blood of these men had mingled the wine of the hills that soaks through the pores of a man and flows in at his nostrils, his mouth and his eyes as he lies on the purple heather beneath the corn-ripening sun, or traps the moorland road drenched to the skin by the clinging mist and the driving drizzle. Every mother's son of them had found out long ago the secret of the heather ale, little though they knew it: but had they been conscious of its possession not one would have kept it inviolate against the bribe of a glass of whisky. During the short, scented summer nights they would rather make their beds beneath a dew-catching hedge than lie pillowed on down under any corniced ceiling, and out from the fragrant tracken they would creep when the earliest flush of dawn made rosy the mountain tops, while the burns in the valleys still ran noisy and dark. These men were neither saints nor rhymsters; they drank hard and cursed vigorously; but to look on the solemn mystery of dawn over the familiar moor and the quiet going down of the sun behind the mountains of home was as necessary to their life as the air they breathed.

Other replies follow:—

By the side of a rough track across a north country moor, there stands a small square slab of stone on which is graven in rude characters these words: "Here John Thorne was cast away in a heavy snowstorm in the night in or about the year 1735. The print of a woman's shoe was found by his side in the snow where he lay dead." On one side the moor falls away to a stream, flowing sluggishly in its dark channel, worn deep in the brown peat, past a solitary farm, whose gaunt gable timbers, shrunken and twisted by the course of years, suggest bones protruding from a withered body; and then rises to a bare ridge on whose summit stands the whitened trunk of a dead fir. On the other the dun heath, scarred with bare patches of black earth and strewn with grey boulders, sweeps up to where rugged crags stand out in weird fantastic shapes upon the skyline. In winter, spring, and autumn the north wind—

"Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds
That come aswooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors."

scours the dreary waste, or the packs of mist stealing noiselessly onward cover everything in a white shroud: in summer the sun bears down pitilessly till the barren earth quivers in its scorching rays, and the raw scent of the peats rises in hot waves, while the all including silence is broken only by the wail of the curlew that wings its heavy flight above.

[E. W., West Didsbury.]

This is the man as he was known—one whose very existence was not suspected by the more human part of this so-called human race; yet one whose very existence was felt, and being felt, was hated by the secret societies of three continents. He was known by the sign "XA" which marked his path and sealed his ultimatum. By this was he known on the proscribed list of each of the eleven deadly all-enfolding snakes of that vast decaying empire of the far East. In a like manner was he known to those cliques that terrorised the commercial life of the Western World; and to each of the secret societies that existed in every country of Europe. I have said his existence was known; but beyond that fact there was an unfilled gap, a blank space, in the knowledge of those from whom so little else was hid, yet, whose circuit of intimate and binding acquaintance with the affairs of their own particular sphere being broken at this one point, could produce but fitful disconnected sparks and no continuous current of activity. His sign stood on the list of the proscribed, yet, while others were placed there for a short time and then removed for ever, the sign of "XA" remained to mock the efforts to overthrow the man whom it represented. He has now passed beyond the reach of these his enemies, unconquered to the end; to me has he bequeathed the task of opening to the world the story of his life, his work, and its results.

[R. L. C., Liverpool.]

A large hall, with rusted iron, rotting wood, a bare floor paved with shattered stone flags. Over everything the sense of damp, the dreadful smell of mouldering things. The walls were no longer white, and you would think that blood had once streamed thickly down. A gruesome fancy—and yet those falling brown stains were such as a man knows for blood long-dried. Round the room ran a frieze. It was made of skull-less skeletons loosely hung in dangling chains; and as the wind moaned through the rent walls, a skeleton would stir and touch another, creaking and clanging, and the other would touch a third, and the third a fourth, and so till twenty creaked and clanged in concert, and the din swelled ever, sounding like the frenzied laughter of a fiendish host that drags a sinner down to the straining flames. Then the noise sank a little, and failed slowly, till there was nothing save a sad, quiet creak like the catch of tears in a throat. But from another side the felon wind startled another skeleton to motion, and the grisly jest was played through again. And as the noise died, a third time the wind stirred. Suddenly a hollow rattle at the door; bars fell, the door groaned thrice and swung wide. A rout of men broke clattering in, sabots on their feet. They were all little men, all deformed, all, in the dim light, swarthy. Their faces terrified me, faces too malevolent for Hell. Last of them, and least, came one carrying a low brazier; the legs were wrought of thigh-bones, the bowl of a human skull inverted. He shuffled up and set the brazier, smouldering lurid red, so close to me that I was scorched. Then I must have swooned.

[H. W. A., Bradford.]

Competition No. 182 (New Series).

This week we offer a Prize of One Guinea for the best description of "My Luncheon Hour." Length not to exceed 300 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 18 March, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

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"Scrutator," Pack to Rome.....(Sands) 3/

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Burrows (Captain Guy), The Curse of Central Africa.....(Everett) net 21/0
 Savory (Isabel), In the Tail of the Peacock.....(Hutchinson) 16/0

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 Batson (H. M.), A Book of the Country and the Garden.....(Methuen) 10/6
 Henson (H. Hensley), The Education Act and After.....(") 1/0
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 Alderson (F. Herbert), Indigestion: Its Prevention and Cure.....(Scott) 1/0

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 Chambers (Robert W.), The Red Republic.....(Putnam's) 3/6
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The new volume of the "Literatures of the World," edited by Mr. Edmund Gosse, will appear next week. It is a history of Arabic literature, specially written for Mr. Heinemann by Prof. Clément Huart, of the "Ecole des Langues orientales," and translator from oriental languages to the French Government.

Miss Menie Muriel Dowie, author of "A Girl in the Karpethians," "Love and His Mask," &c., will shortly publish, through Mr. Grant Richards, a new book entitled "Things about our Neighbourhood." In the preface, the author, after referring to the wealth of garden and flower literature, says: "Amongst all these books I know of none which deals with the whole round of country duties, pleasures, industries—what word must I use?—in a manner which is both practical and light in tone. This has been the centre of my present intention. At the same time, in sketching some of the people who live in the country, far from the areas discovered and invaded by Londoners of artistic taste, I have sought to inform this account of the girls at the Manor with that air of actuality which I deem proper to the picture . . . I offer to all lovers of plants, trees, and beasts, my country book."

Messrs. Treherne & Co. announce the publication early next week of the first volume of their "Poets of the Renaissance" series.

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The Literary Week.

IN this issue is included a Supplement containing twenty-three columns giving the titles of new books and new editions that are being published during the present season. The harvest of the past week includes seventeen novels. Among other books published during the past seven days we note the following:—

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS TRAHERNE, B.D. Edited by Bertram Dobell.

Now first published from the original manuscripts. "The author of the poems contained in the present volume" says Mr. Dobell, "belongs to that small group of religious poets which includes Herbert, Vaughan, and Crashaw, though he is much more nearly allied to the authors of 'The Temple' and 'Silex Scintillans' than to the lyrical of Roman Catholicism." The story of the discovery of Traherne's manuscripts is curious. In 1888 they were sold by the family in whose hands they had probably been for some generations, and in 1896 or 1897 some of them had descended to the street bookstall. Two were discovered and bought for a few pence by Mr. W. T. Brooke, who showed them to Dr. Grosart. Dr. Grosart took them to be Henry Vaughan's work, and at the time of his death he had in hand an edition of Vaughan in which Traherne's work was to be included. Finally the manuscripts came into Mr. Dobell's possession, to which good fortune we are indebted for the present volume.

POLAND: A STUDY OF THE LAND, PEOPLE AND LITERATURE. By George Brandes.

The first part of the volume, called "Observations and Appreciations," is divided into four "Impressions," dated 1885, 1886, 1894, and 1899; the second part deals with the "Romantic Literature of Poland in the Nineteenth Century." Dr. Brandes does not, in the ordinary traveller's way, devote much space to the itineraries of travel; he discusses social, national, and economic questions on a basis of historical and first-hand evidence. In the concluding chapter we read: "Again and again

we return to the thought: How symbolic this Poland is! For in this period, what other lot than that of the Pole has every one had, who has loved freedom and wished it well? What else has he experienced but defeat? When has he seen a gleam of sunshine? When has he heard a signal of advance?"

CORRESPONDENCE OF LADY BURGHERSH WITH THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. Edited by her Daughter Lady Rose Weigall.

A correspondence extending over five and forty years. Lady Rose Weigall says in her preface: "The reason for the publication of this correspondence is that some of the few survivors of those who lived in intimacy with the Duke of Wellington during the latter years of his life have felt that some recent publications . . . have unintentionally done injustice to his character as a man, representing him as hard, stern and unsympathetic—one to be greatly admired and feared, but not loved." The letters here printed are simple, direct, and sincere. The last letter concludes, "I will be at Dover at the moment when you should reach that place," and it is endorsed by Lady Burghersh, "He died on the morning of September 14, the Tuesday on which he proposed to meet me."

FRANCE certainly has the art of honouring adequately at the last moment her intellectual workers. The obsequies of Gaston Paris were a most impressive and fine spectacle. There was less a suggestion of mourning about them than an immense national act of homage. To rest while all that is most distinguished in Paris defiles before one's remains, is a reward that honourably justifies ambition. The cortège, composed of all the learned bodies of France, and foreign delegates, wended slowly from the church to the Collège de France, which was magnificently decorated in trappings of woe. The immense gate was draped within and without, the centre lamp, lighted, was covered with crape, the chapel, all black and silver, was lit with many tapers, and as the coffin entered military honours were rendered, and the band played Chopin's Funeral March.

THE "Burlington Magazine," the first number of which lies before us, touches the high-water mark of art journal production in this country. We have been getting used to sumptuousity in this regard, and now it has, in the "Burlington," reached a point beyond which wisdom will hardly go. The appeal of the magazine is to connoisseurs, and to collectors who are real collectors, that is to say, to those who buy to enjoy and not to wait for rises in market values. The opening editorial article takes rather too high a tone; there was no need, in touching on the value of the study of old art, to depreciate the new in quite such strong terms. "There are artists," the writer admits, "who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of false sentiment and fatuous cheerfulness," for which admission we may be thankful when we read a little further on that "scarcely any one notes that modern painting, whatever merits it may possess, is not oil painting at all, but a margarine substitute." However, the enthusiasm born of a first number and a new venture may be forgiven certain lapses if it really produces something good, and the "Burlington" is unquestionably good. The ambition of the magazine is expressed thus:—

Finally . . . we may hope—or at least endeavour—to remove a curious and shameful anomaly, this namely, that Britain, alone of all cultured European countries, is without any periodical which makes the serious and disinterested study of ancient art its chief occupation. The anomaly is the more surprising in that the great English aristocratic collectors of the last two centuries showed an independence of judgment, a subtlety of taste such, that even now, in spite of recent depredations, England remains a place of pilgrimage for lovers of the finest creations of past times.

Amongst the contributors to this issue are Mr. Bernard Berenson, Mr. Herbert P. Horne, and Mr. James Weale. The illustrations are numerous, and the page and type clear and well arranged.

THE "Connoisseur" is an art journal of a less exclusive description than the "Burlington"; its aims, indeed, are frankly in the direction of popularity. The second of the portfolios issued by this periodical contains a summary of the life and work of Velasquez, together with reproductions of ten of the Master's pictures, of which three are in colour. These reproductions, in so handy a form, are really something to be thankful for. Each picture is lightly attached to a grey mount; in one or two instances the grey hardly supplies a suitable background. A little care in the selection of proper backgrounds would add to the value of such publications.

THE latest volume in Mr. Heinemann's "Century of French Romance" is Daudet's "The Nabob." Concerning it Prof. Trent says in his introduction: "It is probably the most broadly effective of all Daudet's novels; it is fuller of striking scenes; and as a picture of life in the picturesque Second Empire it is of unique importance." The book was written with infinite labour; its composition occupied eight months, and sometimes Daudet worked on it for eighteen consecutive hours, "often waking from restless sleep with a sentence on his lips." Of the author of "Sapho"—which, by the way, Prof. Trent seems rather to underrate—he says: "Alphonse Daudet is one of those rare writers who combine greatness with a charm so intimate and appealing that some of us would not, if we could, have their greatness increased."

THE Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, now possesses a complete set, amounting to sixty-seven volumes, of the books printed by William Morris at the Kelmscott Press.

Each volume has an inscription to Mr. Philip Webb in Morris's autograph, and the college is indebted to Mr. Webb for this fine gift. Whatever we may think about the unsuitability of means to ends in certain of the Kelmscott productions, it cannot be doubted that in the main their influence was true to the cause of beauty and reverence.

In America there seems to be a revival of interest in the novels of Anthony Trollope, a revival which the Chicago "Dial" discusses with point. In England Trollope has never quite fallen out, though few modern readers know much more than his name. He wrote far too much, and in a way helped to kill his own reputation; success to him implied the illusive necessity of enormous production, so that he piled book upon book and overwhelmed the good with the indifferent; he was never wholly bad. Says the writer in the "Dial":—

The quality which has invariably been recognised, by even the least favourable of his critics, and which makes him quite unapproachable on his own ground, is his absolute naturalness. In all his books there is no single touch of exaggeration. Not one of his characters talks in a fashion too fine or too melodramatic for real life; not the divine Jane herself was freer from any taint of the "big bow-wow style." To quote Hawthorne's formerly familiar praise, his books are "as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their business, and not suspecting that they were being watched."

Nowadays perhaps that very naturalness tells against Trollope, and his delicate simplicity is taken for weakness when, in fact, it is quite genuine art. The "Dial's" contributor concludes:—

After the various dilutions of Scott and Dumas have quite lived out their hour, the field will again belong to the novel in its less boisterous aspects. Said George Moore, in one of his characteristic criticisms, "Henry James went abroad and read Turgenieff; Mr. Howells staid at home and read Henry James." The practice seems to have been productive of sufficiently good results, and is worth recommending. The novelists of to-morrow have much to gain by reading Anthony Trollope.

We trust that the novelists of to-morrow will read Trollope; perhaps it would be too much to expect the novelists of to-day to find sufficient time for so healthy an exercise.

THE next portion of the Oxford English Dictionary to be published will be a double section, containing the words from "Onomastical" to "Outing," 3,885 in all, with 13,253 illustrative quotations. Dr. Murray points out that *out*-verbs as a class were apparently eschewed by Shakespeare's contemporary, Bacon, and he says: "It is noteworthy that while Shakespeare uses 54 of these verbs, for 38 of which he is our first, and for nine of them our only authority, we cite Bacon only for two, one of which, indeed, *outshoot*, had, in those days of archery, been in common use for more than seventy years. The contrast between the language of Bacon and that of Shakespeare in this respect is the more striking, seeing that other contemporary authors, e.g., Ben Jonson, used these *out*-verbs almost as freely as Shakespeare himself, without however yielding anything like the same number of first instances." The number of words in the Dictionary, including the forthcoming double section, totals up to 165,654.

THE troubles of ordinary dictionary-making are considerable enough, but a dialect dictionary presents, in certain directions, even greater difficulties. The "Periodical"

gives some interesting particulars concerning Prof. Wright's great "English Dialect Dictionary," a work, as we stated some time ago, undertaken at Prof. Wright's personal expense. For the purpose of the dictionary some six thousand books have been consulted, and as many queries are sent out yearly by the professor and his staff. Upwards of four hundred glossaries in MS. have also been consulted in addition to the printed works. The staff consists entirely of women, all of whom, with one exception, have attained first-class honours in the School of English Language and Literature.

DR. GARNETT a few days ago delivered, at the annual meeting of the Home Reading Union, an address on the subject of reading and free libraries, and the possibilities of a more active co-operation between such institutions as the Union and the Libraries. Dr. Garnett said:—

We have in the free library a most powerful instrument of culture, entirely in harmony with the views and aims of the National Home-Reading Union, but one whose actual employment for true culture depends upon the feeling of a highly democratic constituency. We have much reason to fear that the ends of true culture are as yet but imperfectly subserved by this powerful instrument, resting this opinion chiefly upon the undue amount of merely amusing literature in circulation, judging by the very high percentage of novels to the total issues. We know that this is extremely natural, and no subject of reproach to the institutions, which must to a considerable degree take their colour from their public.

But, on the other hand, we feel that, if the librarian's constituency is as yet too little cultured to appreciate the best literature, this is no reason why it should always remain so, and we feel sure that the higher the class of literature in common use at the free library the more nearly the library corresponds to the intention of those who set it on foot.

That is a clear statement of the case. How, then, is the undeveloped but "powerful instrument" of public taste to be improved? By such an association as the Home Reading Union, Dr. Garnett thinks, acting upon public taste directly in co-operation with a guiding influence on the part of librarians. Certainly such co-operation should do a good deal. There are scores of people ready to take a librarian's advice if he be only willing to give it. Those who insist on reading rubbish must, we suppose, for the present be supplied with it. The free library is too democratic an institution to assume critical powers and exclude the foolish and the banal from its shelves.

SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, with the assistance of the representatives and friends of the late General, is writing a biography of the late General Wauchope. He will gratefully receive any letters of General Wauchope's in the hands of correspondents. All letters will be carefully copied, and the originals returned. They may be addressed to Sir George Douglas, Bart., at 39, Thurloe Square, London, S.W.

ON Monday last there were sold at Messrs. Sotheby's a number of books and manuscripts from which we select the following items:—

CHARLOTTE AND ANNE BRONTË.

Anne Brontë (Acton Bell), *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, her own copy with autograph notes, £32.

Autograph MS. of *Miscellaneous Poems* by Charlotte Brontë, entirely in her handwriting, £25.

Another Autograph MS. of Charlotte Brontë, descriptive of an evening service at Ebenezer Chapel, £12 15s.

At the same time there were sold two holograph poems by Burns, which fetched £125, and a collection of the writings of Bunyan, containing 277 volumes, many of

which were original editions. This collection was sold for £205. The Brontë and the Bunyan prices strike us as distinctly low. If the Bunyan collection had been divided into a dozen lots we imagine the total amount realised would have been well over £205.

MR. HAMLIN GARLAND has an article in the "North American Review" on "Sanity in Fiction." The great American representative of sanity in fiction to Mr. Garland is Mr. W. D. Howells. The writer sets out with the very proper idea that fiction should not deal exclusively with murder and sudden death. "The democrat of our day," he says, "is on the look out for sensations"; he desires to get away from the familiarity and boredom of his own existence by reading of "the far-off, the grandiose, something outside his own life, something to thrill, to excite." That desire of modern democracy both American and English novelists have more than satisfied, yet there are many books of quite another order which have achieved success. We begin to think that perhaps after all the fault lies quite as much with the sensational novelist as with the public; it is infinitely easier to write of murders and unusual phases of morbidity than to describe sympathetically what is part of everyday experience. When the novelists whom Mr. Garland deprecates touch simple things they usually flounder hopelessly. Mr. Howells has always, or nearly always, avoided any approach to crude melodrama, and accordingly Mr. Garland hails him as "the most American, the most sympathetic, the truest writer in American fiction." We may respect Mr. Garland's opinion without agreeing with it. With the last sentence of his article, however, we cannot at all agree: "We can safely challenge the world to produce his equal in sanity, sympathy and humorous insight." Such an assertion make us wonder what knowledge of fiction Mr. Garland really has.

MR. BERTRAM DOBELL's forthcoming "Sidelights on Charles Lamb" has a dedicatory sonnet to one of Charles and Mary Lamb's latest editors, which concludes thus:—

Unlovely traits that cannot daylight bear,
Too oft deep search in seeming goodness shows:
But thou mayst fearless seek, since only fair
Actions and thoughts thy delvings can disclose:
From every shadow of dishonour free,
Clear is their fame, and clear shall ever be.

A GOOD many minor inaccuracies in Thackeray have already been ferretted out by careful readers, and an additional one has been discovered by a correspondent of the "Saturday Review." Amongst the presents received by Amelia when she married George Osborne was a gold watch, presented by Captain Dobbin. Later Thackeray tells us that "Mrs. Osborne had no watch, though to do George justice, she might have had one for the asking." If novelists only knew that they were writing for an assiduous posterity they might avoid these blunders.

MR. JOHN BICKERDYKE has been telling readers of the "Author" how the phonograph may be used for literary purposes. You should, it appears, buy a £15 machine for yourself and a £5 one for your amanuensis—every literary man nowadays, of course, keeps at least one amanuensis. The cylinder of the phonograph will take 800 words, and it costs a shilling. It can be shaved twenty times, so that for your shilling you can record 16,000 words. We have not ourselves yet taken to the phonograph; the mere contemplation of the possibility shakes our nerves.

THE success of the "Hibbert Journal" has been remarkable, and shows that there is a large public ready to support a serious review of religion, theology, and philosophy. Three reprints of the first number were called for within two months of publication, and after the type had been broken up the publishers found it necessary to have it reset. Of the second number three impressions have already been sold.

SIR HENRY FOWLER, we note, has resigned his position as Chairman and a Director of Messrs. Cassell & Company. In moving the adoption of the report at the annual meeting, Sir Henry Fowler stated that the profit in 1900 amounted to £17,071, in 1901 to £25,361, and in 1902 to £26,764.

THE "Periodical" has received the following quaint request from an Indian reader: "Will you be good enough to us to increase my knowledge through 'The Period,' placing time to time upon my table it for ever in future for the sake of Savior."

Bibliographical.

MORE than once, of late, I have congratulated bibliographers upon the signs of a growing interest in their pursuit, as seen in the increase in the number of bibliographies which form part and parcel of contemporary memoirs. The name of "bibliography" is, however, sometimes taken in vain. There is one in the new Life of Miss Yonge and another in the new Life of Bret Harte, but neither is strictly what it calls itself. Miss Coleridge supplies a chronological list of Miss Yonge's successive publications, and very useful it will no doubt be to many, but a bibliography, in the right sense, it is not. (I note that Miss Coleridge does not omit to record one of Miss Yonge's rare efforts in literary criticism—her article on Lady Georgina Fullerton, Mrs. Stretton, and Miss Anne Manning in "Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign," 1897.) Mr. Pemberton does for Bret Harte less than Miss Coleridge does for Miss Yonge. He supplies a list of his hero's writings, but only in groups of his own making, and only in some instances with the date of composition or publication. All this is better than nothing, no doubt, but it is not precisely "bibliography."

I see that Mr. J. A. R. Marriott, in his monograph on "Canning and his Times," gives the following reading of Canning's famous rhythmical despatch to Sir Charles Bagot, then English Ambassador at The Hague:—

Dear Bagot, in commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much;
So since on this policy Mynheer is bent,
We'll clap on his vessels just 20 per cent.

It would be interesting if Mr. Marriott would kindly give his authority for so printing the familiar jeu d'esprit. The version hitherto accepted is that which Mr. Locker-Lampson included in his "Lyra Elegantiarum" (page 148, ed. 1891), and on which Mrs. Bagot set the seal of her approval in her recent volume of memoirs. "As I have seen it wrongly quoted on several occasions, I venture to append it," says Mrs. Bagot; and what she appends is identical (save for the misprint of a letter) with the lines as Locker-Lampson gives them. One is forced to the conclusion that Mr. Marriott's reading is inaccurate.

Miss Harriett Jay's appearance as the biographer of Robert Buchanan has drawn attention to her previous

literary performances, and I have been asked to give a list of them. She seems to have begun her career as a storyteller in 1875 with "The Queen of Connaught," which was followed by "The Dark Colleen" in 1876, "Madge Dunraven" in 1879, "Two Men and a Maid" and "The Priest's Blessing" in 1881, "Through the Stage Door" and "My Connaught Cousins" in 1883, "A Marriage of Convenience" in 1885, and "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown" in 1897. The last-named appears to have been founded on the comedy of that name in which Buchanan and Miss Jay collaborated, and which had a good deal of success for a time. Miss Jay, indeed, worked with her brother-in-law on more than one stage piece, and has had, moreover, a fair measure of experience as an actress. Her nom-de-guerre as a dramatist was "Charles Marlowe."

The inclusion of Crabbe's "Borough" in "The Temple Classics" is the latest testimony to the renewed vogue of "Nature's sternest painter"—a vogue which seems to date from 1886, when Messrs. Cassell reprinted some of his verse in their "National Library." Then in 1888 came Mr. T. E. Kebbel's biography of Crabbe in the "Great Writers" series and E. Lamplough's selection from his Poems. This led up to the selection by Henry Morley, published in 1891 and reprinted in 1898, to Mr. Bernard Holland's selection in 1899, and to Mr. Murray's reproduction of the Complete Works in 1901. Edward FitzGerald's enthusiastic references to Crabbe have also had much to do with the revival of the latter's popularity.

The literary interests of Edith Wharton are evidently by no means confined to fiction. She first became generally known by "A Gift from the Grave" (1900), but two years previously she had been concerned with another in the production of a book on "The Decoration of Houses." The "Gift from the Grave" was also preceded (in 1899) by "The Greater Inclination and Other Stories." Now she is to give us an English translation of "Es Lebe das Leben," the play by Sudermann in which we are all hoping to see Mrs. Patrick Campbell before long.

The announcements of additions to the "English Men of Letters" series come fast upon each others' heels. In the case both of Maria Edgeworth and of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the new biographers will find themselves with plenty of material. It is scarcely a decade since the late Mr. Augustus Hare gave us, in two volumes, the "Life and Letters of Miss Edgeworth," which, again, had been preceded, also by nearly a decade, by the monograph on Miss Edgeworth contributed by Miss Helen Zimmern to the "Eminent Women" series. Much larger of course, is the D. G. Rossetti literature—from the memoir written for the "Great Writers" series (1887), down (through the three volumes of correspondence) to the letters and memoranda published of late by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, and the little monograph by Mr. F. M. Hueffer which came out last year.

The promised new edition of Hakluyt will be very acceptable. The famous Voyages have been rather neglected of late years. In 1881 Messrs. De la Rue published the "Voyages of English Seamen to America," and between 1886 and 1889 Messrs. Cassell issued three selections from the great work, under the titles of "Voyagers' Tales," "The Search for the North-West Passage," and "The Discovery of Muscovy." Otherwise, Hakluyt has slumbered.

The death of M. Ernest Légouvé reminds me that, just ten years ago, his "Sixty Years of Recollections" were translated and annotated by Mr. Albert D. Vandam, and published in two volumes by Messrs. Eden and Remington. The work is one of the most readable and interesting of its kind.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Professor and the Poet.

WORDSWORTH. By Walter Raleigh. (Arnold. 6s.)

So much has been written about Wordsworth, so much, too, which in no way tended to enlightenment, that the critic approaches a new study of his work and personality with some uneasiness. Perhaps in the case of Prof. Raleigh there was no cause for such uneasiness; certainly, when we close this volume, the uneasiness has given place to gratefulness and satisfaction. The author has clearly established his right to stand with the few who have really done something as interpreters and appreciators of Wordsworth. We can give Prof. Raleigh's work no higher praise than to say that it may be read side by side with Mr. F. W. H. Myers's beautiful monograph without too great a sense of weakness or disproportion. To some readers the fact that it lacks something of Mr. Myers's exquisite spiritual insight may be counted as gain, for Mr. Myers was so pre-occupied with matters of the spirit that perhaps his tendency was to force parallels and to interpret one of the most spiritual of poets in terms of his own belief. Prof. Raleigh appears to have no aim other than that of illustrating and illuminating his author by means of careful, sincere and profound study of his work. He refuses to separate Wordsworth, the supreme poet, from Wordsworth the uninspired and indifferent versifier; he declines to accept the attitude practically adopted by some critics that there were two Wordsworths, the "less loquacious of the two" being inspired, which leads to the assumption that "the poet is no longer a man speaking to men, but a reed through which a god fitfully blows." This position, with many poets, could hardly be defended, but with Wordsworth, who was essentially a single-minded and philosophical poet, it only needs postulating for the instant perception of its truth. It may be said, of course, with justice that when Wordsworth was least philosophical, when he was overwhelmed with a sense of beauty or caught up by a divine memory, he was greatest as a poet. But, after all, those supreme visitings were not too common; Wordsworth was a poet rather of passionate contemplation than of direct lyrical impulse: he glorified memory by experience, and touched the past, his own past, with the almost unimaginable glow of accumulated perceptions. And out of this method there came forth a sublimated truth founded actually upon experience and life itself—a narrow life and narrow experience it may be, but nevertheless capable of infinite adjustments to human needs because of its most profound sincerity.

Prof. Raleigh writes:—

Of Wordsworth . . . it is hardly true to say that his strength and his weakness are closely knit up together; rather they are the same; his strength at its best is weakness made perfect, his weakness is the wasteful ebullition of his strength. It may be just and necessary to pronounce some of his poems childish, and others dull or silly; it cannot be right to neglect them on that account, if we remember that the teachers whom he most revered, and from whom he learned the best part of his lore, were children, rustics, men of simple habits and slow wits.

In that statement the author, we think, goes too far, though he corrects it somewhat in his later chapter on "Poetic Diction." There is really no reason in the world why poems inspired by "children, rustics, men of simple habits and slow wits" should be either "childish, dull, or silly." Often these results were brought about by Wordsworth's persistent use of a vernacular which was not a vernacular at all; in aiming at a simplicity based upon an impracticable theory he often landed himself in the deeps of bathos. The fault, indeed, lay not with his teachers but with himself, and mainly in a lack of humour

and the absence of a sense of the incongruous. And it has always appeared to us that Wordsworth's knowledge of individuals stopped short of real knowledge; we are always haunted by the feeling that his rustics are not studies from within; we see the philosopher by the roadside or on the mountain asking questions and giving us the answers which he received after passing them through the crucible of his own personality. Children, we are told, were rather afraid of him, and the instinct of the rustic and the child are often one. We do not conceive of Wordsworth as an actor in fire-side revels, an explorer of actual motive in others, a searcher after emotions in the very heat of action. He had no spirit of adventure. When, in the Fourth Book of the "Prelude," he meets with the soldier who "tells in few plain words a soldier's tale," he merely finds shelter for the man in a wayside cottage, and leaves him with the entreaty that he will not linger in the public highway, but ask for help when he needs it. There, we must consider, was an opportunity wasted; at once the poet's eye is turned in again upon himself. Wordsworth treatment of the Cumberland dalesmen, says Prof. Raleigh, "would have been suitable enough for royalty itself." That is to say that Wordsworth hardly approached them in the best spirit, and though we must respect him for his aloof tenderness and consideration, we feel assured that it was not intimate enough for the knowledge which touches to the life. We have said so much concerning this phase of Wordsworth's personality because both Prof. Raleigh and Mr. Myers lay great stress upon the poet's truthful delineation of country character. Mr. Myers went so far as to say: "We may almost venture . . . to assert that no writer since Skakespeare has left so true a picture of the British nation"—an assertion with which we cannot at all agree.

As a self-interpreter and as an interpreter of nature through the medium of a personality which had trained the inner vision to the utmost of sane capacity, if we may use the phrase, Wordsworth stands supreme. No other such honest poetical autobiography exists as the "Prelude"; it is the story of a development glorified indeed by memory, but never swerving from the plain road of truth. It was Wordsworth's way to treasure memories and experiences until some later flash of insight set them in their true relation or shed upon them the glory which was their proper consummation; he waited, in a kind of rapt humility, "for the light from heaven to fall." Prof. Raleigh well says:—

True vision, he held, is not to be attained by any sort of intellectual elaboration, but by a purging of the eye, an intense and rare simplicity of outlook. He was haunted by a sense that truth was there, directly before him, filling the whole compass of the universe—the greatest and most obvious and clearest of all things, if only the eye could learn to see it. But the tricky and ill-trained sense of man moves vacantly over its surface and finds nothing to arrest attention; sees nothing, indeed, until it is caught by the antics of some of its old accomplices. . . . For himself, he sought admittance to the mystery by two principal means. It is something to rid the mind of petty cares and to be still and attentive, but it is not enough. There are guides to the heights of contemplation; and there are fortunate moments of excitement that roll away the clouds against which the traveller has long been straining his baffled eyesight.

It was for "the illumination which comes from the transfiguring power of high-wrought emotions" that Wordsworth waited. He sometimes mistook the illumination; in a mind so self-centred the light evolved from within was now and then accepted as an authentic visitation from without. Yet sometimes the two lights seemed to meet and mingle in a beauty which was both of earth and spirit; so they mingled in "Lines written above Tintern Abbey" and in the "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood." In those two poems we have Wordsworth at a best unapproached and it may well be unapproachable.

Prof. Raleigh's summary of Wordsworth's outlook and teaching in the chapters entitled "Nature" and "Humanity" is admirable in the main, though he relies perhaps too much upon the poet's ideal as opposed to his actual achievement. What we have is, after all, the only thing upon which to found criticism; the best possible intention will not save any form of art from criticism or rebuke, nor should it save it. The lump of silver may be brooded over by an imagination greater than that of Cellini, but if the imagination cannot express itself in exquisite form its effective result must remain amongst the minor or forgotten things. Many lovers of Wordsworth have carried their devotion into a kind of petulant anger against critics who have refused to accept intention for accomplishment. Prof. Raleigh is never petulant, but he occasionally is inclined to claim too much for mere intention. In the case of such a poet as Wordsworth this is rather to confuse issues; his accomplishment is so great and so supreme that we need no explanation of failures inevitably incident to every human endeavour. We are sometimes inclined to regret that Wordsworth was so lavish of commentary on his own work; he exhibited at times an annoying incapacity to let well alone.

Towards the end of his brief concluding chapter, Prof. Raleigh says:—

He failed, it must be admitted, in many of the things that he attempted; failed more signally and obviously than other great poets who have made a more prudent estimate of human powers and have chosen a task to match their strength. He pressed onward to a point where speech fails and drops into silence, where thought is baffled, and turns back upon its own footsteps. But it is a good discipline to follow that intense and fervid spirit, as far as may be, to the heights that denied him access.

There is no danger nowadays that Wordsworth will be given a lower place than he deserves, and it is true that those who know him best grow into an increasing love and reverence for him. Even in his most pedestrian moments, even when the very technicalities of his art seem to have slipped beyond his reach, we feel the breathings of an august spirit and the glimmerings of some not wholly forgotten "clouds of glory." No poet ever devoted himself more singly to his life-work than Wordsworth, and no poet ever had a fuller reward. He outlived his impulse, and his old age was practically songless; the ashes of his youth could not be fanned into more than the most fitful flame. But that youth was splendid and immortal.

Not so Black as They are Painted.

THE TALE OF A TOUR IN MACEDONIA. By G. F. Abbott. With illustrations. (Edward Arnold. 14s. net.)

IN 1900, under the auspices of Cambridge University, Mr. Abbott, in order to study the folk-lore of Macedonia, made a tour through that troublous land. A work embodying his scientific observations is about to be published by the University Press. Meanwhile here we have a casual, chatty, entertaining record of what he calls his adventures. These were never very perilous; but they were always amusing, and sometimes instructive. They began soon after he had crossed the frontier between Servia and the Turkish Empire. At the railway station of Zebevtche, all the possessions in the traveller's innocent packing cases would have been impounded had he been unwilling to bribe the Youmbrouk Mudir by a gift of Dante's "Divina Commedia." The precautions taken against dangerous intrusions into the Sultan's realms are stringent in the extreme. On the day when Mr. Abbott was well-nigh suffering confiscation of his gear, the scrutinizing officer thought there must be dynamite in the baggage of a man who turned out to be a commercial traveller from Austria;

the kodak of a middle-aged Swiss governess was regarded as manifestly an infernal machine; and a grammar of the German language was believed to be a lampoon on the Shadow. If one may judge from Mr. Abbott's sprightly chronicle, Mount Athos is the only region under the Sultan's sway where residents and pilgrims are immune from annoying and even tyrannical suspicion. Everywhere else, all save the Mahommedans are suspect and oppressed. It is taxation, mainly, that grinds them down. The system is ancient and drastic. On hearing that the taxildars are coming, the headman of a village calls a council of the elders; these draw up a list of the taxpayers, and assign to each his share in the total burden. This plan is not so objectionable as it may seem to people, like ourselves, who are accustomed to more elaborate methods of assessment. Far from being an Ottoman invention, it is a survival of the Roman *curia*, the board of landowners, imported into the Eastern Empire by Constantine the Great; and, as Mr. Abbott admits, it "gives scope to the exercise of some fine human qualities." If a villager is down in the world, his less unfortunate brother pays for him. The council thinks that George, who has two sons, both able-bodied, should assist the poor decrepit neighbour John, whose children are so young that they are only a burden to their parents. In this manner the sum which the village has to pay, an amount arrived at by a rough computation of the populace, is made up by neighbourly compromises; and the taxildars go upon their way.

The real difficulty springs from the fact that, however considerably the burden of taxation may be distributed, it is a burden too heavy to be borne with reasonable happiness. The cost of maintaining the Turkish Empire is great out of all humane proportion to the revenues of the people, and the Government resort to expedients which would not be tolerated in Western Europe. Taxes which it has formally abolished are still collected "by mistake." Besides the land-tax and the tithe, the peasant, even though he be a Christian, and therefore not allowed to enter the Army, is taxed for exemption from military service; he is taxed for education which is not given, for roads and bridges which are not built; in short, Mr. Abbott says, he pays a tax on everything he buys, on everything he sells, on everything he imports, on everything he exports, on everything he weighs, on everything he possesses, and on many things which he does not possess. His burdens are heavier than those of any other peasant in the world. Why? The immediate explanation seems to lie in the ways and customs of the official classes. The pay of a foot-gendarme is what in this country would be £1 7s. a month, and that of the mounted gendarme £2 5s. Out of these small wages the officers have to keep themselves and their families; but the pittances are almost always in arrear. Is it surprising that they are not superior to *bakshish*? The higher officers are in similar plight. Posts in the service of the Government are treated as objects of commercial speculation. The favourites at Yildiz Kiosk sell them to favourites of their own. They are naturally anxious to make their fortunes when they can; they will not always have a chance of securing even a competence for life. So it is with the subordinates: they must make hay while the sun shines if in their old age they are to have the means of life. This, Mr. Abbott says, "accounts for the cupidity, and also for the plethora, of officials in the country." It is well, however, that we should be discriminating in our judgment. Sad as are the conditions of life in certain provinces of Turkey, we have no cause whatever to denounce the Turks as a race. The official classes are corrupt; but that is only because they share the general lack of pence. They would be indifferent honest but for this compulsion. Even Mr. Abbott, whose prejudices, if he have any, are against the Mahommedans, is obliged to admit, here and there, that they have a natural

nobility. What was his experience in Salonica, a town of Jews and Greeks and Turks?

In point of versatility the followers of Moses undoubtedly carry away the palm, leaving both the others far behind. The Jew is trilingual. He is equally at home in Spanish, Greek, and Turkish, and speaks each of these idioms indifferently badly. The Greek can express his ideas in two languages, Greek and Turkish. The Turk shares with the gods and the English the privilege of having only one tongue. The order of classification would have to be reversed if the three elements were subjected to an examination of a different kind. Measured by a moral, or rather manly, standard, the first would be last and the last first. The adage which associates physical purity with moral uprightness finds a curious illustration in Salonica. The Mahomedans, whatever may be thought of them as rulers, are generally acknowledged to be extremely honest in their private transactions—always excepting the Government officials, who have an immoral code of their own—scrupulously careful in the handling of truth. The Turk is too strong to do a mean thing, too unimaginative to invent the thing that is not. His vices, great as they are, are the vices of a race conscious of its might, and proud of it.

Indeed, the truth seems to be that the Turks have a reputation much worse than they deserve. It has not been sufficiently noticed that they "do not advertise." Periodically all the nations of Europe rail at them; but they never answer. Thus, as they seem by silence to assent to all the charges laid against them, perhaps they are not so black as they are painted. Most of the general understandings to their discredit are matters of hearsay. Only a very few strangers ever think of sojourning in the Balkan States, and it is noticeable that those of the few who publish their impressions give surprisingly little sanction to the popular anathemas against the Turks. The testimony of Sir Vincent Caillard, in a series of striking letters published by "The Realm," was almost wholly in their favour. Mr. Abbott's, though he may not deliberately intend it to do so, will leave a similar impression on unbiassed minds. We in the West forget, or do not learn, that the instincts and the conduct of the subject races are such as render the governance of them a task compared with which our own worst difficulties are trifles. A few excerpts from Mr. Abbott's pages will make this plain. In the villages inhabited by people of the subject races, fires are very frequent. Each village has eight or nine a week.

The flimsy material of which the houses are built . . . would be sufficient to account for the conflagrations, were it not for one little thing: the house or the shop in which the fire originates in ninety-nine cases out of hundred happens to be insured, and to belong either to a Jew or to a Christian. This circumstance, coupled with the fact that the property of Mohammedans—who do not approve of insurances, as implying a want of faith in Allah—seldom falls a prey to the flames, induces the thoughtful observer to shake his head. In fact, these "accidents" may be said to throw a lurid light upon Hebrew and local Christian morality; and so seem to think the London insurance companies, which since the great fire of 1891 have abolished their Salonica agencies.

Amid general approval of the nations, the Concert of Europe has within recent weeks coerced the Porte into adopting certain measures of reform in Macedonia; but by whom were the troubles necessitating those measures raised? Those who habitually read the Foreign Page of "The Times" have a shrewd idea; but tidings conveyed through that channel do not seem to reach the susceptible millions generally known as "the masses." Here is the grim truth as revealed in Mr. Abbott's narrative. It amply justifies the appeal for fair play to the Government of Turkey made by Lord Newton during a debate in the House of Peers last week:—

Servian activity in Macedonia has become more conspicuous since 1896, when, following on the murder of Stambuloff, the Bulgarians attempted to push their interests too energetically.

The Macedonian Committee then tried, as it has often done since, to call the attention of Europe to that province by inciting the Turkish authorities to atrocities.

It may be said that actions such as those of fire-raising and incitement to outrage are incidental to classes among the subject races, and that they are not to be taken as a standard of conduct by which to judge these peoples at large. Unfortunately, it is impossible to rest in that assumption. If the oppressed races had highly civilised aspirations, their moral tendencies would surely be adequately expressed by their Churches; but what do we find among the clergy?

Serres is the see of a Greek bishop. The prelate reigning at the time of my visit was spoken of as an individual of exceptional ability and great force of character. . . . The bishop in question, to his diplomatic ability, joined a cupidity only equalled by that of a Turkish Government official. The poor man had caught the *maladie du pays*—which is not home-sickness—in a very bad form. As a proof of the lengths to which he would go, heedless of public opinion, in order to secure a pecuniary advantage, was the following fact. A short time back the lease of a farm belonging to the diocese had fallen in, and bids had been made by various would-be tenants. After having been in the market for some months, to everybody's surprise the farm was let for a rent considerably lower than the offers already made. The surprise developed into a different kind of emotion when it was found that his holiness was a sleeping partner in the concern.

"His holiness" was not a black sheep in a flock which as a rule is white. In Mr. Abbott's book all the tales of duplicity, or of hypocrisy, or of intrigue, as well as the few tales of brutal inhumanity, stand against Christians, or Jews, or Greeks; and, for all that Mr. Abbott feels justified by his comprehensive wanderings in saying against them, the Turks seem to be the only gentlemen in the Balkan States. In mentioning this we are not taking a side. We are merely stating a sardonic fact.

A Dim Strange Tale.

THE FLOWER OF OLD JAPAN. By Alfred Noyes. (Grant Richards.)

It is very easy to criticise a volume of minor poetry which for the critic, personally, has no appeal. He points out with a rather blatant magnanimity the excellence of its technique, or, with the old weary phrases, obtrudes the hesitancy of its rhythm. Or again, if he plod honestly through the dulness of his calling, he will insist upon the existence of an original artistic purpose in the mind of the minor poet, and will explain just how and why that artistic purpose has not found expression. He will show that the illusion has not been arrived at, in short that the minor poet has been talking more or less uselessly, like himself, and not singing at all. Of course all this was admirably expressed in the "Ars Poetica" of Horace and with a more intense didacticism by Boileau. We are, however, still faithfully at it for the probable reason that there is nobody to stop us. The minor poets themselves, it is supposed, rather like it, and after all it does no human being particular injury. That is, crudely and frankly, the state of mind in which the present writer "attacks" the average little volume of English "poetry."

But when we imagine that a poet is really speaking to us across one knows not what chasm of eternal separation—ah! then it becomes all quite different, then we listen, as men always will listen, to the voice of the human magician in the very teeth of abstract science. Such a poet, with the spell of far-off fantasies upon his lips, haunted by the infinite vistas of remote memory into which he has surely peered, has written a volume entitled "The Flower of Old Japan." The author, Mr. Alfred Noyes, has described his poem as "a dim, strange tale for all

ages," and, perhaps, that phrase, better than any other, suggests its persuasive charm. It is a dream, and it has preserved the fleeting magic of dreams. Above all it has atmosphere; the illusion lives. Merrily, with a mocking sweetness, the poet lures us after him in his strange dream quest as though we too had regained the forgotten wisdom of childhood:—

Something haunted us that night
Like a half-remembered name;
Worn old pages in that light
Seemed the same, yet not the same;
Curling in the pleasant heat
Smoothly as a shell-shaped fan,
O! they breathed and smelt so sweet
When we turned to Old Japan!
Suddenly we thought we heard
Someone tapping on the wall,
Tapping, tapping like a bird,
Till a panel seemed to fall
Quietly; and a tall, thin man
Stepped into the glimmering room,
And he held a little fan,
And he waved it in the gloom.

The children follow the "tall thin man" and sail out into the mysterious night, passing—

Huts that gloomed and glanced among
Fruitage dipping in the blue;
Songs the sirens never sung,
Shores Ulysses never knew.

And everywhere "Creeping Sin" dogs their footsteps seeking to lure them from their quest. But at last they arrive at "Old Japan," and then at "The City of the Secret Wound," and finally approach the mirror which encircles "The Mystic Ruby," the goal of their desire; and here the children fashion a world after their own hearts:—

And each wish spoiled another wish,
Till we threw the glass down in despair;
For, getting whatever you want to get
Is like drinking tea from a fishing net.

The dream fades, but the wonder of it survives:—

For we found at last we knew
More than all our fancy planned,
All the fairy tales were true,
And home the heart of fairy land.

We have quoted much from this exquisite little book, because in this case quotation is the most significant form of praise. These simple verses have caught the aroma of a lost fragrance which only poets can restore to a generation arid even in its dreams.

Literary Studies.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË—GEORGE ELIOT—JANE AUSTEN: STUDIES IN THEIR WORKS. By Henry H. Bonnell. (Longmans.)

THE author of this carefully written treatise on the works of these three great novelists does not adhere to the "alphabetical" preference of Mr. Birrell which places Miss Austen first in point of merit as well as in point of time. The reason for his placing this artist, whom he compares to Meissonier, last is because "she was content with picturing the life she saw," while "we search for the philosophy which will explain it." From this point of view the author is, of course, unquestionably right, and yet, in spite of his protest in favour of the larger and more philosophic conception of life, he deliberately places Charlotte Brontë before George Eliot. That is to say he places the mind of a young girl, singularly narrow in its outlook, singularly solitary and remote in its inner as well as in its outward loneliness, before the most philosophical mind which has ever produced an English novel of the first order. Mr. Bonnell has not in any sense obtruded his partialities, but the objective fact of the order in which

he has placed these novelists—so conspicuously opposed to the common verdict—is neither an accident nor a matter of personal prejudice, but is significant of a close and intimate study of his subject.

In speaking of Charlotte Brontë, there is always another figure present before us, the enigmatic author of "Wuthering Heights." "Younger in years and in grace," says Mr. Bonnell, "she was yet the elder sister in her attitude towards nature, as paganism is older than Christianity." That is the criticism of genuine insight. Charlotte Brontë, revelling in the rage of night and storm, was never of its very essence in the sense that Emily was. "Unlike Emily," he continues, "she looks through nature, up to nature's God." But because both, after their fashion, were very near to what we may almost call a telepathy with nature, these lonely women translated the cravings of the human heart into Nature's own untrammelled passion, and because of this Mr. Bonnell is right in speaking of the elder sister "as the greatest writer of pure passion in the English tongue," just as he is right in saying that "we shall never have anything like the Brontës again until like genius mates with like innocence and like loneliness."

A Parisian critic comments on the curious simplicity of George Eliot's novels, in which he detects something akin to Slavonic simplicity. He reads the pages one after another, he tells us, without mental effort of any kind, and then, almost before he is conscious of its charm, the story has reached his heart. Mr. Bonnell, naturally, deals at some length with the philosophy and the art of George Eliot, but we are pleased to see that it is to her human sympathy and not her power of abstract thought that he attributes her final permanence. This is a thoughtful summary:—

She did not reduce romance to a science; nor was it her mission to illustrate the romance of science. The mystery of life is not explained in her works. There is no Be-All and End-All system dreamt of in her philosophy. But her greatness is that she subordinates the final parts to the infinite whole; and her music, though cradled in pain, is a true music of the spheres.

Of Jane Austen Mr. Bonnell accepts and ratifies the common verdict. He does justice to her "exquisite touch" and her "wonderful charm." He sees in her the incarnation of good taste and good feeling, and quotes with approval the aphorism of Mr. Saintsbury: "We shall have another Homer before we see another Jane." "Her skill," he says, "was all-complete, the bright elegance of her charm all-perfect." And yet, it is clear to him, and he makes it clear to us, that there was something in the stormy restlessness of the Brontës at once more human, more powerful and more permanent—in its vital appeal to a higher tribunal than the petty censorship of their contemporaries—than anything which the Meissonier-like art of Miss Austen could fashion. And it is because he can appreciate the delicate charm of this great artist so well that we may trust his instinct in regard to those daughters of storm who, more than any other writers, "did what was right without knowing it."

In the course of this interesting series of studies the author has discountenanced the petty gossip which is so often admitted as a substitute for psychology, and which, in the case of Charlotte Brontë, is obviously offensive and obviously stupid.

"Pleasant as a Country Walk."

SHAKESPEARE'S GARDEN. By J. Harvey Bloom, Rector of Whitchurch. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

THIS is a very pleasant little addition to the many books dealing with the flowers mentioned by Shakespeare; and one is pleased to see that it has the advantage of being written by the rector of a parish in Shakespeare's own Warwickshire, who can speak from first-hand knowledge

therefore, of the county flora. He has had the excellent idea, after his detailed discussion of the Shakespearean flowers, to add an appendix giving from each play all the allusions it contains to plants or trees. We know not, however, but we would have preferred a tabulation of the passages under the heading of the plant or tree mentioned, rather than a miscellaneous tabulation under the heading of the plays. This might have been made to serve, also, as an index to the body of the book—a lack which we feel somewhat, as it is. In the introductory chapter Mr. Bloom reproduces from the “Maison Rustique” of Charles Stevens and John Leebault (1600) a description of a garden “such as Shakespeare’s father may have had,” which we must needs quote for the fragrant sound of its names and its old English:—

The garden of pleasure shall be set about and compassed in with arbours made of jesamin, rosemarie, boxe, juniper, cypress-trees, savin, cedars, rose-trees, and other dainties first planted and pruned according as the nature of every one doth require, but after brought into some forme and order with willow or juniper poles. . . . The waies and alleys must be covered and sowed with fine sand well bet, or with the powder of the sawing of marble, or else paved handsomely with good pit stone. The garden by means of a large path of six feet shall be divided into two equal parts; the one shall containe the herbes and flowers used to make nosegaies and garlands of, as March violets, Provence gilliflowers, purple gilliflowers, Indian gilliflowers, small paunces, daisies, yellow and white gilliflowers, marigolds, lily conually, daffodils, canterburie bells, purple velvet flowers, anemones, corne flag, mugwoort lilies, and other such like, and it may be called the nosegaie garden. The other part shall have all other sweet-smelling herbes, whether they be suche as beare no flowers, or if they beare any, yet they are not put in nosegaies alone, but the whole herbe be with them, as Southern wood, wormewood, pellitorie, rosemarie, jesamin, marierom, balme mints, peniroyall, costmarie, hyssop, lavender, basil, sage, savorie, rue, tansy, thyme, cammomill, mugwoort, bastard marierim, nept, sweet balme, all-good, anis, horehound, and others such like, and this may be called the garden for herbes of good smell.

There is an old-world sound about the very names of the catalogue. The body of Mr. Bloom’s book is pleasant as a country-walk for any man of good will towards flowers; and one can but dip at random into its discussions. The stanza in “Love’s Labour’s Lost” has always raised a vexed question:—

When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight

The “lady-smock” is the delicate *Cardamine pratensis*, still called by Warwickshire peasants “smell-smocks.” But what are the “cuckoo-buds”? Mr. Bloom elects for the king-cup, a flower which grows in damp meadows. The lady-smock, he says, would also grow near the water; and the association thus suggests the king-cup. The only alternative is the ranunculus in its various kinds, which are not in flower with the lady-smock. We would gladly think Shakespeare meant the marsh-marigold (as the king-cup is also called), for it is a splendid wild-flower. We trust, therefore, that Mr. Bloom is right. The “cuckoo-flower,” which Shakespeare also mentions, in “King Lear,” among the flowers with which the mad king crowns himself, Mr. Bloom identifies with “the two commonest of the wild geraniums,” *Geranium dissectum* and *molle*. They are still called “cuckoo-flowers” in the Stratford neighbourhood, which seems better evidence than can be offered for any of the several other suggestions. Mr. Bloom, by the way, does not mention the colour of either wild-geranium in question—though it is rarely he takes such a matter for granted. But enough; to follow him further would take us too far a-field, and we must close with a cordial recommendation of an interesting little book, written with evident love, and studded with folk-lore and legend.

Sense, Meaning, and Significance.

WHAT IS MEANING? STUDIES IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF SIGNIFICANCE. By V. Welby. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THIS volume is an introduction to a new science which shall be called Significs, and which shall enable “the world of signs to be fuller of sense and signify more than it has ever done yet.” The author has taken an endless amount of trouble, and includes numerous and valuable quotations. The main body of his argument is somewhat obscured by the numerous irrelevances—dealing with all manner of religion and philosophy—with which the author refreshes himself; but his indictment against our carelessness in the use of language and his insistence upon the value of a greater appreciation and exploiting of its possibilities must command our assent. The author’s cardinal doctrine is the distinction between the sense, the meaning, and the significance of all language. The meaning he takes to signify the intention of the speaker, and the significance the value of the contained fact or idea. His discussion of metaphor and analogy is amusing and interesting. “Mere figures of speech,” as Jowett says, “have unconsciously influenced the minds of great thinkers.” Says Mr. Welby, “As part of our scientific crusade we must provide a critique of metaphors. . . . It would need a volume to enumerate the new facts of science waiting to be used figuratively, and thus to enlarge and enrich our conceptual treasure-house.” As an instance of the value the author attaches to his new study we may quote:—

Most of us . . . from lack of the habit which Significs forms, hold “fact” and “idea” in an absolute instead of a merely expedient opposition. If fact gives us the idea of its own domination, the testimony of that idea is all the evidence we have of the existence of fact.

His protest against the degradation of language coincides with that of Oliver Wendell Holmes, though Mr. Welby elsewhere objects to the familiar metaphor used by Holmes, of words as the intellectual currency. And, indeed, Mr. Welby is rather a purist as regards metaphor, and those which he suggests, such as “thinking in cube,” and “binocular mental vision,” may well be scorned of the poet. A better metaphorical adjective occurs in the quotation from Prof. Sidgwick: “In the general ignorance of logic which prevails, and which is fostered by the traditional teaching system, it is not difficult to make people accept a circular truism as a deep philosophical truth.” Perhaps the author’s own definition of “meaning” is forgotten when, in a parallel to George Eliot’s remark upon the varied applicability of the words of genius, he says, “We may be quite sure that unless we mean more than we now think we mean, our words are not of much account in the long run.” And, after his remarks upon accuracy it is a surprise to meet the familiar error of “seeming paradox”—as if a paradox were not just a seeming absurdity.

Mr. Welby is strongly adverse to the “myth” that it is easy to make one’s meaning plain. Meaning is not plain in the sense of being the same at all times, in all places, and to all. “We may even arrive at ‘curves’ of thought revealed by change of meaning; . . . probably far less simple than the missionary of religion . . . has imagined.”

In his last forty pages, Mr. Welby outlines, after all his destructive criticism, the directions in which Significs, or the Study of Expression, must travel. He imagines and hopes for two generations taught from their earliest years that it is “morally wrong, socially impossible, and practically idiotic to make anything but the very most of all existing means of expression.” The child naturally tends to this full use of what is possible; the parent inherits a primal tendency to revert to the fixed and rooted form, while the child is free-swimming—not a bad metaphor from, we suppose, the barnacle.

The difficulty of reading a somewhat ill-arranged volume, with long notes and longer appendices, cannot prevent us from admitting that the author has serious support for his claim that *Signifies* will provide the "method at present unforeseen," to quote Mr. Balfour, "which will prevent students being wholly lost in the details of some highly specialist study." Certainly it is a sorry come-down from the philosopher of old to the "submerged tenth of science, the ultra-specialists," and we need something to save us from the man who excused himself from joining in conversation since his attention was entirely concentrated on his life's work—the study of the hairs on the thirty-eighth left leg of a particular kind of centipede!

Other New Books.

THE DIVERTED VILLAGE. By Grace Rhys. (Methuen. 6s.)

THIS amusing little book is one more contribution to that unpretentious, yet cheerful and delicate branch of literature which began perhaps with Charles Dudley Warner's "My Summer in a Garden," and gained its true popularity with Frank R. Stockton's "Rudder Grange." Mrs. Rhys, abandoning the severer methods of her "Wooing of Sheila," tells easily and amusingly the story of the adventures of a London family who inherited a house and garden in Norfolk. The practical wife, the humorous husband, the mischievous children, the perplexed governess, the self-willed cynical gardener, the resourceful maid of all work—all are here according to pattern. But the ingredients are very skilfully mixed, and the reader may spend a very pleasant afternoon over the book and become as diverted as the village. Thomas Matt, the gardener, is something of a creation.

A THIRD POT POURRI. By Mrs. C. W. Earle. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.)

It is very unlikely to be the case, but Mrs. Earle in this volume might have set out to reduce the gardening-book formula to absurdity—to be parodying her own excellent works. All the digressions into the kitchen, the dispensary, and literary criticism, which are permitted by a tolerant public to the author of a manual of gardening, are here practised with a frankness that is almost bewildering. "I have already done my best," Mrs. Earle seems to have said, "but if you must have more of me, you shall," and forthwith her scrap-books have been emptied. Desultory readers who like scrap-book reading may like "A Third Pot Pourri," but it seems to us a very dull mixture. Why we should be expected to be interested by the author's diary for 1902, unprepared in any way for the honour of print, we cannot understand. Under June, for example, we read—

The week of the King's illness was the only really hot one we have had this summer, and during it the whole air was full of the most gloomy prognostications, the gloomiest emanating from the medical profession and from certain headquarters of spiritualistic prophecy, all of which, as we know, happily came to nothing.

One looks to seven-and-sixpenny books with pleasant titles for better sustenance than this. We balance it with the following important hint addressed to any one with a bilious headache who is obliged to make a speech or any great effort: "Put a whole tin of Colman's mustard [why not Keen's? and what sized tin?] into a large hot bath, stay in it ten or fifteen minutes, lie down after it for half an hour. The brain will then be far clearer and better than in ordinary health."

IN THE TAIL OF THE PEACOCK. By Isabel Savory. (Hutchinson. 16s.)

MISS SAVORY gets her title from an Arabic proverb, "The earth is a peacock: Morocco is the tail of it." The book is pleasant, even, and fairly interesting; it cannot be said to add anything to our knowledge, nor does it in any degree approach the impressions of Morocco given us by Mr. Cunningham Graham and Mr. A. J. Dawson. It is, indeed, no more than the record of the experiences of two ladies who found Morocco, on the whole, a fairly safe country in which to travel. But all personal experience is interesting, and Miss Savory has enough sympathy to carry us through her lengthy volume without any feeling of fatigue. In her preface the author says concerning her book:—

Such as care to wander through its pages must have learnt to enjoy idleness, nor find weeks spent beneath the sun and stars too long—that is to say, the fascination of a wandering, irresponsible life should be known to them: waste and solitary places must not appal, nor trifling incident weary, while human natures remotely removed from their own, alternately delight and repel.

But after all, these human natures are not so remotely removed from our own as Miss Savory suggests; the basic oneness of human nature finds little place in these pages. Indeed, in the nature of things, this was perhaps inevitable. Of all women travel-writers perhaps the late Miss Mary Kingsley alone had the faculty of profound observation—without any trace of mere femininity—truly feminine she always was. But as Miss Savory makes no claim to be more than a recorder of personal impressions, we are glad to have those impressions, and to say of them that they are suggestive and interesting. Miss Savory's appreciation of the picturesque, and also her limitations, may be judged by the following passage concerning the *Aid-el-Sereer* (Little Feast) which follows the Rámadhan:—

Everybody was in shining white, if not new, apparel, and all Tetuan was abroad. That among a people clad so largely in white means a good deal, and the streets of Tetuan might have competed with the Park on the Sunday before Ascot.

May we say, without offence, that to compare such a scene with "the Park on the Sunday before Ascot" is to show a distinct lack of true imagination? Yet Miss Savory has imagination, as readers of her book will discover. It is, after all, just a matter of temperament and point of view.

FACTS AND PHANTASIES OF A FOLIO GRUB. By Herbert Compton. (Treherne. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a bundle of genuine reminiscences from a practised, slovenly hand. If Mr. Compton would be at the pains to conform his writing to the laws of grammar and to strike out all the jokes that happen to be bad ones, the reading of his book would be real refreshment. As it is, one wonders that so kindly a nature, so merciful and loving to all his beasts, should be so inconsiderate of his brother man. For the book is crowded with character sketches of horses and dogs that are full of sympathetic insight; but the humour that riots over the pages is altogether too spontaneous for the majesty of print. There is obviously no appeal from Mr. Compton over his whisky and soda to Mr. Compton coffee-wise in the morning, and that (as any one who has written late at night will tell you) is a mistake. Was there ever before seen in print anything so deplorable as this:—

The early settlers—Land-of-Cakers to a unit—I have sometimes wondered whether that name has anything to do with the enterprise of the Scotchman, which always "takes the commercial cake" wherever he settles?—the early settlers . . .

Unless perhaps this, which you may see without turning the leaf:—

When I got Forester home to the coffee *tote* (we had Madras coolies in the colony, hence that term is not doing the devil in this galley) . . .

We submit that this kind of thing is quite inexcusable in a man who, like Mr. Compton, in his opening sketch convinces us that he is a real lover of books, or of one who could do anything so good in its different way as "The Affair of Gholamghurry," and such pleasing animal studies as the accounts of Blondino and Kabooter and Brunette in "Stocking a Stable." Here is the last—not the best, but the shortest:—

Her head was as shapely as an Elgin marble; her ears exquisitely and ever on the alert; her nose *retroussée* [*sic*], which in a mare, as in some women, is a charm; her lips delicate and nervous; and the expression of her mouth irresistible! She is never saying anything except "prunes" and "prism." She has a divine lock of hair between her soft, brown, wondering eyes. . . . When I get on her back I feel I never knew what real luxury in riding was before. She is none of your equine armchairs, or confidential chargers, but just a buoyant wave of light and lovely motion that deceives a heavy-weight, bald-headed, rather rotund old fool into imagining himself a horseman.

The volume includes also some rhymed pieces into which the author declares that he has at least put some sincere work. They are School Songs, and may possibly be of interest to Old Malvernians.

"Home Arts and Crafts," by Montague Marks (Pearson), is a volume dealing with elementary modelling in clay, wood carving, bent-iron work, taxidermy, and so forth. The directions are clear and concise, and the illustrations numerous and practical.

NEW EDITIONS.—Mr. J. E. Scrutton's "Law of Copyright" (Clowes) is now in its fourth edition, which has been delayed, the author tells in his preface, "in the hope that Parliament might undertake a systematic revision of the Copyright Laws." But as Parliament has not thought well generally to revise the Copyright Laws, this edition appears with the inclusion of such doubtful minor emendations as the recent Musical Copyright changes.—The latest addition to Messrs. Methuen's "Arden Shakespeare" is "Cymbeline," edited by Edward Dowden. Prof. Dowden's introduction runs to over forty pages, and covers the history and sources of the play.

Fiction.

THE BANNER OF BLUE. By S. R. Crockett. (Hodder. 6s.)

MR. CROCKETT appears almost with the punctuality of a periodical, but he is far from settling into the chronic tiredness of things that must come out even when they feel inclined to hibernate. "The Banner of Blue" is a rousing romance, which is certainly none the less exciting for the fact that it has far less to do with the disruption of the Scotch Kirk in 1843 than we would suppose from its title. It is true that the hero is turned out of his manse, and that he preaches in a gravel pit during a snowstorm, but he is a lover as well as a minister, for Mr. Crockett is not the man to "fob" his readers off with a mere drama of the soul.

The tale might, in fact, be aptly and Gorkily entitled "Two Fathers, Two Daughters, Two Sons and a Comic Child." One of the fathers is a wicked laird, the other a Knoxian joiner, and it is almost superfluous to add that the laird's son loves the joiner's daughter.

Fiction insists that such attachments shall develop mysteries as well as rebuffs, but Mr. Crockett is not happy in his allegiance to the rule. Moreover his flute-playing profligate of a laird's son, has an air of having stepped out of the pages of Mr. Neil Munro, while his virtuous brother loses much of our sympathy by the tactless device which makes him contribute some passages which record his father's shame.

Remains, however, the fact that the story has at the close a moment of romantic splendour; it is the moment when a supposed paralytic is revealed as a duellist wounded to the death. The "whigmaleeries" of Lowland dialect supply a spice which, though reminiscent of algebra, is poignant and amusing. An admirable study of collie dogs in Chapter XXXI. is as good as anything in the book. How often in popular fiction it is the merely casual which counts!

THE FETICH OF THE FAMILY. By E. A. Barnett. (Heinemann. 6s.)

WHEN we read a book which is at once so clever and so unpleasant as "The Fetich of the Family," the inevitable question arises as to whether it was worth while to waste the cleverness upon the unpleasantness. It is only fair to say that unpleasant details have been suppressed with admirable ingenuity, so that we are never shocked, though the book is a depressing one from beginning to end. The story, told briefly, is that two cousins, who have waited for each other until they are both middle aged, marry and have a daughter, who is unmistakably an idiot. Three years later, they have another daughter, who is born perfectly sound and healthy, but who is sacrificed, mind and body, to the insane resolve of the mother that no difference shall be made between the two. The result is that the younger girl is brought up to consider her idiot sister as her cross; and her childhood is one long drawn-out torture, for, when the screaming fits of Blanche are not attracting crowds round the two children in Kensington Gardens, the whole nervous system of Rhoda, the younger sister, is being played upon disastrously by her contact with the creature who is half-infant and half-animal.

But although unpleasantness lies in the theme of the story, much cleverness lies in the character drawing. The mother is relentlessly presented, yet so truthfully that we do not know whether to pity or to condemn her. There is a grim humour, too, in the analysis of her character, which makes it by far the most interesting thing in the book; indeed, in spite of its depressing atmosphere, the story is worth reading for the sake of that one lifelike study of a mistaken woman. The same impartial attitude towards her puppets is shown by the author in her delineation of her other characters, notably those of Rhoda and her self-educated husband. She never cheats us into liking them by tampering with their reality; and only those who are interested in real men and women of not too pleasant a type would do well to read "The Fetich of the Family."

WYEMARKE'S MOTHER. [By Edward H. Cooper. (Grant Richards. 5s.)

A CHILDREN'S book that is not published at Christmas is apt to convey the assumption that it is meant to be about children and not for them. This cannot be said truthfully, however, of Mr. Cooper's latest Wyemarke book. It is both for and about children; and although there is much in it that will be simply passed over by the ordinary child, as there must necessarily be in any carefully observed story about children, the nursery as well as the schoolroom will love to read this last chronicle of the interesting little person with the curious name. Wyemarke is not an ordinary child—that must be grasped at once if one is to

enjoy reading about her—so all the more praise is due to her creator for having made her so interesting. She is fastidious, critical, a little precocious, very intolerant of people who do not happen to fit her particular standard; in fact, she has all the characteristics of the well-born child who spends most of her time in the drawing-room with a mother who is "on the rush" from morning till night. This sort of child is generally dealt hardly with in fiction; but Mr. Cooper has had the discernment to endow her with all the human qualities of the ordinary child as well, which, of course, she really would possess, and the result is that she is a straight, honest, brave-hearted little woman underneath all the smart dresses and the company manners. In the same way, he has carefully avoided making Lady Darcy the mere woman of fashion, who neglects her children for her social duties. This is a specimen of the way she "lectures" her little girl, as Wyemarle calls it:—

When you are invited to make a choice, make it. When a person is carving a pheasant and says to you: "Do you like a leg or a wing?" say which you want straight out, and don't say, "Whichever you like; I don't mind." You see, if the man asks you, he probably really wants to know, and would prefer to give you the piece of pheasant which you like best. . . . It's especially and above all in the big things of life that you must know your own mind. You do know yours really. You want to be educated and can see that there is no chance of doing lessons here. My dear old lady . . . do you suppose I am vexed because you have found that out? . . . Lessons in this house! You might as well sit down in the middle of Bond Street at midday in the middle of June . . .

The nursery would sooner read about a mother who talks like that than about the usual mother of fiction who keeps her failings, if she has any, for the chapter of the book that is never written.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE ETERNAL WOMAN. BY DOROTHEA GERARD.
A study of the woman question. Clara Woods began life by jumping through paper hoops in a circus. On being left an orphan she was adopted by Baroness Seifort, who, however, died without a will, and consequently without making provision for her ward. Clara consulted the editress of the "Coming Sex," but ultimately decided that "in order to wield a woman's power fully, it would be necessary to remain a real woman." The story originally appeared in the weekly edition of "The Times." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE STUMBLING-BLOCK. BY EDWIN PUGH.
"Old Owen Owen christened her Cambria, and this was the way of it." So opens a story in a vein rather different from that of most of Mr. Pugh's work. In the first chapter Cambria is born, in the penultimate chapter she dies after bearing a son. The book has character and a sense of pathos. Also, it is short, and free from padding. (Heinemann. 6s.)

RICHARD ROSNY. BY MAXWELL GRAY.
A social story of middle class life by the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland." Richard grew up in the house of a stepfather whose view of money matters led the family into difficulties. He entered the Navy, and his subsequent life and love affairs are related with much deliberation. Most of the action passes in the country. (Heinemann. 6s.)

HE FOR GOD ONLY.

BY "IOTA."

"He for God only; She for God and him." These words from the title page explain the motif of the book. When we meet Joan Westcar, she is engaged to the Curate. Miss Rebecca, who describes him as "an apostolic diathesis with the digestion of an ostrich," foresaw the difficulty of the situation. "Play what pranks you please with the others, but never make a god of the parson you mean to marry. It ends in speedy disillusion, or means hanging a millstone around your neck." The story is skilfully developed. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

LOVEY MARY.

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE.

An American story by the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." In an Orphans' Home Lovey Mary fell upon bitterness by reason of the harshness of Miss Bell, the matron. "'I wisht I was dead,' she cried passionately. 'The harder I try to be good the meaner I get.' Ever'body blames me, and ever'body makes fun of me.'" But with the advent of Tommy she found the solace of love. Her subsequent adventures are humourously told. There are sixteen illustrations. (Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.)

IN THE GARDEN OF CHARITY.

BY BASIL KING.

By the author of "Let Not Man Put Asunder." A story of simple fisher-folk and the like, that goes down strongly and frankly to the primitive emotions. "In the Kingdom of Heaven," Charity murmured, and she and Hagar clung together, 'there's no more marriage, nor giving in marriage; but we'll all be—you and me and William and the baby, and all of us—we'll all be as the angels of God.'" The tragedy of the story is sincere. (Harper. 6s.)

ROSSLYN'S RAID.

BY B. H. BARNBY.

A new volume in the Greenback Library, containing three stories; one of the Scotch Border in the time of Elizabeth, one of farm life in Iceland, and an Eastern tale entitled "The Slave of Lagash." A note tells us that "in consequence of the Author's early death this book has not received from her its final revision." (Duckworth. 1s. 6d.)

THE TAINT OF THE CITY.

BY CHARLES EDDY.

A story of the Stock Exchange, by the author of "Winifred and the Stockbroker." Mr. Eddy writes crisp dialogue, and the book consists of little else. The hero is the typical young man with a small patrimony and no particular career. He became a "half-commission man" and made ten thousand pounds out of the Great Kangaroo. There is a journalist who is "given to the utterance of sour epigram," and most of the other people provide "smart" conversation. (Arnold. 6s.)

MALLENDER'S MISTAKE.

BY LIONEL L. PILKINGTON.

A tale of social and commercial life in the provinces, turning on bigamy and financial swindles. The brothers Mallender are revealed to one another as scoundrels in the second chapter, and the one suggests that the other should solve their common difficulties by absconding to a South American republic with twenty-nine thousand pounds, the property of his clients. (Chatto. 6s.)

We have also received "For His People," retold by Viscount Hayashi (Harper); "The Machinations of the Myo-ok," by Cecil Lewis (Methuen); "The Caprices of a Royal Incognita" (Harper); "The French Master," by A. Wilson-Barrett (Ward Lock); "Silent Dominion," by Winefride Taunton (Methuen); "Chasma," by H. W. G. Hyrst (Hutchinson); "King of the Dead," by F. Aubrey (Macqueen); "The Cross of Pearls" by C. Bearne (Slack); "A Strange Honeymoon," by E. Dean (Digby Long); "The Forest Prince," by B. W. Ward (Digby Long).

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The Praise of Famous Men.

"LET us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us."

There is a good custom that obtains in Trinity College, Dublin, to deliver once a year a discourse on some bygone member of the University. It is the glory of Trinity that she has an abundance of famous men from whom to choose. And now "the silent sister" has broken her silence; and under the quaint title "*Peplographia Dublinensis*" she has given to the world a volume of these discourses, with the following out of Suidas for a motto: "They made a robe (or peplus) for Athena, and on it they engraved the names of their greatest men."

In this Dublin robe, as the editor points out, the task is not yet complete. Neither Swift nor Goldsmith finds a place in this volume. Of the eight who are commemorated, two at least, Berkeley and Burke, are giants of literature, and one, Archbishop Ussher, a giant of learning. And of most of the others it was their fate to be connected, in their life or after it, with famous men of letters. Here is written the life-story of that very remarkable man, Thomas Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man, whose meditations on conduct found so much favour with Matthew Arnold, as readers of "*Culture and Anarchy*" will remember. For fifty-eight years Wilson ruled his diocese with a patriarchal sway, suited to the backward condition of his people, and with an exercise of real power due in part to the period, but more to the peculiar circumstances of the island. The Acts of Parliament which restrained the Church in England did not apply to the Isle of Man, and moreover the Bishop was, as his successor still is, an official member of the legislature of the island. Wilson worthily exercised his trust. His people loved him, as was shown by the triumphant procession which conducted him back to his palace after an imprisonment of two months, the result of a disagreement with a contentious Archdeacon. When he went to Court, George II. knelt and begged his blessing; and Queen Caroline said to a bystander, "Here comes a Bishop who has not come to ask for translation." It is interesting to recall, with Dr. Gwynn, Matthew Arnold's estimate of Wilson: "His unction is so perfect and in such happy alliance with his goodness that it becomes tenderness and fervent charity. His goodness is so perfect and in such happy alliance with his unction that it becomes moderation and insight. While, therefore, the type of religion exhibited in his writings is English, it is of a far higher kind than is in general reached by his countrymen, and yet, being English, it is possible and attainable by them."

And now occurs another name, still dearer to Arnold, the name of Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, on whom he pronounced so unforgettable an eulogy. Falkland's father was sent as Lord Deputy to Ireland, and the boy himself was entered at Trinity College at the age of twelve, taking his degree four years later. It was there, no doubt, that his innate love of learning grew and flourished, till it became the passion of his manhood. It cannot be

said that literature is the richer for the works he left behind him, but Falkland, who was wont to say that he pitied unlearned gentlemen upon a rainy day, was infinitely the richer for his love of literature. "When we went from Oxford to Great Tew," says one of his friends, "as we found ourselves out of the University, so we never thought ourselves absent from home." The circle of Falkland's intimates included such men as Chillingworth, Hales, Cowley, Waller, and Edward Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon. What a glimpse is that of Falkland later on, beguiling the weary nights with disputations with Chillingworth in his hut before beleaguered Gloucester, with the shadow of the fatal field of Newbury already drawing near! It is good to read once more of the life and death of Falkland, if only because it sends our thoughts back to the immortal page of Clarendon and Arnold.

Here, too, the career of Grattan, the purest of patriots, may be studied, whose statue "faces with uplifted arm this ancient college, as if appealing to the generous youth who issue from its portals, charging them to consecrate their learning, their talents, and all their natural forces to the service of their native land, and of their fellow-countrymen of every creed." And that is no bad description of the aims of Henry Grattan. Of Berkeley, too, we may read, most Christian of philosophers and most philosophic of Christians. But in this place we would devote our remaining words to the greatest Irishman that was a man of letters, Edmund Burke, partly from the conspicuous interest of the subject, partly because the discourse upon him in this book exceeds the others, interesting as they all are, in penetration and in eloquence. The writer is Dr. Chadwick, Bishop of Derry, who seems to have inherited no small share of the gifts of his immediate predecessor in that office.

It is hard to forgive Boswell, whatever his reason may have been, for his practical exclusion of Burke from the "*Life of Johnson*." Of the great figures of the eighteenth century none is more famous than Burke, and none more difficult to envisage. It may be that the greatness of his thoughts eclipses his personality. If you walk amid mountains on a day of mist, the mist may lift for a moment and you are almost appalled by the splendour and propinquity of some great eminence; but it is only for a moment; the mist descends again and the peak is withdrawn. So it is with Burke: you get a glimpse of him now and again, but in the main you are left guessing. There is Johnson's gibe: "Is he like Burke, sir, who winds into a subject like a serpent?" There is his serious declaration that you could not take shelter from the rain under the same archway with Mr. Burke without discovering in ten minutes that he was a very extraordinary man. There are Goldsmith's jesting lines, into which, by the way, Dr. Chadwick infuses an altered meaning. But these things do not throw much light upon the inner life of the great orator. Dr. Chadwick's study brings us at least a little nearer to him.

A little—for it is by his utterances in private life that a man admits us to intimacy; and on this head Dr. Chadwick has nothing new to record. But he has estimated the character and depth of Burke's intellect in an illuminating fashion. The very loftiness of Burke's thought, his habit of constantly seeking for the underlying principles of political actions, made ordinary men impatient of him. "It is not so much," writes Dr. Chadwick, "that he 'went on,' but that he 'went on refining': nor that he was 'too long' for his hearers but 'too deep'." He brought philosophy into the House of Commons: but the House of Commons seldom desired it. The complaint that he—

narrowed his mind,

And to party gave up what was meant for mankind,

is truer than at first appears; Goldsmith meant, Dr. Chadwick thinks, that the deep utterances of Burke were out

of place in an environment where party-spirit reigns; and the poet's criticism is justified, he holds, in an unexpected manner, because the orator "spoke to us, and to all time, when he inflicted himself upon the House of Commons. . . . He could not overcome the obstinacy of George III. and save the American colonies; but he taught, and he was the first who persuaded, a great party to espouse those noble principles by which all our colonies are now governed. . . . He did not convict Hastings, but he secured for the teeming millions of the East a righteous government." His fame, therefore, should be greater with posterity than it was with his contemporaries, even as the fame of Shakespeare. In his life his great intellect often interposed a barrier between himself and his fellows; his imagination made him see what others heard, and heard sometimes with indifference. Therefore he appeared a dreamer to many. And to posterity his personality is mainly to be inferred from the flame and power of his public utterances. Yet it is well to be reminded of acts which testify to the elevation of his moral nature. "The poet Crabbe owed him everything," writes Dr. Chadwick, "and the painter Barry lived in Rome at his expense while he himself was struggling; and neither the gratitude of the poet satiated, nor the ill-temper of the painter wearied out, his charity." For a moment, at any rate, the mist has lifted.

Emerson.

THERE was a child for whom the capital good and end of life, was to see wheels go round. Before a carriage in the street he would stop, plunged in ecstatic contemplation, and—like a Buddhist devotee with his mystic formula—ejaculate at intervals in adoring rapture, "Wheel-go-round! wheel-go-round!" In the works of watches, in tops, in the spinning froth of his tea-cup, in everything whirlable, this unconscious vortical philosopher discerned and worshipped "wheel-go-rounds." With that tyrannous mandate, "Want to see wheel-go-round," he insisted on paying his devotions to every such manifestation of orbital motion. Which things are a parable. That child, it strikes us, should find his ripened ideal in the four-volume edition of Emerson's Works, which Messrs. Routledge have issued at twenty shillings. One critic has already remarked that Emerson's writing revolves round itself, rather than progresses. The remark was made depreciatingly: but we prefer to regard this trait in Emerson as a characteristic, rather than a limitation. This vortical movement of his understanding impresses itself strongly on one's mind after reading a succession of these essays—or lectures, as many of them originally were. Perhaps, indeed, the necessities of a lecturer, and the mental habit induced by much lecturing, may partly be responsible for it. An audience with difficulty follows an ascending sequence of thought, especially on abstruse subjects; where the snapping of a single link, a momentary lapse of attention, may render all which follows unintelligible; and at the best, it is uneasy to pick up again the dropped clue. But if the lecture circle round a single idea, such slips of fatigued attention are not fatal: what you have failed to grasp from one aspect, is presently offered and seized from another. The advantages of such a method for such a purpose are obvious. It is, at any rate, Emerson's method to a very large extent. Some one idea is suggested at the outset, and the rest of the essay is mainly a marvellous amplification of it. In some of these essays he is like a great eagle, sailing in noble and ample gyres, with deliberate beat of the strong wing, round the eyrie where his thought is nested. The essay on Plato is a notable

example. He starts with the declaration of Plato's universality:—

These sentences contain the culture of nations; these are the corner-stone of schools; these are the fountain-head of literatures. A discipline it is in logic, arithmetic, taste, symmetry, poetry, language, rhetoric, ontology, morals or practical wisdom. There was never such range of speculation. Out of Plato come all things that are still written or debated among men of thought. . . . Plato is philosophy, and philosophy, Plato.

His genius allies the universal with the particular, so that it becomes all-continent. So Emerson begins, and round this declaration the whole essay revolves. This Allness of Plato, this combination of universality with particularity,—he takes this idea in his two hands, and turns it about on every side, surveys it from every aspect. Having trampled it out with his feet (one would say) he tosses it on his horns, till the air is alive with the winnowing of it. He conjures with it, till the Protean modifications and transmigrations and reappearances of it dazzle the attention and amaze the mind. He touches on Socrates, and Socrates forthwith becomes a reincarnation of the same idea, in his homely practicality and dæmonic wisdom—again the universal and the particular. We will not say but that we sometimes tire of these brilliant metamorphoses, these transmigrations of a single conception through innumerable forms. Sometimes we could cry "Enough!" and wish the repose of a more vertebrate method. But one thing he has effectually secured—we shall remember with emphasis that Plato was universal, and the synthesis at once of limit and immensity.

The "wheel-go-round" quality of his mind appears even in the detail of his style; as (in Swedenborg's image) each fragment of a crystal repeats the structure of the whole:—

A man who could see two sides of a thing was born. The wonderful synthesis so familiar in nature; the upper and the under side of the medal of Jove; the union of impossibilities, which reappears in every object; its real and its ideal power, was now also transferred entire to the consciousness of a man.

That is a simple and casual, but characteristic example. Statements are not left single, but are iterated and reiterated in form on form. You have thus within the great volutions of the essay at large innumerable little revolutions,—wheels within wheels like the motions of the starry heavens; nay, the individual sentence revolves on its own axis, one might say. The mere opulence of his imagery is a temptation to this. No prose-writer of his time has such resources of imagery essentially poetic in nature as Emerson—not even Ruskin. His prose is more fecund in imagery, and happier in imagery, than his poetry,—one of the proofs (we think) that he was not primarily a poet, undeniable though some of his poetry is. He had freer and ampler scope and use of all his powers in prose, even of those powers in their nature specifically poetic. It is a thing curious, but far from unexampled. With such figurative range, such easy and inexhaustible plasticity of expression, so nimble a perception, this iterative style was all but inevitable. That opulent mouth could not pause at a single utterance. His understanding played about a thought like lightning about a vane. It suggested numberless analogies, an endless sequence of associated ideas, countless aspects, shifting facets of expression; and it were much if he should not set down a poor three or four of them. We, hard-pushed for our one pauper phrase, may call it excess in him: to Emerson, doubtless, it was austerity.

He must be the most ungrateful and hard-headed of "beef-witted" Anglo-Saxons who is so enamoured of organic evolution and severe progression that he cannot savour the compensations of these splendid redundancies. Moreover, when we examine closely those larger revolutions

of thought on which we first dwelt, it becomes visible—even in such an essay as that "Plato" which we took as the very type and extreme example of his peculiar tendency—that Emerson has his own mode of progression. The gyres are widening gyres, each sweep of the unflagging wing is in an ampler circuit. Each return of the idea reveals it in a deeper and fuller aspect; with each mental cycle we look down upon the first conception in an expanded prospect. It is the progression of a circle in stricken water. So, from the first casting of the idea into the mind, its agitations broaden repercussively outward; repeated, but ever spreading in repetition. And thus the thought of this lofty and solitary mind is cyclic, not like a wheel, but like the thought of mankind at large; where ideas are always returning on themselves, yet their round is steadily "widened with the process of the suns."

It was an almost inevitable condition of his unique power that Emerson's mind should have a certain isolation and narrowness, a revolving round its own fixed and personal axis, corresponding with the tendency already analysed. Yet in another view it often surprises by a breadth of interest no one could have predicted in this withdrawn philosopher, this brooder over Plato and the Brahmins. He has a shrewd, clear outlook upon practical life, all the sounder for his serene detachment from it. The English nation was never passed through so understanding and complete an analysis (for example) as by this casual visitor of our shores. It took nothing less than this American Platonist to note at once with such sympathy and such aloof dispassionateness all the strength and weakness of the Saxon-Norman-Celtic-Danish breed. He perceives, let us say, the intense, victorious, admirable, exasperating common-sense of the Englishman, with its backing of impenetrable self-belief; neither hating nor overpowered by it, hear the enjoying *verve* of his brilliant summary:—

The young men have a rude health which runs into peccant humors. They drink brandy like water, cannot expend their quantities of waste strength in riding, hunting, swimming, and fencing, and run into absurd frolics with the gravity of the Eumenides. They stoutly carry into every nook and corner of the earth their turbulent sense; leaving no lie uncontradicted; no pretension unexamined. They chew haschisch; cut themselves with poisoned creases; swing their hammock in the boughs of the Bohon Upas; taste every poison; buy every secret; at Naples they put St. Januarius's blood in an alembic; they saw a hole into the head of the "winking Virgin," to know why she winks; measure with an English footrule every cell of the Inquisition, every Turkish caaba, every Holy of holies; translate and send to Bentley the arcanum bribed and bullied from shuddering Brahmins; and measure their strength by the terror they cause.

It could only have been written by a man who united with the profound common-sense of eminent genius the profound uncommon sense of eminent genius. The one gave him sympathy; the other enabled him to possess his soul before a spectacle which compels most foreigners either to worship or execration. So also he can write on wealth with a sanity of perception at once homely and philosophic which is worth the reading either of a man of ledgers or a man of libraries, a poet or a pedlar. Uncle Sam had "hitched his wagon to a star"; but he kept a vigorous sap of the Uncle Sam who hitches his wagon to a prairie-hoss—and knows how to swap it.

Mr. Swinburne as Critic.

MR. SWINBURNE continues in "Harper's" the "critical comment" on Shakespeare's plays which accompany the drawings of Mr. Edwin Abbey, and also the (happily) unparalleled and (we hope) inimitable style which

distinguished the contribution commented on by us three months ago. The leopard has not changed his spots. But the *flamboyant* style is much less in evidence. The new article is on "Richard II.," a play which supplies less opportunities and provocations for Mr. Swinburne's eloquence, yet much matter for discussion: the faults of manner are therefore greatly fewer and less aggressive, while the poet's critical sagacity is saliently developed. It is, in truth, a very delicate, discriminating, and sure-footed piece of criticism, and gives promise that the series will be a valuable addition to Shakespearean commentary. Mr. Swinburne's intimate knowledge of Shakespeare's predecessors and contemporaries joins with his fine and exceptionally catholic taste to constitute him an authoritative Shakespearean critic; and the matter here is of his best—no small thing to say.

The article opens, indeed, with a paragraph of fair length which is almost entirely one sentence—a sentence appallingly Swinburnian:—

When the one unequalled and unapproachable master of the one supreme art which implies and includes the mastery of the one supreme science perceptible and accessible by man stood hesitating between the impulsive instinct for dramatic poetry, &c.

That is but a taste, a scoop out of the middle, so to speak: it is not the beginning, and too surely it is not the end of this daunting sentence. But immediately afterwards we sail into the navigable waters of criticism. Mr. Swinburne leads off, somewhat superfluously, by mooted the authorship of "Titus Andronicus," which he assigns to Greene. Greene or Peele—we would not lightly question his view on such a point. But we are not confident that the lines he quotes from it can only be Shakespeare's; they seem within the scope of lesser and earlier men. His contention is that Greene and Marlowe strive visibly for rule of Shakespeare throughout "Richard II.," and that Greene bears it away. Well, Greene, like enough, but we see little of Marlowe in it. Very acutely, Mr. Swinburne adjudges this the earliest of Shakespeare's chronicle-plays: there is no faith in evidence of style and structure unless it be so. Characterisation, as he says, is unsure; the execution is crude. The opening turns on Gloucester's murder, which is not explained. The quarrel between Bolingbroke and Mowbray is like "the work of a pre-Marlowite": indeed, Mr. Swinburne might have added that much of the play is not only rhetorical beyond the wont of the historical plays, but weakly rhetorical. Save John of Gaunt, and the just-glimpsed Bishop of Carlisle, there is not a fine male character in the play (Hotspur barely speaks). York, as the critic says, is impossible; though Shakespeare had a recognisable conception in his mind. Truth is (though Mr. Swinburne does not point this out) that York is drawn rhetorically, not dramatically. He is a character from a satire of Dryden, an antithetic sketch of Tacitus, with its pointed contrasts of flaring resolve and impotent collapse, theoretic sagacity and practical fatuity, its weak and choleric fits of senile violence, staged without the transitions which alone could make them credible on the stage. It would be a striking rhetorical portrait: it is a dramatic monstrosity. Richard himself, one must agree with Mr. Swinburne, is too effeminately callous and treacherous for real sympathy with his misfortunes. The scenes with the Queen Mr. Swinburne discerns to be chiefly idyllic eclogues, leaning in their charm towards the model of Greene. Richard has some splendid lyric poetry: the soliloquy before his death recollects Marlowe, as the critic again says; and in the groom and John of Gaunt's pathetic death-bed speech we have the most dramatic things in the play. But, as a whole, it is "diffuse and exuberant," "elegiac and Ovidian," to use his excellent phrase.

We have touched but the main features of a fine criticism, marred by some rhetoric and the lust of comparison. Cannot Mr. Swinburne forget his King Charles's head—the Book of Job? Job and “Richard II.”—what an encounter!

Impressions.

XXIV.—“It is Well.”

As I walked towards the Cathedral a troop of girls, short-skirted, carrying hockey-sticks, passed me on their way to the meadows. On each head was a scarlet cap.

It was the hour for service, but from my seat I could not see those who officiated: a voice rolling through the aisles, and the responses of the choir was all I heard. What I saw was the soft colour that gleamed through the high rose window, the six lighted candles that flickered above the pulpit, and beyond, against the north door, the huddle of white monuments to the memory of the successful dead. Those pretentious memorials, with their life-size figures and complimentary angels, are not attractive at close quarters; but from where I sat they composed into a great indistinguishable mass of white, not without dignity. Details were gone. The lifted hands, the upraised heads still cried aloud of success, but over all had passed the reconciling hand of death. Still and very white they looked in the dim light.

These men died with *Finis!* written at the foot of the page: “we have deserved this” is stamped on every gesture of their carven figures. On the other side of the Cathedral, in the shadow, so close to me that I could almost touch it, was a monument that is nameless. Looking up I could just see the slender hands of the recumbent figure, palm touching palm in prayer, and beneath, on either side, two kneeling men in bronze. Their heads are bowed, their eyes are on the ground, and some chance has given to the face of one a likeness to a certain writer, and to the other a likeness to a certain musician.

To each, on a day, failure came. One accepted defeat saying “It is well,” the other laughed at his failure, began again, and passed on to greater triumphs. Episodes in their lives came back to me that afternoon so vividly that when the preacher stepped into the pulpit I heard no more than the text: “Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.” One, the writer, had set his heart upon a certain subject—“to revise that prodigious range of literature, patristic and classical, of which Erasmus was the editor.” He abstained for twenty-five years, and then a strange longing for those books returned. But it was not to be, owing to a dispute in his congregation “about the hymn-book” that robbed him of rest and peace. “So I restored the eleven tall folios to the shelf and tied up the memoranda. . . . It is well.”

The other kneeling figure suggests the brooding forehead and deep eyes of Beethoven, and recalls a slight, but significant episode in his musical life. He was composing his Symphony No. 8 in F., and—I quote from an analytical examination of this symphony: “He is commencing the Coda as usual with a passage similar to the beginning of the working-out, when all at once the absurdity of so doing seems to strike him. He gives two hearty laughs (in the Basses), makes a pause, and goes off with an entirely fresh idea.”

The congregation moved, and I with them, past the huddle of white monuments towards the door. The hockey team was returning from the meadow. The flushed faces of the girls matched their scarlet caps.

Drama.

A Romance and a Comedy.

I AM not, of course, surprised that humanity should err, because that is, as the Latin grammar taught us, part of the definition. But I own that I am occasionally surprised at the precise methods of error which it selects for itself. In particular I do not understand why Mr. Ganthony, in writing “The Prophecy,” which is now being played at the Avenue Theatre, should have fallen into traps which one would have imagined that any man of intelligence, who had reflected for half an hour on the conditions of dramatic presentation, would have had the sense to avoid. The idea on which “The Prophecy” is built up is flagrantly, and from the beginning, not a dramatic one. I do not, as a matter of fact, think that it has any vitality in it at all; but in any case it has none that can for a moment endure contact with the inevitable literalism of the stage. It is a kind of translation into the spiritual world of Siamese twinning. The souls of Daniel and David Lundier are supposed to be so closely knit together, that when Winelfin falls in love with one of them she must needs fall in love with both, and a tragic tale is started that only ends with her death. Such a theme is, to begin with, hopelessly unreal. There is nothing which answers to it in the actual psychology of twinning; and though a woman may very well be in love with two men at once, and the analysis of the situation might furnish forth the stuff of many plays, it is obviously a dissimilarity rather than a similarity of soul which is likely to be the point of departure. Mr. Ganthony, in fact, is not starting from psychology at all, but from a strange kind of folk-lore guess at the structure of the spiritual world, such as could only find its proper literary treatment in a plain fairy tale or in some morbid and artificial romance of the La Motte Fouqué school. On the stage only the shadowy method of a Maeterlinck could make it plausible, and Maeterlinck would not condescend to anything so puerile and untrue. Certainly, in Mr. Ganthony's straightforward and somewhat crudely constructed romantic drama, it is not plausible in the very least. The spiritual identity of the twins fails to maintain itself, and all you get is a buxom lady of a most coming-on disposition, who flings herself rather shamelessly at the heads of both brothers, carries on a sort of Box and Cox intrigue with them in a shady corner of her ancestral woods, and finally kills herself in order to avoid the difficulty of choosing between them. I must confess to having found the piece extremely tedious and quite lacking in the glamour of romance.

The third production of the Stage Society for the present season was “The Two Mr. Wetherbys,” by Mr. St. John Hankin, whose pen is, I believe, not unknown in the agreeable pages of “Punch.” I am sorry, by the way, to learn that the promised performances of “Aglavaine and Selysette” are not, after all, to come off. But I do not wonder, for to find an adequate representative of the subtle Aglavaine would tax even the considerable supply of talent which appears to be always at the disposal of the Stage Society. Heijerman's “The Good Hope” is to be substituted. “The Two Mr. Wetherbys” did not exactly give one a new thrill, but it is a competent play, and comes fairly up to the tolerably high standard set by its predecessors. Mr. Hankin calls it a “middle-class comedy,” and prints on the playbill the undeniably true statement that “Life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.” I believe that I have said something of the same sort myself in these columns. And what is the precise thought about life which Mr. Hankin, through the medium of a humour that, if not absolutely compelling, is at least not uninviting, desires to insinuate into our understandings? I am not quite sure that Mr. Walkley

would not, if he dared, call the piece *une comédie rosse*. The moral of it appears to be the rather cynical one, that married life is likely to go all the smoother if you do not pitch the ideals too high. I daresay this may be so, but I am rather disposed to think that so strictly didactic a form of literature as comedy ought to suppress the fact. James and Richard Wetherby have married two sisters, Margaret and Constantia. These ladies belong to a strait-laced family, and they are scandalised at the idea that a husband may occasionally desire to indulge in an evening of modest dissipation at a card-party or a music-hall in London. Is not this particular ideal of domestic virtue, by the way, a little obsolescent, even in Norwood? Both brothers have a fancy for such delights. Richard indulges them openly, and a separation from Constantia is the result. James spends hypocritical days in the tedious society of prim Aunt Clara and pietistic cousin Robert, and escapes at night under the pretence of going to his club or of attending missionary meetings. An accident leads to the discovery of his guilt. His virtuous reputation crumbles into nothing. Margaret resolves to follow the noble example of her sister Constantia, and to leave him. Meanwhile Constantia has found her life apart from her husband, in a small house and on a small income, by no means a bed of roses. She is led to the conclusion that it is the part of a wife to forgive, proposes to Richard to forgive him, and is met with an ignominious refusal. Richard is very comfortable as he is, and has no wish to be forgiven. Ultimately, however, he becomes the *deus ex machina*. He points out to Margaret the moral of her sister's mistake, reduces her to tears and to wifely submission, and reconciles her to her husband. She, in her turn, persuades him to take Constantia back again. Aunt Clara and cousin Robert are sent to the right-about, and a new prospect of wedded happiness opens for the two Mr. Wetherbys, in which their harmless little dissipations are to be very properly winked at. Mr. Hankin's play is well put together, and the local colour of Norwood puritanism is neatly enough touched. I did not find it quite so verbally felicitous as some of my neighbours appeared to do. But what I am most amazed at is that it should have been thought necessary to have it produced by the Stage Society. There is no obvious reason why it should not hold its own well enough in the rough-and-tumble of the commercial stage. There are no unpleasant socialistic or pro-Boer tendencies about it. Nor does it present those literary subtleties of thought or style which require an education of the public before they can be appreciated. It is neither symbolist nor pessimist. It is just an ordinary entertaining comedy, like many which have their little measure of success and cease to be. From the Stage Society one is surely justified in expecting something a little more eccentric.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

Spring Novelties.

THERE is a story of a girl, an impressionist painter, to whom a friendly oculist, having shaken his head over the condition of her eyes, presented a pair of glasses. She wore them, and for the first time saw detail and outline. When the oculist met her again her eyes were glassless. He asked the reason. Whereupon she answered that the look of nature to her naked vision—blurred, indistinct, mysterious—was much more beautiful than the normal vision given her by the corrective glasses.

Certain painters, either from a natural aberration of vision, or from intention, see nature as through a darkened

glass. Sometimes, like Le Sidaner, they see her only from one aspect. To the spring exhibition at the Goupil Gallery this French painter sends eight pictures. They are very distinctive, quite unlike anybody else's work, and as different from the scenes of our present life as a play by Maeterlinck. Le Sidaner, judging by these eight pictures, lives in a place where it is always twilight, where the ground is snow-covered, where water lies, and lighted windows gleam eternally through the pale air. Where there is no snow in his picture he still sees nature in terms of whiteness. His presentment of "Le Table" is such as a man strolling by moonlight through a French village might see in a villa garden. But if he were not Le Sidaner he could only see it in this way if he were suffering from cataract. In the garden is a table on which are displayed white crockery and white chrysanthemums on a white cloth, and against the table are white chairs—dream chairs, beautifully drawn, looming out from the mist that envelopes the scene. It is a decorative subject, not a transcript from life. Indeed, life as represented by Le Sidaner is inanimate. Human beings do not worry his pictures. One of the most attractive is "Chartres Cathedral," snow-covered, standing above her white winding roads, her lighted windows the only signs of life in a scene of beautiful desolation. Le Sidaner is the painter of silence.

The collection of pictures where he hangs ghost-like may be called an exhibition of Spring Novelties. A page of the catalogue is allocated to the names and habitations of the new exhibitors at the Goupil Gallery, where art has always been cosmopolitan—Cossaar of Amsterdam, Downie of Glasgow, Lebourg of Paris, Le Sidaner of Paris, Petrie of Glasgow, Webster of Lincoln. A star against the pictures indicate that they have been painted in Raffaelli's new colours, and I can only repeat my opinion that the new colours will have an inappreciable effect on the old method of painting. Turn from these vivid, pastel suggestive productions to Harpignies' reposeful, reasoned landscapes called "Morning" and "Evening," and you will appreciate the difference between the methods of to-day and yesterday. Mr. Bertram Priestman is one of the most successful practitioners with the Raffaelli colours. His "Cocklers, Solway Sands," is moist and fresh, and from a discreet distance has all the charm of oil painting.

There may be differences of opinion as to the period of his career at which a young painter should begin to exhibit, but everyone will agree that the pictures and designs he shows to the public should be a rigorous selection from his best work. Of the forty-five paintings, pastels, drawings and etchings shown by Mr. Augustus E. John at the Carfax Gallery, I submit that two-thirds should never have left his portfolio. He is still in the imitative period. Looking at the curious mixture of attempts that bewilders the eye on the walls of this gallery, you say: Ah! that was inspired by Goya, that by Etty, that by "Simplicissimus" or "Gil Blas," that by one of the Greek portraits in the vestibule of the National Gallery. Apparently the last thing that Mr. John and the members of his school desire is to produce a beautiful design. He will give you passages that the eye lingers on with pleasure, but almost every painting or pastel is disfigured by some exaggeration or youthful prank. His "Mumpers" is masterly in colour, and has a welcome boldness of execution, but it is spoilt by the figure of a boy who, if he was not intended to represent an idiot, certainly looks like one. His "In the Fields," two peasants, a man and a woman, tearing at each other, looks like a gross caricature of Millet's "Angelus." His "In Memoriam," a drawing of a group of mourners round a tomb, has such a flippancy about it that I can only suppose the high spirits of youth tempted him to make a burlesque of a solemn subject. Still, Mr. John has plenty of talent and imagination, and the man who could produce "Certain Bohemians,"

the etching of an "Old Man," and the graceful drawing of the child and the woman's shoulders in "Hark, Hark, the Lark!" is versatile as well as capable. But he is in too great a hurry. His stage is that of the experimentalist, and experiments should not be flashed before the public eye, even if they are novelties.

Mr. John is clever and daring. Mr. Byam Shaw is also clever and daring, and never did he dare more daringly than when he consented to illustrate Shakespeare for Messrs. Bell and Son's Chiswick edition. When artists of a remoter day—Maclise, Gilbert, Orchardson, and Gérôme—illustrated Shakespeare for Messrs. Virtue they undertook a task within human power. To each was apportioned but three or four drawings, and each could anticipate a spacious page for the setting forth of his design. Mr. Byam Shaw set out to illustrate the whole of Shakespeare with the consciousness that each drawing would be reproduced on a page under four-and-a-half inches by three. The originals of the one hundred and twelve designs which he made for the Chiswick Shakespeare may now be seen on the walls of Mr. McQueen's galleries in the Haymarket. Granting the impossibility of the task of illustrating the whole of Shakespeare, a task in which M. Gérôme and Mr. Abbey have approached nearest to success, it is astonishing that Mr. Byam Shaw should have done so well. He has followed the decorative ideal, which was wise, and perhaps unconsciously he has been influenced by the modern method of representing Shakespeare on the stage, with its appeal to the eye rather than to the intellect. Figures Mr. Shaw gives us in abundance, but they are not the living characters of Shakespeare. His "I am dying, Egypt, dying" is the stage scene, no more; his Hamlet crying "Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen," is grotesque; with some of the minor characters he is more successful, with the gaoler in "Measure for Measure," and with his "Petrucio is Coming" from "The Taming of the Shrew."

Size is the novelty at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, where over six hundred drawings are offered for the edification of the public. There are half-a-dozen drawings in this collection which would not look amiss among the oils at the Royal Academy. In Mr. Dudley Hardy's forcible fishing smack picture there are no fewer than thirty figures; in Mr. Lee Hankey's sober Maeterlinckian landscape there is a whole country side outstretched with a full length figure of a dead mother, and a living child in the foreground; in Mr. Charles Dixon's brilliant sea-piece we are presented with nothing less than the Battle of Trafalgar, with the "Victory" crashing under the stern of "Bucentaure"; in Mr. John Hassall's "The Morning of Agincourt," the figures are countless. There is capable work in each of these pictures, but I cannot say that either of them is attractive. Mr. Hassall's "Agincourt" is commendably reticent in colour, and his hard, watchful warriors have character. For the rest the exhibition is much as other years. How many times have I seen the return of a fishing fleet, a monastery terrace, a way across the common, and an Alma-Tadema woman on an Alma-Tadema marble bench. The allegorical picture is still in the hands of the few. To them comes a clever recruit—Mr. Frank Reynolds, with his "Truth the Straggler." Against a gold background, hasten, in pursuit of an attractive illusion, some twentieth century types—priest, soldier, woman of fashion, musician, jockey (his face, oddly, has the noblest look of them all), and behind lags the boy Truth, led by a jester.

This exhibition also contains three hundred and eighty-seven miniatures.

C. L. H.

Science.

Healing by Ether-Waves.

THE possibility of the need of healing arises, of course, from the ether-wave. By the most familiar form of it, which we call sunlight, we live. It supplies us with our main form of fuel—"buried sunshine"—and it affords us our own fuel or food, which under its influence is synthesized for us by the chlorophyll of plants, and is thereafter analysed and utilised by us in the form either of the bodies of dead plants or the bodies of animals which have, in the long run, derived their food from plants. The reafforestation of the Black Country, recently initiated by Sir Oliver Lodge, is therefore a service rendered to posterity. To this form of the ether-wave we owe not only the immediate origin of our existence, but our continuance therein. Sunlight is a necessary for health. It is a most powerful factor in the prevention and the cure of our principal disease, tuberculosis. We therefore build our houses for the reception of the ether-waves that reach us from the south. And of late we have taken the matter into our own hands.

The London Hospital has been the pioneer in this country of the treatment by light of the exceedingly common form of tuberculosis that attacks the skin and is known as lupus. That treatment we owe to a young Dane called Finsen; and its successful employment in London largely to Her Majesty the Queen, who is naturally interested in her young countryman's fame. Finsen selects from the radiation of an electric arc of sixty-five thousand candle power those ether-waves near and beyond the violet end of the spectrum. The red and infra-red rays, which would otherwise inflict a frightful burn, he absorbs by a layer of cold water running between the two layers of a lens of rock-crystal whereby the light is focussed upon the lupoid area. The treatment is protracted and expensive; but it is painless and certain, and its results are unequalled for appearance. Lupus is due to local skin infection and therefore attacks exposed parts, especially the face. Hence the value of a method which leaves a skin surface that is all but perfect. In this respect the X-rays, which also cure lupus, are much inferior. The other day Lord Rayleigh gave the scientific *imprimatur* to a new form of lamp of which one thought it worth while to suggest the trial at the "London"; which is being made. It is known as the Mercury Vapour Lamp, since the light is emitted from the vapour of mercury in a vacuum through which an electric current is passed. This is the most economical of all forms of electric light, its efficiency being double that of even the arc light. Its peculiarity, which makes one's face a blue no less than ghastly, is the entire absence of red rays. Since the famous experiment of Herschell we have known that the red are the hot rays. This light, the spectrum of which contains only a violet, a blue and a green, is therefore a cool light. It is also rich in ultra-violet rays. We have therefore a light which consists entirely of the chemical or actinic rays—the very rays which kill the tubercle bacillus and thereby cure lupus. Its cheapness and precise adaptation to the Finsen treatment may, I hope, enable the London Hospital, out of its honourable poverty, to afford to cure more patients than ever.

Still more striking is the therapeutic power of another form of ethereal vibration, the Röntgen ray—light of short wave-length. Everyone knows that it reveals bullets and needles. Some have heard that it is a very fair depilatory. But it is better news that one form of true cancer cannot survive the Röntgen rays. I must weigh my words. Anything like rash statement on this matter is sheer cruelty. At this moment no more can be said than that "rodent cancer" or "rodent ulcer" is now being consistently, surely, and painlessly cured every day

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all the world over by the application of the Röntgen rays. More may well follow.

Yet another form of ether-wave is of value to the therapist. Upon no subject of which I am aware has been and is such arrant nonsense talked. "Electricity is life," says one fatuous phrase. It is possible to sell "electric rings" and "electric belts" and "electric herbs" in London in 1903. Not so long ago there was a system which dealt out blue and yellow electricity. Many people still place an implicit belief—none the less real though incapable of verbal formulation—in the theory suggested by Galvani, the discoverer of animal electricity, and exploded by his contemporary, Volta, that electricity is the "vital fluid." A reference to this supposed occult form of energy, about which Sir Oliver Lodge has said that we know more than we do about matter, is the favourite resource of the magician, the occultist and the quack. The black cat's fur is supposed to hold, in its electrical discharges, secrets almost equal to those which Tennyson perceived the "flower in the crannied wall" to hide. As a matter of fact, electricity, compared with the simplest of the phenomena of life, is simplicity itself. But the reaction of living matter to electricity is a very complex affair, and, despite the "rings" and "belts," this form of ether-vibration is of much therapeutic value. Galvanism is valuable in preserving or restoring the nutrition of paralysed muscles. It aids absorption of any desired drug by the skin. It may be used to modify the blood supply to any part. Faradism stimulates the sensory nerves of the skin throughout; galvanism only at the moments of making and breaking the current. Faradism may therefore be used as a stimulant, and, under certain circumstances, as a disciplinary agent. High-frequency apparatus is much in vogue in France; but, as a matter of fact, the therapeutic value of electricity—by which I do not, of course, include the Röntgen radiation—is much smaller than is commonly supposed.

We are in deep water in attempting to explain the action of these different forms of ether-vibration upon protoplasm. We recognise that sunlight may be converted into heat by impact upon ordinary forms of matter. We know that on the faded day when men need "fear no more the heat o' the sun," the race is near its end; but it is also certain that ether-vibration has upon the living cell an effect which is quite distinct from its heating power. The facts may thus be summed in their lowest terms; but the "why" is not even approached therein. When certain forms of vibration are communicated to the ether which is omnipresent throughout a cancerous cell, or the tubercle bacillus (a plant without chlorophyll), these die. When, on the other hand, the ether of a chlorophyll-containing cell in the green leaf of a plant, has communicated to it the vibrations, 750 billions to the second, of a wave which left the sun eight minutes before, that cell can snatch carbon from its firm embrace with oxygen, and in so doing, can make man possible. And so one must leave off with a nescient shrug of the shoulders.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

Shakespeare's Birthplace.

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that if the proposed spoliation of Henley Street and the demolition of ancient houses should be carried out to make room for a brand-new "Carnegie," a veritable landmark of Shakespeare's time will be ruthlessly destroyed

in at least one of the old buildings referred to. Its record, as proved by existing leases, is as follows: In 1563, a year before Shakespeare's birth, the dwelling was occupied by one Gilbert Bradley, glover; in 1577, it passed to one William Wilson, and a small part of it being damaged by fire, this individual got a "removal of lease," on easier terms, to enable him to put the place right again, on December 16, 1595. On 17 August, 1610, it passed to a Thomas Greene of Bishopton, yeoman, and it is suggested that this personage may have been Shakespeare's own cousin, who was also a Thomas Greene. In 1615 and 1618, the same Thomas Greene, with Elizabeth his wife, renewed the lease of the house, and on 6 July, 1662, we find it in the possession of "Thomas Greene, the elder, gent." The place has, therefore, the merit of having stood where it is now, through the whole of Shakespeare's life-time, and deserves to be spared. But that vandalism is the rule rather than the exception in Stratford (or has been, up to the present) will be realised by the fact that though an Act of Parliament exists (54 Vict. Ch. III.) whereby the "Trustees and Guardians" are told that they "shall purchase" the "house at Wilmcote, known as the house of Mary Arden, Shakespeare's mother," as well as "all other property" known or believed "to have belonged to Shakespeare, or his wife, parents and relations," such purchase has never been attempted in the case of Mary Arden's home, for the quaint old cottage has been turned into three cheap "tenement dwellings," and its former rustic and picturesque beauty utterly destroyed. If the lovers and students of Shakespeare do not step forward to protect and save the few remaining relics of their great Master, who is to guard them for future generations?—Yours, &c.,

MARIE CORELLI.

Stratford-on-Avon.

"Later Lyrics."

SIR,—I would ask of your kindness to let me say that the content of "Later Lyrics" was determined by Mr. Lane and his literary advisers. It is they that were over-indulgent, not I. It is strange that the critics find best in my work what I tamper with least.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN B. TABB.

Charles College, Ellicott City, Maryland, U.S.A.

"Mediæval French Literature."

SIR,—With regard to your French correspondent's remarks about "Mediæval French Literature," written for us and at our suggestion by the late lamented Gaston Paris, we have simply to state:—

Firstly, that the book was written by M. Gaston Paris for this particular series of *1s. Primers*.

Secondly, that he fully understood for what purpose he was writing it.

Thirdly, that he had seen, by his own desire, many months before he had finished writing the book, copies of the volumes of the series.

We have had frequent correspondence with Miss Lynch about this book, and this is the first occasion that she has for a moment insinuated that there was the least breach in our agreement either with herself or with M. Gaston Paris.—Yours, &c.,

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Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 182 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best description of "My Luncheon Hour." Thirty-eight replies have been sent in. We award the prize to Mr. A. E. Coppard, 27, Gladstone Place, Brighton, for the following:—

My diary, containing little more than records of those periods and notes of books, might be called "A Journal of Luncheon Hours." Set at the extreme north corner of the town our building ends where the fields and roads begin, with ploughed lands further north, east and west, and it is my happiness for one daily hour to note the changing temper of the down land, trees burgeoning, and cattle in fenced meadows; amongst the broad backs of short hills, weather stained and scattered over with sheep, in valleys deep and beneficently green. My land, as I love to call it, has grown to have the sweet quality of companions, and as it were caresses one's mood, or gay or sorry, with naive inexplicable touches. An entry last July runs: "Summer has come to its own again, the noon sun burns strongly, and the larks have a gamut of God. Your sweating body greets gladly the boon of the white topping cloud; very trim in the faint grass smile the last new flowers—the hillside is many-coloured as a Paisley shawl." Later in the year, October: "to Hodshrove; the day is full of hesitating rain and the landscape wants distinction—it seems so unchanging, so disconsolate and bare a verity, lit sometimes, but not to-day, by a heart-gleam of sun and colour, or ploughed at intervals, as it is to-day, to new tones of raw brown. I meet the same jolly-faced old cattleman driving townwards at the same hour and place each day, and I envy him; I lack something I know not what; the grass grows longer and the umbrage discolours—like my own life I think." In less fortunate days I passed my hour generally in the public library or art gallery, but these places know me no more.

Other replies follow:—

My luncheon hour is not really an hour at all, it is only twenty minutes, but what's in a name? I work in a Government office with a few hundred other women, and we lunch, or dine, or do the bun-and-tea trick in shifts of thirty minutes minus ten fully occupied with a wash and a gossip. A victim of indigestion? Why, I never even feel sleepy; that is one advantage of sitting so close to the Principal Clerk in the Section. I do know a girl who always feels the need of forty winks, but she has a desk far away from the watchful eye of her superior-in-charge, so she is entitled to some compensation, poor thing! Cheap lunches form one of the great attractions of the service; for the small sum of 8½d. one can get an excellent dinner, meat (foreign? certainly not, aliens excluded by law) and vegetables and pudding, with coffee to follow, but smoking is not yet allowed. Of course it is a disadvantage to have to "dine in," but in the summer the good, kind Government, alias "They" with a capital T, let us walk on the roof and provides an attendant to see that we do not wander beyond bounds, for real live men sun themselves on the tiles on the off-side—sometimes; not often though, for they are allowed a few minutes to take a turn in the park after lunch. Does a bell ring when it is time for us to go back to work? Oh, no! With watch in hand we keep an eye on the fleeting moments of freedom, and as the second-hand starts on its 30th round we wend our way back to our seats and resume duty like—women! [E. A. B., London.]

Three years ago I anxiously paced the Midland Station platform, Sheffield, awaiting an express train from St. Pancras. I was expecting to meet a man whom I had never seen in my life; that man was my father. For twenty years he had shirked the duties of fatherhood, and now he wanted to see his boy; that wish was gratified for the sake of another. With a hiss of escaping steam the clanging express drew up alongside of the platform; doors swung open, passengers alighted, and for a few minutes all was commotion, then as the crowd rapidly diminished I threaded my way along the platform disordered with luggage seeking this man I knew not. We met, and to this hour I cannot quite understand how we guessed each other. After the formality of shaking hands and enquiries regarding health, he led the way to the station dining room, I following, and there we had luncheon. For more than a hour I conversed with a man respectfully, whom I inwardly despised. Both of us ill at ease, both seeking words only to hide the self-communing; yet gaps yawned refusing to be crossed, and during those gaps we stared stupidly. Before we had met I had worked myself into a fever of exaltation, fully intending to speak my mind, and here I was nervous, unable to find a word, regarding stealthily an utter stranger and despicable. The feeling of stiffness relaxed, and growing calmer, master of myself, I sought inwards for those missing links which should have connected us, and I curiously wondered what a fatherly father would be like. When we parted, he slipped five pounds in my hand with a look as if stealing it. That was my luncheon hour. [P. A., Hexthorpe.]

Competition No. 183 (New Series).

This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the titles of the twelve most interesting books announced in our Supplement this week. A plébiscite will be taken of all the lists sent in, and the competitor whose selections most nearly answer to the general opinion will receive the prize.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 25 March, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Waddell (Rev. P. Hatley), *Essays on Faith* (Blackwood) 3/6
Kittel (Prof.), *The Babylonian Excavations and Early Bible History* (S.P.O.K.) 0/6

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

Holmes (D. T.), *An Outline of French Literature* (Holden)
Dobell (Bertram), edited by, *The Poetical Works of Thomas Traherne, B.D., 1636-1674* (Dobell) net 7/6
Dobell (Bertram), *Sidelights on Charles Lamb* (") net 5/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Furnley (James), *Millionaires and Kings of Enterprise* (Roy) net 21/0
Rushe (Rev. James P.), *Carmel in Ireland* (Sealy)
Lynch (George), *The Impressions of a War Correspondent* (Newnes) 3/6
Omond (G. W. T.), *The Boers in Europe* (Black) 2/6
Dixon (W. Willmott), *Dainty Dames of Society. Vol. II.* (Back) ret 2/0
Sims (George R.), *Living London. Vol. III.* (Cassell) 12/0
Fischer (Joseph), *The Discoveries of the Norsemen in America* (Stevens) net 8/0
Hassall (Arthur), *Mazarin* (Macmillan) 2/6
Horne (C. Silvester), *A Popular History of the Free Churches* (J. Clarke) 6/0
Weizall (Lady Rose), edited by, *Correspondence of Lady Burghersh with the Duke of Wellington* (Murray) net 7/6
Brandes (George), *Poland: a Study of the Land, People, and Literature* (Heinemann) net 12/0
Corbin (John), *A New Portrait of Shakespeare* (Lane) net 5/0
"The Connoisseur," *Portfolio No. 2. Velasquez: His Life and Work* (Otto) net 2/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Hilly (Carl), *Happiness: Essays on the Meaning of Life* (Macmillan) net 4/0
Davis (J. R. Ainsworth), *The Natural History of Animals. 2 vols.* (Gresham Publishing Company)
Legislator, *The Coming Reaction* (Milne) 7/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Wyon (Reginald) and France (Gerald), *The Land of the Black Mountain* (Methuen) 6/0
Gerrard (Wirt), *Greater Russia* (Heinemann) net 18/0

ART.

Deane (Ethel), edited by, *The Collector* (Oox)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Vynne (Nora) and Blackburn (Helen), *Women under the Factory Act* (Williams and Norgate) net 1/0

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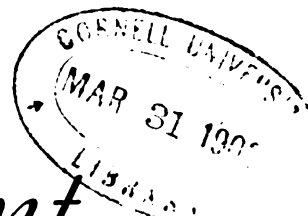
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Spring Announcements Supplement.

SATURDAY: 21 MARCH, 1903.

Spring Publishing.

THE Spring publishing lists this year are fairly full, but in the main they show no marked tendency in any particular direction. We seem, indeed, to have reached just one of those periods which lack incentive in literature. The great material of literature is always, of course, in any age, practically the same. Wars, social upheavals, individual achievements in action, may supply to a particular generation material which is expressed in work of more or less topical importance; but true literature is not necessarily concerned with these temporary excitements; they must, however, have their turn, and often their turn takes up the foreground. But at present these things are not much in evidence, so the more permanent concerns of life should now reassert their old and unassailable strength. There is not, however, so strong a reassertion as we could have wished. Of new and old philosophical work there is much that we shall be glad to have, but in the way of biography there is very little. In work of pure literature we notice hardly anything beyond Prof. Raleigh's "Wordsworth" (which we review this week), and Mr. Chesterton's "Browning" in the "English Men of Letters." Two considerable ventures in re-issues promise to be of great interest; the "Charles Lamb" edited by Mr. E. V. Lucas, and the "Charles Lamb" edited by Mr. W. Macdonald. The fiction list is conspicuous by the absence of certain distinguished names. Our living greatest in fiction are silent: neither Mr. Meredith nor Mr. Hardy has spoken for some time. Many new names, however, appear, and there is always hope that some of these may make a claim to our regard. In the way of poetry the Spring lists are rather barren. We are to have a new volume of verse from Mr. Swinburne: beyond that again there are other possibilities in names new to us.

Many of the books in the lists which we print have already been published. From those still to be issued we select the following as likely to appeal to general readers:—

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- M. Gabriel Hanatoux's "Contemporary France."
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- E. Somerville's and Martin Ross's "All on the Irish Shore."
- "Zack's" "The Roman Road."

Amongst new editions the "Library" edition of Ruskin is particularly to be noted. In cheaper reissues we are to have a complete Charlotte Brontë, edited by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, and Messrs. Routledge's "Half Forgotten Books" include many volumes of interest.

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The Academy and Literature.

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The Literary Week.

No book of outstanding importance has been published during the past week. Readers of fiction can take their choice among 19 new novels. Mrs. Atherton, following the line of research that resulted in her novel "The Conqueror," has published "A Few of Hamilton's Letters." An attractive volume is Lady Butler's "Letters from the Holy Land" with sixteen illustrations by the author in colour. Among other books of the week we note the following:—

THE SCULPTURES OF THE PARTHENON. By A. S. Murray.

Dr. Murray has taken as a starting point certain lectures on the sculptures of the Parthenon delivered by him some years ago to the students of the Royal Academy. "It was the experience of these lectures," says the author, "that has since led me to enter upon a much closer examination of the sculptures on artistic more than on archaeological lines." The scheme of illustration embraces the whole of the sculptures, so far as they are known from extant originals or from Carrey's drawings. We are given the frieze almost in its entirety in a single long folding sheet, which slips into a pocket inside the back cover. There are also many illustrations in the text. The volume is dedicated to the Royal Academy of Arts "in token of many friendships past and present."

THE AGE OF SHAKESPEARE. By Thomas Seacombe and J. W. Allen. 2 vols.

An addition to the "Handbooks of English Literature" series. The period covered is from 1579 to 1631, a period concerning which the authors write " . . . the more the Elizabethan period is explored, the more separate and individual it will be discovered to be: the more clearly will it appear that the atmosphere in which it rose, so to speak, was such as had never existed before, and is not likely ever to exist again—cannot possibly exist again." The first volume deals with Poetry and Prose, the second with the Drama. About half of the second volume is devoted to Shakespeare.

THE sixth volume of Mr. John Murray's new issue of Byron, edited by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, is wholly given up to "Don Juan." The volume has more than the ordinary interest of an excellent reprint, for it contains a seventeenth and hitherto unpublished canto. Seventeenth cantos have appeared before, some of which claimed to be genuine, whilst others were crude imitations. But there is no doubt about the authenticity of the present addition. Trelawny found the stanzas in Byron's house at Missolonghi. The MS. was handed over to John Cam Hobhouse, and is now in the possession of his daughter, the Lady Dorchester. These new stanzas are not good Byron, though the touch is unmistakeable: we quote the eighth, ninth, and eleventh:—

Great Galileo was debarred the Sun,
Because he fixed it; and, to stop his talking,
How Earth could round the solar orbit run,
Found his own legs embargoed from mere walking:
The man was well-nigh dead, ere men begun
To think his skull had not some need of caulking;
But now, it seems, he's right—his notion just:
No doubt a consolation to his dust.

Pythagoras, Locke, Socrates—but pages
Might be filled up, as vainly as before,
With the sad usage of all sorts of sages,
Who in his life-time, each, was deemed a Bore!
The loftiest minds outrun their tardy ages:
This they must bear with and, perhaps, much more;
The wise man's sure when he no more can share it, he
Will have a firm Post Obit on posterity.

Temperate I am—yet never had a temper;
Modest I am—yet with some slight assurance;
Changeable too—yet somehow "*Idem semper*:"
Patient—but not enamoured of endurance;
Cheerful—but, sometimes, rather apt to whimper:
Mild—but at times a sort of "*Hercules furens*:"
So that I almost think that the same skin
For one without—has two or three within.

The three concluding stanzas revert to Don Juan and the Duchess, but nothing is added to the story. The volume is dedicated to Mr. Swinburne.

MR. W. E. HENLEY contributes to the new number of "The World's Work" a poem in praise of the motor-car, called a "Song of Speed." The poem is prefaced by an appreciation of Mr. Henley by Mr. William Archer. In spite of Mr. Henley's joy in athletic activity, for many years he has been denied it. His "life-long struggle with ill-health" has left him crippled. Mr. Archer says:—

The whirligig of time has brought in a tardy revenge for his years of enforced inertia. It has brought in the high-power motor-car; and by the kindness of the friend to whom he dedicates this "Song of Speed," Mr. Henley has been enabled to taste in ample pleasure that keenest of sensations to which he has here given (I think it no rashness to aver) imperishable utterance. It was exquisitely opportune—or shall we say providential?—that, when the motor came Mr. Henley was here to sing it. Never was English poet better fitted for the task.

In these three or four hundred lines, we have not only a daring and vivid celebration of the new factor in human affairs, but a compendium of all the poet's art and philosophy. I know not whether it is more pathetic or exhilarating to see this wounded foot-soldier suddenly snatched up from the battlefield, mounted on a magic steed, and finding, in the rush of its onset, inspiration for a new and spirit-stirring and exultant song.

The sense of rush and speed in the poem is certainly remarkable; it has a gusto, an exhilaration, which carry us along in a whirl. Yet the poem has thought as well, and expresses once again that philosophy which Mr. Henley has often given utterance to before. We quote some passages:—

*In the Eye of the Lord,
By the Will of the Lord,
Out of the infinite
Bounty dissembled,
Since Time began,
In the Hand of the Lord,
Speed!*

Speed—
Speed, and a world of new havings:
Red-rushing splendours
Of Dawn; the disturbing,
Long-drawn, tumultuous
Passions of Sunset;
And, these twain between,
The desperate, great anarchies,
The matchless serenitudes,
The magical, ravishing,
Changing, transforming
Trances of Daylight.

Mr. Henley sees in the adaptation of power which gives him this keen enjoyment an expression of the restless and prevailing energy of the race:—

For the Heart of Man
Tears at Man's destiny
Ever; and ever
Makes what it may
Of his wretched occasions,
His infinitesimal
Portion in Time,
His merely incomputable
Shred of Eternity,
His ninety-ninth part,
If you count by God's clock,
Of a second on Earth
In the lust and the pride
Of God's garment, the Flesh.

*So in the Eye of the Lord,
Under the Feet of the Lord,
Out of the measureless
Goodness and grace
In the Hand of the Lord,
Speed!
Speed on the Knees,
Speed in the Laugh,
Speed in the Gift,
Speed in the Trust of the Lord—
Speed!*

No one save Mr. Henley, we believe with Mr. Archer, could so have sung the praise of the motor-car. And the whole poem has a personal meaning and application which add to the force of its swinging rhythm.

THE first volume in Mr. John Allen's "Library Edition" of Ruskin is published this week. It contains the "Early Prose Writings, 1834-1843," some of which were published in his lifetime; others are now printed for the first time. From the diary of a tour undertaken with his parents in 1841 (Ruskin at that time was twenty-two) we quote the following characteristic passage, written at Lausanne:—

The sun is setting on Lake Lemman, and I am sitting at my own room window, watching the opposite outline. [The outline is drawn on the facing page of the MS.] The snow on the high point, fresh, is dazzlingly bright, but only there; it shades softly down on the red crags. I dim my eye—it glows like a moonrise in the grey sky. I cannot write for looking at it. Brighter yet! now it is running to the left, glowing on the pastures and pines. Oh, beautiful! The hills are all becoming misty fire, and all is grey beneath them and above. Yet redder! the middle bit is all snow; it is bursting into conflagration, over purple shades. Now the light has left the bases, but it is far along to the left on the broad field of snow—less and less—but redder and redder. Oh, glorious! It is going fast; only the middle peak has it still,—fading fast, fading—gone. All is cold but the sky, whose spray clouds are red above, and a soft clear twilight still far down the lake with the Voiron and the Salève against it. When shall I — Nay, now there is a faint red glow again on the snow fields to the left. It must have been a cloud which took it off before. When shall I see the sun set again on the Lake Lemman, and who will be with me—or who not? All is cold now.

AN experimental number of "John Bull" was published many months ago. Now the journal is seriously to be inaugurated, with the aid of a salon. But this salon is to be much less exclusive than the "Punch" Table, at which only one celebrated outsider has been privileged to sit. At the "John Bull Club" contributors, directors, and shareholders are to meet together and endeavour to revive the lost art of conversation. Ladies will be admitted, and at present over a hundred members have joined the club, the first meeting of which is to be held on "All Fools' Eve." At midnight precisely the first number is to be published. We hope some of the sparkle of the revived art of conversation will get into "John Bull's" pages.

THE bye-laws of the British Academy, now allowed by the Privy Council, regulate the number of the Fellows, sectional committees, the Council, and so forth. The number of ordinary Fellows is fixed at one hundred as a maximum, though the Academy may elect as few, apparently, as it pleases. The International Association of Academies has agreed to the admission of the association as a constituent academy in the philosophico-historic section, and Lord Reay has been nominated by the Academy as a member of the International Council. The Fellows are distributed under four main sectional committees, each having its own chairman—History and Archaeology, Philology, Philosophy, and Jurisprudence and Economics. Out of all this classification and machinery what is to come? We confess that we have no great hope.

In a letter to the "Morning Post" apropos of two new theatres now being built in London, Mr. Gordon Craig says:—

There is but one good plan on which the auditorium of a modern theatre should be designed—it is the design from

Bayreuth repeated by the Germans at last in their Prinz Regenten Theatre at Munich. The Bayreuth plan makes it possible for nearly everyone in the house to view the stage from the same point.

It is not the Germans whom we have to thank for this, but a German artist. I read he had considerable difficulty in persuading the Germans that the design was at all practical.

Here in England we build more theatres than any other nation except America, and build them outrageously into the bargain. Our new theatres are the oldest things in the market. Perhaps the two houses which are to be flung up in the Strand will prove an exception.

Mr. Craig asserts that what he calls the "old pattern" theatre is responsible for half the bad work on the stage. He refers, of course, to the setting. The bad work which we are continually invited to see in the way of drama has nothing to do with architectural construction. Perhaps if it had we should feel more hopeful.

THE doubt cast upon the authenticity of certain objects in the Louvre, and in particular upon the genuineness of the Tiara of Saitapharnes, has resulted in the withdrawal of the Tiara from public view. This action, we learn from "The Times," was largely inspired by the reasons given by Dr. Murray, of the British Museum, as reported by the London correspondent of the "Matin." Dr. Murray, who has recently been nominated correspondent of the Institut de France, received a letter from a certain Mr. Hochmann, of Olbia, in the south of Russia, offering the Tiara to him. Dr. Murray mistrusted his correspondent, and replied that he had no desire to see the Tiara. The same person came to London later, and offered to Dr. Murray several objects in gold, which were at once recognised as false. They found a purchaser, however, in Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Dr. Murray is certain that the Tiara is false, though he acknowledges that he has against him three competent British authorities. The band which encircles the top of the Tiara is, Dr. Murray maintains, the only genuine part of it; the rest he declares to be of recent Russian manufacture; and that band never formed part of a Tiara, but of some form of cup. Dr. Murray was careful to add that he made no charge against the directors of the Louvre, which "is the first museum in the world, owing to the authenticity and the value of its contents."

BEFORE the recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society devoted to the commemoration of the tercentenary of Queen Elizabeth, Mr. Edmund Gosse delivered an appreciation of Sir Walter Raleigh and his time. Side by side with the narrow and insular spirit, though valuable, in its way, of Robert Cecil—

there moved a class of mind which clothed the unknown in a robe of purple vapour, exalting, transfiguring, exaggerating all remote and unexperienced facts in a magnificent sunset light of glory. And the very prototype of this class of Elizabethan temperament was that paladin of geographical romance, Sir Walter Raleigh. It was a remarkable tribute to the force and genius of Raleigh that he was recognised in his own age, and had been vaunted ever since as the patron as well as the prototype of geography as a form of imaginative literature.

To-day, in the popular mind, Raleigh gets credit for what he planned to do as well as for what he never accomplished. He is associated with Virginia, yet he never set foot in what we call North America:—

His nostrils never snuffed the fragrant air which blew out into the Atlantic from North Carolina to meet the colonists; in his bodily presence he never touched those aromatic cedars of Wokoken, never tasted the wild grapes of Roanoke. But in spirit he was there through good and evil estate. His was the brain that planned, the persistence that carried out, the

courage that would never relinquish the design. And the promised land of Virginia was his in history, although he only gazed at it from the fringes of the cloud.

Lady Raleigh wrote to Cecil: "I hope, for my sake, you will rather draw Sir Walter East than help him forward toward the sunset." Yet he forever strained towards the West. Mr. Gosse well said:—

He represented to us, he would always represent to successive generations, the man who travelled, not to lay the foundations of experience, but to set a pinnacle on the finished edifice of his culture. Into the sunset Raleigh took an intellect which was one of the most powerful and most highly trained of the rich Elizabethan age. He was poet, historian, chemist, soldier, philosopher, courtier: he carried with him on his geographical expedition the prestige, the skill, the basis of ripe thought which all this commerce with the world of men and books had given him.

Raleigh represented, indeed, applied imagination at its best.

THE Boston "Literary World" is now under the editorial control of Mr. Bliss Carman, a poet who has done some invigorating work. The form of the journal is unaltered, but correspondence is included both from London and leading American cities.

THE memorial to the Venerable Bede is to take the form of an Anglian Cross, to be placed on a commanding site at Roker Point, Monkwearmouth, close to that St. Peter's Monastery which is so intimately associated with his name. The cost of the memorial is estimated at about £500, and the committee invite subscriptions.

THE news of the death of Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland probably brought to the minds of most readers only the "Hans Brietmann Ballads." But those ballads were nothing in the sum of an astonishingly industrious life. Their issue was not regarded with much hope either by author or publisher, yet within a few weeks four thousand copies had passed into circulation. They are classics in their way; the fun is irresistible, and here and there touches of real poetry emerge with unexpected effect. Mr. Leland's life was as full and varied as his work. He fought in the barricades of Paris in 1848, and went through real fighting in the American Civil War; he translated Heine and studied law; he prospected for petroleum and coal, and was a keen politician. Twenty years of his life were spent in studying the English gypsies, and he discovered a lost Celtic tongue. Languages presented no difficulties to Mr. Leland; he picked them up with the utmost ease. As a folk-lorist he contributed much to our knowledge of a most valuable and fascinating science, and there comes fresh from the press another contribution to such knowledge in "Kulóskap the Master, and other Algonquin Poems," literally translated from Indian dialects by Mr. Leland and Prof. Oyneley Prince. In addition to the forty to fifty volumes which he published, Mr. Leland contributed over two hundred articles to "Appleton's Cyclopædia." He was a man of delightful personality, and leaves behind him in some respects an almost unprecedented record.

WE have also to record the death of Dean Farrar. Dean Farrar wrote much, and achieved remarkable popularity; his appeal, indeed, was always a popular one; he was what may best be described perhaps as an eloquent writer. His best known work is probably the "Life of Christ," if we except "Eric" and perhaps "St. Winifred's" and

"Julian House." We cannot think that Dean Farrar's stories were healthy, excellent though they were in intention. "Eric" is a book whose sentiment is far removed from real boyishness, and we doubt whether boys of this generation would willingly take it up. Dean Farrar was essentially a preacher, and there are certain forms of literature, of which boys' stories are a part, in which preaching is unsuitable. Perhaps it is as a preacher that Dean Farrar best deserves to be remembered. His sermons had a certain flow and literary grace, though at all times he was too diffuse. In general he was too inclined to go with the tide and to supply what the public liked.

It is not often that we have such a book as Stevenson's "Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes," in a sixpenny edition, but we are all the more glad to see it on that account. Merely as a guide-book the little volume is admirable, though nothing could be further from the guide-book manner than its opening sentence: "The ancient and famous metropolis of the North sits overlooking a windy estuary from the slope and summit of three hills." It would have interested Stevenson to know that these notes were to appear in a "People's Edition."

At the sale of the Carmichael Library at Sotheby's the other day the first edition of "Dante," with Landino's commentary and all the nineteen designs for the "Inferno" by Botticelli and Baldino, was bought by Mr. Quaritch for £1,000. Mr. Quaritch also purchased "La Divina Commedia," 1472, *editio princeps*, for £252, and a copy of the same date, but the second edition, for £7 less.

Bibliographical.

THE announcement that Mr. Clement Shorter is to contribute a volume on Mrs. Gaskell to the "English Men of Letters" series, recalls to mind a couple of passages in the essay on Mrs. Gaskell written by Miss Edna Lyall in 1897. Miss Lyall then mentioned the fact that "owing to the violent attacks to which her 'Life of Charlotte Brontë' gave rise, to a threatened action for libel on the part of some of those mentioned in the book, and to the manifold annoyances to which the publication of the biography subjected her, Mrs. Gaskell determined that no record of her own life should be written." Miss Lyall went on to say: "Mrs. Gaskell's wish regarding her own biography has, of course, been respected by her family; but the world is the poorer, and it is impossible not to regret that the life of so dearly loved a writer must never be attempted." We may take for granted, I think, that the difficulty here presented has been got over, and that Mr. Shorter will have, in the preparation of his volume, the co-operation of Mrs. Gaskell's relatives. Miss Lyall herself gave some biographical details about her sister novelist, some of the particulars having been supplied by Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Gaskell's daughter. Of these, Mr. Shorter, a careful and shrewd gleaner in the literary field, will no doubt avail himself. In external incident the life of Mrs. Gaskell was, of course, not rich.

Messrs. Routledge announce some interesting reproductions of time-honoured books. One of them is Froude's "Nemesis of Faith," which came out in 1849, and has not, so far as I know, been re-issued since. Mrs. Crowe's "Night-side of Nature" and Howitt's "Homes and Haunts of the Most Eminent British Poets" have long been on Messrs. Routledge's list. The firm published an edition of the latter in 1894, and editions of the former in 1882 and 1892. "The Night-Side of Nature, or Ghosts and Ghost-seers," dates from 1848; it was re-issued in two volumes in 1852. "The Homes and Haunts" dates from 1847; ten years later there was an illustrated edition of it. With many of us it was a favourite in our youthful

days. The outline drawings by Frank Howard which are to illustrate the firm's "Ariel" Shakespeare (in forty volumes) last did duty, if I remember rightly, in an edition of the Bard brought out a good many years ago by Messrs. Nelson of Edinburgh. They have considerable merit of a kind. I am a little surprised to find that Messrs. Routledge propose to include among their "Half-Forgotten Books" the "Tom Bullekeley of Lissington" of Mr. Mounteney Jephson. This book, which is just thirty years old, is, I should say, wholly forgotten.

Leigh Hunt's spiritual eye should dwell well pleased upon the advertisement of the two-volume edition of his "Autobiography" which Messrs. Constable promise. For many years past the "Autobiography" has been obtainable, I believe, only in the little one-volume edition, with limp green cover, published by Messrs. Smith and Elder. I need not say that the work is well deserving of the handsome format and the ample annotation which Messrs. Constable no doubt have in store for it. It first appeared, in three volumes, in 1850. When it re-appeared in 1859 it had been revised by its author and re-revised by his son, Thornton Hunt.

Among the "Temple Autobiographies" will be that of Benjamin Franklin, which is, however, no stranger to the present generation of readers. Messrs. Blackie included it in one of their "Libraries" in 1894, and it figured in the "Minerva Library" in 1891. There had been other editions in 1889 and 1887, preceded by one in 1886 in Messrs. Cassell's "National Library." I presume the most desirable edition is that of 1818, published by Colburn in three volumes. It is certainly in every sense one of the historical autobiographies, and has itself been made the subject of a volume—"The Story of a Famous Book," published in 1871.

Another book of which we cannot well have too many editions is "Evelyn's Diary," which Messrs. Newnes are to add to their "Thin-paper Classics." This work has formed part of the "Chandos Classics" series since 1879, in which year also Mr. H. B. Wheatley gave us his four-volume edition of it. The second edition (1819) was reproduced in 1870. The diary had then been in one of Bohn's Libraries since 1859. It was first published by Colburn in 1818.

Forthcoming additions to Mr. Grant Richards's "World Library" will include, I see, Hume's "Essays" and Buckle's "History of Civilisation." The first of these was reproduced in the Lubbock series in 1894 and at three-and-six. The other made its most recent appearance last year, in the form of three volumes of the "Silver Library" at ten-and-six. Mr. Richards's editions of the two works will be, I should say, the cheapest ever put forward, and the works themselves have the advantage of being by no means hackneyed.

"Roses of Parnassus" is the general title of a series of paper-covered booklets, of which Messrs. R. Grant & Son, of Edinburgh, and Mr. Brimley Johnson, of London, have sent out the first item. Is not the title a little too suggestive of that of the "Flowers of Parnassus" series of Mr. John Lane? I should think that the two would be readily confused. The first booklet, it is stated, went into four editions between February 25 and March 12 of this year; but what were the numbers in each case? "Edition," in itself, means nothing.

I see that Messrs. Cassell have brought out the third and last volume of their "Living London." No one seems to have noticed, or at least mentioned, that "Living London" was the title of a book by George Augustus Sala published just twenty years ago.

In my note on the more recent editions of, and selections from, "Hakluyt's Voyages," I ought to have recorded that Mr. E. J. Payne's two series of selections therefrom, published by Mr. Frowde, reached a second edition, respectively, in 1900 and the present year.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Poet on Shakespeare.

SHAKSPERE AND HIS FORERUNNERS. Studies in Elizabethan Poetry and its Development from Early English. By Sidney Lanier. 2 vols. (Heinemann. 30s. net.)

THESE volumes, we are told, consist of two lectures delivered, respectively, before the John Hopkins University and before a ladies' class, in Baltimore, during the winter of 1879-80. They were not revised, but "the material fell together with merely a little pruning of repetitions." One cannot, therefore, justly regard them and criticise them as a definite or scientific study of Shakespeare and his precursors. Yet since they are republished in the form of a collective treatise, they necessarily claim such criticism. The only course, therefore, is to consider them as a coherent study, with a recommendation to mercy (so to speak) on the ground of their origin. They bear evidence of the most zealous and loving study; they are full of interest and eloquence, shot with charming lights of fancy—in a word, most pleasant reading. Yet they have more of the poet than of the systematic literary student. Where so much zealous labour has been employed, it would be both harsh and misleading to call them superficial: yet there is a sense in which the adjective might be used. With an elaborate ostentation of method, they are yet essentially capricious, flighty, without true vertebration in a considerable portion. The connections are often fanciful rather than inherent and sound. They savour more of the poet, bringing together far-fetched ideas and resemblances, than the calm student of cause and effect. A study of Shakespeare's forerunners would naturally suggest to us, above all, the dramatic poets who preceded him. But precisely these it is that Lanier does not study. He goes back to early English, where Shakespeare's predecessors are found to be Cynewulf, with the anonymous authors of the "Soul to the Dead Body," "Beowulf," and the "Legend of St. Juliana." He gets his connection by what we can but call and consider fanciful comparisons between "The Soul to the Dead Body" and the Ghost in "Hamlet," the view of Nature in "Beowulf" and in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the "Phoenix" of Cynewulf and the "Phoenix and Dove" very dubiously assigned to Shakespeare, woman in the "Legend of St. Juliana" and in "Love's Labour's Lost" (of all Shakespearean dramas in the world!). After this fashion we would undertake with confidence—and some leisure—to connect anybody with anything. It needs a mere ingenious exercise of fancy. Not imagination—that is a quite deeper matter. In truth, Lanier's redundant fancy continually runs away with him. Then, coming to the sixteenth century, he selects as Shakespearean forerunners the sonnet-writers, from Surrey onward. Very good. But why these more than any other species of poet? If there be any reason save that Lanier loved the sonnetteers, and thought them neglected, and liked to talk about them—we have failed to discover it. A very pretty reason, doubtless, for a poet turned lecturer; but it does not pan out quite so satisfyingly in a two volume treatise.

Yet, if you trouble yourself no more than Lanier about this delightful inconsequence, you will find abundant charm in the manner. The poet in Lanier ever and again reveals itself, as in this exquisite passage on Shakespeare's forty-third sonnet:—

Note particularly how the thought skips daintily from one idea to another, just touching each with a sort of salutation. You will see that ever and anon, by using a term in a double sense, he causes two significations to meet in the same word, like two lips at the same point, and there to kiss out a new hint of meaning. Nothing can be more agile and dainty than

this movement, where one hint turns the thought off at a pretty angle towards another, like a tiny stream in a meadow, whose current flowing against a blade of grass is deflected by the mere kiss of it towards the daisy at the other side, and thence again deflected to the water-lily at the other side, and so on in a hundred gracious zigzags, all between flowers.

For a style thus full of delicate allusions (says Lanier) the Chinese have a name which means a *dragon-fly sipping water*; and if you have—

watched a burnished-blue dragon fly come sailing down upon wings so filmy that they seem like mere summer dreams of wings, until he just delicately touches the still surface of the water, makes believe to take a mere dream of a drink, and airily flutters away,—you will realise how vividly the oriental expression hits off this charming old process of sixteenth century thought, in which Shakespeare was so adroit.

A style so dainty and seductive as this would cover many faults of plan. In the second volume Lanier leads up to his subject by an elaborate attempt to reconstruct the life of Shakespeare's time; which has a like charm, but also somewhat of like defect. "The Music of Shakespeare's Time" is the best and completest section—a theme after Lanier's own heart; but too technical for us to dwell upon it here. "The Domestic Life of Shakespeare's Time" is very ambitious in scheme. But that flightiness of Lanier intervenes. He conceives the idea of representing his subject something after the fashion of the historical novelist, congenial to his poetic mind; abandons the conception, yet strives to work in part of it along with a more prosaic manner of presentation; and after all, we find that we have but a fragmentary notion of his theme, less complete and representative than a systematic writer would have given us by an accumulation of careful prosaic detail. Yet here again there is plenty of interest by the way. Better than his full pictures of the revels at Kenilworth, his disquisitions on the stage, the pulpit, or medicine, is a quite personal passage which he quotes from a letter of Master Robert Laneham, Queen Elizabeth's usher, describing his daily life at Court. It is a right Shakespearean, though unconscious, revelation of the man's own character: one thinks of Biron's sketch of Boyet, the usher in "Love's Labour's Lost." It is also an admirable side-light on what one may call the back stairs of Court life. At eight in the morning he goes to "My Lord's chamber, or my Lord's president's":—

There at the cupboard, after I have eaten the manchets served over-night for livery . . . I drink me up a good bowl of ale; when in a sweet pot it is defecated by all night's standing, the drink is the better, take that of me; and a morsel in a morning, with a sound draught, is very wholesome and good for the eyesight; then I am as fresh all the afternoon after, as I had eaten a whole piece of beef. Now, sir, if the council sit, I am at hand; wait at one inch, I warrant you: if any make babbling, "Peace," say I, "wot ye where ye are?" If I take a listener, or a pryer in at the chinks or the lockhole, I am by and by in the bones of him; but now they keep good order, they know me well enough: If he be a friend, or such a one as I like, I make him sit down by me on a form or a chest; let the rest walk, in God's name.

Of his languages, and how he exhibits them to this or that Ambassador and his men ("and I warrant you I answer him roundly, that they marvel to see such a fellow there: then laugh I, and say nothing"); of these things we must baulk the reader.

Shakespeare himself (apart from Shakespeare relatively) occupies only the last third of the second volume; and even here Lanier is busy with the working-out of a pet theory of his own, which seems to us not without its fancifulness. But though we only partially follow it, none the less it is interesting, and is handled so as to bring out much which is true and important in regard to the poet's development. Briefly, it is that Shakespeare's work, during the middle portion of his career, was embittered by some

tragic sorrow or calamity, from which he only emerged into a perfectly sane and sweet view of life in his very latest works. We admit there is evidence of a certain souredness at one time, which recurs (after an interval) with supreme and final bitterness in "Timon." Such things are common to middle life. But continuous morbidity we cannot see. Nevertheless on this view Lanier bases his whole theory of the poet's development. In the final period, of which the "Tempest" and "A Winter's Tale" are examples, we willingly agree that Shakespeare reached a supreme sweetness and loftiness of widely tolerant outlook. It was the culminating sanity of a wise old age; and that he attained it after a passing period of stress, of bitterness, in mid-life may be admitted, without conceding all Lanier's overstrained conclusions.

The gradual evolution of this sane control and balance in all things is Lanier's theme. He traces it in metre, in character, in the poet's attitude towards the supernatural, towards man, and towards nature. He specially enlarges on his favourite theme of metre, where he is mostly sound. To be sure, he says the ear loves alliteration (repetition of consonants), but dislikes repetition of vowels, or assonance (to use a convenient term now strangely dropped for uncouth substitutes). Which we could prove nonsense. Consonants represent law, vowels chaos or accident, he says; but it would have been truer to say that vowels represent emotion. But he is right in tracing Shakespeare's progress from formal metrical law to the combination of law with liberty. A freer use of double endings (redundant syllables) and weak endings (in particles, conjunctions, and the like) in his lines is one element of this. But the great difference is the passage from a linear structure, with regular pause at the end of line or couplet, to an interlocked structure, where the sense is carried over from line to line, and the chief grammatical pause occurs freely at any place within the line itself. The intricate harmonies of the latest plays are very different from the simple melodic flow of the early plays, and from the verse of his fellow-dramatists. By such mechanic tests, the Shakespearean portions of "Henry VIII." and "The Two Noble Kinsmen" have been distinguished from the Fletcher portions. But indeed anyone with an ear can tell at once the Shakespeare passages of either play without recourse to such tests. The outcome of this metrical section and those which follow it is that the poet's power of harmonising the conflicting forces of life and art grew together, his control of both being serenely complete in his final works. That is a true and thoughtful conclusion, which outweighs occasional whimsicalness in its working-out. Lanier's tendency to fanciful ingenuity, by the way, is seen in his curious fondness for "Love's Labour's Lost," the most immature and "conceited" (in the Elizabethan sense) of all Shakespeare's plays, which he quotes oftener than any other. There lies the weakness of these volumes, so full of varied, if too inconsecutive suggestion.

High Thought in the Orient.

THE IDEALS OF THE EAST. By Kakasu Okakura. (Murray. 5s. net.)

THE first thing to note anent this book is that the idealists of the East are throwing us over. The fact that their regard rests sympathetically on the Pre-Raphaelite school merely enhances the effect of their shrugs at what is essentially We. Mr. Okakura travelled in 1886 on behalf of the Japanese Government "to study the art-history and movements of Europe and the United States." He returned with an invigorated love of the art of Asia, to which he sacrificed in 1897 an official art-directorship. He is now the presiding genius of a sort of Japanese Merton Abbey—the Nippon Bijitsuin, and grouped about him are thirty-nine of the "strongest young artists in

Japan," most of whose names have, it is to be supposed, become famous since the publication in 1886 of Anderson's monumental "Pictorial Arts of Japan." So the field lies open for a large illustrated work in which Mr. Okakura will incidentally make known the talents of Gaho, Taikan, Sessei, and the other artists whom Anderson ignored.

In the meanwhile we have this instructive essay written in English, so unimpeachable that it smacks (alas!) of the model exercise by the accomplished Jap himself. Mr. Okakura observes that "Asia is one"; she desires a peace which the world cannot give; unlike Europe, she is not for the means but the end. To look to the end is to have gods in view, and an artist true to the Asiatic spirit—an artist who is loftily Japanese, for instance—is not intent on prettinesses, or that objective veracity called realism. A dragon fighting a tiger in a drawing of the Laoist period is not simply a creature such as Topsell described in good faith, in conflict with a more familiar animal; in a word, the picture is not an anecdote. It is matter fighting spirit; it is everything finite disputing the sovereignty of Change.

Realism and symbolism cannot agree for long, and if we take realism—the thing as it seems to the material eye—to be the dominant aim of European art, we perceive how Asiatic art is characteristically misread. Another point is that the Oriental artist regarded the universe as a whole in the smallest detail of it as did Paracelsus (we remember). Says a modern poet too little appreciated:—

To the informing eye not hindered by bungling outlines,
Battle, advance, and retreat are even in splashes of rain.

This quotation should serve to illuminate Mr. Okakura's remark that Sesshu and Sesson, masters of the Ashikaga period in Japan (1400–1600 A.D.), aimed not at a depiction of nature, but at an essay on her. It would be absurd to say that the essay on nature, in other words the interpretative picture, as distinct from the transcript, is not plentifully met with in European galleries; but no instructed European of fame has so seen that composition is like "the creation of the world" as to defy laws of perspective which the common weakness of the human eye imposes upon him. A single flower might be as important in his mind's eye as Kwannon, the Universal Mother, and yet he would draw it according to the physical eye's view of it in relation to the other objects in his picture.

So much by way of broadly stating the issues between the European artist and the Asiatic. It is difference rather than antagonism which is marked by the influence of Buddha. In Jesus Christ, European art has idealised suffering without magnifying form. The Saviour is not Promethean. It is determined that the manger shall not be forgotten in the Cross. But there could be no reason for limiting the majesty that size can confer in the case of Buddha. His self-conquest offers a tale that sobers the hearer without paining him; his death, by indigestion, has just the banality which a great philosopher might choose as a means of scaring away mere theatre-goers from his cult; his bliss is imagined by the inspiration of blue skies that falter not over the loudest battle-fields. And so he rises enormous and placid with a gaze that might exact the homage of a wink from the carnivorous Sphinx herself. The Nara Period (700 to 800 A.D.) evolved a Buddha—

to be seen on the Yangtse below Tobaro, near Kakoken . . . cut out of a single rock, a mountain in itself, and its size may be imagined from the fact that a large pine tree has grown in such a way as to take the place, without any apparent incongruity, of one of the spiral lines of the head-dress.

It is easier, however, to make such a Buddha than to specify what the original taught. Northern and Southern Buddhism are in contradiction, the former giving apparently the doctrine most characteristic of the genius of the philosopher. In India it is not unnatural that an accepted

faith should fail to preserve a memory of such of its tenets as are most divergent from the faith which it replaces.

There the most startling negations will be accepted from a seer as the natural evidence of his own emancipation, and fall on society with their full impetus of life, without for a moment disturbing that calm graduation of experience by which they were reached. Any Indian man or woman will worship at the feet of some inspired wayfarer who tells them that there can be no image of God . . . and go straightway . . . to pour water on the head of the Siva-lingam.

Hence, despite Buddha, India retains the "spiritual feudalism" of caste; and patriotism, the emotion which springs from a sense of diffused brotherliness only limited by the national boundaries, had no power to save that splendid peninsula from the thralldom of the West.

Japan, alone among the great nations of the Orient, has kept the animating fire of patriotism. A dialogue of the Kamakura period (1200-1400 A.D.) gives the following question and answer, the latter emanating from a noted scholar: "What would you do . . . if an army were to invade Japan, with Buddha as its generalissimo, and Confucius as his lieutenant?" "Strike off the head of Sakya-Muni, and steep the flesh of Confucius in brine."

There, incidentally, we see the oriental torture-instinct playfully rampant, but not without also seeing that to torture in such a case would be to sacrifice the operator's own tenderest nerves. Patriotism is then the most valuable of Japan's ideals, so long as it follow the maxim, "Not to use the sword but to be the sword." It has enabled her to become the "museum of Asiatic civilisation," and with all its boisterous emphasis it has not weakened her artistic instincts. "Not to display but to suggest" is still one of her mottoes, as in the days when the daimyo kept his treasures in his treasure house and would rest satisfied with such ornament as one vase or picture could give to his tea-room rather than injure an effect of unity and concentration.

Bret Harte.

THE LIFE OF BRET HARTE. By T. Edgar Pemberton. (Pearson. 16s.)

HARDLY more than ten months ago Bret Harte died; we could well have waited ten years for a "Life" of him. It is always a matter of regret to us that a distinguished man's death nowadays should be the signal for the publication of an often undistinguished "Life." It is as though our generation could not be trusted to keep in memory work which has stimulated and delighted it; as though we must needs be reminded that the place of the dead can never be filled up. In reading Mr. Pemberton's book we have been conscious all along of a sense of something like intrusion—a feeling that we have been told things which we had no right and no desire to know. Not that Mr. Pemberton has been indiscreet; we have noticed nothing which could offend any reasonable person. At the same time, with the recollection of last May quite fresh in our minds, this weighty volume strikes us as born out of due time. When Bret Harte died, the country which he loved was blue with the wild hyacinths; before they have blossomed again we are let into certain intimacies of his private life. This, we feel most strongly, is not as it should be. We could have been content to wait not only for ten years, indeed, but for a score.

Yet having said so much, we must admit that Mr. Pemberton's biography has considerable interest; it is uncritical of Bret Harte's work, diffuse, and rather formless, yet its obvious sympathy and sincerity make it pleasant reading. Bret Harte's earlier years are treated much more fully than his later; in those earlier years he received his most lasting impressions, and accumulated the material to which he returned again and again for

his best work. Like a good many other writers, he was happy in a boyhood of some physical weakness—a weakness not serious enough to imply active discomfort, but sufficient to prevent reasonable parents from forcing his mental development. He was allowed to read what and where he chose. "I had access," he said, "to any number of books, and, owing to my supposed frail health, my ears were never boxed with the Latin Grammar. Besides, in addition to Smollett, Fielding, Goldsmith, Cervantes, and the rest of them, the irresistible Dickens was beginning to make a good show on my father's bookshelves." Bret Harte's allegiance to Dickens never failed; he was a true disciple, but never an imitator. In certain minor points there was so strong a resemblance between the outlook and temperament of the two writers that this seems rather remarkable. More remarkable still is the fact that Bret Harte, essentially and always an artist, was never hurt or revolted by Dickens's sentiment and pathos. He himself was absolutely incapable of many of Dickens's sins against art and nature, just as he was incapable of Dickens's extraordinary breadth and greatness, yet he accepted both with loyalty. Dickens, too, appreciated the younger man, and at the time of his death there was a letter on the way to Bret Harte in which Dickens had asked him to contribute to "All the Year Round."

At seventeen he was alone in San Francisco—a San Francisco emerging into comparative respectability. Bret Harte wrote of it later, "an unmistakable seriousness and respectability was the ruling sign of its governing class. . . . Even that peculiar quality of Californian humour which was apt to mitigate the extravagances of the revolver and the uncertainties of poker had no place in the decorous and responsible utterance of San Francisco." Here the writer's practical training began; he had before him the sharpest racial and social contrasts; old Spain met modern Europe, and the impassive Chinaman went benignly about mysterious businesses with that curious and melancholy humour of which Bret Harte caught the secret. It is interesting to note that he was not in any way a gambler; one experience, which he put on record himself, was enough, and that was almost accidental. The result at first was brilliant—then disastrous. It was certainly better for the world that Bret Harte decided rather to study Jack Hamlin than to emulate him.

Nothing turned up in San Francisco, so the youngster set out in the wake of the goldseekers whom he later called "The Argonauts of '49." With them, though he found little gold, he discovered his true vocation. The freedom of the life, the ups and downs of it, the sudden and blind justice of self-defending and shifting communities, the love of comrades—these things appealed irresistibly to a romantic sense which was just ripe to receive impressions. Bret Harte stored up these memories and kept them bright right to the end; he was always able to evolve from them some new situation, some humorous comment. Their freshness, perhaps, faded somewhat; we had become accustomed to the types, and were not as thankful to their creator as we should have been; but looking back now upon that series of brilliant studies our feeling is one of wonder that they continued to be so definite and irresistible.

Gold being scarce, Bret Harte became a messenger in the employment of the Adams Express Company—a dangerous and exhilarating post; then he drifted into a drug store, and after that became a compositor. This was followed by a spell of school-teaching, which was brought abruptly to a close by the removal to another settlement of the few families which had borne the bulk of the expense. He went a-soldiering, too. Mr. Pemberton tells us that "in the warfare with the Indians he fought through two campaigns to a staff appointment," and that when the Civil War broke out he joined the Volunteer City Guard of San Francisco as a reservist. But soon this "Colonel in the Army of the Potomac" had had

enough of adventures, and, in Mr. Henley's phrase, he "addicted himself to journalism," first in San Francisco and later elsewhere, until Europe claimed him. The story of those days is pretty familiar, and need not be repeated here; with the founding of the "Overland Monthly" Bret Harte began to come into his literary own, though it was long before he could count success in terms of the universal dollar. The universal dollar, indeed, was so scarce that he felt it necessary to secure some work outside literature; and America bestowed upon him one of those consulships which she seems to reserve for her deserving writers. In 1878 Bret Harte was appointed to Crefeld in Prussia, and later was transferred to the more congenial Glasgow.

He found England ready to receive and fête him, and he seems to have enjoyed his social success. Glasgow, we gather, saw little of her American Consul; letters accumulated for him at various addresses, and he snatched them up in passing about England. For a time social engagements left little leisure for writing, but gradually the need for expression returned to him and he settled down to work. Of his later years and his success, Mr. Pemberton has not much to tell; there descended upon him the commissions and the security which are sure indications of the man who has "arrived." But no incentive to turn out work mechanically ever moved Bret Harte. He was never a facile writer, and he always took infinite pains. Of modern story-writers Bret Harte and Stevenson were probably the most consistently artistic; each loved the deliberate and rounded phrase, each strove after that perfection which comes of labour as much as of intuition. To read Bret Harte is to be assured of the real artist's touch and temperament.

Mr. Pemberton devotes some space to defending Bret Harte from a charge which certain foolish people seem to have made, namely, that he evolved his characters, and gave to them virtues incompatible with the vices which he as frankly assigned to them. This kind of criticism, if it may be called criticism, calls for no reply; it is merely silly and futile. Mr. Pemberton is also inclined to be angry with those who thought they detected in Bret Harte's later work a certain failure of spontaneity and freshness. Excellent as Bret Harte's work was right up to the end, we think that it did begin to lack its old verve, its old joyful glamour. This was inevitable; no man can draw so continually upon the past, as did Bret Harte, without our being aware of an atmosphere reminiscent and slightly remote. Though Bret Harte wrote a few admirable stories not concerned with the people and places of his youth, it was to those people and places that he returned for his truest inspiration.

Mr. Pemberton prints a number of letters of Bret Harte's which help us to an appreciation of his kindly and generous personality. They seem, however, to be under our eyes too soon; personally we read certain of them with some reluctance. Mr. Pemberton's estimate of Bret Harte's work leans, not unnaturally, to the side of excessive eulogy. For ourselves, we should not yet attempt to place it, and predictions of immortality never yet served to do much for a writer's memory. But, as we have said, Mr. Pemberton is not critical, and sometimes he seems to write in the dark. Twice he refers to Bret Harte as the pioneer of the short story, which, of course, he was not.

Tid-bits Eclecticism.

THE SAILOR KING, WILLIAM THE FOURTH; HIS COURT AND HIS SUBJECTS. By Fitzgerald Molloy. 2 vols. (Hutchinson. 24s. net.)

THE seven years of the sovereignty of William IV., Mr. Molloy says in his preface, "are wells of interest, arising from sources intellectual rather than political; for the Sailor King reigned over subjects whose works remain our

proud heritage, whose names are dear to us as those of kin, whose intimate histories, touched with the glamour of romance or with direful tragedy, exercise a spell impossible to fiction and felt only in watching the action of mortals unconsciously obeying the dictates of fate." That is a very good example of Mr. Molloy's style. The words are fluent, and at first they are impressive; but there is neither deep feeling nor active thought behind them. To speak of "mortals unconsciously obeying the dictates of fate" is mechanical eloquence. It assumes predestination, and, as that is a subject on which from all time the greatest minds have perplexed themselves in vain, it cannot be regarded as solved by a facile phrase in the introduction to a popular history. Facility, indeed, is in one respect Mr. Molloy's besetting frailty. Sentences trip so easily from his pen that he does not pause to think whether it is sense or nonsense that they contain. In saying that the intimate histories of real people "exercise a spell impossible to fiction" he is merely polysyllabic without discrimination. There are historical novels that have a spell much greater than any to be found in formal history. In many cases we derive from the novelist a clearer understanding of a period than that which the historian conveys. For example, Mr. Disraeli as novelist dealt with the times that are now treated by Mr. Molloy as historian. Whilst the novelist's pages throb with the spirits of the age and interpret them, the historian's give neither a record of these spirits nor an interpretation.

On the other hand, Mr. Molloy's facility is not to be altogether deplored. It has enabled him to compile a presentable chronicle of an entertaining epoch. The literature he has produced is of the tid-bits order; but the disdain for work of that kind which is general in "literary circles" is largely an affectation. Work of the tid-bits kind is capable of being good, and when it is good it is far from being useless. Those who affect to despise it are in many cases persons who lack the painstaking faculty which produces it. It does not require originality; but originality is not the only gift that is needful to the world. In literature, as in other walks of life, there is work for hewers of wood and drawers of water as well as for artists, and it is as absurd to find the craftsman flouting the lowly labourers for useless rogues as it would be to hear an architect making fun of quarrymen and masons. The value of tid-bits literature, like that of any other commodity, depends upon its quality. That of Mr. Molloy's work is not bad. From the "wells of interest arising from sources intellectual" he has drawn water diligently and in abundance, and he pours it forth in streams which are usually limpid. Without giving anyone cause for complaint, he might have been a little less indefinite as to what the intellectual sources are. We have not gone far into his pages before we realise that the work is largely an echo of "The Greville Memoirs." To be fair, we must admit that Mr. Molloy frequently cites Greville as his authority; but at least as often, as in the passage in which the King kindly asks the Duke of Devonshire where he means to be buried, he does not "quote his author." Of course, we could not always expect him to. If he mentioned the source of his information in every case, his volumes would appear as scrap books undisguised and unashamed. Almost the only bit of fresh matter we have found in the work consists of excerpts from the letters of Miss Georgiana Sheridan, published by permission of her son, the Duke of Somerset; and these are not of the slightest importance.

Practically all the rest, as we have indicated, is compilation; but, of its kind, it is good. It lacks something of the verisimilitude which makes Greville's pages so absorbing; but that was inevitable. Greville's work is composed of narratives written, often night after night regularly, and but rarely after more than a week's lapse, in the excitement of the stirring times themselves; but Mr. Molloy's, necessarily, is merely a selection of the echoes,

passionless. Still, it is a careful selection, and it is something more. Greville's chronicles are almost wholly restricted to what came before him as Clerk of the Council, and are mainly concerned with the politics of the time. Therefore, as befits what may be called a comprehensive historian, Mr. Molloy, instead of dipping only into the wells of interest dug by Greville, makes complementary calls upon those which perpetuate the memories of such well-equipped gossips as Sir William Fraser. The result is that "The Sailor King" is rather an ampler narrative than any of the original works to which we have referred or alluded. It is cunningly eclectic. The great heart of the people is not much concerned with a scholarly thinker like Carlyle; but it is always susceptible to a religious enthusiast like Carlyle's companion Edward Irving. Therefore, while giving no account whatever of Carlyle's work, which will probably live for ever, Mr. Molloy devotes many pages to the hysterical work of Irving, which was evanescent. Similarly, whilst scarce a word is said of the hopes and forebodings about great public affairs which determined the conduct of Wellington, Peel, Disraeli, and all the greatest minds of the time, Mr. Molloy gives an elaborately detailed report, extending over three chapters, of the empty scandal in which Lord Melbourne and Mrs. Norton were involved. Mr. Molloy knows his public, and is eclectic in accord with its unanimous and sensational interests. That is to his credit in the matter of the making of books; but the credit is not of a high order.

Ney and a Contemporary.

MEMOIRS OF A CONTEMPORARY. Translated by Lionel Strachey. (Grant Richards. 12s.)

THE "Contemporary" who is the extraordinary and non-chalant heroine of these memoirs wishes to be known to the world as Ida Saint-Elme. She was the daughter of Count Leopold Ferdinand Tolstoy, and was born at Krustova, in Hungary, in 1749. At the age of twelve she tells us that she was married to a certain Van M., but even during these early years marital discipline sat easily upon her shoulders, for she was present, in male attire, at the battle of Valmy. Her energies, in more than one direction, were rather too much for Van M., who, however, committed the stupidity of granting her a too easily earned pardon. Irritated by this facile forgiveness, this curious woman abandoned her husband, and from that moment her career belongs to history.

Once more we see her in male attire and with no less a personage than General Moreau as her *ami intime*. The latter, indeed, offered to abandon his career for her sake, but Ida Saint-Elme refused the sacrifice. Destiny, which was playing such curious freaks with the French army, played no less strangely with the side issue of Ida's fortune. She meets Talleyrand, and becomes an inconsequent but exceptionally shrewd student of contemporary French history, which, at that period at all events, was European. She was not at all dazzled by the Abbé Maurice de Périgord; on the contrary, it was on the smaller side of this great man's character that which she dwells persistently.

The year 1798 witnessed her dignified friendship for the old Beaumarchais, and she gossips amiably about the author of the "Marriage of Figaro," who seems to have aroused her impulses towards the stage, of which Moreau strongly disapproved. Then follows the rupture with the French general, and Madame is once more upon the waves of chance. During this period she made her first appearance at the Théâtre-Français, which was a failure.

But now two ideals are mastering the wayward heart of Ida Saint-Elme, the one broad and impersonal, the other intense and intimate: they are the spirit of the French

Army and her consuming passion for its hero, Marshal Ney. The one ideal nerved her to share a man's glory, the other preserved her from a woman's infamy; she was faithful to both. She followed Ney "like a schoolboy" and was wounded in a cavalry charge at Eylau. She had already met Napoleon, and in 1807 she meets the man who called him his "Parisian brother-in-law," Murat, King of Naples, whom Ida welcomes as being, with Ney, "the bravest among the brave."

She dogs Ney's footsteps during the terrible campaign of 1812, and is present at the doom of Moscow. She meets Ney some little time after the catastrophe of the Beresina, and he turns upon her with fury. "What are you doing here? What do you want? Go away at once!" he exclaimed.

She does not see him again until the following year, in the Champs Elysées, when "a ray of pleasure flitted across his face," and he ordered his carriage to stop.

"Ney did not love me," comments Madame simply. "On the other hand," she continues, "he entertained a deep passion for his noble wife." And in that little sentence is laid bare a tragedy which, for Ida Saint-Elme, was deeper and more terrible than that of Moscow.

But Ida's dog-like fidelity never falters; she follows him to Waterloo, and sees him on his way to death by French bullets:—

He caught sight of me. Then, as though fearing to compromise his faithful friends by the least sign of recognition, he bent his brow downward a trifle. He walked on with firm step. At that instant I discerned through the mist, in the centre of the square of troops, and standing out from the dark background of the wall, the firing squad. I tried to rush forward. Beltoc pulled me back, and forced me into the cab. Then I dropped weakly upon the seat. A few minutes elapsed, each a whole century long. Then I heard a sharp report. I went into a dead faint.

That report killed the ideal of the French Army in the heart of Ida Saint-Elme no less certainly than it had killed the other ideal. Henceforth she lived faithful "to the symbol of our faith," which permitted her to pray for the soul of Marshal Ney.

Apart altogether from the personality of this intrepid woman, these memoirs are an exceedingly interesting comment upon one of the most important periods of the world's history.

A Master Musician.

SCHUMANN. By Annie W. Patterson. The Master Musicians. (Dent. 3s. 6d.)

THE authoress's first sentence will hardly stand criticism. "Music," she says, "is not hereditary, else we should scarcely speak of it as a 'gift.'" Later on she explains that she is speaking of musical genius. Of course genius is not hereditary. And, generally speaking, the biographer's comments add little to the value of her undoubted skill in collecting and arranging her facts.

Robert Schumann was born at Zwickau on June 8, 1810. He died, after at least two years of insanity, near Bonn, on July 29, 1856. But even his forty-six years were many for a composer. His life, too, was happy in large degree. The marriage with Miss Clara Wieck, though long delayed by the bride's father, was one of rare success. Madame Schumann's unrivalled powers as an executant of her husband's compositions for the pianoforte was but one of the slightest of the many chains that bound them. Many of the composer's letters are here printed for the first time; and the biographer considers at some length the musician's claims to distinction as an essayist and critic. As in the case of Richard Wagner, however, whose music appealed so slightly to Schumann, the intellectual aspect of the composer is of less value in itself than for the light it may throw upon

the composer's work; and, as music has less relation with the intellect than has any other of the arts, this light is only too dim and deceptive. Hence a large portion of this volume is of interest merely to those who would measure the value of a man's work by the appeal of his personality to theirs, and though it is accepted that the artist reveals his personality through his work, and that the history of his life should therefore be an aid to the appreciation of his work, the connection in the case of music is hard to trace. For it is necessary to reaffirm the forgotten platitude that music is the language of emotion; not more, not less.

But it is of the very greatest interest to discover the attitude of composers to one another's music. As a rule the musician's secret thoughts on this matter are scarcely recognisable even to himself. The personal question supervenes. This was not so with Schumann, who wrote: "The artist who refuses to recognise the efforts of his contemporaries may be looked upon as lost." Nor was this mere epigram. To Schumann we owe the recognition, if not indeed the preservation, of much of the work of Schubert, which his successor, himself unappreciated and far from affluent, unearthed and lauded and realised. Hence the interest of Schumann's opinion of Wagner, whose "lack of melody" (how familiar the phrase!) he deplored. This, be it remembered, was in Wagner's early days when, as in "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser" and the "Flying Dutchman," he could and did write melody. What Schumann would have said of Tristan and the "Ring" we can only imagine. We must, however, take it as certain that this was an honest opinion.

Schumann's one opera, "Genoveva," is practically an unknown work. Miss Patterson believes that it has not had a fair hearing. The comparatively small space allotted to the music of the composer has been exceedingly well filled; and the thematic extracts and excellent portraits add considerably to the value of the volume.

War Echoes.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT. By George Lynch. (Newnes. 3s. 6d.)

MR. LYNCH's war impressions leave one curiously dulled, curiously apathetic. Time was, and that but a year or two ago, these random jottings would have rung clear and sent a livelier leap to the heart's blood. The times are altered now; something has changed. We have had our glut of battle. We have exchanged our bugles for a shepherd's pipe; we look for something pastoral; something of the nature of green fields. Something babbled; something milky if you will. But of drums and trappings we have had enough.

This part of the book is belated, born too late into an environment already satiated with such impressions. When the war was young, readers of newspapers had a very handsome glut of such things, and found them a sufficient excuse for not enlisting. At that time they supplied a want, but a want that was of the moment only. It cannot be urged that they possess any great historical value. One or two are of interest psychologically; the others are a gleaning of old fields, a spinning of old yarns, a pouring out of wine no longer heady. It is when he leaves South Africa for the newer, less chronicled Pekin, that Mr. Lynch justifies himself. Of the Legation Relief Force he has much to tell, much that comes freshly, out of date though the telling seems. He brings forward several scathing indictments of the Russian, French, and German contingents. He relates a few horrors, some so pitiable, full of such shame, such poignant wretchedness, they are best left unquoted. And he draws certain comparisons between the various contingents employed.

It is in the drawing of a comparison that a man's critical capacity is most surely tested, and it is here (as later on in the chapters dealing with New York) that we notice Mr. Lynch's shortcomings. He has no depth of insight; the aspect he sees is ever the superficial aspect. The thing he tells us is not the thing we wished to hear, but the thing we have heard, the thing we looked to hear. The author's wanderings have taught him just such things as he could have read comfortably at home. The author's book tells us just those things that we have been told long ago.

His style is pleasant and very readable. It is overwrought here and there, in phrases, for instance, such as "the detaining lingerage of a caress." Mr. Lynch's chief fault is a tendency towards the obvious.

Other New Books.

A BOOK OF THE COUNTRY AND THE GARDEN. By H. M. Batson. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

WE have often had occasion to say unkind but wholesome things about garden-books; the delicacy of the subject-matter has so frequently been made an excuse for sentimental maunderings about blossoms and sunsets and the inevitable fire "silhouetted against the light." But such criticism does not apply to Mr. Batson's volume; sentimental he is at times, but the sentiment is seldom overdone, and he is clearly a garden lover with knowledge and quite intelligent appreciation. He also writes pleasantly about other books of the same sort, notably of "Elizabeth" and the "Garden that I Love." Also Mr. Batson introduces people who seem real, and he has a sense of humour for which we are grateful.

The book is divided into chapters dealing with the months, beginning with March and ending with February. Mr. Batson follows the circuit of the year without over-elaboration, and with sufficient scientific allusion to give his work a touch of practical interest in addition to its national picturesqueness. As an instance of the author's sound taste we may quote the following:—

Nothing is more pleasing than good beds of stocks; their sweetness makes them the most valuable of the tender annuals. Marigolds of various kinds are useful, but these differ in value, such a one, for instance, as the newer French variety, Legion of Honour, being positively harmful to the eye in its outrageous unveiling of crimson and orange. Brown is the only possible combination with the natural deep yellow of marigolds, and the more brown there is the greater will be the success of the bed.

The illustrations to the volume by Mr. F. C. Gould and Mr. A. C. Gould are not satisfactory. The drawings of birds by Mr. A. C. Gould in particular make us turn to our Bewick with renewed delight.

KENSINGTON. By G. E. Mitton. (Black. 1s. 6d. net.)

THE fifth volume in the "Fascination of London Series" projected by Sir Walter Besant. Kensington is a rather misleading designation, as many people whose acquaintance with London is slight know to their cost. The borough whose shape Mr. Mitton describes as "strikingly like a man's leg and foot in a top boot" wanders about in a confusing and remarkable manner. It does not include all West Kensington, nor does it include the whole of Kensington Gardens, but on the north it somewhat unreasonably stretches up to and includes Kensal Green and its cemetery.

"The heart and core of Kensington," says Mr. Mitton, "is the district gathered around Kensington Square." There still hangs about it, for those who cherish such

memories, the fragrance of long-past and forgotten maids of honour; close by, in Young Street, Thackeray lived; further north lie the Palace and the delightful Gardens. The southern part of the borough is modern, uninteresting to the eye, comfortable, and perfectly respectable. So late as 1867 John Timbs wrote: "Kensington, a mile and a half west of Hyde Park Corner, contains the hamlets of Brompton, Earl's Court, the Gravel Pits, and part of Little Chelsea, now West Brompton . . ." At that time Brompton attracted invalids "on account of its genial air." So London changes, and in its growth forgets itself. There are no snipe now in the Brompton marshes; for them you have to go to Brompton shopkeepers. These little volumes are of great value in the keeping of fact and tradition pleasantly alive.

THE ART OF LIVING. By J. E. Buckrose. (The Gentlewoman Library. 5s.)

A Dainty volume of feminine lore set forth by one who, here at least, has no eye for the gutters of life, nor ear for the sorrows. Happy world, where there are only thirteen social problems; a cheery place after all in which to spend a life's span. All so simple, so delicate, so feminine, so sensuous; indeed the author confesses that it is a new idea, this art of living, just a matter of reading a few dialogues framed in the lightest of light stories; with the merest suggestion of overloaded colour and strained effect. And man? man is not a social problem; he comes in for mention, it is true, but he is not a problem; in these dialogues he sits rather in judgment, he is called the Master, and there is a finality about his opinions which are so obvious as to brook no contradiction. But woman has to face life, and life's problems; she must receive callers, keep house, manage servants, train children, bring out young girls, make friends, care for the sick, dress her position and grow old gracefully. There is perhaps no novelty about the selection of these problems, but the author deals with them in no stereotyped manner, and the dialogues run smoothly with a happy mingling of epigram, and pathos, and flippancy.

JOHN, JONATHAN, AND MR. OPPER. By F. Oppen. (Grant Richards. 3s. net.)

SHAFTS OF SATIRE AND SYMBOLISM. By H. Pembroke Innes. (Broom. 1s. 2d.)

The art of caricature is largely, of necessity, a satiric art: the art of satire, on the other hand, need not be caricature, though in unskilled hands it is likely to be so unconsciously. Many of Mr. Oppen's cartoons are clever and to the point. They appeared originally in the "New York American and Journal," but Mr. Oppen is kind enough to tell us that he believes in the English gentleman as much as his American brother: "in my opinion he is second to none in all the qualities that go to make an all round man." Mr. Oppen has a quite real and frank humour: the best work in this collection relates to the South African war.

Mr. Innes' "Satire and Symbolism" is largely of the unconscious caricature order. Mr. Innes appears to labour under a weight of earnestness hardly to be endured. He draws a bishop's monument, sticks it over with quotations such as "Proud man drest in little brief authority," and sets against it this: "An Epitaph (dedicated to wealthy clerics). 'Sell all thou hast, and distribute unto the poor.' 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God.'" We are not impressed. Neither are we impressed by the "Fancy Portrait of a Cheap Magazine Publisher," nor, indeed, by anything in this rather futile publication. Satire is a word which should be used with caution and a proper sense of its meaning.

The third and concluding volume of Messrs. Cassell's "Living London," edited by Mr. G. R. Sims, has just been issued. Mr. Sims writes of "London's Free Sights," "In London's Shadow Land," and so on, and altogether nearly sixty aspects of London are described. The publication is interesting, and, in its way, valuable, though the whole treatment is rather too superficial to appeal to the serious student of London. The appeal of the publication, however, was frankly popular, and as a popular work it deserves success. The illustrations are very numerous and well produced.

NEW EDITIONS: We are glad to have a new and cheaper edition of Mr. Andrew Lang's "Prince Charles Edward Stuart" (Longmans). The book was originally published, with many illustrations, in 1900, by Messrs. Goupil. In the present issue the only illustration is a reproduction of a miniature portrait of the Young Pretender.—The second volume in the "Library of Liturgiology and Ecclesiology" is the "First Prayer Book of King Edward VI." (De La More Press). The book consists of a reprint, *verbatim et literalim*, of a Prayer Book issued in 1549. The text adopted is that of "an impression of the book printed by Edward Whitchurche, *Mense Martii*, as being in all probability the earliest edition."—The latest additions to the "World's Classics" (Grant Richards) are George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss" and Emerson's "English Traits." There is only one objection to these excellent reprints. The list of previous volumes facing the title page is an eyesore.

Fiction.

PEARL-MAIDEN. By H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans, Green. 6s.)

THIS is described in a sub-title as a Tale of the Fall of Jerusalem. The story opens with the Christians marching round the arena before being cast to the lions, while Herod Agrippa sits upon his throne and is stricken down before the sport can begin. Nehushta, the Arab woman, rescues Rachel the Jewess, and brings up the little daughter Miriam, the "Pearl-Maiden," among the Essenes. We have copious pages in which the Roman, the Jew, and the Christian of this and that sect are mingled and complicated. The Pearl-Maiden walks as captive in Roman Triumph, and in the end is married—by a Bishop—to Marcus, who has become a Christian. Such a story invites comparison with three standards; it may rank with "Salamambo" as an attempt to picture ancient life from the inside; it may be a "Hypatia" with modern problems translated into terms of the early centuries of our era; or it may be a Christmas book for the young, with a purpose of wrapping up a little history in a lot of fiction. Mr. Haggard's story falls mainly into the last category. He knows well enough how to tell a story. But he is always on the outside of his epoch, and is sometimes maddeningly didactic:—

Intellect Rome had in plenty; the noblest efforts of her genius are scarcely to be surpassed; her law is the foundation of the best of our codes of jurisprudence; art she borrowed but appreciated; her military system is still the wonder of the world.

And so on. But that sort of thing drags us back to the twentieth-century standpoint, when we should be lured to that of the first century. And the book is full of such. Moreover, even such obvious pieces of realism as the modes of address Mr. Haggard misses. The "Lord Caius" corresponds to nothing which Rome knew, for not even a slave used anything like the words "my Lord" when speaking to his master.

THE STUMBLING-BLOCK. By Edwin Pugh. (Heinemann. 6s.)
MR. PUGH has selected a difficult theme, and treated it, at any rate in certain aspects, with distinction. But we doubt whether he has treated it quite in the right way. To our thinking the character of Cambria called for a more analytical rendering; she is good as a sketch, hardly conclusive or convincing as a picture. Cambria is a girl whose love necessitates the elements of tragedy; the situation is well postulated, and there are moments in the story in which Mr. Pugh carries us completely with him. The concluding scene is admirable; it has just those incongruities, those pathetic irresponsible human touches, which make for actuality. The steps that lead up to that scene, however, are hardly on the same plane. We have an initial doubt as to the probability of Cambria's love for the gentlemanly, decent, but entirely commonplace Basterfield; but, accepting that, we have still further doubt as to her behaviour when he begins philandering with the attractive, womanly, and conscienceless Jill. Cambria was neurotic, and her kind of temperament seldom possesses the nerve and self-control by which Mr. Pugh makes her deliberately allow herself to be supplanted. On the other hand, when she allows Jill to drown without putting out a hand to save her, Mr. Pugh touches a terrible but perfectly reasonable possibility, and Cambria's subsequent action is well, if rather sketchily, developed.

Our general feeling is that Mr. Pugh has elected to treat a trying subject too lightly; it had opportunities which he has missed; now and then he deserts his theme for light digressions well enough in themselves, but quite unnecessary to the story. The opening chapters strike us in this light. So far as we can see, Cambria's early misfortunes and squalid life had no appreciable effect on her character; she would have been what she was in any circumstances. In the main the story is well written, though in certain natural descriptions Mr. Pugh forces the note and becomes staccato; he also, which is unusual with him, falls into stereotyped phrasing. We feel that the author of "Tony Drum" and that remarkable story "The Martyrdom of the Mouse" should do finer work than "The Stumbling-Block."

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE ADVANCED GUARD. BY SYDNEY C. GRIER.

The story opens in India at that period of the last century when a man could settle down to enjoy his "monthly instalment of Dickens." But Sir Dugald Haigh had a perverse and original wife, and she would not leave him to Dickens and comfort. The conclusion escapes the conventional, but leaves a satisfactory sense of future possibilities: "Reduced in numbers, the Advanced-Guard held the frontier still." (Blackwood. 6s.)

CONTRASTS. BY FLORENCE HENNIKER.

Sixteen stories by the author of "In Scarlet and Grey." They display much sympathetic observation of modern life, and Mrs. Henniker's finished style is well adapted to the presentment of the finer shades of civilized emotion. Four of the stories have already appeared in "Cassell's Magazine" and "The Lady's Realm." (Lane. 6s.)

THE QUEEN'S QUANDARY. BY SAMUEL GORDON.

Mr. Gordon's new romance deals with the Court of Transmontany, a small state which has achieved independence, and of which, in the first chapter, Amanda is consecrated Queen. The plot is ingeniously woven of Court intrigues and of the diplomatic relations of Transmontany, which are involved with the marriage of Amanda. (Sand. 6s.)

THE STAR DREAMER.

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

The argument of the book is taken from Keats's "Endymion," and it is dedicated to Lady Stanley as a "story of a woman's influence." The story has a kind of double background—a herb-garden and a laboratory. Across these backgrounds move the figures of the heroine, her father, and her lover. The atmosphere combines open air with the closeness of sealed rooms. The influence of the stars finally makes for happiness and a pretty ending: "The dream life is over, David. We stand upon the threshold of the golden chamber. Shall we not enter?" (Constable. 6s.)

CORNELIUS.

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

A story with a rather conventional basic plot on inheritance lines, but showing skill in the working out of details. Much of the action takes place in Wales, where one of the characters inherited a small and ruined castle and a poorly-tended estate. To him Cornelius comes as gardener, and soon the narrative develops into a study of moods and temperaments. The charm of the book consists in the relations between two sisters, though all the characters are carefully studied. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

TOLD BY THE DEATH'S HEAD.

BY MAURUS JOKAI.

A series of romantic adventures related by Hugo, a gunner, who was in charge of one of the batteries of Coblenz in the siege of 1688. On being tried for treason, Hugo made confession of twenty-one distinct crimes, and was ordered by the Prince to give the court a detailed account of each. He had been a ducal grand steward, a mendicant friar, a knight, a pirate, quack doctor, conjuror --to mention only a few of his many rôles—and his narrative is full of stirring incident. (Richards. 6s.)

THE PAGAN AT THE SHRINE.

BY PAUL GWYNNE.

Another novel of Spanish life by the author of "Marta." This time Mr. Gwynne is largely concerned with the religious situation in Spain in the first half of the nineteenth century. At the age of sixteen Manuel entered the Company of Jesus as a novice, but, as he grew into manhood, the seductions of this world triumphed over his devotion to the next. His struggles are the subject of careful analysis. (Constable. 6s.)

A BRANDED NAME.

BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

A romance of mystery, the scene of which varies between London and the Continent. The name was branded on a woman's shoulder—"a mark that would remain upon that shoulder so long as her life might continue." The story is full of machinations and adventures which have no concern with actual life. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE DANGER OF INNOCENCE.

BY COSMO HAMILTON.

Satire. The growing practice of portraying in fiction thinly veiled public characters is here pushed to the farthest point. This is how two of the leaders of Mr. Hamilton's "Smart set" converse. The Duchess of Surrey, from her card table, greets an approaching statesman, "'Wot-O, Eppy!' she cried in her Covent-garden, good-natured way. 'Pip-pip, Duck,' replied Epsom, in the vernacular. 'Fifteen? Oh, blastation!' she continued . . ." (Greening. 6s.)

We have also received: "The Wizard's Aunt," by Janet Laing (Dent); "A Prince of Sinners," by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Ward, Lock); "The Jaded Eye," by Fergus Hume (John Long); "The Goldminer," by G. R. A. (Drane); "Two Women," by Harold Tremayne (Drane); "A Heroine of Reality," by Percy V. Donovan (Greening); "The Ice Maiden," by "Lady Frivol" (Greening); "Out of the Past," by H. C. F. Spurrell (Greening).

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Taken as Read.

PEOPLE are growing a little doubtful of free libraries as centres of literary light, and suspicions have been uttered—and printed—that the institutions which were to bring the noblest and best that has been thought and written within the reach of the humblest have succeeded only in disseminating a new taste in intoxicants. If Mr. Carnegie had begun his philanthropic activity forty years ago, he would have met with universal applause. For there was a time within the memory of the middle-aged when it was thought that the general populace was hungering for the world's classics, that if only the two could be brought into free and easy contact nothing more would remain to be done. The world would be educated, literary, cultured. Then came a dim perception that people, when they read at all, read for pleasure, and that the majority find their pleasure in reading something that is written on their own level, and are as uneasy in the best literary society as a plasterer would be at a Mayfair dinner-party. Wherefore there was founded the Home Reading Union, the object of which was to induce its members to read for a certain time every day something "improving." A certain number of people stuck doggedly to their vows, and we believe the world's classics secured some patronage from young ladies at the interval between high school and matrimony. But the statistics afforded by the sad custodians of free libraries prove that those institutions exist mainly for the free distribution of current fiction which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, and that the customers of free libraries seldom or never put down an order for an immortal. That is placed to the discredit of the free library. What else could be expected? Does anyone read the world's classics? Speaking roughly, and setting ten against a million, we should say that no one does.

The statement that no one reads the best-known authors is a paradox; but it is true. Its seeming absurdity comes from the fact that everyone knows their names. Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare. Every man who has read anything would feel aggrieved at the suspicion that he did not know something of each. But who—beyond the small proportion of men who have read for classical honours at the universities—knows anything of Homer? Pope's Homer is not Homer at all, and Butcher and Lang's Translation is only a glorified crib. Even our English Milton—well—have you ever seen a man or a woman reading Milton in a railway train? Macaulay once was engaged in a dinner-table dispute as to the merits of "Paradise Lost." He was the one detractor against many admirers. And it presently appeared that Macaulay was the only one at the table who had read "Paradise Lost." There are some classics that the children of well-regulated households are made to read, the "Pilgrim's Progress" and Scott's novels, for example; but the child who is not so fortunate in

compulsion has probably missed his last chance of acquaintance with books he will henceforth know by name. The list might be extended to Bacon's Essays, Butler's "Hudibras," Keats' "Endymion," Byron's "Childe Harold": they are not "asked for." But let us keep to the original list, and add only Chaucer and Spenser. All men speak with respect of Edmund Spenser (though some confuse him with his namesake Herbert). But a small table-cloth would cover the men of London who have read the "Faerie Queene." On the other hand, there are probably few men of education in London, living in well furnished houses, who do not possess a copy of the "Faerie Queene." The constant flow of new editions of Great Authors is deceptive. They are regarded as part of the necessary furniture of the house—not of the mind; and having been duly and dutifully bought they are taught to know their place on their appointed shelf. They are taken as read. A man who was caught reading "Paradise Lost" for pleasure would find himself half-way between shamo at the need for introduction to so old a friend and confusion at being discovered in an eccentricity. There are few men now who, when a new book is published, read an old one. More familiar is the spectacle of a man sitting down—with the world's classics around him and within an arm's reach—to read the latest novel from Mudie's. Those other works that stand silent and solemn upon the shelves are of infinitely greater import. He would never dream of denying that. But they are behind him; theoretically he has read them; or, if in a moment of honesty with himself he admits that he has not yet read them, he is determined to do so when business, the newspaper, and the novel will grant him that "little time we snatch from time." But the time never was and never will be; and his son will sell off the copies of the world's classics with the rest of the furniture and buy himself the latest fashion in chairs, tables and editions. He will buy the classics, as his father before him, paying the ransom for freedom to read what he pleases.

One may, however, view the situation with perfect equanimity. This ignoring of the greatest writers is no new thing, and it is only the allusiveness of current literature, with the assumption that everybody has read everything, that forces the ordinary man of ordinary education into a life of self-deception. For it is not only true that—roughly speaking—no one reads the world's classics to-day; it is also true that no one ever did read them. Without a certain effort to get at the right point of view, one is apt to miss the focus in looking at literary fame. The praise of Virgil, for example, has rung through nearly twenty centuries. But who were the bell-ringers? One forgets that this universal clangour was made by a comparatively small knot of enthusiastic readers and scholars. There was no "reading public" in the modern sense when the *Æneid* was written and copied and handed about among the few and fit. We talk of Athens as the home of culture; but the Athenian read nothing. The conditions were much the same when Milton received for "Paradise Lost" a mere fraction of what a popular writer of to-day would get for a short story. It was the market-price; for most Englishmen could not read it, and most of the rest did not want to read it. But there were just a few who were ready to receive it. And the growth of the "reading public" of to-day has made very little difference. For these people who flock to the circulating library are not the people whose analogues were rushing after Sophocles' MSS. or waiting for Virgil's final emendations that he never made, or welcoming Chaucer, or hailing Milton. They are the people who in former times would have found their amusement in the circus, the arena, the cock-fight, or the bear-pit. They have lately discovered the fascination of print. That is all.

But the influence of the great writers is not diminished. There are still, as always, the few and fit, and through them the classics are distilled and filter through to the

masses beneath. The influence is indirect, but real and potent enough. You may see it most especially in that of the Bible. There is no book, one may say, published in the English tongue which does not show some runlets from that source, even though the writer has not looked inside the covers of the Bible since his infancy. How much of Shakespeare has filtered through into the literature of the moment! The great writer does not perish because he is read no more to-day than he ever was. He is read, as he always was, by the few, and these pass on his influence by innumerable channels and levels. These, to vary the metaphor, are as Darwin's earth-worms, fertilising the literary soil. And if people do not read Homer, has he not reached the people by way of "Ulysses" and the stage? And are we not promised two plays with Dante as the hero?

A Pioneer of Appreciation.

If we may judge from the re-issue of his writings during recent years, there would seem to be a growing interest in Hazlitt. One can only be glad of it, and welcome the republication now (by Messrs. Macmillan) of his "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays" and "Lectures on the English Poets"—the two being comprised in one volume. Hazlitt should be a stimulus to the modern critic—less, we think, by way of contrast than of affinity. In the mere mechanics of his style, Hazlitt is modern: it is essentially the *style coupée*, the abrupt, discontinuous style of modern journalism. The exigencies of rapid writing force it on the journalist; his native impetuosity made it proper to Hazlitt. In general, Hazlitt is what the modern critic aims to be. The difference lies in the vitality and energy of his work. He is really among the earliest of impressionists, the begetters of appreciation—that method which a French writer has styled "the adventures of a soul among masterpieces." Between him and Leigh Hunt, we think, its parentage mainly lies. To downright appreciation there remained one step, which he did not take and Leigh Hunt did; nor have all modern critics taken it, unfortunately. But to this we shall return later. His energy and fulness of matter, his directness, are personal rather than of his time. Modern subtlety was represented then by De Quincey and Coleridge. In their different ways, Mr. Henley and Mr. G. K. Chesterton have the energy and directness of Hazlitt. But the bulk of modern critics show thin indeed beside him.

The limitations (it were unfair to call them faults) of his style have been seized once for all by De Quincey—whose own faults and virtues were exactly opposite. It has no organic unfolding and evolution, no development of sustained thought or eloquence; it does not progress but revolves round itself. It is brilliant by a series of discontinuous scintillations—a splintered and vitreous brilliancy, as De Quincey says. But it is brilliant. The characteristic excellencies of the curt and the continuous styles can hardly be conjoined. These lectures (for the "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays" was originally delivered as lectures) are stimulant at every turn. To adapt what was said of Kean's acting, it is like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning. Between Kean's acting and Hazlitt's writing, indeed, there is much parity. The same incessant energy, the same abrupt, un-sequacious dazzle of point. It happens that one of the finest passages in this book is a description of Kean's "Richard III." "Actors we have only for a few seasons," says Hazlitt; "and therefore some account of them may be acceptable, if not to our contemporaries, to those who come after us." Posterity is abundantly grateful for his and Lamb's descriptions of Kean; since only through their eyes can we now see "the second name of men" in the annals of the English stage. Were it only

as a specimen of Hazlitt, we need not apologize for quoting this brilliant account:—

It is possible to form a higher conception of the character of Richard than that given by Mr. Kean; but we cannot imagine any character represented with greater distinctness and precision, more perfectly articulated in every part. Perhaps indeed there is too much of what is technically called execution. When we first saw this celebrated actor in the part, we thought he sometimes failed from an exuberance of manner, and dissipated the impression of the general character by the variety of his resources. To be complete, his delineation of it should have more solidity, depth, sustained and impassioned feeling, with somewhat less brilliancy, with fewer glancing lights, pointed transitions, and pantomimic evolutions.

If Mr. Kean does not entirely succeed in concentrating all the lines of the character . . . he gives an animation, vigour, and relief to the part which we have not seen equalled. In some parts he is deficient in dignity, and particularly in the scenes of state business, he has by no means an air of artificial authority. There is at times an aspiring elevation, an enthusiastic rapture in his expectations of attaining the crown, and at others a gloating expression of sullen delight, as if he already clenched the bauble, and held it in his grasp. The courtship scene with Lady Anne is an admirable exhibition of smooth and smiling villainy. The progress of wily adulation, of encroaching humility, is finely marked by his action, voice and eye. He seems, like the first Tempter, to approach his prey, secure of the event, and as if success had smoothed his way before him. The late Mr. Cooke's manner of representing this scene was more vehement, hurried, and full of anxious uncertainty. This, though more natural in general, was less in character in this particular instance. Richard should woo less as a lover than an actor—to show his mental superiority, and power of making others the playthings of his purposes. Mr. Kean's attitude in leaning against the side of the stage before he comes forward to address Lady Anne, is one of the most graceful and striking ever witnessed on the stage. It would do for Titian to paint. The frequent and rapid transition of his voice from the expression of the fiercest passion to the most familiar tones of conversation was that which gave a peculiar grace of novelty to his acting on his first appearance. This has been since imitated and caricatured by others, and he himself uses the artifice more sparingly than he did. His bye-play is excellent. His manner of bidding his friends "Good night," after pausing with the point of his sword drawn slowly backward and forward on the ground, as if considering the plan of the battle next day, is a particularly happy and natural thought. He gives to the two last acts of the play the greatest animation and effect. He fills every part of the stage; and makes up for the deficiency of his person by what has been sometimes objected to as an excess of action. The concluding scene in which he is killed by Richmond is the most brilliant of the whole. He fights at last like one drunk with wounds; and the attitude in which he stands with his hands stretched out, after his sword is wrested from him, has a preternatural and terrific grandeur, as if his will could not be disarmed, and the very phantoms of his despair had power to kill.

The intrinsic interest of this passage is so great as to excuse its length. Hazlitt describes Shakespeare as he describes Kean. He is not a great critic: he has not catholicity, he fails to enjoy many and various things of price. But where he does enjoy, he can communicate his perception and relish to the reader vividly. This is one function, at least, of appreciation. "Relish" is the word for Hazlitt's critical writing: when his blood is up, he "crowds and hurries and precipitates" his sentences; his writing is rich and "three inches on the ribs" (as he says of Falstaff's humour). It comes with gusto; he seems to roll the phrases on his tongue. Here is an average example from his lecture on "Twelfth Night":—

Shakespeare's comedy is of a pastoral and poetical cast. Folly is indigenous to the soil, and shoots out with native, happy, unchecked luxuriance. Absurdity has every encouragement afforded it; and nonsense has room to flourish in. Nothing is stunted by the churlish, icy hand of indifference or severity. The poet runs riot in a conceit, and idolises a quibble. His whole object is to turn the meanest or rudest objects to a pleasurable account. The relish which he has of a

pun, or of the quaint humour of a low character, does not interfere with the delight with which he describes a beautiful image, or the most refined love. The clown's forced jests do not spoil the sweetness of the character of Viola; the same house is big enough to hold Malvolio, the Countess, Maria, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

This repetition of one idea in many forms is characteristic of his profuse vitality. He does not shine in analysis, in the exposition of general or particular principles of art; though he has a measure of critical discernment as well as sheer relish. He remarks, truly, that the "Patience on a monument" image is not the best thing in that famous passage. He might have added that there is a much finer variant of the same idea in "Pericles":—

Thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act.

He is, in fine, a Leigh Hunt with brains. The "Lectures on the English Poets" are inferior; they bring out all his limitations, with less of his power. Those limitations are profound, and disastrous. He has no perception of intellectual poetry: which is to say that he misses the soul in his zeal for the body. What defect it was which caused his crass incomprehension of Coleridge, who shall say? His pronouncements on the "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel" are woeful. Of Wordsworth he sees but half, and the least half. "He is the poet of mere sentiment," says Hazlitt. Wordsworth, the most philosophical (save one) of English poets! Of the "Excursion" he declares: "The line labours, the sentiment moves slow, but the poem stands stock-still. The reader makes no way from the first line to the last." That is, one reader made no way, and the name of him Hazlitt. If critics would drop the assumption to speak for the universe, and frankly say: "I cannot do this; I cannot feel that." It is the completing grace of appreciation, the last to be acquired; and that final step which (we before hinted) Hazlitt never took. The larger number of modern critics, who have adopted all other methods proper to appreciation, still fail to take it. Yet, in that some have taken it, we can lay to our souls a certain measure of advance on Hazlitt. His splendid *verve*, alas! few of us may hope to capture.

Another Humourist.

YET another reputation is wafted across the Atlantic; and one feels almost ashamed that until this year Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis has remained outside the sphere of the English critic. In America he has had a vogue, and we have recently read that "not only is Mr. Lewis accepted as a great humourist, but there are some among the best critics who place him in a class entirely by himself, as superior to Bret Harte, Mark Twain, or any other of the humourist national writers." Now this challenges a comparison between Mr. Lewis and the national humourists of the United States, and suggests an inquiry whether Mr. Lewis has really opened a new school—as Mr. Dooley has done—or is merely a successful pupil of the old school. The inquiry is timely at this moment, for now we, of England, have the opportunity of ordering Mr. Lewis from the libraries. "Wolfville," the volume of stories which has achieved an extraordinary popularity in America, has been only technically published in England. Now, from Messrs. Isbister comes this and the "Wolfville Days," which is a continuation of the former. The two volumes contain thirty or forty short stories, and they are all centred about Wolfville, which is a camp in Arizona, not far from Red Dog. Mr. Lewis has taken a small community with elemental passions tempered by six-shooters,

and having interviewed an old cattleman, gets from him reminiscences of Texas and Cherokee, and old man Enright, and Doc Peets, and the rest of the miners and ranchmen who left their real names with their wives and relatives in the Eastern States. The Old Cattleman intersperses his stories of Wolfville with reflections on life, death, and that great For Ever, from the point of view of a man who is not "stuck on reading," reckons time by "second drink time in the morning," or "fourth drink time in the afternoon," as a ship marks the hours by bells, and distinguishes accurately between a murder and a "killin'." It is a "killin'" when both parties start level and are unanimous as to the purpose in view. We will take a passage from the story of "The Man from Red Dog." Red Dog was a rival camp, and "ornery." The meaning of "ornery," according to the cattleman's elaborate explanation, lies in the application of it. It may be applied to old Cape Willingham, who wears a false eye and carries another in his pocket which he substitutes when the real eye becomes bloodshot from potatoes, and unsymmetrical. So sometimes "ornery" means "extraordinary." However, for the quotation:—

Thar a'int no time much throwed away with a dool in the South-west. The people's mighty extemporaneous, an' don't go browsin' 'round none sendin' challenges in writin', an' that sort of flapdoodle. When a gent notices the signs a-gettin' about right for him to go on the war-path, he picks out his meat, surges up, and declar's himse'f. The victim, who is most likely a mighty serious an' experienced p-erson, dont copper the play by makin' vain remarks, but brings his gatlin' into play surprisin'. Next it's bang! bang! bang! mixed up with flashes an' white smoke, an' the dool is over complete. The gent who still adorns our midst takes a drink on the house, while St. Peter onbars things a lot an' arranges gate an' seat checks with the other in the realms of light. That's all thar is to it. The tide of life ag'in flows onward to the eternal sea, an' nary ripple.

There is a point of view in that comment, and an interesting one. But it is not a new one. The "humorous national writers" of America have long ago come upon the combination of simplicity, savagery and sentimentality that marks the men who live on the outskirts of civilisation, and it was this that gave Bret Harte the first fine fury of inspiration. To this must be added the undercurrent of irreverence which makes the froth of American humour. It appears even in the strenuous evangelists, such as Mr. Moody, who have raised us out of our boots (the poker slang of Mr. Lewis is infectious); it appears in Max Adeler's—

He has gone we hope to heaven
(Funeral starts off at eleven)
Where he'll never more have pain,

and it appears in Mark Twain's "Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." We take a specimen from "Wolfville" in which Boggs relates his religious experiences:—

"You sees," says Boggs, "thar's no good tryin' to hold out kyards on your Redeemer. If your heart ain't right, it's no use to set into the game. No cold deck goes. He sees plumb through every kyard you holds, an' nothin' but a straight deal does with Him. Nacherally, then, I thinks—bein' as how you can't bluff your way into heaven, an' recallin' the bad language I uses workin' them cattle—I won't even try. An' that's why, when resolvin' one winter to get religion mebbly next June, I persists in my sinful life."

There is little that is new in the new humourist, outside of the happy combination of ranching and poker slang, and that is so complicated that the English edition contains a glossary to enable you to distinguish between a longhorn and a shorthorn among men and to recognise nose-paint and mavericks on sight. But slang and irreverence are not new. Neither is sentiment such as Bret Harte ladled out from Poker Flat. Mr. Lewis follows as a junior classmate in his story of Whiskey Billy who died just before

his mother arrived under the impression that he was the "prop an' stay of Arizona." Says Texas:—

I never does track up with an old lady, white ha' red an' motherly, mind you, but I takes off my sombrero an' says: "You'll excuse me, marn, but I wants to trespass on your time long enough to ask your pardon for livin'."

Poker, cattle-ranching, drinking, irreverence, and a final touch of sentiment: that is the note of Mr. Lewis, who stands manifestly in the following of the national humourists of America. But his "Old Cattleman" is a character apart, and his incidental comments are delightful. Thus he says:—

I'm a mighty sight like that old longhorn who allows he's allers noticed if he lives through the month of March he lives through the rest of the year; so I figgers I'll hold together thot a-way ontill shorely March comin'.

And of courage—a quality always necessary at Wolfville:—

As I observes prior, courage is frequent the froot of what a gent dont know.

Mr. Lewis's poker players, ranchemen, and greasers are of the traditional type; but the cattleman is new, and it is his solemn recounting of Wolfville times that gives the touch of novelty to a series of stories which should appeal to England even without the vocabulary.

Impressions.

XXV.—Aldwych.

It was the last night of winter, and I stood alone in Aldwych, reading the name on a rough board nailed to a post.

The hour was one of the few in the twenty-four when London is strange and new. Between two and four in the morning she suffers her night change from restlessness to peace. Then the contour of her earth becomes visible; hills and valleys show themselves; beneath the multitude of her lights the curves of her streets, the character of her buildings, are revealed. At this hour the sense of personal identity waxes in the solitude of her familiar, yet most unfamiliar, vastness. The few wayfarers are remote, as fugitive under the eternal arch of the sky, as the changes upon the face of the streets that are forever altering and remodelling London.

"Aldwych!" A street lamp gleamed upon the black letters. It is a beginning—that is all. Rough planks make the roadway, which runs for a few yards between boardings, skirting long-hidden buildings, and then loses itself in slums. All will go. Like an army this plank-laid lane will force its way, piercing, spreading, till, a few years hence, some home-returning Englishman will find the old landmarks gone, and in their place this sign-mark of material progress, superb and spacious—Aldwych.

Uncomplaining London! Not a day passes but something of yourself vanishes. In that great clearing by the Strand what memories lurk in the tumble of bricks and stones. Even the rats have gone now, and in the silence of this hour before dawn there is, besides myself, but one living person to say good-bye to the winter that has seen the breaking up of the Old and the beginning of this phase of the New London. He is the old man, grey, time-stained and bent who nods near his pail of burning coals. Behind him, far over his head, on the top of a new theatre, one white pillar points to the sky. That, too, in time must go, for London is ever being born again. One thing only will remain—the river. The Thames watched the birth of London; she will be flowing by broken bridges when London is no more. Just across the

road at the foot of a little, dark hill she passes on without rest, while London sleeps. What sights this river has seen: how much she knows. To-day she has trickled and spurted through meadows which are bright with the signs of spring. Beneath the shelter of her banks, where the sun falls, primroses have scattered themselves: she has seen the yellow celandine starting from the fields, and the early blossoms of the fruit trees. Where she has been the earth is trembling with the reluctant raptures of spring, which makes no sign in Aldwych. Out beyond, no longer controlled by bridges and embankments, the ancient river spreads herself, stretches out wider and wider till, her task done, she mingles with the ocean—her home, where, in the vastness, the sky is flecked by flights of birds following the spring.

The dawn is moving up over Aldwych. The old man stirs, and kicks his bit of fire into a flame. I see the huge crane, the blocks of stone ready to be hoisted, the board on which the name of the new street is painted, and the huge white building that has sprung up above the debris of the broken houses. New tenants are waiting to go in. Already their names are blazoned across the front. The old man rummages among the ancient bricks. He is like them. Neither hope, nor fear, nor hate can touch him now. This flaming New London is nothing to the night guardian of the tools that have broken up these dingy dwellings of Old London.

The old man huddles back into his shelter, and as he sleeps the first day of spring breaks over Aldwych.

Drama.

Prosit.

THE German invasion is upon us. From its base of operations in Great Queen Street, the drama of the Teuton is boldly proceeding to invest the strongholds of the British stage. The first to fall is the St. James's, where they are now playing an adaptation by Herr Rudolph Bleichmann of Herr Wilhelm Meyer-Förster's "Alt Heidelberg." I, for one, see nothing to regret in this. Even in these days of nationalism, art—thank heaven!—may dare to be cosmopolitan still; and certainly the British play is far from being in so healthy a state that it can afford to shut itself up from whatever wind of inspiration may come to it from beyond the seas. "Old Heidelberg" may at least teach us that to bring romance over the footlights it is not necessary to depart from modern life or to conjure up by careful archaeology the semblance of what we fondly believe to be a less prosaic age. Herr Meyer-Förster builds his play upon the poetry of the Alma Mater, and catches a note of vernal passion which must appeal to the sentiment of all who have ever "fleted their lives carelessly, as they did in the golden world," whether upon the banks of Neckar, or upon those of Isis. The critics point to the impossibility of transferring the scenes which take place at Heidelberg into the surroundings of an English University. That is quite true. The *Kellnerin* with the nearest arm always round her waist would be an odd feature in an undergraduate revel at Oxford or at Cambridge. I have a shrewd doubt whether she is quite typical even of Heidelberg. But the essence of the thing—the irresponsibility and the joy of life, the loyalty to tradition and the pride of manhood—that you will find wherever ardent and ambitious youth is gathered together. And even in small matters the similarity is quite as striking as the difference. There is an amusing bit of by-play in "Old Heidelberg," in which Graf von Asterberg of the Corps "Saxonia" instructs Prince Karl Heinrich how the lid of a *Bock* should be kept shut when there is beer in it,

and open when it is empty. Well, the precise rule prevails, and a breach of it is visited with a "sconce," in at least one Oxford hall.

"Old Heidelberg" is rather ill-named on the play-bill a "comedy." Actually it is a tragi-comedy. It has plenty of comic relief, lightly enough touched, but the main appeal is a serious one to the emotions. Herr Meyer-Förster finds his tragic principle in the contrast between the frank joyous humanity of the Heidelberg life and the starched and buckramed futilities of a stifling little German court. Prince Karl Heinrich has been brought up from childhood amongst the *Kammerherren* and flunkies of Sachsen-Karlsburg. Here, the only human soul is that of Dr. Jüttner, the boy's tutor. Dr. Jüttner is a Heidelberg man, and obtains permission to take Karl Heinrich there for a year's residence. The two set out in the highest spirits. Dr. Jüttner is an admirable figure, admirably played by Mr. J. D. Beveridge, and the passages which show his disillusion at the discovery that he has grown too old to be a boy again are amongst the best in the play. But the central interest lies with Karl Heinrich. At Heidelberg the joy of life comes to him. He finds himself a human being, plunges into the traditions of the place and becomes a leader in the *Comus* rout of students. Also he falls into love with the pretty *Kellnerin*, Käthie Rüder. One joyous night, just as he has arranged with Käthie to drive in the spring woods together next day, the *Staatsminister von Haugk* is announced. The Prince of Sachsen-Karlsburg has had a stroke of paralysis, and Karl Heinrich must return home and take up the regency. There is a fine scene in which the renunciation is made. Käthie is left broken-hearted. Two years elapse before the fourth act. Karl Heinrich is now a stiff young reigning prince, and the ideals of court life at Sachsen-Karlsburg are unchanged. But a day comes when a visit from the drunken old steward of his *Corps* at Heidelberg brings a flood of nostalgia upon him. He will see the Neckar and Käthie once again. He pays a hasty visit *incognito*. The students of his old *Corps* receive him, in frock-coats and top-hats. He invites them to a beer-drinking. It is a chilly business, and he does not keep them long. On him, too, as on poor old Jüttner, dead now some months ago, the disillusion has come. You cannot—

recapture
That first fine careless rapture.

And here comes Käthie. They know, both of them, that the past can never arise again from its ashes. Käthie is going to be married to an excellent young *Kellnar* in Vienna. Karl Heinrich, too, remembers that he is to marry a very beautiful princess. They part again, for the last time; and on the touching scene the curtain falls, leaving one with the sense of a very genuine play and of a performance which is quite adequate, and if only Miss Eva Moore had a little more temperament and a little less conscious art, and if Mr. Alexander would lay aside his nods and becks and wreathed smiles for a simpler and more sincere romantic method, would deserve to be called first-rate.

At Great Queen Street itself, the real German plays to a translation. "The Man and His Picture" is a version of "Sodom's Ende," by Herr Hermann Sudermann. Of this production I find it a little difficult to speak. The English seemed inadequate, and the histrionic ideals represented by Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer and Mr. Farmer Stein are not precisely those which appeal most forcibly to my private and personal taste. But I do not think that it would be wholly fair to judge the play by this rendering. Herr Sudermann is a dramatist of considerable reputation in Germany. In England he is best known as the author of "Magda," which many actresses of distinction have thought a desirable part. His "Es Lebe das Leben," which the

German company gave the other day, is just being published in an English version by Mrs. Edith Wharton. He strikes me, upon an extremely imperfect acquaintance, as a writer of little literary quality, and of considerable crude melodramatic force. "Sodom's Ende" is a rather dismal and sordid tragedy. It is named from a picture, the painter of which, Willy Janikow, makes, as artists sometimes do, the claim to live outside the moral law. His degeneracy and the tragic retribution which comes upon him are powerfully and unpleasantly portrayed. One is harrowed. Possibly, if the thing were better done, one might be moved. As it stands, the best feature of the performance is a very finished and rather pathetic study of an old man by Mr. O. B. Clarence. Miss Lilian Moubrey and Miss Gertrude Burnett also do well in minor parts. But ———.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

"John, my Boy—Dignify It."

"THE native land need not grudge old Rome her pictures of the world; she has pictures of her own, pictures of England; and is it a new thing to toss up caps and shout—England against the world?" It is George Borrow who speaks, and the painter who inspired the passage, which follows this patriotic excerpt from "Lavengro," was a fellow East Anglian—Old Crome. Many to whom "The Norwich School" is empty of meaning, to whom Cotman, Stark, and Vincent are mere names, have a slumbering reverence for Crome through that sturdy panegyric in "Lavengro." It was inspired by the brother's determination to become an artist, and to herald the beginning of his career by journeying to Rome to see "the grand miracle" of art—Raphael's "Transfiguration." Then the eyes in the mighty figure of Borrow glowed with indignation, and the fine East Anglican accent rolled out the mind of him, ending thus: "Better stay at home, brother, at least for a season, and toil and strive 'midst groanings and despondency till thou hast attained excellence even as he has done—the little dark man with the brown coat and the top-boots, whose name will one day be considered the chief ornament of the old town, and whose works will at no distant period rank among the proudest pictures of England—and England against the world!—thy master, my brother, thy, at present, all too little considered master—Crome."

Art has suffered many phases since Crome, house-painter, drawing-master, and artist, died in 1821, whispering to his son these last words: "John, my boy, paint, but paint for fame; and if your subject is only a pig-stye—dignify it." That old Crome did: he dignified humble subjects. Indeed, a tree, set in the familiar scenery of his native country, often sufficed for subject; or a heath, or a river scene with a low sun, or a woodland piece with river and road. Such were the simple subjects that Crome painted again and again—mellow, rich, and restful transcripts of English rural life. There is no hurry about Crome, or the men he influenced. He never chose a subject because it was effective, or because it could outstare a neighbour at an exhibition. As a youth he had made a long and leisurely study of a collection of Dutch pictures, and the Dutchman's fondness for a low key of colour (and bitumen) had become part of him. Nothing wars in his pictures. They are pleasant to look upon, as comforting and unexciting as a flat English landscape on an equable day—warm, wooded, and unworried by motor-cars, the screech of locomotives, or a telegraph boy sauntering over the crest of a hill. His "beautiful rural pieces, with trees which might well tempt the wild birds to perch upon them," just suited

Borrow, and among the many picture exhibitions that have been opened in London this week (I received invitation cards to nine) there is one that George Borrow would have hugely enjoyed. The very title would have captivated him: "Cabinet Pictures by Painters of the Norwich School and Others." To walk into the room at the Fine Art Society, where it is held, is to go back a hundred years, to open a closed window and look out again on "rural pieces." But in Art we are children of the world as well as children of England, and even a patriotic East Anglian must smile when he recalls Borrow's: "Thou needest not run to Rome, brother, where lives the old Mariolater, after pictures of the world, whilst at home there are pictures of England."

Old Crome holds his own bravely in Room XX. of the National Gallery. There is his great "Mousehold Heath," solemn as a heath should be, yet not gloomy, with the staircase clouds rising across the great sky. The picture is not dark; but let your eyes wander round the walls till they fall on Crome's "Windmill," and you start with delight at the luminous glow that the sky holds. It shimmers with that golden glamour through which Crome, at his best, saw Nature. There is light on the green hill, light on the brown path that climbs over it, and light in the sky. Sitting before it, without loss of fealty to any of the Italians, one can understand the hypnotic power that this painter of rural England exercised over Borrow: indeed, under the spell of his "Windmill," it is not difficult to conjure up the figure of the little stout man in the brown coat and the top-boots, "whose face is very dark, and whose eye is vivacious"—old Crome. Pleasant it would have been to take his arm, and conduct him round two or three of the exhibitions that have been opened in London this week; pleasant to show him some half-a-dozen modern landscapes. More would bewilder him.

First I should have taken him to Messrs. Tooth's spring exhibition and shown him the Thaulows. Very different from anything Crome ever painted is Thaulow's "Winter in Norway." This brilliant presentment of sunshine on snow, with the river, every ripple vibrating and alive, dancing through its frozen borders, would have astonished Crome. I doubt if Thaulow has dignified the scene, and therein he would have fallen short of Crome's ideal, but he has contrived a very lively and beautiful picture. I know not what wild and strange wastes of snow country, sparkling under the winter sun, this river has run through before it reached the piled snow banks of this picture, where red wooden shanties set the white winter aflame. When I see the flash of a swallow's wing in the sunlight, or the silver gleam of a jumping fish, I think of Thaulow; of Crome at the close of day in full summer, when the task is done, and the country ripe.

What Crome would have said of Mr. Wynford Dewhurst's studies in the vestibule of the exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists I cannot imagine. Nature was still brown and golden when he died. The eyes that were to see her purple, blue, and violet had not opened to disturb the mellow vision of the Norwich men. I fancy Crome would have liked the clouds that hang so lightly over the flat land in Mr. Paul Paul's "Going Home," and the solemn light that broods on the walls of Mr. Sydney Lee's "The Two Brewers"; but the decorative impulse that set those red banners whirling in Mr. Hans Trier's finely imagined view of St. Mark's, Venice, would have brought a look of distrust into his vivacious eyes. As a faithful student of the Dutchman, decorative impressionism was alien to old Crome. Alien to him, I am afraid, would have been Mr. Foottet's personal vision of Hyde Park Corner. It is a blue picture seen on one of those magical moonlit evenings when a shower of rain has cleared the sky, and the reflections of the lamps glimmer in the little pools of water left on the pavement, and in the wide roadway. This enwrapping of one of

London's most paintable parts in a mystery of violet light may seem extravagant to others besides old Crome, but when once a man trains himself to see colour, and to catch a momentary crepuscular effect on, say, one of these March days, he is a bold critic who will cry "that is not true, because I have not seen it so." In Kent the other evening the wild beauty of the colour in sky and on hills—purple, yellow and green—against a foreground of dark firs was quite as "impossible" as the colouring in Mr. Foottet's Hyde Park piece, or in his experiment in decorative impressionism from Wordsworth's country, called "Ere Twilight Crowns the Night."

The feet of landscape art now race and caper: in old Crome's they walked sedately. If we fail oftener, it is because we attempt more. We pursue light and colour, and strive to reproduce effects that are gone before we can say "Look, quick, look!" We are always in a hurry, with the date of the sending-in-days of half-a-dozen exhibitions pinned against the wall. The results are interesting, amusing, and suggestive; but the modern landscape painter is not, as a rule, training himself to say these parting words to his son: "John, my boy, if your subject is only a pig-stye—dignify it."

C. L. H.

Science.

The Enemy.

As the most important subject, scientific or otherwise, known to me, the tubercle bacillus should have headed my series. Indeed it is a pity to treat of anything else until this enemy be extinct. Whilst alluding to it on every possible occasion, I have delayed so that this week I might celebrate the coming of age of the discovery of the tubercle bacillus by Robert Koch of Berlin. His historic paper is dated March 24, 1882. Let us estimate the result, using human life as our criterion. In Germany, where the facts are known, the death-rate from this, the most widespread and deadly and preventable of all known diseases, has decreased from 31 to 21 per 10,000 since 1886. Call the population of Germany last year 60,000,000 for the sake of argument. This discovery saved 60,000 lives in Germany last year; just the number of deaths registered as due to tuberculosis in Great Britain in 1902. And anyone who knows the source of the statistics knows how far under the mark this figure is.

It may be taken as a fair statement, allowing only moderately for the known methods of filling in death certificates, that, if you take twenty minutes to read this article, three persons in this country will have died from tuberculosis before you finish it. Our own death-rate has declined at less than half the German rate. The thousands of lives lost represent the power of ignorance.

In 1500 Frascatorius guessed that tuberculosis was infectious. In 1865 Villemin, of Paris, proved it. In 1882 Koch found the cause. The life history of the bacillus is now well known. The means of infection are familiar, yet I believe there are people who still think this an hereditary disease. "What knowledge is of most worth?" asked Spencer in 1861.

Let us drop the old names for ever. Struma, scrofula, the "king's evil" cured by the "sovereign touch," phthisis, consumption, wasting (three synonyms), "decline"—all these darken counsel and cost lives. The disease is one and indivisible. Even "the white death" and "the great white plague" are better avoided until the public knows the name tuberculosis, and recognizes that this curse of civilisation is a preventable disease,—an evil that can be annihilated.

In Germany they have sanatoria and state insurance. In New York it costs 500 dollars or a year's imprisonment to spit in a tramcar; and in Paris they are framing a bye-law

to prevent anyone from putting even a morsel of rag or paper into the streets. The "Westminster Gazette" says this is "for hygienic purposes." It is. The "Pall Mall Gazette," commenting on spitting bye-laws, says this is a "dirty habit." It is. The "Illustrated London News" has a column called "Science Jottings" on the dangers of dust, and never even mentions tuberculosis. Our leading papers have no idea that the matter is one of life and death. Kensington, all honour to it, has just passed a bye-law which exacts forty shillings for spitting on the pavement. Dr. Cooper, Chairman of the Public Health Committee of the London County Council, tells me that the Home Secretary will not sanction a general bye-law against spitting. He is already tried and condemned, in 1903, before the bar of Preventive Medicine. I should like him to sit for a morning in the out-patient department of any general hospital in England, turning away—sentencing to death—one tuberculous patient after another, because others are filling the hospital beds,—and infecting their comparatively few non-tuberculous neighbours. There is no more sickening task on earth. I should like him to see the tubercle bacillus—I will swear he has never seen that which is, of all the created universe, man's greatest foe—I should like him to see it under the microscope in *one specimen in five* of sputum gathered at random from the streets of Liverpool. I should like to know whether he can faintly guess the answer to the question, "What preventable disease kills one in four to one in seven of all mankind?"

Already two of your fellow-subjects have died.

The law prevents the selling of tuberculous meat. Tuberculous milk is consumed all over the country. All our children are fed with the bacilli on occasion. It does not matter that uncooked milk is an unsafe food, even though the bacteriologist finds milk the most convenient material on which to make his cultures. They tell me that the short walking-skirt is coming into fashion. It is the first sign of sanity since European fashion began with Minos' female toreadors, who practised tight-lacing in Crete four thousand years ago. The dust of London consists, for practical purposes, of the daily contribution of five thousand tons from the horse—not that this much matters—and of tuberculous sputum. The inexpressibly filthy and indecent habit which permits a woman to trail her skirt on the pavement ensures that the bacilli shall be rescued from the air and sunlight which would soon kill them. They are brought into the house, where they can nestle in some dark corner, and infect the boy who cleans the infected boots, or the maid who brushes the infected skirt. I came across a king in Herodotus, the other day, who beheaded anyone that spat before him.

We have lost a possible sixth ode from Keats, the last movement of Schubert's noble symphony, the mature work of Chopin and Mendelssohn and Mozart and Stevenson, and the rare genius of Emily Brontë—and these are but a few at random. They had in superabundance Spencer's fourth class of knowledge: they could create beauty. But his first class, the knowledge how to keep oneself alive, they had not. They probably kept their bedroom windows shut, and they did not know that what the casual spitter spits is sometimes spittle, sometimes spittle and death.

This preventable disease exacts its toll of lives mainly from the young adult, from the class which the State has cared for, which is its capital, and from which it is about to reap interest. Sir James Crichton Browne has shown how tuberculosis is sapping the vitality of the nation. This argument may appeal to those few who are not familiar with tuberculosis in their own family.

Meanwhile a third victim has died of tuberculosis within our shores. He had probably been ill for four years.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

Shakespeare's Street.

SIR,—Surely the letters of protest from Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Marie Corelli addressed to the "Morning Post" and ACADEMY will not be disregarded by the Stratford-on-Avon authorities who are responsible for the astounding decision with regard to the proposed Carnegie library to be established in their town?

To destroy any sixteenth and seventeenth century buildings in the world-revered Stratford-on-Avon is an unparalleled act of vandalism—of all towns it should be, and hitherto has been, held sacred, and protected from the hand of the restorer and votary of so-called "modern improvements." No words are strong enough to ring in protest against the destruction of Henley Street—we would not sacrifice it for a wilderness of free libraries.—Yours, &c.,

S. O. A.

Wanted—Two Words.

SIR,—I have received two communications on the subject of my letter in the ACADEMY of 14th instant, which may perhaps interest your readers. One was from Mr. A. Hamonet, and the other from a gentleman at Toulouse. As the latter does not give his full address and only signs his initials, I am unable to thank him otherwise than in your columns.

Mr. Hamonet informs me that in Touraine the expression "mon pas fils" is familiarly applied to a step-son. (Then, why not "pas fille" to a step-daughter and "pas père" and "pas mère" to a step-father and step-mother respectively, or are all these, too, used?)

My Toulouse correspondent mentions the word "parâtre" as existing for step-father, but this is nearly obsolete, and, like "marâtre," is only used in an opprobrious sense. He adds: "In the South of France it is usual to call a step-father 'oncle,' and a step-mother 'tante.'" It seems to me that the two words are still "wanted," and, so far, "pas père" and "pas-mère" appear to fulfil the requirements, if generally adopted.—Yours, &c.,

61, Friends Road,
East Croydon.

EDWARD LATHAM.

"Mediæval French Literature."

SIR,—There could be no insinuation of a breach of contract between Mr. Dent and Gaston Paris in my statement of my late friend's disappointment in the appearance of his book "Mediæval French Literature," since I am not aware of the nature of the contract. I only know that Gaston Paris expressed to me and to a mutual intimate friend his disappointment, added to his great regret to see the book issued without my name associated with his on the title-page. It was relative to this omission (which Mr. Dent afterwards rectified on receiving a protest from my friend and from me) that Gaston Paris wrote to me on the subject.—Yours, &c.,

HANNAH LYNCH.

Iota's Title.

SIR,—In last week's ACADEMY, on p. 278, appears Iota's title, part of which is "She for God and Him." Milton, "Paradise Lost," iv., line 299, has "He for God only, She for God in Him"—a very different thing. Would you tell the authoress the mis-quotation?—Yours, &c.,

G. T. SADLER.

Wrexham.

Johnson or Goldsmith?

SIR,—In last week's admirable article, "The Praise of Famous Men," appears an allusion to Boswell. The words are: "There is Johnson's gibe: 'Is he like Burke, sir, who winds into a subject like a serpent?'" But surely the true gibe is Goldsmith's. I cannot for the moment find the passage in Boswell, but the gibe is quoted in Masson's "De Quincey." I give his words: "Admiring Johnson's extraordinary powers in that way [*sic* the conversational] as much as any man, but irritated by Boswell's perpetual harping on the theme, 'Is he like Burke, sir, who winds into a subject like a serpent?' Goldsmith was once moved to ask." Pardon the pedantry.—Yours, &c.,

Balsall Heath Vicarage,
Birmingham.

G. K. A. BELL.

Dublin Publishers.

SIR,—In a recent number of your journal you say that Ireland, following the example of Scotland, has now a publisher of her own in reference to one Dublin house. This, we think, is misleading, and might make some of your readers think that there is only one publisher in this country of any note, whereas there are many—some of course of less importance than the one mentioned by you. We think that we are at least as important a house, being in business here for more than forty years (formerly under the name of McGlashan & Gill), and our present catalogue, which we enclose, fairly indicates the class of books issued by us. Of course it includes only those now in print at present—and small in proportion, of course, to the total since we started business. Yet it is sixty pages in extent, and contains, amongst others, the names of the following, either as authors or editors: The late Thomas Arnold, M.A., Sarah Atkinson, M. McC. Bodkin, K.C., "Ethna Carbery" (Mrs. S. MacManus), David Comyn, Rev. Joseph Farrell, W. J. Fitzpatrick, Judge O'Hagan, the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, the Rev. E. Hogan, D.Litt., Douglas Hyde, LL.D., P. W. Joyce, LL.D., Patrick Kennedy, Rev. G. Tyrell, S.J., D. F. MacCarthy, Cardinal Moran, Rev. Denis Murphy, S.J., Rev. E. O'Growney, Rev. M. Russell, S.J., A. M. Sullivan, Katherine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson), Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D.D., Most Rev. Dr. Walsh. It includes also numerous works in connection with the revival of the Irish language and Anglo-Irish movements in their more popular aspects.—Yours, &c.,

M. H. GILL & SON.

50, O'Connell Street, Upper, Dublin.

"Hakluyt's Voyages."

SIR,—I am directed by Sir Clements Markham to state that the Hakluyt Society decided three years ago to publish in ten volumes the full text of Richard Hakluyt's "Principal Navigations," 1598-1600, with an index to each volume, and a general index, and they announced this intention certainly two years ago. Volume I. is now in type. Messrs. James Maclehose and Sons, of Glasgow, announce this week a similar edition. They admit the existence of the Hakluyt Society, but they state that "it is practically impossible for lovers of history, geographers, librarians . . . to procure the text of this book."

As nearly all readers who are interested in the subject, and the principal libraries in Great Britain and Ireland, America, and on the Continent, are members of the Hakluyt Society, Messrs. Maclehose's edition seems very unnecessary.—I am, &c.,

BASIL H. SOULSBY,
Hon. Secretary, Hakluyt Society.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 183 (New Series).

Last week we set a competition in the following terms:—

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the titles of the twelve most interesting books announced in our Supplement this week. A plébiscite will be taken of all the lists sent in, and the competitor whose selections most nearly answer to the general opinion will receive the prize.

An examination of the 90 lists received produces the following list as the collective choice of our readers. We call it

THE PLÉBISCITE LIST.

	Votes.
Lady Rose's Daughter. By Mrs. Humphry Ward (Smith, Elder)	62
New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. By Sir J. Crichton Browne (Lane)	47
Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death. By F. W. H. Myers (Longmans)	47
The Vineyard. By John Oliver Hobbes (Unwin)	39
Swinburne's New Volume of Poems (Chatto and Windus)	36
The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft. By George Gissing (Constable)	35
More Letters of Charles Darwin (Murray)	29
The Untilled Field. By George Moore (Unwin)	26
Wordsworth. By Walter Raleigh (Arnold)	26
Life of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. By Sir A. Lyall (Murray)	26
The Life of Browning. By G. K. Chesterton (Macmillan)	23
Contemporary France. By M. Gabriel Hanotaux (Constable)	23

The largest number of books selected by one competitor in agreement with those in the above list is nine; and three competitors have been to that extent successful in anticipating the general judgment. We accordingly divide the prize equally between Mr. D. Rees, Belmont, Cardigan; Dr. Laing, 9, Tay Square, Dundee; and Mrs. Alfred Rogers, Knock, Co. Down, Ireland.

Mr. Rees's list is as follows:—

Lady Rose's Daughter. (Mrs. Humphry Ward.)
Wordsworth. (Raleigh.)
Browning. (Chesterton.)
More Letters of Charles Darwin.
Swinburne's Poems.
Sudermann's "Es Lebe das Leben." (Wharton.)
Contemporary France. (Hanotaux.)
Sir George Grove. (Graves.)
New Letters, &c., of Jane W. Carlyle. (Browne.)
Untilled Field. (George Moore.)
The Vineyard. (John Oliver Hobbes.)
Letters from the Holy Land. (Lady Butler.)

Dr. Laing's list:—

New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. (Sir J. Crichton Browne.)
Life of Lord Dufferin. (Sir Alfred Lyall.)
The Vineyard. (John Oliver Hobbes.)
Lady Rose's Daughter. (Mrs. Humphry Ward.)
Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft. (George Gissing.)
Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death. (F. W. H. Myers.)
Children of Tempest. (Neil Munro.)
Browning. (Chesterton.)
Adventures of Harry Revel. (Quiller-Couch.)
Memories of Vailima. (Isabel Strong and Lloyd Osbourne.)
Mr. Swinburne's Volume of Poetry.
More Letters of Charles Darwin.

Mrs. Rogers's list:—

Lady Rose's Daughter. (Mrs. Humphry Ward.)
The Untilled Field. (George Moore.)
The Vineyard. (John Oliver Hobbes.)
Sudermann's "Es Lebe das Leben." (Mrs. Wharton.)
Swinburne's New Volume of Poems.
Human Personality and its Survival after Bodily Death. (F. W. H. Myers.)
New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. (Sir J. Crichton Browne.)
Contemporary France. (M. Gabriel Hanotaux.)
Life of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. (Sir A. Lyall.)
Memories of Vailima. (Isabel Strong and Lloyd Osbourne.)
Browning. (G. K. Chesterton.)
The Roman Road. (Zack.)

Three competitors were successful in naming eight out of the twelve books in the plébiscite list: Mr. J. Byers, Mr. E. Knox Linton, and Mr. Herbert Jamieson.

Fifteen competitors named seven: Miss L. G. Caddy, Mr. E. A. K. Bell, Mr. Isaac Edwards, Miss C. Bridges, Mr. H. R. Cross, Miss M. A. Clay, Miss M. C. Fogg, Mr. W. H. Brothers, Mr. L. W. Kempson, Mr. M. S. Clayton, Mr. Wm. Crawley, Mr. H. W. Atkins, Mr. W. M. Mackay, Mr. T. N. Foulis, and Miss E. M. Fraser.

The following twenty books stood next in order of favour in the collective opinion of the competitors:—

	Votes.
The Adventures of Harry Revel. By A. T. Quiller-Couch	
(Cassell)	22
The Roman Road. By "Zack,"	(Constable) 19
Es Lebe das Leben. Translated by Edith Wharton	
(Duckworth)	18
Memories of Vailima. By Isabel Strong and Lloyd Osbourne	
(Chatto and Windus)	18
The Mediæval Stage. By E. K. Chambers	(Clarendon Press) 18
William Wetmore Story and His Friends. By Henry James	
(Blackwood)	17
The Letters of Horace Walpole. Edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee	
(Clarendon Press)	16
The Pearl-Maiden. By H. Rider Haggard	(Longmans) 14
The Life and Times of Georg Joachim Goschen. By Viscount Goschen	
(Murray)	14
Queen Victoria. By Sidney Lee	(Smith, Elder) 13
The Memoirs of Paul Kruger. Told by Himself	(Unwin) 12
The Better Sort. By Henry James	(Methuen) 12
Letters from the Holy Land. By Lady Butler	(Black) 12
The Circle. By Katherine Cecil Thurston	(Blackwood) 10
A New Volume of Essays. By G. K. Chesterton	(Lane) 9
Robert Buchanan. By Harriet Jay	(Unwin) 9
Miss Charlotte M. Yonge. By Christabel Coleridge	(Macmillan) 8
The Dayspring. By William Barry	(Unwin) 8
Froissart in 1902. By F. C. Gould	(Unwin) 8
The Life of Bret Harte. By T. Edgar Pemberton	(Pearson) 8

Competition No. 184 (New Series).

This week we offer a Prize of One Guinea for the best set of humorous verses, on any subject, not to exceed sixteen lines.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 1 April, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Creighton (Mandell), University and Other Sermons.	(Longmans) net 5/0
Pallis (Alex.), A Few Notes on the Gospels according to St. Mark and St. Matthew	(Liverpool Booksellers Co.)
Roberts (Harry), Collected and arranged by, The Sayings of Jesus	(Gay & Bird) net 1/0

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

Is It Shakespeare? By a Cambridge Graduate.	(Murray) net 12/0
Stringer (Arthur), Hephaestus and Other Poems	(Richards) net 3/6
Hither and Thither. Songs and Verses. By the Author of "Times and Days," &c.	(Longmans) 5/0
O. J. R. and P. S. W. Horace on the Links	(Sonnenschein) 2/6
Noguchi (Yone), From the Eastern Sea	(Unicorn Press) net 5/0
Not (Vernon), The Ballad of the Soul's Desire	(Greening) net 2/6
Travelyan (R. C.), Cecilia Gonzaga	(Longmans) net 2/6
Gausson (Herbert), Thoughts from the First Three Gospels	(Sonnenschein) 2/6
Sedgwick (Jane Minot), Love Songs from the Greek	(Lane) net 1/6
Secombe (Thomas) and Allen (J. W.), The Age of Shakespeare (1579-1631). 2 vols.	(Bell)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Moore (Henry Charles), Noble Deeds of the World's Heroines	
(Religious Tract Society)	3/6
Halid (Halil), The Diary of a Turk	(Black) 5/0
Boger (Alfred J.), The Story of General Bacon	(Methuen) 6/0
Tristram (W. Outram), Coaching Days and Coaching Ways	(Macmillan) net 2/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Ward (Lester F.), Pure Sociology	(Macmillan) net 17/0
Syme (David), The Soul. A Study and an Argument.	(") net 4/6
Patten (Simon N.), Heredity and Social Progress	(") net 5/0
Gardner (Percy), Oxford at the Cross Roads	(Black) net 2/6

ART.

Murray (A. S.), The Sculptures of the Parthenon	(Murray) net 21/0
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TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Mitton (G. E.) and edited by Besant (Sir Walter), The Fascination of London: Kensington	(Black) net 1/6
Sidney (F. E.), Anglican Innocents in Spain	(Simpkin, Marshall) net 7/6
Ward (Osbert), The Vale of Orotava	(Russell) 2/6
Butler (Elizabeth), Letters from the Holy Land	(Black) net 7/6

EDUCATIONAL.

Duff (J. D.), Edited by, T. Lucreti Carl De Rerum Natura Liber III.	(Cambridge University Press) 2/0
Edwards (G. M.), Edited by, The Memorabilia of Xenophon. Book I.	(Cambridge University Press) 2/6
Alcock (Rev. George Augustus), Key to the Hebrew Psalter	(Stock) net 7/6

JUVENILE.

Bangs (John Kendrick), Mr. Munchausen	(Richards) 5/0
Oppen (F.), John, Jonathan, and Mr. Oppen	(Richards) net 2/0
Hodgson (Geraldine), Rama and the Monkeys	(Dent) net 1/6
Bell (R. S. Warren), J. O. Jones and How he Earned his Living	(Black) 3/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

Robinson (E. Kay), My Nature Notebook	(Isbister) 2/6
Innes (H. Pembroke), Shafts of Satire and Symbolism	(Broome) 1/0
Sadler (S. H.), The Bothers of Married Life	(Sonnenschein) 2/6
Roberts (Harry), The Tramp's Handbook	(Lane) net 3/0

NEW EDITIONS.

Dasent (Sir George Webb), Popular Tales from the Norse	(Douglas) 10/6
Atherton (Gertrude), Edited by, A Few of Hamilton's Letters	(Macmillan) net 6/0
Grosier (W. H.), A Hundred Years' Work for the Children	(Sunday School Union) 2/6
Eliot (George), The Mill on the Floss, World's Classics	(Richards) net 1/0
Emerson (Ralph Waldo), English Traits and Representative Men	(") net 1/0
Craik (Mrs.), Agatha's Husband	(Ward, Lock) 1/6
Herman (Henry), Lady Turpin	(") 0/6
Thackeray (William Makepeace), The Yellowplush Papers, &c.	(Dent) net 3/6
Crockett (S. R.), The Stickit Minister	(Unwin) 0/6
Stockwell (Arthur H.), Should I go to the Theatre?	(Stockwell) net 0/9
Mac Manus (Anna), The Four Winds of Eirinn	(Gill) 2/0
Mathers (Heleen), The Sin of Agar	(Long) 0/6
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CRITICAL ESSAYS AND LITERARY FRAGMENTS. With an Introduction by J. Churton Collins.

A publishers' note informs us that the "texts contained in the present volume are reprinted with very slight alterations from the 'English Garner' issued in eight volumes (1877-1890) by Professor Arber." The contents of the original "Garner" have been re-arranged and classified, and a certain amount of fresh matter has been introduced. At the conclusion of his Introduction Mr. Churton Collins says: "For the modernization of the spelling, which some readers may be inclined to regret, and for the punctuation, as for the elucidatory notes within brackets, Mr. Arber is entirely responsible." The volume begins with an extract from Thomas Wilson's "Art of Rhetoric," 1554, and concludes with Franklin's "Poor Richard Improved," 1757.

OUR article in last week's issue, "Taken as Read," has moved a correspondent to a reproving protest. He is, he tells us, a professional man in a provincial city, "yet I possess, and have read, and do read, Milton and Shakespeare, even Bunyan and the Bible. . . . Of Greek and Latin I know as much as the average sixth form school-boy." Our correspondent finds Chaucer and Spenser difficult without a crib, but he protests against being relegated to the ranks of the readers of an author who shall be nameless. "Is there nothing," cries our admonisher, "between Plato and the latest novel? May I not, in my modest way, love Dickens, Lamb, or Addison, Green, Motley, or Merivale, Tennyson, Browning, or Wordsworth?" Why, certainly. But we never suggested that the writers named were not read. A few read them, as we said, and it is through the few "that the classics are distilled and filter through to the masses beneath." We are glad to recognise in our correspondent one of the "fit and few" through whom the filtration tradition is carried on.

INSEN, who was seventy-five the other day, now hardly sees anyone. Even on his birthday the only person outside his own family who was permitted to congratulate him personally was Bjoernson. He can still move about with the aid of two sticks, but he never leaves the house, and spends the greater part of his time at his window, gazing into the street. If passers-by greet him he may or may not notice them. He no longer reads or writes: his life seems to be set upon the past and the window through which he gazes.

THE study of modern Greek is confined to so few outside the Greeks themselves, that the fact of the existence of a Greek comic publication does not seem of much general interest. But the "Romios" is a rather remarkable paper; it has been issued every Saturday for seventeen years, it is all written in verse, and its sole editor, contributor and staff consists of one individual, Mr. Souris. Mr. Souris indulges in pointed satire, but he appears to offend nobody. A few years ago he translated Aristophanes' "The Clouds" into modern Greek verse, and he has recently published a volume of poems. Mr. Souris is catholic in his selection of words; he mingles classical Greek with the modern vernacular, and thus appears to reproduce the actual language of the people.

APPROPRIATENESS in the binding of books is a thing for which we usually look in vain. An instance of inappropriateness lies before us in Mr. Charles Booth's "Life and Labour of the People in London." Mr. Booth has explored the depths of poverty, its causes and its environment, and yet the printed records are bound in imitation vellum, with elaborately gilded backs. Surely the simplest possible binding could hardly have been too simple for such a series of practical revelations.

THE second volume of the "King's Classics" is "The Love Letters of Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple." The series is pleasant both to hand and eye, but the white backs and the blue-grey covers are hardly calculated to stand use and dust. The first volume has been on our shelves for a couple of months, and is already soiled and prematurely aged in appearance. Books for use should not have white backs.

THE dramatists who find modern theatrical criticism offensive are not confined to England. Sudermann wrote a series of articles not long ago in the "Berliner Tageblatt," which have since been reprinted as a pamphlet, complaining that the attitude of critics has never been more unsympathetic than it is to-day. He asserts that only in our time have literary manners declined to absolute degeneracy, and he names certain papers as typical of this degeneracy. It is the old story all over again. We have only to turn up the files of any newspaper for the last hundred years to be assured of this. It was not kind to refer to Sudermann as "a literary fraud with humorous peculiarities," but no doubt the critic could justify his view. The one point that emerges is the folly of authors in replying to their critics.

WE find in "Temple Bar" an article by Mr. J. K. Hudson on Hartley Coleridge which contains some hitherto unpublished letters and verses. Hartley Coleridge's work is little known nowadays; he was, in fact, a failure, though a failure with a most engaging and amiable

personality. He was a curious and fantastic child, and no doubt inherited from his father that faculty for preaching which prompted him to make long extempore prayers aloud to his nurse. When he was seven he used to be plunged in agonies of thought, "puzzling himself about the realities of existence." At school he never played, but spent his time in inventing stories which he told in the dormitory at night. At Oxford he talked and talked, and also succeeded in getting an Oriel Fellowship. Then came collapse; he failed to win the Newdigate, and, as he said, "sought relief from wine." At the end of his twelve months Fellowship probation he was deprived of it, mainly on the ground of intemperance. From that set-back he never wholly recovered; he projected work which was never accomplished, and took to school-mastering, with failure as the inevitable result. His life at Grasmere was simple, lazy, and, like his talk, discursive, and he died a year before Wordsworth, who was his friend always, and near whom he rests. Neither the letters nor verses which Mr. Hudson has unearthed are of any great interest, but this characteristic letter is worth quoting. It should be remembered that Hartley Coleridge had a passion for writing memorial verses:—

DEAR SIR,—That excellent English yeoman, James Fleming (it would be abominable to *Mister* him), wishes to have four dozen copies of the enclosed verses printed at your earliest convenience, of course for private circulation only. It is some satisfaction that my little knack of verse enables me to give some consolation to a good man, who has lost his youngest, perhaps his favourite, child. I have too much value for the time of a man of business to trouble you with a long letter, so with kind respects to Mrs. Hudson, whose health I hope improves, I remain, your much obliged,

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

N.B.—As my writing is not the most intelligible in the world. I would thank you for a proof. J. F. will be answerable for any expense incurred. Remember me kindly to Mr. Gough when you see him.

"J. F. will be answerable for any expense incurred" is delightful.

WE reviewed a fortnight ago Mrs. Earle's "A Third Pot Pourri." This week "Punch" prints a parody of the book called "Pooh-Poohri from a Surrey Back Garden." We quote some amusing passages:—

Many people who are addicted to gardening suffer from black and discoloured nails. Several remedies have been suggested to me for this, but perhaps on the whole the best is to wash them.

A good way to cure a headache is to stand on your head in a corner for ten minutes. If you can go to sleep in that posture, so much the better. This treatment has also been found advantageous in cases of rheumatism and affections of the bronchial tubes.

I have just finished Mr. Jones's book on "Mary, Queen of Scots." Poor woman, what a troubled life she had! Fotheringhay, I notice, should be spelt with two h's. Froud-spelt it with only one. How like him!

The sunflowers are now (January) in full bloom in my garden, which only shows what a perfectly wonderful garden it is! And all done by kindness! I cannot think why other people don't grow sunflowers. Their seeds are greatly appreciated in Russia. Pigs may be fed on their leaves. And I see no reason why paper might not be manufactured out of their stalks if somebody would find out how. But English gardeners are so blind to their real interests!

To make nettle-tea pick all the nettles you can find or, better, get someone else to do so, add a pinch of Plasmon and simmer for a fortnight.

A WRITER in the New York "Critic" has an article which touches rather a nice literary point: Is an author

justified in piecing together and amplyfying certain already published detached episodes, and weaving them into a book which purports to be new? Mr. Wister's very successful "The Virginian," we are told, was such a book, manufactured from various episodes published in "Harper's" over a course of years. But the writer finds her most interesting case in Mr. Barrie's "Little White Bird." It appears that many pirated editions of Mr. Barrie are in circulation in America. Concerning these, Mr. Barrie says in his preface to the "Thistle Edition" of his works:—

I have seen several of these, bearing such titles as "Two of Them," "An Auld Licht Manse," and "A Tillyloss Scandal," and some of them announce themselves as author's editions, or published by arrangement with the author. They consist of scraps collected and published without my knowledge, and I entirely disown them. I have written no books save those that appear in this edition.

Upon which the "Critic's" contributor writes:—

This is all very well; but as one reads "The Little White Bird" one has a growing consciousness of having previously met David's father, with his roars of devotion, in the person of Lizzie's sailor. The first interview between the old bachelor and David vividly suggests the crude mortal agony of seven minutes spent with "It," while "The Inconsiderate Waiter" greets us like an old friend. So we turn to the pirated collection of stories called "Two of Them" and find there many a suggestion that stands revealed in the later work—whereat we marvel at Barrie's Preface. What are we to believe in the face of such contradictory evidence? That such compilations as "Two of Them," "An Auld Licht Manse," and "A Tillyloss Scandal" are without the author's sanction is quite credible, but that in his fight with pirates he should go to such lengths as to entirely disown the creation of such tales is hardly justifiable.

We think that Mr. Barrie is justified. If he considers that old work, which he has not republished, contains good material more or less wasted, he has every right to recast and remodel that old material. He does not, in that case, sell old goods as new; he merely exercises the discretion open to every artist.

SOME new Longfellow letters are published in the current "Harper's." Some are dated from London, which Longfellow visited in 1835. The following extract is of some interest:—

I believe I mentioned in my letter to Mrs. L. our visit to Mrs. Carlyle.

We were all invited to breakfast there on Wednesday last. Henry went and had a delightful time. Last evening at seven we went to dine at Mr. George Bentham's—a nephew of Jeremy's. How little I thought when reading Neal's "Life of Bentham" last winter that I should ever visit that house! He resides in the same house, on the same spot, near Westminster Abbey. It has of course undergone many alterations. We were shown into a handsomely furnished drawing-room, the windows of which overlooked the garden where Jeremy used to *perambulate*. Mr. Bentham, on pointing this garden out to us, remarked that, although his uncle was a very singular man, he hoped we should not believe *all* Neal had written about him. . . .

We should like to have heard more about the "delightful time" spent with Mrs. Carlyle.

THE same magazine, which had hoped to publish the first instalment of Miss Mary Johnston's "Sir Mortimer" in May, informs its readers that, in consequence of physical weakness, Miss Johnston has been unable to complete the story. We read:—

The temporary loss of the story will be made good to our readers by the substitution for it, as soon as possible, of a

serial novel of such distinction as to be worthy of its place in the line of noble succession which includes the names of Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Thomas Hardy—indeed of nearly every master of English fiction, since the establishment of the Magazine.

We wonder by what name the happy author of this masterpiece is known.

"NOTES AND QUERIES" gives some suggestive particulars concerning a seventeenth century book sale. In 1682, "at the Auction-House known by the Name of the Swan in Great St. Bartholomew's-Close," began the dispersal of a remarkable library formed by Richard Smith, of London. The catalogue extended to four hundred and four quarto pages, and was prefaced by an address to the reader from which we extract the following:—

The Gentleman that Collected it, was a Person infinitely Curious and Inquisitive after Books, and who suffered nothing considerable to escape him, that fell within the compass of his Learning; for he had not the vanity of desiring to be Master of more than he knew how to use. He lived to a very great Age, and spent a good part of it, almost intirely in the search of Books: Being as constantly known every day to walk his Round through the Shops, as he sat down to Meals: where his great skill and experience enabled him to make choice of what was not obvious to every Vulgar Eye. He lived in times, which ministred peculiar opportunities of meeting with Books, that are not every day brought into publick light; and few eminent Libraries were Bought, where he had not the Liberty to pick and choose. And while others were forming Arms, and New-modelling Kingdoms, his great Ambition was to become Master of a good Book. Hence arose as that vast number of his Books, so the choiceness and rarity of the greatest part of them, and that of all kinds, and in all sorts of Learning . . . Nor was the Owner of them a meer idle Possessor of so great a Treasure: For as he generally Collated his Books upon the Buying of them (upon which account the Buyer may rest pretty secure of their being perfect) so he did not barely turn over the Leaves, but observed the Defects of Impressions, and the ill arts used by many, compared the differences of Editions, concerning which and the like Cases, he has entred memorable and very useful remarks upon very many of the Books under his own hand, Observations wherein certainly never man was more Diligent and Industrious.

In the main the prices ruled low; the seventh edition of Bunyan's "Sighs from Hell" went for sevenpence, and the fourth edition of "Grace Abounding" for sixpence. The first edition of Bacon's "Essaies" realised only sevenpence, and George Herbert's "Temple, Sacred Poems, and Ejaculations" the meagre sum of threepence. The buyer who secured Lydgate's "Translation of Boccace's fall of Princes," 1554, and Gower's "De Confessioe Amantis," 1554, bracketed together as one lot, for six and eightpence, did astonishingly well. Richard Smith's library appears to have been varied and eminently solid.

FROM an appreciation of "John Inglesant" in the Chicago "Dial," we extract the following:—

It is such books as these that redeem fiction from the reproach of catering to the mere entertainment of the reader, and that justify it as the typical form of modern literary art. Fiction has much to answer for, no doubt, in the way of sensationalism, and pettiness, and morbid imagination, and false idealism. But a book like "John Inglesant" shows that the writing of novels may be also one of the noblest forms of artistic and ethical endeavour. And the high mission of the serious novelist has not often found as fine an exemplification as in this very book. . . .

Yet "John Inglesant's" popularity even now, when it is accepted and acclaimed, cannot compare with the popularity of scores of books without either art or endeavour.

THE success of the "Hibbert Journal" has, in its way, been the most remarkable success of recent years. The current issue has the following amongst its principal articles: "Optimism and Immortality," "Martineau's Philosophy," "Buddhism as a Living Force," and "Drifting and Doctrine." Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson's "Optimism and Immortality" opens on this cheerful note: "Walking in the spring along the coast of Cornwall, and meditating on the subject of this paper, on a green cliff overhanging the sea, I came upon a flock of young lambs. Nothing could be imagined more beautiful; nothing, as I thought, more touching."

THE arrangements being made by Mr. Collier for the production in London of an edition of "Collier's Weekly" are now nearing completion. We understand that a principal feature of the publication is to be a series of coloured illustrations. Coloured illustrations have been tried again and again in London weekly journalism, but so far without success. It is difficult to account for this. The aim, of course, should be towards absolute simplicity; to attempt too much is fatal. Paris knows the secret, and we should be glad to see London come into line.

A NEW monthly review of distinguished appearance is "Flora and Sylva." The aim of the review is to provide coloured illustrations and also good engravings of new, rare, or precious plants, trees, shrubs, and fruits, fitted for our climate; and also to cultivate a taste for the good and picturesque planting of trees. The illustrations to the first number are excellent, and the letterpress clear and practical.

Bibliographical.

It is pleasant to note that the Hakluyt Society and Mr. Macle hose have come to an arrangement by which rival editions of the "Voyages" will be avoided. Both would have appealed only to a limited public, and neither, perhaps, would have been financially successful. Meanwhile, a correspondent writes to me from Dundee to inquire as to the prospects of an edition of Hakluyt which could be purchased by persons of merely moderate means. The cost of the complete "Voyages" is at present prohibitive in the case of the great majority of book-lovers. A well-known firm, approached on the subject of a reasonably-priced edition, has been significantly silent on the subject. The question is simply whether a reasonably-priced edition could be made to pay. There is a limit to the sphere of the cheap reprint, and it seems to have been touched of late. Book-lovers take too little account of the cost of production—of type-setting, of paper, of binding, of allowances to the trade, and so forth. The cheap-reprint business has its risk; whereas for the high-priced book, especially when the edition is small, its publisher can usually secure a public. We must not expect our publishers to be too speculative; life is for most of them a lottery, even now.

The other day I had occasion to mention the rumour that Mr. Cyril Maude and his brother were writing a History of the Haymarket Theatre. Now comes the announcement that Mr. Austin Brereton, one of Sir Henry Irving's biographers, and an industrious student of stage annals, is at work on a History of the Lyceum. It is to be hoped that before very long all the older playhouses in London will have found their historian. Covent Garden, Drury Lane, the Adelphi, the Strand, the Royalty, the Princess's, the St. James's, and even the Vaudeville and the Criterion,

would be good subjects for the careful annalist. The story of the departed Olympic ought also to be told, if only for the sake of the Vestris and Robson days. Some years of the life of the Adelphi will be covered by Mr. Byron Webber in the Memoirs of Mr. and Mrs. Billington which he is editing. By-the-way, we are still without a biography of Benjamin Webster or of J. B. Buckstone, and that of Dion Boucicault is only now upon the stocks.

Mr. F. B. Doveton sends me a copy of some stanzas called "The Fire Fiend" which have been attributed, he tells me, to Edgar Allan Poe, among whose papers they are said to have been found. Here are the first and second stanzas:—

In the deepest depth of midnight, while the sad and solemn
swell
Still was floating, faintly echoed, from the dread alarm
bell—
Faintly, faintly, fluttering, floating o'er the sable waves of
air
That were through the midnight rolling, chafed and billowy
with tolling,
In my chamber I lay dreaming, by the firelight's fitful
gleaming,
And my dreams were dreams foreshadowed on a heart
foredoomed to care.
As the last, long, lingering echo of the midnight's mystic
chime
Lifting through the sable billows of the thither shore of
Time—
Leaving on the starless silence not a token nor a trace—
In a quivering sigh departed, from my couch in fear I
started,
Started to my feet in terror, for my dream's phantasmal
error
Painted in the fitful fire a frightful, fiendish, flaming face!

Is this a fairly successful imitation of familiar rhythms or a specimen of Poe's more hectic performances at their very worst?

Mr. John Lane, I see, promises us a reprint of FitzGerald's "Euphranor: a Dialogue on Youth," which first came out in 1851, and was, indeed, FitzGerald's first publication. An account of it will be found in Colonel Prideaux' "Notes for a Bibliography." At the present moment it is specially interesting to recall that what Tennyson specially admired in "Euphranor" was, according to F. T. Palgrave, "the brilliant closing picture of a boat-race, with its glimpse of Whewell, 'the high crest and blowing forelock of Phidippus's mare, and he himself shouting encouragement to his crew, conspicuous over all.'" As Colonel Prideaux remarks, the first "Euphranor" was "a mere skeleton as compared with the later editions."

Commenting last week upon Miss Lyall's statement that Mrs. Gaskell had deprecated the issue of any biography of her, I said: "We may take for granted, I think, that the difficulty here presented has been got over, and that Mr. Shorter will have, in the preparation of his volume [for the 'Men of Letters' series], the co-operation of Mrs. Gaskell's relatives." I have now Mr. Shorter's own authority for saying that my assumption was correct, and that in the preparation of his Memoir of Mrs. Gaskell he will have the assistance of the novelist's daughters.

We are promised, among forthcoming books of reference, a "Dictionary of Historical References and Allusions," which will no doubt be welcome as supplementing the "Historic Note-Book" of Dr. E. C. Brewer. There is also to be a volume on "Famous Sayings and their Authors," a title which makes one think of Mr. S. A. Bent's "Short Sayings of Great Men," to which it may prove a useful companion.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

More Mares' Nests.

IS IT SHAKESPEARE? By a Cambridge Graduate. (Murray. 12s. net.)

ONE may now be pretty well sure that Milton did not write "Nova Solyma." The ingenuity of a contemporary, aided by the suggestions of an anagram, has revealed beneath the cowl of "a Cambridge Graduate" the lineaments of Mr. Walter Begley. The book before us is yet another stone upon that cairn of Baconian puerility of which we would fain think that the world had by this time grown weary. It is improbable that its author would come to a sane and well-balanced conclusion upon any problem requiring the exercise of a nice critical faculty. A very few samples of Mr. Begley's reasoning will be all for which space shall be found. Like many other Baconians—like Judge Webb, for example, whose interpretation of the phrase "to keep invention in a noted weed," still holds a unique place in the annals of the heresy—Mr. Begley plays the Pharisee to Mrs. Gallup's Publican. The cryptograms and biliteral ciphers, he declares, "have done more to discredit the discussion of an unusually interesting literary problem than anything else I can call to mind." Here we demur. As for Mrs. Gallup, it is pretty obvious, we suppose, by this time, that "there ain't no sich person." We do not accuse Mr. Begley, on his part, of deliberate *mala fides*. But we fail to see that the cryptograms and biliteral ciphers are of any very different evidential value from other proofs which Mr. Begley does not hesitate to bring forward. Here is an example, in which Mr. Begley is improving on the suggestion of an egregious German heretic, well named Bormann. It is a little complicated. There is a sonnet, says Mr. Begley, which "reveals the very name of the hidden author." It is Sonnet xxvi., which ends—

Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
Till then not show my head where thou may'st prove me.

"And now we shall see how the author lets out the great secret in those words *show my head*." The sonnet is thought to have some resemblance to the dedication of "Lucrece," and has actually about the amount of resemblance to it which one Elizabethan dedicatory compliment generally does have to another. The "Lucrece" dedication declares that of the love "without end" which the poet bears to the patron "this Pamphlet without beginning is but a superfluous Moity." A characteristic bit of Elizabethan euphuism enough! But now listen to Mr. Begley:—

Such a curious statement naturally leads one to examine the "beginning" of the Pamphlet in its first edition as presented and dedicated to Southampton, and lo! Bacon "shows his head" at once, for the first two lines are headed by this monogram F_B^R , i.e., Fr. B., which may well be called also a *superfluous moiety* of Fr. B/acon, Fr. representing one half of his name with the superfluous B flowing over from the other half [Prodigious!] This seems promising, but the first few words of the dedication seem to harp on the antitheses "without end" and "without beginning." Let us, therefore, since we have taken away the author's head from the first two lines where he showed it, and so have rendered the Pamphlet without beginning, let us take away the endings of the last two lines, and see if we can find whose is the love that is "without end." We do this, and out comes BACON, neither more nor less.

The first two lines of "Lucrece" are:—

"From the besieged Ardea all in post
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire."

The last two are:—

"The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment."

If we include the word FINIS, which is placed underneath the last two lines, and take the first letter F, and

draw a line at an angle upwards through the last two lines in the direction of *ba* and *con*, we get F. Bacon, thus:—

"The Romaines plausibly did give *con* sent

To Tarquin's everlasting *ba* *nishment*."

F INIS.

And this is the austere scholar who casts a stone at Mrs. Gallup!

Obviously one is not going to follow Mr. Begley through the rest of his book in detail. You see the sort of mind you have to deal with. He pays a great amount of attention to the Sonnets, and tries to show that the known moral character and social position of Bacon make him a far more likely man than the player Shakespeare to have had an intrigue with Mistress Mary Fitton. As there is no real evidence whatever to connect Mary Fitton either with Shakespeare or with Bacon or with the Sonnets themselves, this argument would not appear to take one very far. Incidentally, however, one comes on another quite delightful example of how literary history is written. So far as we can follow Mr. Begley, he holds that the "Dark Lady" of the Sonnets was not only Mary Fitton. She was also a woman of lower rank, perhaps "a citizen's wife of doubtful virtue, whose shop was the resort of the fashionable gallants." And he is more than a little tempted to accept Mrs. Stopes' identification of her with "Jacquinetta Vautrollier, the dark French connection (by marriage) of Richard Field the publisher." [She was, in fact, his wife.]

Since Field published Bacon's "Venus and Adonis" in 1593, this seems to be a shrewd suggestion, by no means improbable. But Mrs. Stopes has no evidence to back it up, except that Field was a Stratford man and knew Shakespeare the Player.

We should have thought that this was quite good enough, Mr. Begley. But it seems rather hard upon Jacquinetta Vautrollier, about whom literally nothing whatever is known, except that she was a Frenchwoman, and therefore, according to Mrs. Charlotte Carmichael Stopes, "probably dark and fascinating." This seems an imperfect basis on which to challenge any woman's reputation.

Let us now leave Mr. Begley, and be serious for a moment. One does not, of course, argue with Baconians. Mr. Begley and others of his sect make a grievance of this, and claim that the orthodox Shakespearean should cease from ridicule and denunciation, and should offer a serious reply to the serious case put before them. But why? It has been our fortune, in the course of a reviewer's business and not without some expert knowledge of the facts of literary history drawn upon, to read through a considerable number of Baconian treatises. On the evidence of these alone and without any similar consideration of the various refutations which have been published, we do not hesitate to say that there is no *prima facie* case whatever to answer. The whole of the pullulating mess of mushroom literature which has sprung up around the question in recent years is the production of writers who, even where they are not actually dishonest, are at least incapable of dealing with any literary problem in accordance with the canons of sound reasoning. And of course the *prima facie* case which would lead one to question the constantly repeated attribution of Shakespeare's plays to Shakespeare on contemporary title-pages would have to be very strong indeed. There is no better evidence available from the authorship of anybody's works, after the period within which personal witnesses can be produced has elapsed. The real difficulty in handling the Baconians lies in the fact that their literary methods are only the *reductio ad absurdum* of those practised by many writers who would very much resent being classed with them. Take, for instance, the identifications by Mr. Thomas Tyler and Mrs. Charlotte Carmichael Stopes of the "Dark Lady" with Mary Fitton and Jacquinetta Vautrollier respectively, which have been already referred

to. Neither writer, so far as we know, is a Baconian. But both theories are founded, not upon evidence at all, but at the most upon stray links preserved out of a chain of evidence of which the rest has rusted away for ever. You cannot really reconstruct literary history out of single facts and obscure allusions, at whose context it is impossible to do more than guess. Yet, in literary history as in theology, nobody is content not to know. And it cannot be too emphatically repeated, that this way Baconianism lies.

A Hindu Poem.

THE RHAGUVANCA. By Kalidasa. Translated by P. de Lacy Johnstone. (Dent. 6s.)

FOR his enterprise in giving us an English version of this extremely important and celebrated Hindu poem Mr. de Lacy Johnstone deserves warm thanks. The form in which he has chosen to do so we much regret. One knows not how to deplore sufficiently the singular and persistent ill-counsel which leads men skilled in Oriental languages, but not skilled in poetry, to give us not the scholarly prose version they might give us, but something which is neither faithful translation nor good poetry. The inevitable departures from accurate fidelity which a metrical version compels are only compensated if we get the inner and higher fidelity of poetry replaced by poetry. But few scholars can give us this. A man who cannot produce even accomplished and feeling verse in his own tongue does not become capable of poetry by having the matter to his hand in another language. It seems a favourite but fatal fallacy that what is poetry in one language, if translated into due lengths and garnished with a sufficiency of diction from standard poetic sources, must needs make poetry in another. It only makes poor verse. And a good prose translation of a poem is more poetical than even moderate verse. This might have been a valuable prose translation: it is not a valuable metrical translation. Being an epic Mr. Johnstone has conscientiously gone to Milton for his model, and Miltonises as best he may. The metre is a faint Miltonic echo; shreds of Miltonic diction are strewn through the version, like plums in an Anglo-Saxon dough—for the general language is homely enough. At times trailing into prosaic conventionality, it would in general be adequate enough, if he were not weighted with the felt necessity of being "poetic" and Miltonic. That leads him into the stilted and threadbare device of dropping the article. "By carven stair he mounted to the throne"; "Then sat he down on diamond-sparkling seat"; "Traced lines on golden footstool"; such phrases are continual. One ushers in a curious example of the prosaic conventionality into which Mr. Johnstone sometimes trails, with bathetic effect:—

Auspicious music floated from the conchs
In ambient air, and through the city groves
Glad peacocks madly danced.

Elsewhere, "The princess slightly bowed"—with the effect of a drawing-room novel. The heavy Miltonic movement goes uneasily with the curt Anglo-Saxon syllables which prevail in the translation. Nor does it accord well with Kalidasa's own style of narrative, graceful and flowery, having more likeness to Spenser than to Milton. The translation, in fine, must needs have value as being the sole English version of the poem. But it might have had more value with a wiser choice of medium.

That we ought to have a translation is unquestionable. Kalidasa's epic stands at the head of India's classical age. The heroic—what we might call the Homeric—age produced two great epics; the behemoth bulk of the *Mahabharata*, and the *Ramayana* of Valmiki—India's most popular epic. Then came what might be called

the literary epic, in which the writers modelled themselves on their predecessors with a distinctly literary aim, as did Virgil on Homer, Milton on Virgil and Homer: it was no longer the spontaneous impulse of national legend. Of these lesser but still beautiful epics Kalidasa's is the greatest. It belongs to the time when India became conscious of herself as a literary nation, when she began to create for herself not only a great poetry, but a great drama. Of all her dramatists Kalidasa was the greatest: his *Sakuntala* has been played even on the stage of remote Paris, and stirred the admiration of Goethe. Considering, indeed, his eminence alike in drama, epic, and lyric, he may fairly be called the greatest of Hindu poets. He has a luxuriant and delicate fancy, a tender sentiment, and (what never fails these Hindu bards) a fertile invention. Therewith he has a more chastened taste than most of his fellows, in whom limit or curb is not. The unrestraint, the lack of measure, the overseeded fancy of the nation seem imaged in their enormous pantheon of many-headed, innumerable-armed, and monstrous deities; and are (one thinks) a product of that fierce sun which breeds their jungles to "strange overgrowth."

Even the *Rhaguvanca* (despite our praise of Kalidasa's comparative restraint) seems an overlawless epic to the Western mind. It has been said of "*Paradise Lost*" that it does not end, but leaves off. Much more absolutely might it be said of the *Rhaguvanca*. True, we have it in a fragmentary state. But were it complete, one feels the effect would be intrinsically the same. There is no plan with an ordered beginning, culmination, and finale. It bears, in fact, to our Western epic somewhat the same relation which the chronicle-drama bears to the structurally-perfect drama. It comes nearer, perhaps, to the Norse or Icelandic saga than to our epic; but the saga is symmetrical beside it. In effect, it tells not the story of some given hero, but of a line of kings: "Rhagu's Line" (as is the meaning of the title). They are a divine race, as are all these legendary kings, and the exploits of any one would make fair epic material. But having duly consigned him to deification (like Roman emperors, they all become gods on dying), Kalidasa placidly pursues the history of his son. Thus the interest perpetually culminates, drops, and is resumed to culminate afresh: whence you have a linked succession of little epics more truly than one great one.

But at least Kalidasa avoids that crying sin of Hindu epic, the episode, and episode within episode, which makes them a kind of gigantic Arabian Nights. And he develops artistically the career of each king while he is about it. The true climax of the poem (with characteristic perverseness, to our Western notion) comes in the middle: when the god Vishnu announces his intent to honour the family by becoming incarnate in it, and is born as the hero Rama. The giant Ravana, having by austerities become a god and usurped the place of Indra the Thunderer, is "playing it low down" on the other gods. He is only vulnerable by a mortal; and Vishnu incarnates himself as Rama to overthrow the tyranny of this Ravana. With his final success, his tragic separation from his queen Sita, and ultimate re-ascent to heaven, the poem might have had a full close. But Valmiki had treated the same theme in the *Ramayana*; and therefore, perhaps, Kalidasa felt it necessary to continue the history of his successors, and fall upon antilimax.

Even through the disguise of what we must regretfully consider this unsuccessful English metrical version, the beauties of the original poetry intermittently glance out: one feels the narrative skill, one perceives charming images, and others which need but more perfect expression to be lovely, as one surmises they are in the original. One is aware of tenderness which can readily be conceived exquisite in its native dress. So the reader may partly

guess the beauty of the song which rouses the sleeping Prince Aja :—

The waning moon now sinks, and leaves the prize
Of beauty to thy face—Whom Lakshmi wooed,
Forsaken and despised by thee for sleep.
Unclose thine eyes, that so by mutual gift
Thy beauty and the lily's may increase,
Where roll or pupils dark or black wild bees.
The morning breeze, that vainly seeks to win
From other source the scent of thy sweet breath,
Tears from their stalks the flowers that loosely hang
On blossoming trees, or wooes the lotus bright
New opening to the sun.

Thy elephants have burst the bands of sleep,
They drag their clanking chains, and quit their couch;
Their tusks like fresh buds gleam when bathed in light
Shed by the morning sun.
These steeds Vanayu-bred, O mild-eyed prince,
Bound with long tent-ropes, shaking slumber off,
Stain with hot breath the rock-salt left to lick.
Thy flower-wreaths languish now, and now the lamps
Burn dim, and lose the halo of their rays.

Lakshmi, of course, is the Hindu Venus. Despite the infelicitous wording of the English line in which it occurs, the freshness and boldness of the image by which the eyes are compared to "wild black bees" must strike any reader. The scene which follows, of the Princess Indumati's *swayamvara*, or maiden-choice, is one of the most interesting in the poem. Her father has given notice to all kings that his daughter will choose a husband on a certain day, and the flower of Indian princes are assembled to await her choice among them. It is a custom constantly mentioned in Sanskrit legend, showing a feminine freedom very different from what now prevails in India. The scene strikingly recalls the scene of a Western tournament for some princess's hand, as painted by our own poets; and has equally striking contrasts. The behaviour of the princes, endeavouring to hide their anxiety and display themselves gracefully in the lady's eyes, is drawn with minute, almost luxuriant precision, and strong dramatic instinct. Here, too, is a striking image. As the princess passes on, leaving disappointed suitors behind her, they are compared to "wayside trees, lit up for a moment by the traveller's torch." So it is in the translator's prose summary; but in the version itself it runs :—

Lit for a moment by her dazzling eyes,
Like wayside tower by passing lamp.

Surely a strange discrepancy! Single images, indeed, might be quoted profusely from the poem; and despite the poetic inadequacy of the translation, we have no doubt that many will make acquaintance with it, drawn on by the narrative skill, and the revelation of a strange Eastern life.

Charlotte Yonge.

CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE: HER LIFE AND LETTERS. By Chistabel Coleridge. (Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.)

ALREADY some of the interest of a past period clings to the books and the life of Miss Charlotte Yonge. The general outlook upon existence is already markedly different. One has only to take up a copy of "The Heir of Redcliffe," or "The Daisy Chain," to feel conscious of a domestic atmosphere almost as completely passed away, as that of the times when children and servants alike were periodically beaten as a matter of course; without it their worthlessness was regarded as unassailable. Whether the alteration is desirable or not may be regarded as a

debatable question. Sentiment certainly, in the earlier part of the last century, was inclined to be both strained and artificial. The religious pomposity of family life was liable to produce revulsion or affectation. Character lost breadth, and the generosity of a more genial standpoint. Individuality had an almost impossible struggle to assert itself, and its survival was rare, ashamed, and regarded at the best as a dangerous and undesirable quality. At the same time, it was a period when the conscience of the middle classes in England was peculiarly alive, and the sense of duty, of the domestic duties especially, produced a majority of thoughtful, grave, and very solidly good men and women.

Miss Yonge was born at the very zenith of this severely moral period, coming into the world at Otterborne, where her people lived, in August, 1823. For years an only child, there was, in accordance with the spirit of the time, no thought even of spoiling her. The idea of a delicious, joyous young spirit to be enjoyed as well as educated was never for a moment entertained. Childhood stretched ahead as a purely disciplinary and correctional preface to a life of later usefulness and wisdom.

Charlotte, distinguished as a child for high spirits, was constantly repressed, and the deplorable Edgeworth system—though modified, we are told, "by religion and good sense"—was in full force as a method of upbringing. Dry bread and milk were Charlotte's daily breakfast and supper—"eggs, ham, jam, and the rest, no one dreamt of giving them to children." There were no holidays, and, as was inevitable under the Edgeworth system, the future authoress appears to have been somewhat of a prig. The following episode is typical. A good-natured housemaid, who thought the child somewhat cruelly treated, once brought her up some bread and butter, the buttered side turned downwards. "With conscious pride and honour I denounced the deceit." The story would have been prettier without the self-satisfied denouncement.

In spite of stormy lessons with her father, Miss Yonge appears to have been fairly happy, and the chief interest of this autobiography of her girlhood lies in the immense contrast it presents to the modern methods of education. So little, for instance, was out-of-door life considered necessary for children, that to the end of her days Miss Yonge looked upon much open-air exercise as a waste of time; while so strenuous was education that we hear of her brother Julius joining her Latin lessons at the early age of five.

The publications of her novels, however, are the supreme points of Miss Yonge's existence. She had always, she says, her head full of stories, but we hear practically nothing of this until the time when, in combination with the ideas of a friend—Miss Dyson—she commenced seriously to write a long novel. The beginning of her literary career occasioned an amusing incident. Before she published her first book "Abbey Church," a family council was held as to whether she should be allowed to do so. Permission was finally given on the condition that she took no money for it—that whatever she made should be given to some good work—as it was considered unladylike to earn money by writing. A further glimpse of the binding influence of parental authority in those days is conveyed apropos of the first sketch written of her novel "Kenneth." Every evening her father had what was written in the day read out to him. He then freely criticised, altering as he chose. So little at last had the unfortunate authoress a free hand, that dutiful as she was, she found it impossible to go on, and the novel was laid aside, to be re-written later.

"The Heir of Redcliffe" proved an immediate and unexpected success. More than that, it was an influence. The hero Guy created, in fact, almost a new era in fiction, the "good hero" type previously being very little popular in fiction, which had never wholly slipped the leash of the Byronic conceptions. Curiously enough, men

were immensely taken with "The Heir of Redcliffe." Her brother, then in the army, noticed that almost every man in his regiment possessed a copy, and the Pre-Raphaelite school, with William Morris and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, made Guy their model as the ideal male character. Miss Yonge certainly helped to invest the idea of goodness with a romantic charm, and her books exercised a genuine influence upon the younger generation of her period.

Except for literary excitements, however, Miss Yonge's was an uneventful and rather placid life. Deeply religious, her greatest enthusiasm was for missionary propaganda. Indeed, her half exultant regret at the murder, or in her own words at the "martyrdom," of a missionary bishop has an undertone of a slightly grim liking for martyred additions to the cause of the Lord. Her letters were lengthy, but not interesting from a public or literary point of view. Miss Yonge travelled very little, and her interests were narrow, personal, confined to a small circle of friends, and a great simplicity of pleasures. Her life reveals a wholesome-minded, cheerful, and religious woman, but the mental capacity, outside her novels, shows no signs of being either exceptional, or marked by any great critical or perceptive faculties. She writes of things and people forming part of her personal existence, but with a very limited breadth of outlook, and without the least suggestion of any sense of an underlying pathos and complexity below the plain and visible surface of existence.

The absence of all spiritual or mental difficulties, in fact, is a notable trait in her temperament. Her father dies, her mother dies, and in each case, with a brief reverent comment, Miss Yonge passes on to the subject of her writings, and to other interests of daily life. At heart she was essentially simple, and her books in consequence suffered to a certain extent from any real understanding of human nature. Her comprehension of character was neither profound nor subtle. She evolved her personalities out of her head, and placed them in the situations she required in order to work out the ideas upon which the book was originally founded. The writing was able, the capacity for building up a narrative good, but a living page of humanity remained beyond her powers. The imagination, the construction, the moral clarity, almost everything in fact was there, except just the quivering insight that would have galvanised her characters into a lasting vitality.

A Human Document.

MEMOIRS OF COUNT GRAMMONT. By Count Anthony Hamilton. Edited by Gordon Goodwin. (Bullen. 12s. net.)

THE "Mémoires du Comte de Grammont" are at once a human document and a haunting menace to the sentimentalists of historical fiction to whom the exploitation of the House of Stuart is an unchallenged preserve. Hamilton tells the story of the Chevalier with a naïveté more subtle than any other phase of irony, and nobody can say for certain how far he condemns or how far he expects us to condemn the exploits of his hero. These exploits, constantly bragged about, include the carelessly mentioned episode of cheating at cards. Hamilton makes no comment upon this or any other incident, and, what is more, he forces us by the very charm of his own detachment to waive further analysis on our own account. This Irishman found in the French language a new and incomparable vivacity which was extolled by Voltaire, who said that he "was the first to discover the genius of the French language."

His whole attitude of mind in reviewing the Court life of Charles II. is antagonistic to the English habit of thought. If an Englishman sees clearly beneath the surface of things, his lucidity is utilitarian, and he uses it to scourge vice and imposture. That is why M. Taine

regarded Thackeray as having been a moralist even before he was an artist. That is why there is such an immeasurable gulf between Manon Lescaut and Becky Sharp, between a Tartarin and a Joseph Sedley. Now, Hamilton sees the Chevalier and his surroundings with a merciless lucidity, and the result is a wonderful picture without the intrusion of so much as a gesture of scorn. He lives before us, the witty, indolent King with his foreign grace and his imperturbable endurance of the complaints of women. Poor sentimentalists of historical fiction, how the Chevalier draws the last veil of illusion from these companions of royalty, from the symmetrical Miss Stewart to that joyous mad-cap, Nell Gwynne. Was not the levity of the first only excelled by her banality, and did not the second claim the King of England as *her* Charles III.? And those exquisite followers of the Stuart fortunes, the Maids of Honour, how the Chevalier seems to grimace into their very souls. What a picture it is with Dick Talbot (Lying Dick) and little Jermyn and Arran and Killegrew all framing an imposing background for the Comte de Grammont! And Hamilton sees them all, knows them all, and never lifts an eye-brow!

The Chevalier's familiar friend and brother exile was St. Evremond, who once addressed him in these lines:—

Insolent en prospérité,
Fort courtois en nécessité,
L'âme en fortune libérale,
Aux créanciers pas trop loyale.

Well, St. Evremond is the only person in the book, excepting two or three distracted husbands, who is allowed to moralize, and he lectures the Chevalier in the following terms:—

Avoid love, by pursuing other pleasures: love has never been favourable to you, you are sensible how much gallantry has cost you; and every person here is not so well acquainted with that matter as yourself. Play boldly: entertain the court with your wit: divert the king by your ingenious and entertaining stories; but avoid all engagements which can deprive you of this merit, and make you forget you are a stranger and an exile in this delightful country.

Play boldly and please the king—is not this like some modern parody of an ancient faith? For people who did not play the infinitely tricky game of pleasing the king boldly or intelligently enough there was one great punishment—the country. That drove the strongest hearts to despair, and turned Rochester himself into a bourgeois in the city declaiming against the profligacy of the court before he became "a famous German doctor." That was the punishment inflicted by her husband upon poor Lady Chesterfield against the tyranny of which the Chevalier inveighed with real feeling.

We live in a censorious age, and it is only quite recently that Rochester himself was pilloried on the score of dulness. Whatever else the Chevalier may be accused of it is certainly not that. But some of us may wish that his sinister smile were not quite so cruelly vivid, that his tongue had touched with less mordant emphasis some great names, that in short one or two illusions concerning what he calls a "natural" government had been spared to us. As a matter of fact he experienced, according to Hamilton, an almost romantic attachment for Miss Hamilton, who eventually became his wife. But even here the element of apish comedy was not lacking, for we are told in the Introduction that he was on the point of leaving for France without her when he was overtaken by her brothers, who inquired if he had forgotten nothing. "Ah," he replied, "true; I have forgotten to marry your sister." He turned back on the spot and married her. His brother-in-law omits this episode from his narrative, but it casts a singular side-light upon a courtship which, if adroit rather than impassioned, seems in these pages at all events genuine. Whatever else he was, however, the

Chevalier was singularly well equipped to be a commentator upon the age in which he lived. It was an age in which strength and brutality were very thinly masked by affectation and grace, an age which threw into license the same energies that it had thrown into war, an age, moreover, which in a confused and distorted fashion saw in this very license a phase of revenge for past injury. That at least was the spirit of the court and the town; even the society of Rochester and Lady Chesterfield could not lure the Comte de Grammont to study life in the country. Perhaps it is just as well, for there he would have been a man with a grievance, and a moralist, instead of the most urbane of exiles and a raconteur.

Disappointing.

JOURNALS OF FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT VON BLUMENTHAL, FOR 1866 AND 1870-71. Edited by Count Albrecht Von Blumenthal. Translated by Major A. D. Gillespie-Addison. (Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.)

THESE journals, says the editor, were written to serve as notes for further memoirs, and are, therefore, only fragments. Nevertheless, as the jottings, made at the time, of a celebrated Prussian Field-Marshal and Chief of the Staff, they must needs possess great value for future military historians. They cover the two great wars of modern times, between Prussia and Austria in 1866, and between Germany and France in 1870-71. From the general reader's point of view, however, it must be said, they are singularly disappointing. With a tithe of the opportunities which Von Blumenthal had, any tolerably competent journalist would have made thrice as interesting and informing a journal of these great events. From the general literary or even historical point of view, the trouble with most soldiers is that they take too much—far too much—for granted. Not only the pictorial side of war (which one does not expect them to see), but plans and the details of plans, general movements and the details of general movements, are passed over as matters of course, the routine of the day's work not calling for notice because there is nothing in it out of the way. Only when plans and so forth go wrong, when hitches arise, do we begin to hear of them. Then the soldier's personal interest is aroused. So it comes that we turn with interest to the famous day of Königgratz (or Sadowa) where Blumenthal took a decisive part, coming up when the "Red Prince" was desperately engaged with the Austrian front, and taking the enemy between hammer and tongs. There is absolutely scarce any account of the battle. "I made my dispositions; we marched according to orders; when I came up Prince Frederick Charles was hotly engaged; we had some tough fighting. When the Austrians retreated I had leisure to look over the field of this dreadful battle:" that is about the sum of what Blumenthal tells you regarding the "crowning mercy" of the Seven Weeks' War. It reads almost like the account of a close but casual skirmish. He is much more interested about the cavalry which failed to come up, than about the battle itself. They failed to come up, there is the thing—there was a hitch. The battle was all as it should be. Therefore the hitch alone "catches on" to his methodical military mind, though it was a quite minor thing—a mere detail in the great affair of the battle. So it is with the Franco-German War, so it is with the struggle round Paris. The journal is filled with complaints, with little hitches, little difficulties, with his colds, with the stupidities of the General Staff, with everything which went wrong, and worried his sense of order and of what should be. The victory of Orleans (in which, to be sure, he had no part) when it comes, is dismissed in brief general terms; but the delays and contretemps before it came are grumbled about in harassed detail. It is not stimulant to the general or historical reader.

Von Blumenthal has a constant grudge against princely officials, and all the entourage of courtly commanders. It appears in 1866:—

Headquarters are not to me an impressive experience. A crowd of long-faced loafers is always an odious sight, especially when they greet one in a sort of condescending manner, fancying themselves omniscient, and apportioning blame freely, in some cases not knowing or understanding the circumstances.

In the French war he is yet bitterer. "If only the King with all the Princes and his Staff would go away, we could make short work of the business, and soon bring peace within measurable distance," he cries before Paris; and his complaints of the stupidity of the royal Staff are continual. It is curious to find that even Moltke himself was not omnipotent, but was sometimes overridden by the King in regard to movements which he thought advisable. "Looking so long through the telescope made my eyes quite sore, and rendered me at last half blind," is the one little vivid touch at Sedan; which, for the rest, is described in the usual general fashion—nothing one has not heard a hundred times, and heard much better. No, war related by a Prussian Chief of Staff is a fearfully prosaic business.

Pen and Brush.

LETTERS FROM THE HOLY LAND. By Elizabeth Butler. (Black. 7s. 6s. net.)

LADY BUTLER'S volume is interesting for two reasons: it contains the impressions of an artist in a medium with which she is unfamiliar, as well as her impressions in a medium with which she is familiar. We are not disappointed in either aspect of this most pleasant and sincere book. Apart from the charm of the drawings, there is a distinct literary charm. These letters have simplicity, observation, and an unusual sense of form—unusual, that is, as coming from one whose accepted means of artistic expression are in the brush and not in words. The book contains some quite admirable descriptions; they are, of necessity, a painter's descriptions, appealing primarily to the visual sense; but those of us who know the ordinary run of painter's descriptions will recognise in Lady Butler's a faculty of verbal expression distinctly beyond the average. Take this, for instance:—

As I returned, towards sunset, and climbed the steep sides of the Valley of Jehoshaphat up to St. Stephen's Gate—the shortest way to the City—I looked back towards the scene of my happy labours, and a sight lay there below me which impressed me, I am sure, for life. The western sides of the abyss which I was climbing were already in the shades of night, for twilight hardly exists here, but the opposite slopes received the red sunset light in its fullest force, and in that scarlet gleam shone out in intense relief thousands upon thousands of flat tombstones that cover the bones of countless Jews who have, at their devout request, been buried there to await, on the spot, the Last Judgment which they, and we, and the Mahometans all believe will take place in that valley.

In that passage also is indicated the note of Christian faith which is, perhaps, the strongest element in Lady Butler's book. She is sceptical of nothing; she accepts the influence of the environment in which she finds herself, and is too full of instinctive faith and memorial beauty to cavil over mere questions of topographical evidence. Concerning the Church of the Holy Sepulchre she writes:—

It was an overwhelming sensation to find the spaces that separate the sites so much vaster than I had expected, and to have, at every step, the conviction driven home that after all the modern wrangling and disputing the old tradition stands immovable.

This, after all, is the only spirit in which to visit "the land of little fruit trees" and the home and place of pilgrimage of the Christian faith.

In the main Lady Butler has not described the vivid human colouring of Palestine, and in her drawings she has carefully confined herself to sketching only scenes connected with "Our Lord's revealed life." But here and there we have excellent touches of almost realistic description, as in that of the lepers, which concludes: "And then we go to our *table d'hôte* and comfortable beds, and they—where do they sleep? Do they lie down on those bare bones?" Here again is a passage which is worth quoting:—

To-day we first visited the Wailing Place of the Jews. Strange and pathetic sight, these weird men and women and children weeping and moaning, with their faces against the gigantic stones of the wall that forms the only remaining portion of the foundation of their vanished Temple, praying Jehovah for its restoration to Israel; and over their heads rises in its strong beauty the Moslem Mosque of Omar, standing in the place of the "Holy of Holies," the varnished tiles of its dome ablaze with green and blue in the resplendent sun! Jews below, Moslems above, yet to the Christian, Christ everywhere!

To say that Lady Butler's text is on the same level as the drawings here reproduced in colour would be, perhaps, to say too much. Many of the drawings are delightful in tint and suggestion; those of the "Plain of Jordan" and "The Cenaculum" strike us as particularly happy.

Signs of Mind.

THE CREATION OF MATTER; OR, MATERIAL ELEMENTS, EVOLUTION AND CREATION. (Thomson Lectureship Trust.) By Rev. W. Profeit. (T. and T. Clark. 2s. net.)

In this eloquent little volume, the author, equipped with scholarship, breadth of knowledge, and a style which, perhaps naturally enough, is suggestive of an Old Testament model, states the evidence for his thesis that Nature is the work of an all-intelligent mind, "that in its primal elements, however far back we may have to go to find them, there are so many signs of mind as to render it evident that they are the product of an understanding that is infinite, of a hand that is omnipotent." The author's treatment, brief and simple though it be, is worthy of the theme. When the Dervish was asked, "How do you know that there is a God?" he answered, "How do I know that it was a camel, not a man, who passed my tent last night?" "By the footprints," was the reply. Pointing to the sun, he said, "That is a footprint, and not of a man, but a God." This is Mr. Profeit's argument. Ranging over the whole of nature, drawing his illustrations from as wide a range as Haeckel, he argues that the "signs of mind on matter are as clear and distinct as if we had seen the Eternal Mind marching in majesty through space, leaving suns and planets behind him as his footprints." The root of his difference from Haeckel is to be found in the assertion that "the particles of matter have not in them conscious intelligence," and from this he makes the great induction of an intelligent First Cause; for "matter is crammed with ideas."

Of the atoms of any one substance the author well phrases it that "they are minute, but the exactness of their correspondence in minuteness is still more minute." Happy also is his remark upon the invisibility of light: "light is not that which is manifest, but that which makes manifest." It would be well to correct the statement that light does not make the atmosphere to glow with colour, as the blue of the sky is, of course, a selective absorption of sunlight. The statement that there are only seven colours is also unscientific. There are billions of colours. Incorrect also is the analogy drawn between the seven easily audible octaves of sound and the seven colours. As a matter of fact, we only see just about one octave of light, to the notes of which octave the well-marked colours might be likened. Nor is it correct to say that light and

sound motions begin and end where we can see and hear, and to use this as a proof of the adaptation of elasticity to our ends. And—our last quarrel with the author—we do not think it well to speak of life as an "element."

His argument against the "carbon-theory" of Haeckel would gain in strength if, as they should be, sulphur and phosphorus were added to nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen as equally necessary with carbon for the production of protoplasm. But it is only just to say that we have quoted all the errors we could discover, and that the author's manner must add to his matter a charm and a newness even for those familiar with, and perhaps therefore too contemptuous of, its interest.

Other New Books.

MY NATURE NOTE-BOOK. By E. Kay Robinson. (Isbister. 2s. 6d.)

A BRIGHT, pleasant, and well-informed little book—a book, indeed, infinitely more engaging than scores of more elaborate garden books. As a rule, in nature books, we look either for facts or good writing: we seldom get the two combined. In this volume we have both. The writing is quite unpretentious, but it is easy and always equal to any demands made upon it. Mr. Robinson takes the round of the year and gives us bird, plant, and insect notes; but the birds are his favourites, and he brings to their study a kindly and human observation. "So soon as you begin," he says, "to calculate profit and loss in natural history you are lost in a wilderness of doubts." Even the wasp may do more good than harm; he eats our fruit and often resents our interference with his sting, but he also makes war on the flies which we detest. As an example of Mr. Robinson's pleasant manner we may quote the following concerning peewits and gulls on their feeding ground:—

... the plovers manage well enough with their ears alone; for wherever you see—as you may see every day in autumn on the East coast when the ploughs are idle—a number of plovers and gulls on the ground together, you may be sure that the plovers are finding dinners for themselves, and the gulls too. There is no charity in the matter, however. The stress of the struggle for existence forbids wild-creatures to exhibit this virtue towards each other; and on the gull's part it is sheer blackmail and piracy which leads him to seek the plover's company.

When the plover secures his worm the gull pounces upon him; the plover rises, and in the excitement of the chase drops the worm. The gull drops after it, eats it, and "resumes his statuesque attitude of observation of the peewits around him."

The volume is thoughtfully provided with blank pages at the end on which readers may make their own notes.

HERTFORDSHIRE. By Herbert W. Tompkins. "The Little Guides" Series. (Methuen. 3s.)

UPON the title-page of this book Mr. Tompkins has set the inevitable quotation from Charles Lamb, "Hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire." In Lamb's day Hertfordshire was a county practically unexplored; indeed, it remained so until the great invasion of the cyclist, and still it has quiet places, ideal and leafy fastnesses, which harbour the old life and the old names and the old ways of simple existence. Not so long ago Elstree was practically as remote from London as York—now it is by way of being a respectable and flourishing suburb: in the churchyard is buried that thief and murderer, William Weare, who was himself murdered in 1823 by an equally notorious rascal. Was there not a broad-sheet

song beginning "His Name was Mr. William Weare," or something of that sort? Hertfordshire, like most English counties, is rich in happy place nomenclature: Heavensgate, Hexton, Patient End, Pepperstock, Stevenage, Wheathampstead are names full of suggestion. And of great men who have lived there there is an almost endless list, though few, comparatively, were born within its borders. Chaucer was clerk of the works at Berkhamstead Castle; Sir John Maundeville reported that he was born at St. Albans; and there lived and died Dr. Cotton. Bacon lived at Gorhambury, Bulwer Lytton at Knebworth, and Macaulay went to school at Aspenden.

The Gazetteer is full and clear, and the general information succinct and well set forth. Mr. New's illustrations are always interesting, and those in this little volume are as good as usual. Chapters are also included dealing with the county's physical features, climate, flora and fauna, and so forth.

THIRTY YEARS IN AUSTRALIA. By Ada Cambridge. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

This is one of those interesting autobiographies dealing certainly with the small things of life and matters of local consequence, but described with such character and with a point of view so entirely charming, that one comes to the belief that this tittle-tattle of the Bush thirty years ago and these struggles and tea parties of poor curates are not merely topical, but are common to the lives of all men. Miss Cambridge is, perhaps, at her keenest when sitting in judgment on those who are immediately responsible in the Federated Government. This chapter of politico-industrial matters is quite by the way, and the reader is warned not to read it, if his sole object is amusement for an idle hour. But nevertheless this chapter belongs to the sketch, and completes one's idea of the Bush surroundings. It will be noted that the author's work is not confined to her immediate sphere: she has a keen scent for smug theology, and has none of the limitations of the parochial mind. On the contrary, she is rather pleased with the idea of herself as a "writing person," and is proud of her association with the Australian press. An agreeable, and sometimes a stimulating book, by one who knows her subject well.

The fourth volume of the Illustrated Edition of "Social England" (Cassell) covers the period from the accession of James I. to the death of Anne. Over twenty writers have contributed to this volume, including Prof. Saintsbury, Prof. C. Oman, and Sir W. Laird Clowes. The illustrations are numerous and well reproduced.

In "Open-Air Studies in Bird Life" (Griffin), by Charles Dixon, we have a series of sketches of British Birds in their proper environment. Nearly all indigenous birds have been included. The volume is designed as a popular introduction to the study of Ornithology, and therefore is by no means exhaustive. But Mr. Dixon has packed much useful information into his pages. The volume is fully illustrated.

NEW EDITIONS: New issues of Dickens continue to appear with astonishing regularity. In addition to their "Biographical Edition," Messrs. Chapman and Hall are now publishing a "Fireside Edition," the first three volumes of which consist of "Sketches by Boz," "The Pickwick Papers," and "Oliver Twist." The original illustrations by Cruikshank, Phiz, &c., are included, and the prices vary, according to the bulk of the volumes, from one and sixpence to two shillings.

Fiction.

A STRETCH OFF THE LAND. By G. Stewart Bowles. (Methuen. 6s.)

In these sketches and stories the author of "A Gun-Room Ditty Box" celebrates the Gun-Room Mess in prose. He writes with considerable buoyancy of the junior officers of a man-of-war, youths upon whom no public school has laid its hand, and whose manhood is awaited by no "begging Foundation, rotten with age, and doting in the ivy of its swamps." Mr. Bowles describes the life of the ship with minute knowledge, and there are matters upon which his views do not accord with those of the Admiralty. "Sidgwick-Administrator" confides his opinion on the impending executive rank for engineers, of which the "tiffies" and the newspapers are talking. "If they get it . . . they'll break the service with it. It's God's own truth. Write it, sir. Tell 'em that." The picture of the stoker who, in becoming a railway signalman, had missed his true vocation is admirably drawn:—

"Fires is my business, fires and iron, iron and fires, like my father's before me; natural as drinkin' milk. In the boxes 'twas the same. I was always fretting that I wasn't in the shops. You remember; I see it now. Couldn't stand it, never could. Couldn't never stand and hear an express strikin' her pace to the westward or layin' up the night again into Waterloo without feelin' that something was wrong. . . . Then they shifted me into that box by the new line; you remember that; at the top of the drop into Salisbury. Did we used to know that box a bit? Did we talk a bit? Ho! you and me!" He chuckled to himself, and drew pictures with one finger in the thin clinging dust.

Mr. Bowles has felt the romance of the ship and of the sea, and writes with unmistakable descriptive power.

THE ADVANCED-GUARD. By Sydney C. Grier. (Blackwood. 6s.)

"Not the cushion and the slipper . . . Pioneers," exclaimed Whitman, and the manly austerity of Sydney C. Grier's heroes is not to be excelled by any "tan-faced child" of Nebraska or Colorado. But there is much more here than an exhibition of moral fibre; there is swift-footed and coherent romance in which a remarkable personality is presented to us against a background of Asiatic wilderness and tribal unrest. The time of the story is the fifties, and the chief character is employed in the pacification and development of a district within call of Ethiopia. Colonel Keeling is his name, and the huge and indomitable soldier has seldom, if ever, been better drawn. A nagger of the powers that be, an inveterate quoter of the poems of Scott, a hustler and martinet, and at the same time great-hearted and patriotic, he is alive and lovable, and the library that holds his story offers a worthy substitute for an absent friend. The passage which records how the news of his wife's death was imparted to Colonel Keeling shall be quoted for a certain delicacy foreign to "full-bodied" fiction and indicative of an original mind:—

The servants . . . fell away from [Colonel Keeling] as he sprang up the steps, but the old khansaman ventured to speak as he saw his master pause to unbuckle the sword which clanked behind him. "It is not necessary, sahib," he murmured humbly; but Colonel Keeling looked straight through him, laid the sword noiselessly on a chair, and went on.

The portrait of Ferrers, an unstable young officer who embraces Islam to save himself from the horrors of an Asiatic gaol, is addressed to the gallery inasmuch as he ultimately becomes a martyr. Yet it must be pronounced praiseworthy for an author to deal so sympathetically with a bumptious renegade that he stands almost excused, while by every convention of rhetoric he is

contemptible. Sydney C. Grier is like most English novelists, careful not to let her atmosphere absorb her people or tone them down to it. In *Lady Haigh*, one of two European ladies, she introduces us to a good-natured, intriguing mistress of commonplace in whose society it is possible to forget that Tooting is not in Asia.

IN THE GARDEN OF CHARITY. By Basil King. (Harpers. 6s.)

THERE is much that is good in this new novel of Mr. King's, so much that we could wish the whole were better. The idea is excellent, and by no means wanting in originality. Charity is the deserted wife of a gay young soldier, who left her three months after marriage, and for whom she has been waiting in her garden by the sea for eleven years. When news at last comes of him, it is to the effect that he is living with another woman; and so her dream of eleven years is shattered in an instant. Up to this point our sympathies are naturally with Charity; but the story shifts to the other woman's house, and our sympathies are suddenly with the passionate and beautiful Hagar, who believes herself to be William's wife, and is only undeceived when he tells her the truth, and declares his intention of going home to spend his last days—the man is dying—with his lawful wife. Nor do we feel entirely antipathetic towards William, who is by no means the callous villain this sort of character is generally represented to be in fiction; and the scenes between him and Hagar, when he tries to get away from her and she tries to keep him, are among the best in the book. After his death, the story becomes an account of how Charity, having discovered that Hagar is not what she has always imagined a bad woman to be, effaces herself even to the extent of letting the poor creature pose as his widow while she herself wears coloured frocks and feigns cheerfulness with a breaking heart, for the sake of hiding Hagar's real story from the neighbours. In the end, Hagar rewards her with the love she has earned from her; but the interest of the story lies rather in the clever way the characters of the two women are contrasted, and the very natural manner in which, at the beginning, they alternately hate and pity each other. What does, in a measure, mar the book is the author's tendency to spoil the dignity of a situation by enforcing the prettiness or the sentimentality of it.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

JOHN GAYTHER'S GARDEN.

By FRANK R. STOCKTON.

"John Gayther's Garden, and the stories told therein." John Gayther was the gardener, but in former days he had led a life of adventure. He had been "a sailor, a soldier, a miner, a ranchman, and a good many other things besides." Three of the stories are told by himself. Others are related by the Daughter of the House, the Master of the House, the Next Neighbour, the Old Professor, and so on. There are eleven in all, and the fare is various. The book is illustrated. (Cassell. 6s.)

By E. C. SOMERVILLE AND MARTIN ROSS.

ALL ON THE IRISH SHORE.

Another volume of Irish sketches by the authors of "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M." Of the thirteen stories, many have the hunting-field as a background, and all are distinguished by the rollicking humour and strong grasp of Irish character which the authors have displayed in their former books. The volume has been cleverly illustrated by Miss Somerville. (Longmans. 6s.)

AS A TREE FALLS.

By L. PARRY TRUSCOTT.

A new volume in the Pseudonym Library. It is a cleverly written tale of a village flirtation, the chief characters being a baker, a youthful grocer, and "the new girl at Smyth's," who made the acquaintance of these swains as they called for orders, and conferred upon them, in turn, the privilege of her company on her "evenings out." This situation is developed with considerable humour and with much sympathetic characterisation. Mr. Truscott is the author of "The Poet and Penelope." (Unwin. 1s. 6d.)

SEMI SOCIETY.

By FRANK RICHARDSON.

A light-hearted story: period, King's Coronation. All the characters are well realized. There is a rich money-lender living in Berkeley Square; his wife, in love with a polished swindler who has just served a term of imprisonment; a young baronet who is ostracised by reason of his marriage with a Music Hall *artiste*; and many other personages who, however disagreeable they may be in the flesh, are sufficiently engaging when presented to us by the author of "The Man who Lost his Past." (Chatto.)

FROM THE UNVARYING STAR.

By ELSWORTH LAWSON.

A novel of religious controversy by the author of "Euphrosyne and her Golden Book." The hero is a young clergyman who obtains the charge of Zion Chapel in a small English village, but whose recent experience of the free intellectual life of a German University leads to differences between himself and his congregation. A quotation from Maeterlinck explains the title: "... yet shall the woman we elect always have come to us straight from the unvarying star." (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE BONNET CONSPIRATORS.

By VIOLET A. SIMPSON.

"A story of 1815." The action passes in an English sea coast village in the year of Waterloo. The plot turns on certain smuggling adventures by which the ladies of the village were supplied with their luxuriant trimmings for the bonnet of the period. Marie and her brother became deeply involved in the conspiracy, but "Lady Hepzibah, leaning on the Commandant's arm, wore the Bonnet at Marie's Wedding!" (Smith Elder. 6s.)

THE LADY OF THE CAMEO.

By TOM GALLON.

A story of mystery and intrigue which opens on "a rainy gusty night at the Nore." The young man who leaned upon the taff-rail of the big vessel felt that London drew him "like a magnet." On the evening of his arrival he saved a man from drowning, only to find that the latter wore on one of his fingers the ring which he had given, years ago, to the girl whom he had now come to London to seek. The plot depends upon grotesque coincidences, but the mystery is well maintained. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

ROVING HEARTS.

By K. AND HESKETH PRICHARD.

Sixteen stories, some of which have already appeared in "The Cornhill Magazine." "The Flying Squadron" is "a story of the Black Republic." The history of Haytian politics, the authors tell us, would make incredible reading. "It is not generally known . . . that once upon a time the Haytian Republic saw fit to initiate a war against Russia, Germany, France . . . and every other Power with the exception of England and the United States." The preface maintains that this story is by no means a caricature. The scenes of the others are laid in many lands. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

We have also received: "A Girl's Life in a Hunting Country," by "Handasyde" (Lane); "The House of the Combrays," by G. Le Notre (Harper); "The Palace of Spies," by Herbert Compton (Treherne); "Near the Tsar near Death," by Fred Whishaw (Chatto); "The Law Breakers," by E. Spender (White).

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“The Worship of Sorrow.”

THROUGH a hurried accumulation of outward circumstances, due mainly to the application of a still dim knowledge of electricity, the people of to-day are apt to consider themselves as divorced, even in their inner selves, from the generations which preceded them. This point of view is so conspicuous as to need little comment, but it is curious to study the different phases of its expression in much of our contemporary verse. For the versifiers of to-day appear to be always conscious of an attitude of criticism, of a demand for something quite other than the emotional expression of ordinary joy and grief. In France this tendency has been submitted, as usual, to the tests of logic, and we have, for example, the formulæ of Verlaine's symbolism. In England, the home of commercial individualism and literary caprice, we have all sorts of distortions of rhymed prose writhing beneath the mask of poetry. To be exotic, to be “modern,” to be detached from the common inheritance of doubt and fear—that is the aim of such a poet. He will express in sentences of a laboured preciousness the great simple thoughts that once leaped unbidden to a poet's lips. This he will do, and moreover, because of the savour of the lost virility, he will preserve sedulously as an anthologist the archaic simplicity of the older poets. But this, far from being a habit of thought peculiar to a few nations of modern Europe, was, as Mr. Mahaffy has observed, precisely the attitude of the dilettante of Alexandria during the post-Alexandrian period of Greek culture.

Again, it is one of our mental platitudes to consider the ancients as beings cast in the same mould, but otherwise differing entirely from ourselves. “The ancients,”—the very phrase has in it the impress of unimaginative arrogance, as though the youths and maidens who loitered together “in the time of peace before the sons of the Achæans came” were not in very truth as youths and maidens have always been, as youth must ever be until our race runs its course in the slow cooling of our planet. There is no dividing line of infinite separation, and the common bond between us and the far-off centuries is to be found over and over again in literature. It has found various phases of expression, but one supreme manifestation in the recognition, Pagan as well as Christian, ancient as well as modern, of the doubtfulness of the human destiny and of the individual's powerlessness in the face of the great unknown forces of which the human race is, as it were, the flattered plaything. This recognition of man's actual position in the universe was the keynote to the melancholy which underlay the blithe courage of the Greek as well as the slower steadfastness of the Roman. We find Homer brooding over the leaves swept hither and thither even as the destinies of mortals. We find Virgil ever conscious of “the doubtful doom of human kind.” We find it in the sad challenge of the gods upon the questioning lips of Euripides. We find even the mocking Horace penetrated by the merciless message of the gliding years.

And even in the elemental religion of the Greeks, that extraordinary example of man's courage in the face of the unknown, there was a place for what Goethe has called “the worship of sorrow.” It came, as Mr. Pater has pointed out with such rare sympathy for the ancient myth, from the very earth itself, from the yearly tragedy of summer's death. And then the poets took to themselves the legend, and Demeter became for all time the Greek symbol of the sanctity of sorrow. From that, indeed, no race and no generation has ever wholly escaped.

In an anthology of singular charm, “*Lyra Sacra*” (Methuen), of which a second edition has just been published, Canon Beeching has called attention to this common need of the human heart. From the fourteenth century to the twentieth we find in this little volume repetitions of a craving which external realities can never satisfy. We find, too, the expression of that strange protest against the triumph of life which offers the supreme crown to sorrow. We find it here from the lips of an anonymous fifteenth century poet:—

Long and love thou never so high,
My love is more than thine may be;
Thou gladdest, thou weepest, I sit thee by;
Yet wouldst thou once, love, look at me!
Should I always feed thee
With children's meat? Nay, love, not so!
I will prove thy love with adversity,
Quia amore languo.

We find it in the “In Memoriam” of Tennyson:—

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.
So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.

We find it alike in the “*Virginibus Puerisque*” of Geoffrey Chaucer and in “*The Celestial Surgeon*” of Robert Louis Stevenson. We find it in the lines “Written in his Bible the night before his execution” by Sir Walter Raleigh, and in the “*Morality*” of Matthew Arnold. It is in the “*Eternity*” of Herrick and in “*The Quip*” by Herbert; in “*A New and Old Year Song*” by Rossetti, and in the “*Magna est Veritas*” of Coventry Patmore.

It is true that, just as in the myth of Demeter there came afterwards the sweet promise of the restored Persephone, symbolic of an earthly solace, so, too, in this Christian expression of the universal worship of sorrow there is ever the note of hope for and faith in a divine and mystical consolation. But what seems to us to be universal and typical of human beings of all faiths, of all countries, and of all periods, is the deliberate turning away from the immediate and the transitory in search of the ultimate and the imperishable, and this attitude of thought we find everywhere in the “*Lyra Sacra*.”

But there is one poem in this anthology which will appeal, probably, most inevitably to the readers of to-day: it is this:—

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.
On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm-in-arm, how pleasant here to pace;
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far-widening as we go.
On stormy nights, when wild north-westerns rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.
Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say,

In these beautiful lines Clough seems to utter the inmost secret of the human soul, the secret which has haunted poets from Euripides to Tennyson, the secret which links the earth-born sorrow of Demeter to the "Divine Grief" of Christianity.

And we laugh a little and love a little and hate a little as we sail idly between the "two eternities." But in a grim moment there comes to each one of us the certitude of unreality, and we turn away from what appears to be with a craving in our hearts to lift for one instant the impenetrable veil of being. In that moment differences of time and space cease to exist; the universe becomes a unit of which we are a part. The faint, inarticulate expression of this thought formulates a protest against the mockeries that had deceived our senses. That protest of which the potentiality is common to the human race, has found utterance in "the worship of sorrow."

Hans Breitmann.

IN reading American books, in studying that eager American life so unlike anything to be found in sober Europe, one learns why it is that, even with all Europe's culture ready to its hand like an axe to the pioneer, the Republic has not yet produced its poet, or its cunning artist, to give voice, or form, to the emotions, and the beauty, pulsing so hotly among its citizens. The land is too cosmopolitan. It says, as its one great mind said:—

I am large. I contain multitudes.

and it is perhaps not unfair to liken its literati, as they are at this day, to four and twenty blackbirds baking in a pie. So many ingredients will have to combine, and resolve, and crystallize; so many "grounds" will have to settle, so many bubbles to arise and burst, before the dish can be dainty and fit for the President's table, that it is likely to be a great while before the artists have a medium with which to work, let alone a skill in the shaping and moulding of the material.

They are a great people, these Americans, and a new people, and a people struggling to make something new from an old speech and a set of old traditions. Their impetuous hearts are even now changing that old speech into something quaint and strange (I cannot say "rich" and strange) which is quicker, as it seems, and snappier, and which reminds one of an electric lamp set within an old horn lantern. Everywhere one sees the ingredients in the cauldron, bubbling, and seething, and imparting, each one of them, some flavour or smack to the great pie they help to make. Here is Mr. Dooley with his Irishman's ways of speech that stick in the popular mind, and that thousands use daily. There is Uncle Remus—a tenth of the population speaks the "English" of Uncle Remus. There is John Chinaman and Jhonna Dago, but they are not vocal, I believe, as yet; and there is the most potent of all the alien influences, that of the late Mr. Leland's Hans Breitmann and the fine class he represents.

Breitmann is not, as so many think, and will think him, a mere caricature with a fine thirst and the heroic manner. He is a type. He represents a class—a wise, kindly, laughter-moving class—which is not common now, and which we seldom see in England, but which exists, and is delightful, in many parts of Germany and in the States. The laughter is always *with* and not *at* this old hero. He loves the pleasures of the table, and he will drink, it seems, as long as he has passage in his throat, yet he has an eye for beauty, the wisdom of a man, and a ripe talent for events. He is that old Germany,

as I feel, that died, or became changed, with the rise of the shop-class after the French war. He is of the blunt Luther type, with, perhaps, the "Wein, Weib und Gesang" elements set up in caps.

Hans' prototype, Mr. Trübner tells us, was "a German serving during the war (of Secession) in the 15th Pennsylvanian Cavalry, and who—we have it on good authority—was a man of desperate courage whenever a cent could be made, and one who *never* fought unless something *could* be made." Many of the ballads tell of his merry battles, and of the great spoils, chiefly liquid, that his battles brought him, but it is hardly as a fighter that Hans makes his appeal to us. We like him when he is at peace, well primed with the schnapps, or the lager, or the sauer-kraut so dear to him. And then, by the fireside, puffing the meerschaum of content, the warm reminiscences come gently to the soothed brain, and the story comes, between tobacco puffs, ripely and well considered from a seasoned and mellowed personality.

Before discussing the literary merits of the ballads, and there are very few that have not sterling worth either as verse or as a genuine "philosophy of life," it would be well to say just a few words of the wonderful speech in which they are written. Fully to appreciate the cleverness of it one must have lived in Germany and in, say, Hoboken. Old Hans uses the American idioms with such aptness, and sandwiches them between such deft and apposite quotations from the literature of his Fatherland, that an outsider misses half of the abundant points he makes. How happy the blend is may be seen from the two quotations I have culled at haphazard:—

Du bist ein Musikant
Top-sawyer on der counter-point
Und buster in discant.

and

Und knock dem out de shpots
Come pack to eart', O Schnitzerlein
Und pring id down to dots.

It is not dialect. It has not the fixity of a dialect. We feel that in a year's time old Hans would be using a very different speech with quite different effects upon his hearers. In the ballads he is at "the top of happy hours." He is precise in his use of the snappy, effective idiom of the States. And his German—the German, always, of a cultured and deep-thinking man—saves him, and his rhymes, from any taint or accusation of commonness. The only accusation one might bring forward is one of over-insistence upon certain traits in Hans' character. I feel that the details of his swillings, though I love to read them, separate him, just a little, from me. I feel that such an Homeric skinker would never have been allowed to leave the Fatherland: would never have ridden all those thirsty miles with Sherman: and could never have loved such dusty things as politics.

There is an old German tale, which occurs to me, of a wine-merchant's bin-man, who was asked by his employer if he could, and would, drink at a draught a bucket of white wine for the pleasuring of certain company. He replied that he must meditate the proposal in private for a little while. After a short absence he returned, filled the bucket, and drained it to the great joy and envy of all present. When asked why he had needed to consider the matter, he replied:—

I haf try mit oder bucket.

I feel that Mr. Leland's jolly creation is a shade too like that bin-man. Hear him:—

Und troonker more, und troonker yet, und troonker
shill cot ve
In rosy light shill drivin on agross a fairy sea,
Denn madder, vilder, frantie-er I proked a salat tish
Und shoost like roariu elefants ve tanzed aroundt de
dish.

I'fe shvimmed in heavenly droonks pefore—boot nefer
 von like dis
 De morgen-het-ache only seemed a bortion of the pliss.
 De while in trilling peauty roundt like heavenly vind-
 harps rang
 A goosh of golden melodie - de Rheinweinbecher's
 Klang.

The stanza that follows after is "troonker yet," but what I have quoted shows the old fellow at his maddest. One can pardon him for taking so jolly a delight in the good things of the world, for we know that (after the morgen-het-ache) he will be up and about, playing the man like a master. I must own, however, that he touches me more nearly when he is in his serious vein. When he is dreaming over the beautiful things that have touched him in the past, or at music, or giving advice to the young. In these moods he says things which place him with the poets. "Breitmann in Leyden," though perhaps the quaint Breitmann lingo rather mars its gentleness, is a thing that none but a true poet could have made:—

'Tis shveet to valk in Holland towns
 Apout de twilight tide,
 When all ish shdill on proud canals,
 Safe where a poat may clide.
 Shdrange light on darkenin' vater falls
 In long soft lines afar,
 Der Abenddroth on Dunkelheit
 Vitch shows—or hides—a star.

The end comes to one with a grace and a softness that is like "rare 'Gene Field" at his rarest:—

O if you live in Leyden town
 You'll meet, if troot be told,
 De forms of all de fremnds who tied
 When du werst six years old.

Lovers of Hans will wish him a peaceful old age in Leyden, with lager of the best, and Rhein wein, and a seat in the Bier Garten looking over the old town; and twilight and death coming to him very gently at the last, almost obsequiously, like a grave waiter announcing closing time.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

Books Too Little Known.

"Amaryllis at the Fair" and "After London."

"AFTER London!" my readers may exclaim; "why, everybody knows—at least, we mean that we have heard of that book. Surely it is by — yes, of course, it is by Richard Jefferies. We have always meant to look it up some day and see what is in it." And "Amaryllis at the Fair" must be one of those "later indifferent novels" of which the critics speak. "What a pity Jefferies tried to write novels! Why didn't he stick to essays in natural history?" Some such opinion as the foregoing is likely to be delivered by those who seek the safety of acquiescence in the mysterious movements of public taste. Certainly the critics are touchingly unanimous. "He wrote some later novels of indifferent merit," says a critic in "Chambers' Encyclopædia." "Has anyone ever been able to write with free and genuine appreciation of even the later novels?" asks or echoes a lady, Miss Grace Toplis, writing on Jefferies. "In brief, he was an essayist and not a novelist at all," says Mr. Henry Salt. "It is therefore certain that his importance for posterity will dwindle, if it has not already dwindled, to that given by a bundle of descriptive selections. But these will occupy a foremost place on their particular shelf, the shelf at the head of which stands Gilbert White and Gray," says Mr. George Saintsbury.

"He was a reporter of genius, and he never got beyond reporting. Mr. Besant has the vitalising imagination which Jefferies lacked," says Mr. Henley in his review of Walter Besant's "Eulogy of Richard Jefferies"; and again, "They are not novels as he [Walter Besant] admits, they are a series of pictures. . . . That is the way he takes Jefferies at Jefferies' worst." Yes, it is very touching this unanimity, and it is therefore a pleasure for this critic to say that in his judgment "Amaryllis at the Fair" is one of the very few later-day novels of English country life that are worth putting on one's shelf, and that to make room for it he would turn out certain highly-praised novels by Hardy which do not ring quite true, novels which the critics and the public, again with touching unanimity, have voted to be of high rank. But what is a novel? the reader may ask. A novel, says the learned Charles Annandale, is "a fictitious prose narrative, involving some plot of greater or less intricacy, and professing to give a picture of real life, generally exhibiting the passions and sentiments, in a state of great activity, and especially the passion of love." Well, "Amaryllis at the Fair" is a fictitious prose narrative professing to give a picture of real life, and involving a plot of little intricacy. Certainly it exhibits the passions and sentiments in a state of great activity. But Mr. Henry Salt, whose little book on Jefferies is the best yet published, further remarks: "Jefferies was quite unable to give any vivid dramatic life to his stories . . . his instinct was that of the naturalist who observes and moralises rather than that of the novelist who penetrates and interprets; and consequently his rustic characters, though strongly and clearly drawn, do not live, as, for example, those of Thomas Hardy live. . . . Men and animals are alike mere figures in his landscapes."

So far the critics. Jefferies being justly held to be "no novelist," it is inferred by most that something is wrong with "Amaryllis at the Fair," and the book is passed over in silence. But we do not judge every novel by the same test. We do not judge "Tristram Shandy," for example, by its intricate plot, or by its "vivid drama," we judge it simply as an artistic revelation of human life and human character. And judged by the same simple test "Amaryllis at the Fair," I contend, is a living picture of life, a creative work of imagination of a high order. Iden, the unsuccessful farmer who "built for all time, and not for the circumstances of the hour," is a masterly piece of character drawing. But Iden is a personal portrait, the reader may object. Well, what about Uncle Toby? From what void did he spring? Iden, to my mind, is as masterly a conception, as broadly human a figure as is Uncle Toby. And Mrs. Iden, where will you find this type of nervous, irritable wife, full of spiteful disillusioned love for her dilatory husband better painted than by Jefferies? But Mrs. Iden is a type, not an individual, the reader may say. Oh, clever reader! and what about the Widow Wadman? She is no less and no more of an individual than Mrs. Iden. It was a great feat of Sterne to create so cunningly the atmosphere of the Shandy household, but Jefferies has accomplished as artistic a feat in drawing the relations of the Idens, father, mother, and daughter. How true, how unerringly true to human nature is this picture of the Iden household; how delicately felt and rendered to a hair is this picture of the father's sluggish, masculine will, pricked ineffectually by the waspish tongue of feminine criticism. Further, we not only have the family's idiosyncrasies, their habits, mental atmosphere, and domestic story brought before us in a hundred pages, easily and instinctively by the hand of the artist, but we have the whole book steeped in the breath of English spring, the restless ache of spring that thrills through the nerves, and stirs the sluggish winter blood; we have the spring feeling breaking from the March heavens, and the March earth in copse, meadow, and ploughland as it has scarcely been rendered before by English novelist. The description of

Amaryllis running out into the March wind to call her father from his potato planting to see the daffodil; the picture of Iden pretending to sleep in his chair that he may watch the mice; the description of the girl Amaryllis watching the crowd of plain, ugly men of the countryside flocking along the road to the fair; the description of Amadis the invalid, in the old farm kitchen among the stalwart country folk—all these pictures and a dozen others in the book are painted with a masterly hand. Pictures! the critical reader may sneer. Yes, pictures of living men and women. What does it matter whether a revelation of human life is conveyed to us by pictures or by action so long as it is conveyed? Mr. Saintsbury classes Jefferies with Gray, presumably because both writers have written of the English landscape. With Gray! Jefferies in his work as a naturalist and observer of wild life may be conveniently classed with Gilbert White. But this classification only applies to one half of Jefferies' books. By his "Wild Life in a Southern County" he stands beside Gilbert White; by his "Story of My Heart" he stands by himself, a little apart from the poets and approaching the best English prose writers; and by "Amaryllis at the Fair" he stands among the half-dozen country writers of the century whose work is racy of the English soil and of rural English human nature. I will name three of these writers, Barnes, Cobbett, Waugh, and my attentive readers can name the other three.

To come back to "Amaryllis at the Fair," why is it so masterly, or, further, wherein is it so masterly, the curious reader may enquire? "Is it not full of digressions? Granted that the first half of the 'novel' is very beautiful in style, does not Jefferies suddenly break his method, introduce his own personality, intersperse abrupt disquisitions on food, illness, and Fleet Street? Is not that description of Iden's dinner a little—well, a little unusual? In short, is not the book a disquisition on life from the standpoint of Jefferies' personal experiences? And if this is so, how can the book be so fine an achievement?" Oh, candid reader, with the voice of authority sounding in your ears (and have we not Mr. Henley and Mr. Saintsbury bound in critical amity against us, not to speak of Miss Grace Toplis), a book may break all the formal rules, and yet it may yield to us just that salt of life which we may seek for vainly in the works of more faultless writers. The strength of "Amaryllis at the Fair" is that its beauty springs naturally from the prosaic earthly facts of life it narrates, and that, in the natural atmosphere breathed by its people, the prose and the poetry of their life are one. In the respect of the artistic naturalness of its homely picture, and of its convincing atmosphere, the book is very superior to, say "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," where we are conscious that the author is arranging scenery for our benefit, working in the careful studies and observations of village life he has taken for the purpose of his dramatic story, and making a realistic atmosphere which is not the true air the people he has "studied" breathe. The native air of "The Woodlanders" I hold to be a natural atmosphere in which the author is at home, but that of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," no. Jefferies has failed in "The Dewy Morn," and in "Greene-Fern Farm," because in trying to be realistic he is not moving in the atmosphere he instinctively loves. But in "Amaryllis at the Fair," the scenes, the descriptions, the conversations are spontaneous as life, and his commentary on them is like Fielding's commentary, a medium by which he lives with them. His imagination, memory, and instinctive perception are all working together. And so his picture of human life in "Amaryllis" brings with it as convincing and as fresh a breath of life as we find in Cobbett's, Waugh's and Barnes' country writings. When a writer arrives at being perfectly natural in his atmosphere, his style and his subject seem to become one. He moves easily and surely. Out of the splintered mass of ideas and emotions, out of his youthful sensations, his accidental happenings, chance revelations, and the

atmosphere he knows through long feeling, he builds up a subtle and cunning picture for us, a complete illusion of life more true than the reality. For what prosaic people call the reality is merely the co-ordination in their own minds of perhaps a thousandth part of the aspects of life around them; and only this thousandth part they have noticed. But the creative mind builds up a living picture out of thousands of aspects ordinary people are congenitally blind to. This is what Jefferies has done in "Amaryllis at the Fair." The book is rich in the forces of life, in its quick twists and turns, and in its contradictions: we feel in it there is nature working alike in the leaves of grass outside the Idens' house, in the blustering winds round the walls, and in the minds of the characters indoors; and the style is as fresh as the April wind. Everything is growing, changing, breathing in the book. But the accomplished critics do not notice these trivial strengths. It is enough for them that Jefferies was not a novelist. Indeed, Mr. Saintsbury apparently thinks that Jefferies made a mistake in drawing his philosophy from an open-air study of nature, for he writes: "Unfortunately for Jefferies his philosophic background was not his Wordsworth's clear and cheerful, but wholly vague and partly gloomy." It was neither vague nor gloomy, we may remark, parenthetically, but we may admit that Jefferies saw too deeply into nature's workings, and had too sensuous a joy in life to interpret all Nature's doings, à la Wordsworth, or lend them a portentously moral significance.

The one charge that may with truth be brought against "Amaryllis at the Fair" is that its digressions damage the artistic illusion of the whole. But we must accept them as an integral part of the book's individual character, just as the face of a man has its own character and blemishes: they are one with the spirit of the whole, and so, if they break somewhat the illusion of the scenes, they do not damage its spiritual unity. It is this spiritual unity on which we must insist, because "Amaryllis" is indeed Jefferies' last and complete testament on human life. He wrote it, or rather dictated it to his wife, as he lay in pain, slowly dying, and he has put into it the frankness of a dying man. How real, how solid, how deliciously sweet seemed those simple earthly joys, those human appetites of healthy vigorous men to him! how intense is his passion and spiritual hunger for the beauty of earth! Like a flame shooting up from the log it is consuming, so this passion for the green earth, for the earth in wind and sunshine, consumes the wasted consumptive body of the dying man. The reality, the solidity of the homely farmhouse life he describes spring from the intensity with which he clings to all he loves, the cold March wind buffeting the face, the mating cries of the birds in the hot spring sunshine. Life is so terribly strong, so deliciously real, so full of man's unsatisfied hungry ache for happiness, and yet so sweet is the craving, so bitter the knowledge of the unfulfilment. So, inspiring and vivifying the whole, in every line of "Amaryllis" is Jefferies' philosophy of life. Jefferies "did not understand human nature," say the accomplished critics. Did he not? "Amaryllis at the Fair" is one of the truest criticisms of human life you are likely to meet with. The mixedness of things, the old, old human muddle, the meanness and stupidity and shortsightedness of humanity, the good salty taste of life in the healthy mouth, the spirituality of love, the strong earthy roots of appetite, man's lust of life, with circumstances awry, and the sharp wind blowing alike on the just and the unjust—all is there on the printed page of "Amaryllis at the Fair." The song of the wind and the roar of London unite and mingle therein for those who do not bring the dulled eye of superiority to this most human book.

EDWARD GARNETT.

Impressions.

XXVI.—Companionship.

DRENCHED with rain, caked with mud, we rushed into the country town, scraping the wheel of a brewer's dray as we took the bridge. A howl of execration followed us, but my friend, who was driving his new motor-car for the first time, neither turned nor spoke. His keen face peered ahead: the speed fever coursed through his veins: it was nothing to him that a trail of curses had defiled our track from London.

When we reached the Inn he thrust his hand beneath his leather jacket and drew forth his watch: "Under two hours," he said. "Good!" The motor buzzed and groaned, and just then a troop of yeomanry passed. My heart went out to the little horses so sensitive and responsive, and, with a sudden longing, I thought of a slender roan mare that had been my companion in former days in this very town, who had carried me so bravely before the inrush of my passion for machinery and speed. I dreamt of her that night, and the next morning persuaded my friend to postpone our return journey till the afternoon. For a few hours at least I would be faithful to an old love.

What a change two years had made in the Inn yard. At the corner a showy motor shop had been built; the yard had become a *garage*; peak-faced *chaffeurs* in oil-skin garments stood waiting where, in old days, easy-limbed grooms had idled. There were motors in the coach-houses, steam eddied into the air, and over all hung the horrid smell of petrol. But at the end of the yard, where the tan-strewn incline led to the upper storey, the pleasant, familiar horsey atmosphere welcomed me, and there, forlorn enough, were a few horses, and among them the slender roan mare.

She fretted for the first half-hour, tossing her head, troubled by the bit and my unskilful handling of the reins. Had much commerce with motor-cars destroyed the little cunning I once had with man's loyal and ancient companion? It seemed so; but when we reached the crest of the downs the inspiration to give her her head, that small, wise head, came over me. I let the reins hang loose, dug my knees into her slight body, swayed to her movement, and away she went, her little hoofs hardly touching the crisp turf, her head outstretched, and I recapturing all the old rapture as we scampered across the trackless land. The rain beat down, and the hail: she inclined her head from the sting just in the old way, and bore me higher, higher till there was nothing but the birds between us and the sky. Far below on the white roads that crossed and recrossed the valley, and beyond through other counties, motor-cars were racing across the land. Man had seized the new toy in both hands, crying that the days of the horse were numbered; but that brief morning when she and I were together, one and indivisible in ecstasy of motion, was worth all the journeys of all the motor-cars that have ever raced from luncheon to dinner.

Then we descended to the place of steam and petrol. The groom stroked her wet nose and said, "When the Lord takes her, he'll take a good mare." I watched the little lady step up the tan-strewn incline to her dark lodging, and turned to find my motorist waiting to start.

The country whizzed past us: a road, always a road, stretched ahead: beneath us was always the panting inanimate thing that knew nothing, cared nothing, felt nothing, while up there, on those heights, horses were taking their own wayward way over the soft turf, their little hoofs just brushing the ground, their heads outstretched, and their bodies quivering with the joy that living things feel in service that is companionship and freedom.

Drama.

A Player's Play.

THE vitality of a national drama must, of course, depend upon its modernity, not upon its traditions. Unless it can become the medium of a living utterance and maintain its active outlook upon the facts and ideals of contemporary society, no amount of loyalty to the literary past can ever make it a literary force in the present or save it from the reproach of the academic and the unessential. One may feel this as strongly as possible, and yet wish that a spirit of more liberal enterprise might come over our actor-managers not only in their dealings with the modern playwright, but also in their rarer classical revivals. In particular it is rather ridiculous that the horizon of the eighteenth century drama should be bounded for them, as it usually is, by two plays of Sheridan's and one of Goldsmith's. For this reason, rather than for the intrinsic merits of the piece, one may welcome the experiment of Mr. Cyril Maude in reproducing at the Haymarket "The Clandestine Marriage" of George Colman and David Garrick. The eighteenth century was emphatically not an age of literary art, and "The Clandestine Marriage" does not, as will soon be apparent, endure the kind of analysis which one is accustomed to apply to a comedy of the seventeenth century or a comedy of the twentieth. The action, if so it may be called, takes place in the country house of one Sterling, a rich and extremely vulgar merchant. The chief inmate of this house is Sterling's equally vulgar, if more pretentious, sister, Mrs. Heidelberg, from whom the family have expectations. There are also two daughters, of whom the elder, Betty, an affected and shrewish young lady, is courted for her fortune by Sir John Melville, while the charming and ingenuous Fanny is already married in secret to young Lovewell, a penniless clerk in her father's office. In Act I. you learn of this and of the arrival of Lord Ogleby, an ancient beau and Sir John Melville's uncle, to complete the negotiations for his nephew's match. Act II. is almost entirely devoted to the humours of Lord Ogleby's toilet, and his horror at the vulgarians amongst whom he finds himself. In Act III. all the people who should have known better begin to fall in love with Fanny. Sir John Melville transfers his affections to her from Betty, and by offering to accept a younger sister's portion persuades Sterling to consent to the exchange. Betty and Mrs. Heidelberg, who takes her part, are furious. For Fanny, too, the situation is an awkward one. She decides to appeal to Lord Ogleby, to whom Lovewell is akin, and the fatuous old gentleman thinks that she has fallen a victim to his senile fascinations. Act IV. passes mainly on the landing before Fanny's chamber. The *spretae injuria formae* of Betty has led her to keep a watch on her sister. The presence of a man where no man should be is discovered. A hue and cry is raised, and the whole household turn out, in picturesque night-gear, on the landing. Naturally Sir John Melville is supposed to be the culprit. But to the amazement of all, out walks Lovewell. Explanations ensue. The clandestine marriage is confessed. The good hearts that lie beneath the vulgarian waistcoat of Sterling and the foppish waistcoat of Lord Ogleby assert themselves. Even Mrs. Heidelberg relents. Fanny and her husband are forgiven, and all ends happily as a marriage bell.

The thinness of the plot is, I hope, obvious. Practically nothing happens throughout three-fourths of the play. At the end there is a bustle rather than an action. The *dénouement* comes by accident, not by the working out of natural laws. And for the ethical attitude to life which one has learnt to postulate of comedy one must look in vain. These things were hardly more to the taste of the eighteenth century than to that of the nineteenth. The

whole interest of "The Clandestine Marriage" lies in the observation not of dynamic character, character in action, but of static character, or more precisely still, of those lesser manifestations of character which may be summed up as manners. It is a comedy of manners, a portraiture of social types. The distinction between the "cit" and the man about town is now, I am told, on the way to be obliterated. The stockbroker is usually the scion of a noble house, and makes his blameless transit twice a day between Throgmorton Street and Pall Mall. But it was still real to the consciousness of the eighteenth century, and it is from this that Colman and Garrick get their element of dramatic contrast. Lord Ogleby typifies the world of gallantry and fashion, Sterling and Mrs. Heidelberg typify the world of money-bags. And the clashing humours are neatly enough touched off. The sentimental part is put in for the benefit of the ladies, who may be expected to have the tear of sensibility ready for the languishing distress of the charming Fanny.

It must also be borne in mind that Garrick was primarily an actor, and that, generally speaking, the eighteenth century drama is the opportunity of the actor rather than of the playwright. Do not let me be taken as implying that "The Clandestine Marriage" is not vastly entertaining. On the contrary, Mr. Cyril Maude as Lord Ogleby, Mr. Rignold as Sterling, and Mrs. Charles Calvert as Mrs. Heidelberg are, one and all of them, monstrous good fun. They have telling parts and act them with spirit and finish. The minor business, too, of valets and waiting-maids and the like, so thoroughly characteristic of the kind of play, is well done, and the artificial atmosphere of the whole is admirably preserved. My point, however, is that it is in these histrionic humours, and not in any essential dramatic quality, that one's pleasure must be sought.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

Whitechapel and Elsewhere.

THAT the arrangement of the present exhibition of pictures at the Whitechapel Art Gallery was "attended with many difficulties" I can well believe. The committee set themselves to form a representative collection of the work of British artists at the beginning of the present century. The result is very interesting, and very bewildering. Four hundred and forty works are crowded together: if only one had the right to select forty, and permission to hang them in such a way that the eye could focus on each in turn, with ample margin of wall space, this would be one of the salient picture exhibitions of the year. The lesson that the dwellers in Whitechapel, indeed, all of us, most need to learn is to ignore the second, third, and fourth rate, and to concentrate on the best. Half-a-dozen of these four hundred and forty works thoroughly examined and brooded over, would afford an incalculably larger measure of pleasure and profit than this collection in bulk can possibly give to the thousands who weekly wander through the galleries. The notes to the catalogue, I am afraid, do not help towards a proper appreciation of the pictures. To Mr. Swinstead's huge "First on the Antarctic Continent," twenty-five lines are given, including such a worthless piece of information as this: "Every detail of the picture, from the costumes to the sledges and equipment and dogs, was painted from the outfit actually in use at the time, and the picture was painted immediately on the explorer's return." Not a word is said about Mr. Whistler's "Convalescent"—that white dream of charm and quality in paint. When so much trouble, and so much intelligence, is given to collecting pictures for the

edification of the East-end of London, it is surely worth while to indicate the pictures which are significant, and to explain why they are so. Neither is the compiler of the catalogue altogether satisfactory when he soars. I wonder what the Whitechapel resident makes of this comment on Mr. Wilson Steer's "Jonquils," which has, moreover, the defect of not being true: "A curtainless window at twilight often throws on our walls more wonderful decorations than shuttered connoisseurs can boast"; or this, apropos of Mr. Shannon's "Bunch of Grapes": "Story or incident we may not find here, but its careful abstractness is its chief fascination." What is really wanted at Whitechapel, as at most large exhibitions of pictures, is a *salon carré*, containing the best only of the works submitted, where the visitor could spend two-thirds of his time. Such a room at Whitechapel would give the compiler of the catalogue a rare opportunity.

Each of us makes a *salon carré* of our own, composed of the pictures that remain in the memory when we have left the exhibition. My pleasantest impression of the Whitechapel show is, I think, of certain pictures in the small room by artists who have, at one time or another, exhibited at the New English Art Club. The recognition of some of these pictures, which I had not seen for a long time, produced quite a thrill of surprise and pleasure, whereas certain large Burlington House pictures, widely known by means of reproductions scattered throughout the country, looked merely dull. But it was a real pleasure to be reminded of the existence of Mr. Mark Fisher's sunny "Water Frolic"; of Mr. Steer's bold and delightful "Rainbow"; of Mr. Strang's "Emmaus"; and of Mr. C. Shannon's pensively decorative "Bunch of Grapes."

In the upper gallery the difficulty of focussing one's attention on any particular picture increases. In a first rapid inspection of the room I found myself switched off from Miss Brickdale's "Proud Maisie" to Sir Noel Paton's presentment of "Luther at Erfurt," with a long comment in the catalogue, the last paragraph of which instructs us to "note, side by side, the skull, an emblem of mortality, and the crucifix, with its promise of eternal life," and adds "the fervour of the reformer in discerning the truth direct from the word of God is well shown." After that incursion into literature it was like a day in the country suddenly to meet Mr. Adrian Stokes's brilliant "Wild Cherry Trees." A little later I fell under the spell of a group of Mr. Edward Stott's golden landscapes. Mr. Stott rarely wanders from the circumscribed view of nature he sets himself, but there is no monotony in the charm of his tender country pieces even when grouped together as they are at Whitechapel. Other friends, which, to eyes grown older, still retain their former beauty, are Mr. Clausen's "Golden Barn," Mr. Alexander Mann's "Sunset," and Mr. Greiffenhagen's "Annunciation." These are the pictures I remembered while making my way along Whitechapel High Street to a more familiar quarter of the town by means of a map, that the Committee of the Art Gallery had kindly printed on the back of the invitation card.

I could have wished that some of those East-end folk whom I had seen wandering aimlessly through the rooms at Whitechapel could have experienced the pleasure that a small picture exhibition, a few and fit examples, gives—such an exhibition as that at the Dutch Gallery in Brook Street. Here, in a small room, with quiet, grave hangings, a few small pictures by two masters are being shown—flowers by M. Fantin-Latour, and landscapes by M. Harpignies. They are mingled on the walls—Spring Flowers by a River Scene, an Evening Piece by White Roses. There is nothing to disturb or distract the eye—just flowers at the height of their beauty, and Nature in her loveliest moods. How simple it all seems; how vain the striving after effective subjects that makes so many of the pictures at Whitechapel a weariness. M. Fantin-Latour's eye noticed some pansies, or two roses, or a table

on which was grouped a glass of flowers, a plate of plums, and a decanter, and there were his pictures. Of M. Harpignies' landscapes it is difficult to speak without exaggeration. Here is a painter, eighty-four years of age, who is constantly producing, and whose work never shows any signs of weakness or failing power. His experimental stage is long past: he has settled down into a mellow interpretation of Nature, seeing her with all the freshness of young eyes, to which he adds a feeling for atmosphere and distance so delicately suggested that one places him with Corot. The Mediterranean itself lies beyond his "Vue prise à Beaulieu dans le Jardin de M. Livesay." What a view it is! A day's picture seeing is indeed a gain when one has absorbed such an impression of beauty as this little landscape gives.

I turned to go, and then came the contrast. On a wall in the outer room I saw a picture that revealed in a flash the other extreme of pictorial art. Neither beauty nor mystery is here, but tragedy, vivid and poignant, the effect gained not by any melodramatic subterfuges, but by an intensity of realism, and an arrangement of composition that only a man of genius could have imagined. The picture was Daumier's "Christ Mocked." It is in monochrome, unfinished, and was found in his studio at the time of his death. I described this masterpiece when it was shown at Wolverhampton last year. Always to be remembered are the tense detachment and dignity of the central figure, the flung-back pointing arm of the mocker, and the grim figures of the crowd below the balcony. Daumier had "an inexhaustible genius for mockery" and truth. This "Christ Mocked" is truth.

So the harvest of the day that was gathered into the barn of memory came out thus: Mr. Whistler's "Convalescent" for charm; M. Harpignies' peep of the Mediterranean for beauty; and Daumier's "Christ Mocked" for truth.

C. L. H.

Science.

From the Melting Pot.

NOT only practically but philosophically speaking, science must justify her existence. Despite the dictum of Mrs. Meynell (based, it is true, upon the inadequacy of the poet's slight occasion to his sublime moral), I must hold with Keats. Truth is beauty. So if science show God to be a myth, the sun a goblin, life a nightmare,—then away with her; let us have ignorance and bliss. If the chemist wish me to pay for his broken test-tubes, or the hospital asks the public to pay for its broken clinical thermometers, we ask the legitimate, the utilitarian question, "Cui bono?" The good—the beauty—may be subtle; it may be the hastened evolution of the spirit of reverence; good or beauty there must be, else Truth is not Truth. Now the crown and the goal of all science is the science of Sociology. Man is a gregarious animal. You may well refuse to pay for the chemist's test-tubes if his claim be merely that he love truth; you love your children, and their claims, in theory and in practice, transcend those of any abstraction, however noble be its name. Therefore the scientist must render an account. He and we were all in the nebula together. We can tolerate no antithesis. He and we are degrading its store of energy. Each day the chemist lives he lessens the world's store of oxygen, he increases its useless carbonic acid. He radiates into trackless space a portion of irrecoverable heat. What is his excuse to the social organism of which he is not a parasite, but a part? He has made an hypothesis; what has he to say to the man who has made a chair? The answer is simple.

Wisdom is justified of her children, for they toil—necessarily and in the nature of things—for the children of men. All organised knowledge—all knowledge of facts other than dead and ephemeral—contributes to Sociology; to what, in inchoate phrase, we call the Art of Living. This is my excuse for the circumstance that, the other day, when attempting to outline some of the relations between ether vibration and protoplasm, and remarking that the Röntgen rays cured one form of cancer, I only parenthetically observed that they are light of short wave-length. I was trying to preserve the proportions of things.

Since then, however, Lord Rayleigh has given an authoritative assent to this statement, and the history of our knowledge on this matter is so instructive that one must do more than merely state the fact. For some time there has been in the physicist's melting-pot a variety of matters which has assumed a somewhat supposititious inter-relation in the public mind. There are the Röntgen rays, the Hertzian waves of wireless telegraphy, the radio-activity of certain metals (a property possessed, it is now believed, by all matter), the theory of electrons and so forth. Now the Hertzian wave occupies the attention of sane men with families to keep, because they believe something will come of it. It will be a contribution to sociology. It will serve the body-politic. So with the Röntgen ray. No hospital is complete without it. I have described its healing power. Its diagnostic value is still incalculable. But from sheer curiosity we may hark back and consider these waves. And it may be found that all organisable knowledge is worth pursuing. For its own sake, no,—there is Art; but for its relation to life.

It is not worth while to recapitulate the various theories that have been held about the Röntgen rays. They were made by theorists: "let them rave." But first we may observe where lay the difficulty. It is just above the back part of the brim of a man's hat, in the hindmost part of the brain. For, of course, everyone's eyes are in the back of his head. The visual centres are as well defined as any in cerebral localization. In the cells of that area of the brain was the difficulty. Their protoplasm is so constituted that it can translate into conscious sensation of light only those transverse vibrations of the ether that range from about four hundred to about eight hundred millions of millions per second. The slower and the faster vibrations are invisible. The infra-red and the ultra-violet rays need other means for their appreciation. They are without our meagre octave. The ear can hear ten or eleven octaves of sound, the eye sees only one of light. And the Röntgen rays being perhaps the most ultra-violet of all light—of a wave-length perhaps one-hundredth part that of violet light—the back of our heads cannot see them. They are, in a sense, too high for our understanding. Were our visual nerve-cell protoplasm other than it is, we should have seen the rays from the first, and argument would have been superfluous.

Light consists of ether vibrations that are transverse to the line of progress. Waves of sound are to and fro in the line of progress. In a beam of light the wave is passing up and down, from side to side, in an infinite number of planes. By appropriate means one may cut off all the vibrations save those in one plane, and the ray of light then permitted to pass, having its vibrations due north and south, so to speak, is said to be polarised. M. Blondlot has succeeded in applying the crucial test to the Röntgen rays. He has polarised them and thereby supplied the final proof of their identity with light. The mystery of the rays—using the word in the vulgar sense—is gone. If a primrose by the river's brim be but a yellow primrose—named and done with—then the Röntgen rays are but fast ether-waves—rapid sunlight, nothing more. Yet of them, too, must we ask, Whence?

And, to the other question, "cui bono?" I may venture the hope that the polarised Röntgen ray will soon be tried in Surgery. It is conceivable that, in this form, it may be

more efficient than even the focussed non-polarised radiation, and may penetrate so as to affect the forms of cancer hitherto unassailable.

Still in the melting pot, and full of promise is radium. This new metal, discovered by M. and Mme. Curie, is the typical example of an intensely radio-active (perish the phrase!) substance. It is five hundred thousand times as active as uranium, the properties of which were studied by M. Becquerel. The radiant power of these metals is a new and striking instance of the most familiar phenomenon in Nature, the transformation of energy. What is the exact nature of the ethereal energy that radium can translate into heat and light, just as a poker held near a fire becomes hot by transforming the ethereal energy of the infra-red rays from the glowing coal—we cannot tell as yet. It is in the melting-pot. This, however, may be noted. As Prof. J. J. Thomson has shown, matter—material particles—can move with the speed of light. This is Newton's corpuscular theory of light (that it consisted of a bombardment of minute particles that entered the eye) almost with us again. His conception, though wrong, was not absurd. Now let us learn from radium. In a couplet unsurpassable, because absolutely true, Mr. Francis Thompson has epitomized all science:—

Thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star.

Let me state, in a word, the latest instance of the Unity of things, so spiritually seen by the poet's "Mistress of Vision." Helmholtz's explanation of the sun's heat, as due to his sixteen daily inches of shrinkage, accounts for only twenty-four million years from the beginning of our nebula. The literally far-fetched theory has been brought in aid of geological time, that the sun—the solar nebula—has been aided in time past by light borrowed from other stars and translated into heat; a parallel with radium. But there needs only a trivial quantity of matter to have poured into the sun since his beginning, at the velocity of the emanations, say, of radium, at the velocity of light, that is, to have given him energy enough to keep us going until now. The astronomer justifies the poet by taking the most infinitesimal phenomena of the physicist and making them explain the continuance of suns.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

The Modern Stage.

SIR,—Your note to my statement in the "Morning Post" that the "old pattern" theatre is responsible for half the bad work on the stage is that of course I refer to the setting. I refer to the acting far more than to the setting. If an actor wishes to be seen by the entire audience in a modern theatre, by hook or by crook he must shoulder his way to the centre of the stage and hold his position if he can. It is impossible for more than one man to do this at a time, so that as each important speech or situation comes along, the shouldering commences. The muscular actor wins at this game.

Whoever saw in life (let alone in the mind's eye, Horatio) such moving about, such shifting of position, as takes place on the stage, and all this restless, unnatural, unconsidered action is due to the construction of the auditorium. All their unnatural posturing, all their lame exits and entrances, you cannot put these down to the actors—they are surely not to blame—it is the fault of the architect. Not that I believe a theatre built on the Bayreuth plan would make an ounce of difference to the acting of those gentlemen whose very life seems to

depend on getting into the centre of the stage, but I believe it would make all the difference to the majority, to the younger actors whose life is at present devoted to their art and not concerned with their own importance. And it is these younger men for whom the theatres will be built in the future.—Yours, &c.,

GORDON CRAIG.

Johnson or Goldsmith?

SIR,—Pray allow me space to thank Mr. Bell for his kind correction. The phrase about "winding into a subject like a serpent" is Goldsmith's, and not, as I wrote, Johnson's. The passage is to be found in the "Life of Dr. Johnson," under date May 9, 1773, and runs as follows:—

He (Goldsmith) now seemed very angry that Johnson was going to be a traveller; said "he would be a dead-weight for me to carry," . . . Nor would he patiently allow me to enlarge upon Johnson's wonderful abilities; but exclaimed, "Is he like Burke, who winds into a subject like a serpent?"

The little outburst is a proof, were any needed, that Goldsmith did not always talk at random.

It has also been brought to my notice that some intimate glimpses of Burke are contained in Fanny Burney's "Diary and Letters," especially in her account of the party at Mr. Crewe's, at Hampstead, on June 18, 1792.—Yours, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

SIR,—Mr. Bell is right in assigning the remark on Burke to Goldsmith, and not to Johnson, as does the writer of your article "The Praise of Famous Men." The story will be found in Chapter XXI. of Boswell.

But surely this criticism of Burke is not a gibe at all, but a compliment? It is taken in the latter sense by Forster ("Life of Goldsmith," page 183 in 1855 edition) and by Mr. John Morley.—Yours, &c.,

London, W.

K. DE WATTEVILLE.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 184 (New Series).

Last week we offered a Prize of One Guinea for the best set of humorous verses, not to exceed sixteen lines, on any subject. Forty-four replies have been received. On the whole the results are not particularly amusing. We award the prize to Mr. Montagu Lomax, The Close, Minchinhampton, Gloucestershire, for the following:—

ATRABILIA.

(With apologies to R. B.)

And did you once find Browning plain,
And did he make his meaning clear
Without your reading him again
Say, fifty times? How queer!

But you were puzzled before that,
And haply will be puzzled after,
Tho' what the plague he's driving at
Now, is no theme for laughter.

I read a book with a name of its own,
And of use at a Spelling-Bee no doubt,
But, try as I would, the name alone
Was all that I could make out.

The name of the book was "Ferishtah's Fancies,"
But what was the meaning of the rest,
Ferishtah, of course, for Ferishtah can, sees—
I never have even guess'd.

Other replies follow :—

GEORGIE'S PHILOSOPHY.

A crowd of serious fancies fill
My mind, about that pleasant hill ;
And first, 'tis stuck that way, I see,
And will not budge for you or me.
For 'tis so heavy, hard, and strong,
And has been there such ages long,
Nothing, so far as I can see,
Could rouse it to activity.
It makes me feel quite weak and faint—
And yet it is a fancy quaint—
To think how thin I'd be and flat
If I were under all of that !
And oft the thought occurs to me,
Why ever all these things should be
Exactly so. But no one knows,
So we must lump it, I suppose !

[E. K. L., Birkenhead.]

"Something funny in sixteen lines"—

That's the ACADEMY'S task to-day ;
Alas and alack ! for my Muse opines
She will not enter this rhythmic fray.
She cannot abide this carnal tether :
She soareth aloft in her own old way.
And, stranded below, I am wondering whether
She'll drop me down a few things to say.
Nears she now the Parnassian portals ;
And shall I grovel to her in vain
For sixteen lines that will make them chortle
At 43 in the Chancery Lane ?
Down to my boots my heart is sinking ;
A dismal thought in my gizzard sticks :
This is the thing I am sadly thinking—
April the First is the date they fix.

[J. E. B., Ipswich.]

THE SONG OF THE PEDESTRIAN.

(With apologies to Mr. W. E. Henley.)

Dust !
Dust and the whirr of a motor
Eye-scorching atoms
Of road ; the ear-splitting
Fiendish, satanic
Mockings of horn.
Masked desperate villains
Who curse the police,
Pay their fines and are gone
To commit fresh atrocities,
Tainting the air with
A hideous, clinging
Odour of Petrol !

[E. R. S., Woolwich.]

RHYMES FOR PICTURE POSTCARDS.

See on this card the town of Inverness
Where Duncan quitted quick life's storm and stress,
Here, with Macbeth, the Royal Traveller tarried,
Was welcomed by the wife Macbeth had married,
But in the night, as breath through nose he drew,
Repeatedly, she stabbed him through and through.
Far better stay at home, though dull as Hades,
Than travel and be bored to death by married ladies.

Behold the town of Banff beyond the bridge,
Slowly but surely creeping towards the ridge,
Where, in old days, the outlaw, James Macpherson,
Was taken prisoner by a nasty person,
Who, distantly related to the Duke of Fife,
Soon robbed the ranting reiver of his life.

Thus do we learn, far better than by books,
To shun acquaintance with the friends of Dukes.

[P. A. K., Eskbank.]

IN PRAISE OF BELINDA.

It is not mine with halting breath
Belinda's praise to utter :
The ancient proverb truly saith,
Fine words no parsnips butter.
Yet, though she's charming to despair,
Perfect I cannot find her :
I'd have her either much less fair,
Or else a great deal kinder :
Since, if it never may be mine
One ray of hope to cherish,
I soon shall droop and fade and pine,
And ultimately perish.
Cease, stricken heart, thy dismal groan !
Let this remark suffice one ;
So fair a maid I've never known,
And seldom such a nice one.

[J. A. W., Edinburgh.]

WHAT THE LOOKING-GLASS SAW.

I saw a gleam of gold that came upon my owner's hair.
As sunset-rays may guild an ancient thatch at eventide,
For the sombre raven tresses, which my owner used to wear,
Bid fair to whiten, if she lived—and so the lady dyed !
I saw some tiny lines appear around my owner's eyes,
The heralds of departing youth—the dregs of pleasure's cup,
They vanished, as by magic ; quote the lady, "It were wise,
If time has quarrelled with my face, to try and make it up."
I saw the girdle, tightly drawn around my owner's waist,
For age will bring increasing girth, and larger grew the span.
But fashion with economy is tempered to her taste,
So still she strives to be as little waistful as she can.
I saw—but stay, a mirror must reflect ! it would be rash
To tell the secrets I alone have with my owner shared.
If we utter our reflections, we deserve to come to snash,
An oval mirror only splits because it can't be squared.

[A. K., London.]

A GRUMBLE.

My corns have just begun to shoot,
(Without a license by the way !)
Old Brown is tootling on his flute,
And Flo's mama has come to stay !
I saw just now "our Ellen" kiss
The roughest, ugliest of loons,
Since he is spoons upon our "Miss,"
I fear we soon shall miss our spoons !
Like Cherubim our infant son
Does now "continually cry,"
I hear an Organ ! More than one !
Flo uses hers incessantly.
The Tax Collector's step ! Oho !
I'll give it him now, if I can !
My jealous friends all say, you know,
I am an over-rated man !

[F. B. D., Torquay.]

Competition No. 185 (New Series).

This week we offer a Prize of One Guinea for the best description of an April Day, not to exceed 300 words.

As we shall have to go to press a day earlier next week in consequence of the Easter Holidays, answers must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, 7 April.

RULES.

Answers, should be addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C." Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon ; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Adderley (James), *A New Earth* (Brown, Langham & Co.) 3/6
 E. E. G., *The Makers of Hellas: A Critical Inquiry into the Philosophy and Religion of Ancient Greece* (Griffin) net 10/6
 Martineau (James), *National Duties and Other Sermons and Addresses* (Longmans) net 6/0
 Booth (Charles), *Life and Labour in London: Religious Influences* (Macmillan) net 5/0

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

- Shedd (Percy W.), *The Oceanides. Poems and Translations* (Grafton Press)
 Heysinger (J. W.), *The Light of China* (Research Publishing Co.)
 Herbert (Alice), *Between the Lines* (Lane) net 3/6
 Johns (Edward), *Legends of England and Wales in Humorous Verse* (Hurst & Blackett) 1/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Pears (Edwin), *The Destruction of the Greek Empire, and the Story of the Capture of Constantinople by the Turks* (Longmans) net 18/0
 Hawtrey (Florence Molesworth), *The History of the Hawtrey Family. 2 Vols.* (Allen) net 21/0
 Chesterton (G. K.) and Perris (G. H.), *Leo Tolstoy* (Hodder & Stoughton) net 1/0
 Hilprecht (H. V.), *Explorations in Bible Lands during the 19th Century* (T. & T. Clark) net 12/6
 Bacon (Edgar Mayhew), *The Hudson River* (Putnam's) net 18/0
 Dellenbaugh (Frederick S.), *The Romance of the Colorado River* net 15/0
 Duff (Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant), *Out of the Past: Some Biographical Essays. 2 Vols.* (Murray) 18/0
 Westcott (Arthur), *Life and Letters of Brooke Foss Westcott. 2 Vols.* (Macmillan) net 17/0
 Mandley (J. G. de T.), *Transcribed and edited by, The Portmote or Court Leet Records of Salford. Vol. II.* (Chetham Society)

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Brongh (J.), *The Study of Mental Science* (Longmans) net 2/0
 Schofield (Alfred T.), *Nerves in Disorder* (Hodder & Stoughton) 3/6
 Dixon (Charles), *Open-Air Studies in Bird Life* (Griffin) 7/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Tompkins (Herbert W.), *Hertfordshire* (Methuen) 3/0
 Cresswell (Beatrice), *The Ancient and Loyal City of Exeter* (The Homeland Association) net 0/6
 His Royal Highness Luigi Amedeo of Savoy, *On the "Polar Star" in the Arctic Sea. (2 Vols.)* (Hutchinson) net 42/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Fraser (John Foster), *America at Work* (Cassell) 6/0
 The *Writer's Year-Book* (Writer's Year-Book Co.) net 1/6
 Rye (Walter), *Edited by, The Norwich Rate Book* (Jarrold) net 3/6
 Murray (Dr. James A. H.), *Edited by, A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Onomastical—Outing* (Clarendon Press) 5/0
 Churchill (Winston Spencer), *Mr. Brodick's Army* (Humphreys) 1/0
 Notes on the Repair of Ancient Buildings (Batsford)
 Wilkinson (Spenser), *Edited by, The Nation's Need* (Constable) 6/0
 Jackson (F. Hamilton), *Intarsia and Marquetry* (Sands) 5/0
 The *Sporting Annual, 1903* (Treherne) net 2/6
 Fielding (Hugh), *The A.B.C. of Cricket* (Chatto & Windus) 1/0
 Autobiography of Peter Taylor (Gardiner) 3/6

EDUCATIONAL.

- Bury (J. B.), *History of Greece for Beginners* (Macmillan) 3/6
 Pollard (Alfred W.), *Edited by, Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, The Prologue* (Macmillan) 3/6
 Baker (W. M.) and Bourne (A. A.), *Elementary Geometry* (Bell)
 Lyde (L. W.), *Commercial Geography* (Black) 3/0
 Herbertson (F. D. and A. J.), *Descriptive Geography: Europe* (") 2/6
 David (M. S.), *Beginners' Algebra* (") 2/6
 Hoeser (Dr. Franz), *Solid Geometry* (") 1/8
 Marney (Toroua De), *Toujours Prit* (Marlborough) 2/0

NEW EDITIONS.

- Hardy (Thomas), *The Hand of Ethelberta* (Macmillan) 3/6
 Fisher (George Park), *The Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief* (Hodder & Stoughton) 10/6
 Letters of Mlle. De Lespinasse. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley (Heinemann) 6/0
 Barrie (J. M.), *The Little Minister* (Cassell) 3/6
 Dickens (Charles), *The Pickwick Papers. (Fireside Edition)* (Chapman, Hall, & Frowde) net 2/0
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 Bourdillon (Frances William), *Translated from the Old French by, Aucassin and Nicolette* (Kegan Paul) net 1/6
 Shakespeare (William), *King Henry VIII. (Edinburgh Folio.)* (Richards) net 5/0
 King Richard III. (") net 5/0
 Traill (H. D.) and Mann (J. S.), *Social England. Illustrated Edition.* Vol. IV. (Cassell) net 14/0
 Green (John Richard), *A Short History of the English People. Part 21.* (Macmillan) net 0/6
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 An English Garner: Critical Essays and Literary Fragments, with an Introduction by J. Churton Collins (Constable) net 4/0
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 The Windsor Shakespeare: Measure for Measure (Black) net 2/0
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 Shakespeare's Sonnets (") net 1/6
 Sheridan (Richard Brinsley), *The Rivals* (") net 1/6
 Blackmore (R. D.), *Mary Ancrely* (") net 0/6
 Whyte-Melville (G. J.), *Good for Nothing* (Ward, Lock) 2/0
 Hughes (T.), *Tom Brown at Oxford* (") 1/6
 " *Tom Brown's School Days* (") 0/6
 Boothby (Guy), *Long Live the King* (") 0/6
 The Statesman's Year-Book, 1903. (Macmillan) net 10/6
 Grant Allen's Historical Guides: Paris (Richards) net 3/6

PERIODICALS.

- Cassell's, English Illustrated, Cornhill, Windsor, Blackwood's, Good Words, Sunday, Harper's, Temple Bar, Macmillan's, Empire Review, Century, St. Nicholas, School World, Contemporary, Pearson's, Antiquary, Genealogical, Monthly Review, Lippincott's, New Liberal Review, National Review, Devon Notes and Queries, Flora and Sylvia.

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

The first volume of Mr. John Morley's "Life of Gladstone" is in the press. The work, which will be in three volumes, will be published in the autumn.

The list of Mr. Bryce's twenty "Studies in Contemporary Biography" begins with Lord Beaconsfield and closes with Mr. Gladstone. The others include men so diverse as Dean Stanley and Anthony Trollope, Stafford Northcote (Lord Iddesleigh) and Mr. Parnell, Archbishop Tait and Cardinal Manning, with other scholars, statesmen, and divines. The historians are fully represented by Freeman, Green, Lord Acton; the lawyers by Sir George Jessel and Lord Cairns. In every case the sketch is only briefly biographical, for purposes of exposition: the writer's object is everywhere to present a personality, a character—sometimes, but rarely, a career.

"The Life and Letters of Sir George Grove," which has been written by Mr. C. L. Graves for Messrs. Macmillan, has its main purpose in describing his work at the Crystal Palace and Royal College of Music and as editor of "The Dictionary of Music." It contains letters hitherto unpublished from a number of distinguished personages—Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Tourgueneff, Arthur Sullivan, Brahms, and Jenny Lind.

A collection of theological essays by the Revs. J. Estlin Carpenter and P. H. Wicksteed, written at various times and now gathered into a volume, is announced by Messrs. Dent under the title "Studies in Theology." Among the subjects dealt with are the following: "The Religion of Time and the Religion of Eternity," "The Place of Immortality in Religious Belief," "The Liberal Faith," "Religion and Society," with nine other articles.

The Very Rev. William Lefroy, Dean of Norwich, has undertaken to write the Memoir of Dean Farrar which will appear in the biographical edition about to be published by Messrs. Cassell and Company of Farrar's "Life of Christ's."

Tolstoy has just placed in the hands of the editor of the "Free Age Press" for publication two new articles: "The Overthrow of Hell and its Restoration," a dramatic dialogue between Beelzebub and his angels, and "An Appeal to the Clergy of all Countries."

The series of papers called "The Truth About an Author," which appeared in these columns, will shortly be published in book form by Messrs. Constable.

Mr. Heinemann will publish shortly a new work by E. F. Benson, entitled "The Book of Months." This bears no resemblance to any of the author's previous works, but, as the title implies, is written in the form of a diary of the months. The volume contains impressions and reflections upon the events of the day, people, and places.

Mr. F. H. de Quincey, whose book, "Song-Tide Murmurs" Mr. Elkin Mathews is to publish before long, is a descendant of the author of "The Confessions of an Opium Eater." With the exceptions of the sonnets and two or three other poems written during periods of enforced "resting" from theatrical work, the poems in this little volume were written before the author reached the age of twenty-five.

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LECTURE ARRANGEMENTS AFTER EASTER, 1903.

TUESDAYS. LECTURE HOUR, 5 O'CLOCK.

On TUESDAYS, APRIL 21, 28, MAY 5. Professor ALLAN MACFADYEN, M.D., B.Sc., F.R.S., Fullerian Professor of Physiology, R.I. THREE LECTURES on THE BLOOD AND SOME OF ITS PROBLEMS.

On TUESDAYS, MAY 12, 19 (The Tyndall Lectures). Professor GEORGE H. DARWIN, M.A., LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S. TWO LECTURES on THE ASTRONOMICAL INFLUENCE OF THE TIDES.

On TUESDAYS, MAY 26, JUNE 2. Professor EDMUND J. GARWOOD, M.A. TWO LECTURES on THE WORK OF ICE AS A GEOLOGICAL AGENT.

THURSDAYS. LECTURE HOUR, 5 O'CLOCK.

On THURSDAYS, APRIL 23, 30, MAY 7. Professor DEWAR, M.A., LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S., Fullerian Professor of Chemistry, R.I. THREE LECTURES on HYDROGEN: GASEOUS, LIQUID AND SOLID.

On THURSDAYS, MAY 14, 21. Professor SYDNEY H. VINES, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S. TWO LECTURES on PROTEID-DIGESTION IN PLANTS.

On THURSDAYS, MAY 28, JUNE 4. Professor J. A. FLEMING, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S. TWO LECTURES on ELECTRIC RESONANCE AND WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

SATURDAYS. LECTURE HOUR, 3 O'CLOCK.

On SATURDAYS, APRIL 25, MAY 2. Professor LANGTON DOUGLAS, M.A. TWO LECTURES on THE EARLY ART OF SIENA.

On SATURDAYS, MAY 9, 16, 23. HAMISH MACCUNN, Esq. THREE LECTURES on MUSIC (with Musical Illustrations).

On SATURDAYS, MAY 30, JUNE 6. Professor SILVANUS P. THOMPSON, B.A., D.Sc., F.R.S., M.R.I. TWO LECTURES on THE "DE MAGNETE" AND ITS AUTHOR. I. The Book. II. The Man.

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The FRIDAY EVENING MEETINGS will be resumed on APRIL 24, at 9 p.m., when The Hon. R. J. STRUTT will give a Discourse on SOME RECENT INVESTIGATIONS ON ELECTRICAL CONDUCTION. Succeding Discourses will probably be given by Professor WILLIAM J. POPE, Mr. H. RIDER HAGGARD, Dr. D. H. SCOTT, Dr. J. A. H. MURRAY, H.S.H. ALBERT PRINCE OF MONACO, Professor H. H. TURNER, Professor T. CURIE, and other gentlemen. To these Meetings Members and their Friends only are admitted.

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The Literary Week.

WE note a new departure in the method of publishing sixpenny editions of popular fiction. A third of the cover of a reprint that lies before us is devoted to an appreciation of the book by Lord Rosebery, which ends thus: "I am especially delighted with your children, and think Miss Fane a most fascinating character." The interesting books published during the past week include the following:—

POETS AND DREAMERS: STUDIES AND TRANSLATIONS FROM THE IRISH. By Lady Gregory.

A fascinating and beautiful volume, dedicated to "Some Undergraduates of Trinity College." Lady Gregory draws her material from comparatively recent times as well as from the far past. The volume opens with a sketch of Raftery, the blind poet and fiddler, whose name is known throughout Ireland to all Irish speaking people. Other chapters deal with "West Irish Ballads," "Herb Healing," "Workhouse Dreams," and "Mountain Theology." "Mountain Theology" opens thus: "Mary Glyn lives under Slieve-nan-Or, the Golden Mountain, where the last battle will be fought in the last great war of the world; so that the sides of Gortaveha, a lesser mountain, will stream with blood." The volume concludes with English translations of four plays written in Irish by Dr. Douglas Hyde.

BLIND CHILDREN. By Israel Zangwill.

In a note Mr. Zangwill says: "This is a selection of the better part of the verses that have accumulated in manuscript, or in magazines, journals, and the writer's own books during the last twenty years, and represents, therefore, as many moods. The piece that has precedence as the longest is also the oldest, or rather the youngest." This piece is "Sylvia Poetorum." The dedication, "Ad Unam," opens with these lines:—

Take, Dear, my 'prentice songs,
And—since you cared for one,
"Blind Children," let them all
Share in its blessedness,
Find shelter 'neath its name.

The poems, as the author says, cover a wide range of moods.

CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN CIVILISATION. By William Samuel Lilly.

"Being Some Chapters in European History, with an Introductory Dialogue on the Philosophy of History." A considerable portion of the author's "Chapters in European History," which has long been out of print, has been incorporated in this volume. Other chapters are reprinted from the "Nineteenth Century."

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a delightful cutting from a Scotch newspaper, "which shows," he says, "to what a degree of literary criticism we have attained in these northern latitudes." It appears that an Edinburgh firm has recently issued an edition of Omar Khayyam, concerning which this Scotch newspaper says: "One is inclined to think that the Persian astronomer poet Omar Khayyam has been a diligent student of Shakespeare and Burns; if not, then the literary coincidences are somewhat remarkable." He proceeds: "For example, we have Burns' description of pleasure as like a snow-flake in the river, 'a moment white, then melts for ever'; and Omar uses the same idea under local colour:—

The worldly Hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

Again, in his beautiful song, 'O wert thou in the cauld blast,' Burns says, 'The desert were a Paradise, if thou wert there': and Omar has it:—

Beside me singing in the wilderness—
And wilderness is Paradise enow."

This northern critic finds so many coincidences of a similar kind that he thinks "the Persian Burns" would be an accurate description of our only Omar. The notice concludes: "The work of translation has been done by Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, who has certainly done justice to Omar's lofty theme and still loftier communings."

We do not always welcome collections of fugitive work by writers who in their lives have been content to let such work lie hidden; but no objection can be urged against the pleasant volume "With the Eyes of Youth" (Sampson Low), which contains some hitherto uncollected pieces by William Black. The sketches are so grouped that they have a regular progression and give to some extent an outline of the author's life. The essay which gives the volume its title appeared in the "Fortnightly Review" for August, 1902; it was written in 1898 for an American publication, and was the last thing that Black wrote. It opens in this characteristic way:—

The writer of these lines has seen a few things here and there—the rose-white dawn awakening over Venice, the blue-black waves of the Euxine thundering along to the neck of the Bosphorus, the red sunsets of Egypt, the glamour of the moonlight irradiating the domes and minarets of Stamboul—but never, never, never has he seen anything so beautiful and wonderful as a neglected little bit of coppice lying just outside an insignificant Scotch village.

There follows a sketch, "A Wild Day in '48," which is a recollection of the riots which occurred in Scotland in that year of Continental revolutions—at which time Black was seven years of age:—

Half-frightened glances turned towards the east were a kind of guidance; and in that direction he accordingly wandered, until he came in sight of a crowd—not a beautiful, richly coloured, processional crowd . . . but a black and grumpy and amorphous assemblage of men, silent, in deadly earnest, who at the moment were engaged in tearing down the tall iron railing surrounding Glasgow Green, in order to secure weapons for themselves.

The seven-year-old youngster attacked a bar, but was carried off by "a young Highland lass" into safety. Another sketch is taken from Black's first novel, "David Merle," written when he was nineteen, and now long out of print and forgotten. "David Merle" was a remarkable performance for a lad, and has distinct force of characterisation:—

"John Macaulay, listen to me. It seems to me that naeboddy has a richt to smoke but them who are compelled to think mair than is common to the human frame—such as ministers, doctors, and the like. But for you and me, John, wha are but common people, we have nae real need o' ony sic thing, and it but begets an indolent and lazy disposition o' mind. . . ."

"Verra true, Mr. Merle, but 'tis hard to gie up a habit o' thirty years' standing."

The last sketch is a "Conversation with Carlyle," which opens thus:—

In a somewhat shabbily furnished room (but on the walls there was a large copy of the Berlin picture of Frederick the Great dressed as a drummer-boy; and on the table a number of Frederick's snuff-boxes were strewn about) in a dingy little street in Chelsea, an old man, worn, and tired, and bent, with deeply lined, ascetic features, a firm under-jaw, tufted grey hair, and tufted grey and white beard, and sunken and unutterably sorrowful eyes, returned from the fireplace, where with trembling fingers he had been lighting his long clay pipe, and resumed his seat in front of the reading-desk.

This interview took place after Black had resolutely turned author.

AMONGST the many amazing publications which reach us, one of the most amazing is the "Fiery Cross." To sit innocently in Chancery Lane and read of "the usurper Elizabeth" yielding up her spirit on the 24th March, 1603, "to her God and Judge," is startling enough, but when we are told that present-day Scotsmen are "content submissively to lick the gilded chains that bind them to their English masters," we simply collapse. The notice that all articles intended for the columns of this publication "must be contributed gratis" strikes us as the most sensible thing in it.

MR. QUILLER-COUCH, in his latest "Daily News" article on "Sundry Poets," paused to enquire why appreciative criticism of good work has done so little to popularise it. After naming certain volumes of which he has written, Mr. Quiller-Couch says:—

My eye picks out these books as it travels along the fireside shelf; and I feel sure that many critics must have discerned their excellence. Why have we done so little to get that excellence acknowledged? Are we, perhaps, afraid? Even when a man has arrived at discerning the excellence of a piece of literature produced in his own day he needs some courage to insist upon its importance. He has the quiet assurance of some thousands of years to support him, but all the clamour of the hurrying age to cow him and make him ashamed at the sound of his own voice.

We do not think the critic is in the least afraid; rather he is too uncritical, too ready to acclaim as great what is merely pretty and facile and ephemeral. The prime reason for the failure of good verse to reach the public lies in the fact that the public does not really care for verse; there is no getting away from that. Jingle they will buy, but poetry does not touch them. And a second reason is that they have been to some extent misled. A few years ago there was a distinct revival in verse; poets were discovered once a month. But the public, after nibbling, grew tired. Bubble reputations, if they did not burst, at least were withdrawn from sight. Mr. Quiller-Couch has always, so far as we can remember, praised judiciously, and we are glad to see that he is not content to keep silent concerning what he feels to be true and enduring work.

M. MAETERLINCK has been writing in the "Daily Mail" concerning Monte Carlo and its "Temple of Chance." M. Maeterlinck is always individual, and nearly always mystical. To bring mysticism to Monte Carlo would at first appear to be like carrying gems into a cellar. But M. Maeterlinck, though he may make scoffers smile, leaves with people who happen to have some faculty for abstract thought ideas worth turning over cautiously and with serious attention. He finds the temple of chance, in its externals, "insipidly emphatic and hideously blatant. It suggests the low insolence, the overweening conceit of the flunkey who has grown rich but remains obsequious." In M. Maeterlinck's view the temple of the divinity should have been far otherwise: "He should have been throned in a bare marble palace, severe, simple and colossal, high and vast, cold and spiritual, rectangular and rigid, positive and overwhelming." But M. Maeterlinck's divinity is not the gamblers' divinity. He sees in the won and squandered gold at the tables the concrete possibility which that gold represents. With the cry of "*rien ne va plus*" he sees this:—

That is to say, the god is about to speak! At this moment an eye that could pierce the easy veil of appearances would distinctly see scattered on the plain green cloth (not actually, then at least potentially, for a single stake is rare, and he who plays of his superfluity to-day, will risk his all to-morrow) a corn-field ripening in the sun a thousand miles away, or again, in other squares, a meadow, a wood, a moonlit country house, a shop in some little market town; a staff of book-keepers and accountants bending over ledgers in their gloomy offices, peasants labouring in the rain, hundreds of workgirls slaving from morn to night in deadly factories, miners in the mine, sailors on their ship; the jewels of debauchery, love, or glory; a prison, a dock-yard; joy, misery, injustice, cruelty, avarice; crimes, privations, tears.

A little later we read:—

While we are making these reflections, the ivory tail slackens its course and begins to hop like a noisy insect over the thirty-seven compartments that allure it. This is the irrevocable judgment.

O strange infirmity of our eyes, our ears and that brain of which we are so proud! O strange secrets of the most

elementary laws of this world! From the second at which the ball was set in motion to the second at which it falls into the fateful hole, on the battlefield three yards long, in this childish and mocking form, the mystery of the Universe inflicts a symbolical, incessant, and disheartening defeat upon human power and reason.

The conclusion of all which is that "man knows that he can know nothing." That is the usual conclusion of the gambler, but he arrives at it by processes very different from those of M. Maeterlinck.

Mr. EDMUND GOSSE contributes to the "International Quarterly" a discriminating and appreciative article on Alfred de Vigny. De Vigny has never been widely known in England—less known, Mr. Gosse considers, than any other French writer of the first class. Yet he was "of all the great French poets the one who has assimilated most of the English spirit, and has been influenced most by English poetry." He was, says Mr. Gosse, "a convinced Anglophil, and the writers whom he resembles, in his sublime isolation from the tradition of his own country, are Wordsworth and Shelley, Matthew Arnold and Leopardi. . . . The other poets of France have been picturesque, abundant, gregarious, vehement. Alfred de Vigny was not of their class, but we can easily conceive him among those who, in the Cumberland of a hundred years ago, were murmuring by the running brooks a music sweeter than their own." Mr. Gosse thus sums up his impression of De Vigny's achievement:—

It is not to be pretended that the poetry of Alfred de Vigny is to every one's taste. He was too indifferent to the public, too austere and arrogant in his address, to attract the masses, and to them he will remain perpetually unknown. But he is a writer, in his best prose as well as in the greater part of his scanty verse, who has only to become familiar to a reader susceptible to beauty, to grow more and more beloved. The other poets of his age were fluent and tumultuous; Alfred de Vigny was taciturn, stoical, one who had lost faith in glory, in life, perhaps even in himself. While the flute and the trumpet sounded, his hunter's horn, blown far away in the melancholy woodland, could raise an echo in the heart of no warrior or banqueter. But those who visit Vigny in the forest will be in no hurry to return. He shall entertain them there with such high thoughts and such proud music that they will follow him wherever his dream may take him. . . . And some among them, if they are sincere, will admit that, so far as they are concerned, he is the most majestic poet whom France produced in the rich course of the nineteenth century.

PROF. PHELPS, of Yale University, has discovered such an extraordinary resemblance between M. Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" and Browning's "Luria," that he seems to think M. Maeterlinck has been plagiarising. We see no reason to suppose anything of the kind. Criticism by parallel is threadbare.

WE have received from Louisville, U.S.A., a booklet of verse called "When John Bull Comes a-Courtin'" by Mr. Lucien V. Rule. We understand that the book is by way of being a protest against John Bull's supposed faculty of running "at large" amongst his Colonial neighbours. The author writes—

We buy John's books and pauper princes to please our women folks;
But when we poetize he winces, and says "That minstrel croaks."
Well now, we do not make pretension to shine with Shakespeare's set;
But we would like a little mention as minnows in the net.

That "little mention" we cheerfully give.

A MISQUOTATION by a popular author has often proved annoying before, and now Mr. Anstey is called to book by Mr. Walter Herries Pollock. Writing to the "Saturday Review," Mr. Pollock says:—

Some time ago in one of his novels Mr. Anstey was kind enough to speak in the highest terms of my song, "The Devout Lover," which is known to a large public by the exquisitely beautiful musical setting given to it by Miss Maude Valérie White. But, there is always a but, he misquoted the last line by a conveyance, which I should not have dared to incorporate in my own lines, from the greatest of Poets. The last two lines, as I wrote them, ran thus:—

"Burn at her altar Love's sweet frankincense
And worship her in distant reverence."

Mr. Anstey represented the last line, given without the penultimate line, as running thus:—

"And worship her in whispering humbleness,"

which has neither rhyme, nor in that conjunction reason. Mr. Anstey, when I pointed out the bévue, was most pleasant and courteous in assurance that it should be set right in the next edition. Either there was no next edition or as the best of us may do he forgot all about it.

There the matter might have rested but that the "curst" misquotation has been, is being, and will be, unless this letter stops it, repeated over and over again as the correct version in all kinds of papers, London and provincial, the which have culled it from Mr. Anstey's pages.

We hope Mr. Pollock's letter will "stop it."

"THE WRITER'S YEAR-BOOK" is a publication which gives a list of "500 Places to sell Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings." Before we reach the list we find three advisory articles on "How to Write for the Press," "Journalism for English and American Women," and "Writing for the Magazines." The advice is of the familiar sort, which is to say that it will not be acted upon. Nothing will induce the amateur writer, for instance, to consider such matters as clearness, conciseness, or the suitability of his work for the papers to which he offers it. Mr. Kyle, on the subject of "Writing for the Magazines," is inclined to be rather angry. We read:—

When you begin to write for the magazines do not expect to be a full-fledged front-cover magnate at once. You may be a big gun by and by, but if you expect to bound into the first rank at once you are an ignorant and conceited fool, and the sooner you adopt a more amusing way of killing time the better. Even if you are a literary genius, a something infinitely superior to the expert journeyman of the literary profession, you will not arrive at once. . . . Because it is an open field, Tom, Dick, and Harry are not qualified to write acceptable "copy" just because they possess pens and paper, and were clever at essay writing at school.

Do even budding authors need telling that a literary genius is "something infinitely superior to the expert journeyman of the literary profession"? Mr. Kyle is not helpful. He says things like this: "Short story writing affords you great scope. . . . Attempt good work and you'll succeed." And so forth. Mr. Kyle's style needs some careful attention.

In the recent discussion with regard to the attitude of critics in their judgment of society plays, one is amazed at the ineptitude displayed in the attempt to define what is or what is not "society dialogue." In no country in the world, except England, would we find the critics questioning an author's right to describe any set or class of persons which he may choose. When a French dramatist introduces, say, a duchess or a politician into one of his works, we do not find writers on the morning papers of Paris wasting long paragraphs in speculations as to the writer's acquaintance with members of the French aristocracy. It is time that this provinciality were dropped.

It is sometimes a good thing to put back the clock, but too much should not be claimed for the possible results. We heard the other day of certain writers whose business it has been to make books, who now propose to institute such a series of lectures as shall make it unnecessary for their hearers to read at all. That would be putting back the clock with a vengeance. There is more hope for Mr. W. B. Yeats's and Miss Florence Farr's renewed experiment in the speaking and chanting of verse. During May Mr. Yeats will lecture, and Miss Farr will speak and chant poems by Shakespeare, Shelley, Keats, Blake, Rossetti, Walt Whitman, Lionel Johnson, R. L. Stevenson, and several living poets, to the accompaniment of a psaltery. So far the experiments have hardly been more than interesting; certainly, at any rate, they have been far from satisfying. But we are glad to hear that they are to be continued.

A NEW series of "booklets with a mission" is shortly to be published under the title of the "Simple Life Series." We gather from a preliminary announcement that "the idea is to produce in a very inexpensive, but tasteful and attractive form, some of the smaller gems of the world's literature which definitely appeal to the higher feelings and the higher reason." "Tolstoy and His Message" comes first, and in the first four volumes to be published is the Rubaiyat of Omar. Rubbing shoulders with Omar comes Shelley, with his "Plea for a Simpler Diet." It is pretty clear that the "Simple Life Series" is not to be didactic all in one direction.

Bibliographical.

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE, it appears, are to follow up their recent reprint of the romances of G. P. R. James with reprints on a similar scale of the romances of James Grant and Mayne Reid. They have, I should say, every encouragement to do this. Though the higher criticism is contemptuous of Reid and Grant, those writers contrive to be read still. When Reid died, there was naturally a recrudescence of his popularity, and several of his books were re-issued, during 1890-97, in response to a natural demand. In 1898 there was a further spurt, four more tales being re-issued by Messrs. Routledge in that year, and one by Messrs. Downey. In 1898 also, there was quite a revival in "Grants," of which, during the years immediately preceding, there had been but few reprints. In the year named, Messrs. Routledge began to publish an "Aide-de-Camp" edition of Grant, which ran into 1899 as well. Twelve or thirteen stories were reproduced, including sixpenny editions of "The Scottish Cavalier" and "One of the Six Hundred"; and two volumes of short stories were reprinted—"The Royal Regiment" and "The Scots Brigade." It was a little surprising in 1898-99 to find new life given to such tales as "Oliver Ellis," "Mary of Lorraine," "Derval Hampton," "Jack Challoner," and "The Lord Hermitage," which are not precisely of Grant's best.

Another enterprise of Messrs. Routledge is the inclusion of Longfellow's translation of the "Divine Comedy" in their series of "Autograph Classics." It is scarcely three years since they issued the work at three-and-six. In 1890 they brought out two editions of it—one at twelve-and-six, the other at one shilling; then came editions at three-and-six in 1891, two shillings in 1892, two-and-six (in the Lubbock series) in 1893, and at a shilling again in 1894. This would seem to suggest that Longfellow's version of the "Commedia" runs Cary's very close in popularity. Five years ago Messrs. Cassell reproduced Cary with Doré's illustrations, while Messrs. Bell issued the work at a shilling. There had been a three-and-

sixpenny edition in 1897. Plumptre's translation was successfully revived in 1899 by Messrs. Isbister. These three versions may be said to hold the field, though they have not frightened away such translators as C. E. Norton, T. W. Parsons, Paget Toynbee, and so forth.

I see announcement made of a book on "The Island of Formosa," by Mr. J. W. Davidson, U.S. Consul there. No doubt it will bring matters down to date. An interesting book was Mr. W. A. Pickering's "Pioneering in Formosa: Recollections of Adventures among Mandarins, Wreckers, and Head-Hunting Savages," published in 1898. G. L. Mackay's "From Far Formosa," a third edition of which came out in 1900, is known to me only by name.

The bibliographers of the future may, I think, safely attribute to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald the little book on "John Forster, by One of His Friends," just published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. There is something characteristic of Mr. Fitzgerald's writing method in the frequency with which, in the earlier pages, the word "pleasant" is used. But soon come references to the author's friendship and correspondence with Dickens, his long connection with "Household Words," his "Life of Sterne," his little play called "The William Simpeon" (played at the Haymarket thirty years ago), and "a novel of mine, 'No. 75 Brooke Street,'"—which clinches the business, causing Mr. Fitzgerald to stand revealed. (It may be noted by the way that Mr. Fitzgerald anticipated Mr. Molloy's "Sailor King" so long ago as 1884, when he brought out his "Life and Times of William IV.") In the course of the present work Mr. Fitzgerald represents his mother as introducing into an after-dinner speech the line—

And e'en unmoved hears china fall.

But one feels that the lady could not have been guilty of thus misquoting Pope.

Mr. Harry Roberts, who has made a collection of "The Sayings of Jesus," just issued by Gay and Bird, appears, from his preface, to imagine that he is a pioneer in this matter. But it is only two or three years since Lord Northbrook produced "Christ's Teaching in His Own Words," for the use of the natives of India; in 1894 Mr. J. W. Mackail brought out a collection of Christ's sayings "as recorded by the Evangelists"; in the same year there was a book of "selected sayings," called "The Sure Resting-Place"; and these had been preceded in their turn, in 1893, by Mr. J. C. Walker's "Teaching of Jesus in His Own Words." Farther back than that we need not go.

"The plots of great operas," says a contemporary, "are unknown to the ordinary man." Well, if that is so, it is not from lack of activity on the part of the compilers. In 1896 there was published the eleventh edition of a book called "The Opera Glass," which professed to set forth the "plots" of no fewer than 119 operas. That work must surely have had a considerable circulation. But it by no means stands alone. Twenty years ago an American work, called "Operas: their Writers and their Plots," was put upon the English market. Then, in 1891, came a little manual called "Stories of the Operas," which was followed in 1897 by another importation from America—"Stories of Famous Operas," by H. A. Grueber.

This same Mr. Grueber, by the way, is the author of "Stories of the Wagnerian Operas," circulated over here in 1895. Prior to that we had had "The Wagnerian Drama," by H. E. Krehbiel (1891). After Mr. Grueber came A. Larnac with his "Wagner's Music Dramas" in 1898, and "Stories from Wagner" (from America) in 1899. Just now the run is upon books about the "Ring des Nibelungen," of which one, by Kobbe, came out in 1893, and another, by Irvine, in 1897.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Rediscovered Poet.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS TRAHERNE, B.D. Now
First Published from the Original MS. Edited by
Bertram Dobell. (Published by the Editor.)

Is there any end to the fecundity of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? "The Poetical Works of Thomas Traherne," edited and published by Mr. Bertram Dobell, add another name to those of Herbert, Vaughan, and Crashaw. The "find" is undoubtedly a remarkable one; though Mr. Dobell, like most discoverers, is inclined to magnify his discovery beyond bounds, and assigns to his very own poet a rank which will scarce meet, we think, with final acceptance. The discovery is the more curious because the poems have never been published at all. They were picked up on a second-hand bookstall, in manuscript, by Mr. W. T. Brooke, who sold them to the late Dr. Grosart. Both men thought the poems (which were anonymous) to be by Henry Vaughan, and Grosart was actually preparing to include them in an edition of Vaughan when he died. They then passed into Mr. Dobell's hands, who soon doubted the ascription to Vaughan. Through Mr. Brooke, a likeness was discovered to some poems in a volume ultimately found to be by Thomas Traherne. Traherne, it was ascertained, had published two other books. One was prose, the other a poem; and this poem ("Christian Ethicks") was finally encountered among the MSS. in a shorter form, with some variations. That completed the evidence.

Traherne was a clergyman of the middle seventeenth century; and all that here concerns us is the nature and quality of his poems. They are religious poems, modelled as to form on Herbert's "Temple." That he was acquainted with Herbert Mr. Dobell admits, but he denies that the poems show any acquaintance with Vaughan. The wish is father to the belief, we think; for to admit acquaintance with Vaughan is to rob Traherne's best poems of the complete originality which it is Mr. Dobell's object to claim for them. We have ourselves come to a quite other conclusion; even as we dissent from many other of the claims which Mr. Dobell advances on Traherne's behalf. But the first duty is to recognise that a number of the poems show fine poetic quality. There is, in fact, to our mind, a clear dividing line in the book with regard to merit. It opens with a series of poems on childhood, which fully justify enthusiasm; but in the poems which follow there is a striking change—not to say diminution—of poetic quality. Now it is precisely in those poems on childhood that we cannot but perceive what seems the influence of Vaughan.

In that first section there is a strong metaphysical quality which is all Traherne's own, and distinguishes him from either Herbert or Vaughan. The poems are strenuously thoughtful. He has nothing of Herbert's fancy; there is seldom an image or an analogy. But quickening the metaphysic thought, and making the abstract concrete, there is a breath of poetic emotion which has somewhat of Herbert, somewhat of Vaughan, yet is Traherne's own, and not that of either. A beautiful example is the opening poem, which shows Traherne quite at his best. From this, "The Salutation," we quote the opening and concluding stanzas:—

These little limbs,
These eyes and hands which here I find,
These rosy cheeks wherewith my life begins,
Where have ye been? behind
What curtain were ye from me hid so long,
Where was, in what abyss, my speaking tongue?

When silent I
So many thousand thousand years
Beneath the dust did in a chaos lie,
How could I smiles or tears,
Or lips, or hands, or eyes, or ears perceive?
Welcome ye treasures which I now receive.

New-burnisht joys,
Which yellow gold or pearl excel!
Such sacred treasures are the limbs in boys,
In which a soul doth dwell;
Their organised joints and azure veins
More wealth include than all the world contains.

A stranger here
Strange things doth meet, strange glories see;
Strange treasures lodg'd in this fair world appear,
Strange all and new to me;
But that they mine should be, who nothing was,
That strangest is of all, yet brought to pass.

This is extremely fine; the thought strikingly bold, and winged by a certain fervour of delight. It is alone enough to show that Mr. Dobell has had memorable good fortune, which other students and searchers of the past well may envy. In the succeeding poem the resemblance to Vaughan is stronger, both in occasional cast of expression, and still more in the nature of the central idea. The opening line, even Mr. Dobell admits, directly recalls Vaughan's reference to—

Those early days when I
Shined in mine angel infancy.

When this is so reinforced by the character of the general conception, as it is in Traherne's "Wonder," one cannot but draw the inference:—

How like an Angel came I down!
How bright are all things here!
When first among His works I did appear
O how their Glory me did crown!
The world resembled His *Eternity*,
In which my soul did walk;
And everything that I did see
Did with me talk.

A native health and innocence
Within my bones did grow,
And while my God did all his Glories show,
I felt a vigour in my sense
That was all Spirit. I within did flow
With seas of life like wine;
I nothing in the world did know
But 'twas divine.

The streets were paved with golden stones,
The boys and girls were mine,
Oh how did all their lovely faces shine!
The sons of men were holy ones,
In joy and beauty they appeared to me,
And everything which here I found,
While like an angel I did see,
Adorned the ground.

Cursed and devised proprieties,
With envy, avarice,
And fraud, the fiends which spoil even Paradise,
Flew from the splendour of mine eyes.
And so did hedges, ditches, limits, bounds,
I dreamed not aught of those,
But wandered over all men's grounds,
And found repose.

Proprieties themselves were mine,
And hedges ornaments;
Walls, boxes, coffers, and their rich contents,
Did not divide my joys, but all combine.
Clothes, ribbons, jewels, laces, I esteemed
My joys by others worn:
For me they all to wear them seemed
When I was born.

This, and the preceding poem from which we also cited stanzas, are (we think) Traherne's best. Such a line as "The sons of men were holy ones" suggests Vaughan at his most characteristic. On the other hand, in "Oh, how did all their lovely faces shine!" and elsewhere in these poems of childhood, there is something which curiously and strikingly anticipates the manner of Blake. Even from these chosen stanzas, however (which necessarily show the poet mostly at his best), it will be seen that Traherne does not always sustain himself at such a height. More often than Herbert himself, he lapses into flat prose, redeemed only by the thought. Nor does he seem to move quite natively in verse: too frequently, it will be noticed, there are stiff and awkward inversions, to get rhyme or metre. It is in the sequent poem, "Eden," that he most plainly builds on Vaughan:—

A learned and a happy ignorance
Divided me
From all the vanity,
From all the sloth, care, pain, and sorrow that advance
The madness and the misery
Of men. No error, no distraction I
Saw soil the earth or overcloud the sky.
I knew not that there was a serpent's sting
Whose poison shed
On men, did overspread
The world; nor did I dream of such a thing
As sin, in which mankind lay dead.
They all were brisk and living wights to me,
Yea, pure and full of immortality.
• • • • •
Only what Adam in his first estate,
Did I behold;
Hard silver and dry gold
As yet lay under ground; my blessed fate
Was more acquainted with the old
And innocent delights which he did see
In his original simplicity.

The whole of the poem from which these stanzas are taken is, in truth, simply an expansion in idea of Vaughan's exquisite poem already mentioned. When it is considered along with the two previous poems and the following poem, "Innocence," it becomes difficult to evade the conclusion that throughout the series Traherne is playing variations upon the theme of this and Vaughan's other lovely poem on childhood. In a subsequent poem on a different theme, in the present book, we find—

My contemplation dazzles in the end
Of all I comprehend;

and we are at once reminded of Vaughan's phrase in one of those two childhood poems:—

Mine eye
Dazzles at it, as at Eternity.

When we pass from this section of poems on childhood to the second section, there is a marked change in Traherne. Two poems, "The Preparative" and "The Vision," retain the former quality with an increase of the metaphysical element. But thereafter the metaphysical element becomes knottily predominant, while the poetic quality, the charm, the rapture, if not absent, are insufficiently present. The verse has lost its wing, exactly when the additional weight of metaphysic thought needed a stronger wing. We have not room for further quotation, but the fact must strike a careful reader. And we must needs draw the inference. It is this.

Traherne is a highly thoughtful and metaphysical poet, without corresponding emotional power—insufficiently a poet, in fact. But in one group of poems, where (apparently) he had the advantage of drawing inspiration from Vaughan, he rose beyond himself, and attained striking poetic quality. It is not (save at moments) the quality of Vaughan, but his own. He has not the supreme

and passionless passion of Vaughan, like that intense motion of the blue sky which seems motionless. But he has his own emotional charm, sometimes (we have said) singularly suggesting Blake. He is unequal, he has not poetry at command, he has no technique, apart from his inspired moments. Save in moments, he lacks the great magic. But there remains a handful of poetry admirable, original, of a single and captivating sweetness, overcoming by force of inspiration the lack of native instinct for verse. And Mr. Dobell's is the most remarkable discovery of recent years.

Layard's Autobiography.

SIR A. HENRY LAYARD, G.C.B., D.C.L., AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS FROM HIS CHILDHOOD UNTIL HIS APPOINTMENT AS H.M. AMBASSADOR AT MADRID. Edited by the Hon. William N. Bruce, with a Chapter on his Parliamentary Career by the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Otway. 2 vols. (John Murray).

PRACTICALLY, the autobiographic portion of this lengthily titled volume extends, with breaks filled in by letters, to Layard's embarkation on the Nineveh explorations. It covers, that is to say, the period of his earlier life. With his return to England after the first series of excavations at Nineveh, the autobiography, virtually at an end before, ceases entirely; and there is little more in the book. A final chapter by Sir Arthur Otway reviews in customary fashion Layard's parliamentary career. The space between is occupied by a number of letters which represent his artistic interests and energies during this same parliamentary period—in a sufficiently interesting way, for Layard with pen in hand is always alive. But the cream of the volumes is the autobiography.

It was well worth publishing, comparatively brief portion of his career though it includes. During that early period Layard saw many men, many lands, many peoples—interesting men, interesting lands, interesting peoples; and to all his experiences he brings an unflagging energy of enjoyment which he has the art of communicating to the reader. With a quite natural and unaffected style, he holds attention by his own vivid character, imparted to all he relates. The Huguenot descent of his father, an ex-official in Ceylon, had doubtless something to do with this audacious energy. At three years old, introduced to a lioness in the Jardin des Plantes, he took the tawny lady's cub in his arms, while brother Frederic howled dismally beside the appalled and amazed nurse. At school in Moulins, he was plainly a Tartar. Bullied by his companions as a John Bull and a heretic, snubbed by the masters as a rebel, he allowed himself to be made ringleader in a revolt against the tyrannical writing-master. At the fixed moment, the master's back being turned, Harry slung a leaden inkstand at him. The astonished master faced round on a row of studious boys, and the betrayed ringleader sitting in solitary guilt. The confounded Harry was dragged out and thrashed on the spot. In Swiss or Florentine school he defied rule and learned what he pleased; but, be it said, in both he was beloved by the master. Meantime his father was teaching him to love literature and art, while he was receiving the education of contact with eminent men, which played a powerful part in his life.

At Florence he was familiar with Walter Savage Landor. The elder Layard, a stern Tory, short-sightedly introduced his son to the "Imaginary Conversations": on such a lad they had the natural effect of indoctrinating him with "those radical and democratic opinions which I sturdily professed even when a boy":—

The grand figure and powerful head of Walter Savage Landor, his sonorous voice, when he impressed upon me the beauty of the old Greek language, and the importance of its acquisition in order to speak and write good English, as he

was often in the habit of doing, are still present to my memory. Many years after he addressed an Ode to me, which is published amongst his poetical works.

Another Florentine friend was Seymour Kirkup, known for his illustrations of the "Divina Commedia," and perhaps still better as the discoverer of the portrait of Dante ascribed to Giotto, in the Bargello at Florence. An intense Dante student, he was specially valuable to young Layard for his wealth of knowledge regarding the ancient Florence and his memories of illustrious men:—

Kirkup's library was famous for its unique collection of ancient books and treatises on magic and the black arts, of which he was an ardent student. He came to be a firm believer in the supernatural, and in all the mysteries of spirit-rapping, table-turning, and the various impostures which were at the time practised upon the weak and credulous. . . . He fell into the hands, in his old age, of a mother and her daughters, one of whom was a very beautiful creature named Regina. . . . She was easily thrown into, or feigned, a mesmeric sleep, and . . . communicated to her willing dupe messages from the other world—chiefly from Dante and the poet's contemporaries. . . . It is scarcely necessary to say that they were, for the most part, the feeble echoes of what she had heard from Kirkup himself. . . . His own appearance corresponded to the dirt, untidiness, and neglect of his dwelling. His clothes were worn almost to the last thread, and seemed scarcely to hold together. His long white locks hung over his shoulders. His sharply chiselled features, hook nose, and bright, restless eyes gave him the aspect of one who practised the black arts. . . . The street-boys pointed to him as the *stregon*—the magician. Hawthorne has given a lifelike sketch of him in that character in his "Transformation."

So surrounded was young Layard by art, that over his bed in the palace where he lived hung the altar-piece by Filippino Lippi, now in the National Gallery. It still witnesses to his pugnacity, showing a damaged portion caused by Layard's shoes, which he flung at his brother's head.

Such a training promised ill for the legal studies which he afterwards began with his uncle, Mr. Austen; and at Mr. Austen's house he met eminent men who further unsettled him. Benjamin Disraeli had been that gentleman's legal pupil too, and still visited him:—

I well remember 'the first time I saw Benjamin Disraeli. I must have been between six and seven years old. My Aunt had taken me with her to call upon his mother in Bloomsbury Square. Mrs. Austen asked after "Ben," and was told that he was taking a boxing lesson. He was sent for, and came into the drawing-room in his shirt-sleeves, and wearing his boxing-gloves.

During Layard's legal studies, he met Disraeli constantly:—

He excited my wonder—perhaps my admiration—by his extraordinary and foppish dress. He wore waistcoats of the most gorgeous colours and the most fantastic patterns, with much gold embroidery, velvet pantaloons, and shoes adorned with red rosettes.

He snubbed young Layard, who thought him conceited. Once Layard expressed his admiration for Disraeli's description of the orange-groves of Corfu, and asked whether he still thought it the most beautiful spot in the world. "He replied, with a mocking laugh, that he really did not know what he had written, having written so much, nor could he remember whether or not there were orange-groves in the Ionian islands." A quite characteristic bit of Disraelian affectation. He had written most of "Vivian Grey" at the Austens' house, helped by Mrs. Austen, a brilliant woman. One of Layard's recollections is of Disraeli reciting his "Revolutionary Epic" in bombastic style:—

When he had left the room, Samuel Warren, who was an excellent mimic, sent the company into fits of laughter by imitating his voice and manner, and reciting a number of heroic verses which might have been taken from the Epic itself.

When both were in Parliament, Dizzy made generous amends to Layard for the fopperies of Disraeli the younger. Layard soon resolved to try his legal fortunes in Ceylon, and journeyed towards it by way of Persia and the East. It ended in his settling at Constantinople, employed by Sir Stratford Canning in unofficial diplomacy. His picture of the terrible Ambassador, and the way he bullied the Turkish officials, is admirable, but too diffuse for quotation. Lifelike are his sketches of the Turkish officials themselves, some of whom were his personal friends. But for one anecdote of his chosen companion, Alison, we must make room. Alison was doing business with the Grand Vizir; when that personage suddenly rose and began to say his prayers:—

He concluded them with the usual curse—very audibly and significantly uttered—upon all *giaour* or infidels, and went through the motion of spitting over his right and left shoulders to show his horror of them; he then . . . renewed the conversation as though nothing had occurred. After a short interval Alison left the divan, and going into a corner of the room, began to repeat in Turkish an extempore prayer, in which he invoked similar curses upon the followers of Islam. The Pasha jumped up in a violent passion . . . Alison very quietly replied that, like the Pasha himself, he had only performed a duty by saying his prayers at that particular hour, and that he had no doubt that the denunciations they contained against Mohammedanism were as much a matter of form, and of as little significance, as the curses which his Highness had a short time before launched against those who professed the Christian faith.

After a period during which he rendered valuable, though informal service to Sir Stratford Canning as a diplomatic agent, Layard at last carried out his long-cherished desire to explore the site of the ancient Assyrian capital. The result was, that one dismal London day, a sallow, ascetic-looking young painter of Italian parentage saw carried in through the swing doors of the British Museum "A winged bull from Nineveh"; and prophesied how—

School-foundations in the act
Of holiday, three files compact,
Shall learn to view thee as a fact
Connected with that zealous tract,
"Rome, Babylon, and Nineveh."

There, as we have said, the autobiography really ends; and there, with his fame assured, and all fear of legal drudgery at an end, we may leave this record of a brilliant and restlessly energetic personality.

Poland.

POLAND. A STUDY OF THE LAND, PEOPLE AND LITERATURE.
By George Brandes. (Heinemann. 12s. net.)

THERE is perhaps no national literature so little known in Europe as the Polish, no national character so little illumined for us by accessible evidence as the Poles'. We therefore welcome Dr. George Brandes's "Impressions of Poland," now issued in a translation. To help combat the sluggish indifference to modern foreign literature, that has become not a little marked in England of late years, we trust that our readers will make a point of seeing Dr. Brandes' "Poland." They will be repaid.

His peculiar value as a travelled critic is well displayed in the book before us. He unites to great open-mindedness and sympathy of temperament a keen and highly-trained judgment. Add to these gifts something of the journalist's clever versatility and lightness of touch, and you have a critic whose name stands in Europe for the modern spirit of cosmopolitan culture, a spirit which interprets and champions all youthful and powerful innovating talent in a generation, against the settled traditions of academical classicism.

It is, indeed, particularly delightful to hear a voice so penetrating and sympathetic as his raised in defence of an oppressed and "partitioned" nation which succumbed a century ago to the force of three great Empires united to despoil it. The cause of Poland, so popular in England in the middle of the century, is to-day regarded generally as lost. It seems impossible that Russia, Germany, and Austria should ever relax their grip on a country so fruitful, a country whose population compared with theirs is so relatively small. But stranger things have happened in history, and it may be that a day will come when the strange conglomeration of races that make up the Austrian Empire will fall asunder, and Russia and Germany may bite off more than they can chew, when a redistribution of peoples and new federated autonomous groups may arise. It has been charged against Poland that her fate was due not less to the unbridled individualism of the Poles than to her lack of natural frontier and her lack of political instinct. In truth, Poland, as Dr. Brandes remarks, had inherited a vicious political constitution, and she might eventually have baffled her enemies if the bulk of her people had not been too long held under by the upper class, and kept in the position of feudal serfs. Brandes states the position very ably:—

The weak point in the State organization was that the nobility (*Szlachta*) was only a class of from 800,000 to 1,000,000 men in a population of from 8,000,000 to 13,000,000, and that the ruling class, after having realised its ideal of freedom and vitality, stood still in a dead conservatism. Until the middle of the eighteenth century, society was immovable, because the nobility regarded every reform as an attack upon their freedom, and enthusiastically upheld not only the free choice of a King, which had degenerated into an actual auction of the crown to the highest bidder, but also the *liberum veto*—that is the right of every single member of the Diet to prevent any enactment by his protest.

In 1795 came the third and last partition. There was no longer any Kingdom of Poland. But there was still a Polish people—a people who had heroic, chivalrous, brilliant, useless qualities enough, but very few of the useful, civic virtues. It was an enthusiastic and unpractical people, noble-minded and untrustworthy, pomp-loving and volatile, vivacious and thoughtless, a people who despised severe and fatiguing labour, and loved all intense and delicate, sensuous and intellectual enjoyments, but above all, who worshipped independence to the point of insanity, freedom to the extent of the *liberum veto*, and who even now, when they had lost independence and freedom, had remained faithful to their old love.

It was a credulous and confiding martial people, always ready to risk their lives upon a promise, which no one thought of keeping.

The picture that Dr. Brandes draws of Polish life under Russian rule to-day is a sad but not a hopeless picture. For the extreme severity and repressive sternness of the Russian autocracy has, naturally, tended to consolidate Polish national interests and purely Polish feeling, and the nation lives a subterranean life, compounded of memories and longings, a ghostly life more powerful still than the actual life dictated to it by its Russian overseers. Of course the author as a passing visitor is, as it were, feeling the pulse of a suffering people and has had little time to study the significance of the present generation's changing symptoms. But if his experience be typical, the Poles are to-day almost as intensely anti-Russian in feeling as the Poles of two generations ago when the rebellion of 1863 burst. It seems to be admitted on all sides that the Poles under Austria's comparatively mild rule have retained in far less a degree the passionate love of their nationality than the Poles who are subject to Russia.

The last hundred pages of "Poland" are devoted by Dr. Brandes to a study of the Romantic Literature of Poland in the nineteenth century. Though the meaning of this literature is ably summarised by the Danish critic, we must own to a certain disappointment. Brandes as a

champion of Realism against the dispossessed school of Romanticism that played its part throughout Europe, and has been replaced by the succeeding movements, is perhaps not quite fair towards certain writers. He rightly says: "There is only one future for Poland's literature, after its days of Romanticism are over, and that is to become a modern, a living expression of the life of our own time." But his remark on Sienkiewicz's "The Deluge" betrays a certain bias: "I am sorry to say that of late years he has been absorbed in the production of endless historical novels, in the style of the elder Dumas, which have made his name widely popular, and produce a large income." "The Deluge" is a historical picture of high merit, and it may be doubted whether Sienkiewicz could have turned his great talent to better account than in writing this national epic. It is quite true that the time for Romanticism is over, and we had hoped that Dr. Brandes would have devoted a chapter to the contemporary Polish authors who have turned away from the Byronic tradition, and who have produced, as has Madame Orzescho, excellent imaginative fiction, modern in its tendency. In the absence of great figures the work of the minor men has particular significance. We should like to have had from Brandes some analysis of Zeromski's and Sieroszewski's work, but their names are not even mentioned. It is also a pity that the publisher could not have arranged for the few specimen translations Brandes gives from Mickiewicz and Slowacki to have been rendered direct from the original Polish. The translator has probably done his best at rendering literally the German, or the Danish versions? No translator's name is given on the title-page. A score of portraits of famous representative Poles would have greatly enriched the volume.

The Russians say that Poland deserves her fate; in reality they cannot forgive her for the days when the Empire of the Slavs seemed likely to pass into Poland's keeping. Poland has, however, long since expiated her sins, and Dr. Brandes has put this thought into most eloquent words:—

Passing through the side wing of the great Kremlin palace at Moscow, which contains the armoury (Oruscheinaya Palata), we see, in the lower storey, twenty-two marble busts of Polish Kings and distinguished Poles; in the storey above, in the large round hall, the Polish throne, and, near by, the crown worn by the last King of Poland, Stanislaus Augustus, and finally, in the adjoining room (opposite Charles XII.'s sedan chair, taken at the battle of Poltawa), sixty Polish banners, captured from 1831 to 1863, with Polish inscriptions, torn by bullets, and to the right of these, on the floor, a beautifully made close casket. In this casket is deposited the constitution of the 3rd of May 1791. Poland's patent of nobility among the people of Europe has become an object in a museum. . . . How strange it must be for a Pole, with any national feeling, to see the great men of his country, the insignia which were the symbols of the dignity of his fatherland as an independent power, its ensigns with the white eagle, nay, even the *Magna Charta*, which his people, in the most supreme moment of its life, formed for its future, and which was rightfully never displaced, exhibited here in the imperial palace of a foreign capital, as curiosities for the amusement of spectators! It must be like reading one's own name on a tombstone.

Yes, Poland, thou art the great symbol. The symbol of pinioned freedom whose neck is trodden upon, symbol of those who lack any outlook, yet hope against all probability in spite of all.

A German in Ophir.

THE ELDORADO OF THE ANCIENTS. By Dr. Carl Peters. With Maps and Illustrations, mostly by Tennyson Cole. (Pearson. 21s. net.)

For some years past those who stand by what Mr. Gladstone called "the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture" have rejoiced in geographical discoveries which located the biblical Ophir in South Africa with tolerable certainty.

Now comes Dr. Peters with a bulky volume in which it is shown "that the Ophir of the time of Solomon was the country between the Lower Zambesi and the Limpopo river." The base of his evidence is the record of an expedition made by him in 1899-1900 with the view of acquiring in Macombe's country—known in fable as Monomotapa—an auriferous Tom Tiddler's ground. We assume the book to be a translation for two small but persuasive reasons: first, because the name of Bishop Smythies, which Dr. Peters has disagreeable cause to remember with all accuracy, is misprinted; and secondly, because a passage supposed to be cited from Dr. Theal's "Portuguese in South Africa" is in reality only a paraphrase of the doctor's words.

Dr. Peters expressly alludes to the loss of his commission in 1896 on a charge of misusing his official power in German East Africa—a colony which owes its existence to his enterprise—and therefore it is no breach of good manners to say that our first curiosity in his book was directed to the revelation of himself, which could hardly fail to be made in the course of more than 400 pages. The revelation is forthcoming, and not wholly displeasing. Dr. Peters is perhaps at pains to show himself human and humorous. In December, 1900, for instance, he is on the Zambesi, and in one day shoots "eight crocodiles, six hippopotami, three ducks and two river-hens," but between whiles he is reading "Bleak House." He has a way of throwing over himself a grey veil of philosophy, half of Schopenhauer, half of Buddha, which becomes him very well. Scenery enchants him; he is erudite, civilised, but feels brotherly to the black when the black is Nature's gentleman. But the man is hard, and his fit brain is horridly aware that the fittest survive because their interests do not coincide with those of the unfit. His approval of the tyrannous Boer laws for blacks in the Transvaal, and his suggestion of a hut tax of "not less than £5," show plainly enough that Schopenhauer had more to teach him than a cynical quatrain about an appeal to the stomach being the passport to the heart of mankind. A little passage like the following speaks volumes for the pioneering conscience. On July 11, 1899, Dr. Peters had sent Herr Blöcker to Sherele "to examine the stone pillar there, of which the natives spoke so much." On Herr Blöcker's return he informed Dr. Peters, without the latter apparently feeling any dissatisfaction with him for an unwarrantable trespass—

that the pillar at Sherele was of diorite. . . . It was apparently held in veneration by the natives, as it was fenced round; and when he had begun to dig it up in order to find out whether it was of natural or artificial origin, the natives had interposed with cries and threatening gestures.

We found the animated account of the tribe and personality of the great Chief Macombe, from whom Dr. Peters obtained concessions, the most interesting item in his book. Macombe governs the Makalanga—a name which means "Sons of the Great Sun." "They, therefore, have the same name as the ancient Inkas of Peru;" and Dr. Peters adds that "they have a stronger influx of Asiatic blood than any other nation which I know." Among them is a priestess, called Quarra Quate, who serves a god who dwells in the earth and owns all the fires in the country. This woman, whose house Dr. Peters saw, is actually believed by the aborigines to be "about six thousand years of age." When she shows herself "no red colour must be seen anywhere: the sacred colour is black."

Dr. Peters accomplished his commercial task in Macombe's country by July 23, 1899, and was soon among the ruins in Inyangana:—

Very often walls stood in a circle like the mouths of our wells, built of schist or granite and filled with rocks of another kind. Again and again we encountered quadrangular and round stone walls, evidently the remains of human

dwellings. Sometimes what we saw seemed to have some meaning; then again it seemed to me as if we were entering a country in which a number of madmen had dwelt. . . . I asked . . . what this all meant.

"Ghosts have done this," was the reply of his native companions. That, of course, was hardly a solution, and if we had been Dr. Peters we should have turned back and consulted the only lady in the world who could revise Ussher's chronology. He did not turn back, however, but journeyed into the heart of Manicaland, and thence into the Sabi region.

We have no space to follow Dr. Peters in his learned disquisition on Ophir. A sentence will show his ground argument: "It stands to reason that an Eldorado, from which a single expedition, lasting three years, returned to Jerusalem with a mass of gold weighing 420 talents . . . must be indicated to-day by unassailable archaeological remains." The root of the name Ophir "written in English is A.F.R.," and this word has perhaps a connection with the name of Mt. Fura, which signifies "a mine." But when the material conditions required in an Ophir answering to the biblical references are sought for, Macombe's country springs into sudden glory. We see in the Makalanga the Punic blood, we see in their earth-god the Baal who enraged Elijah. Ruins are there and mines are there, and Dr. Peters has picked up a phallus. Macombe's country has added a chapter to the Bible. Dr. Peters has read that chapter and proven himself thereby one of Nature's chosen bookworms.

For Poets.

A STUDY OF METRE. By T. S. Omond. (Grant Richards.)

IN this book Mr. Omond takes up at greater length, and in a fuller and more extended form, a subject which he has already treated in more casual way. Particularly one remembers a pamphlet on English metre which he published some years ago, and which contained, in effect, the pith of his present book. Writers on English metre are nowadays curiously numerous, where once scarce anyone thought the subject worth handling; or perhaps there was more diffidence. If so, it was a commendable diffidence. Most present speculations are more complex than valuable. Of all living writers on the subject, there is none whose views seem to us so sound yet independent as Mr. Omond's. Among previous writers the two who have, we think, most anticipated him are Sidney Lanier and Coventry Patmore; but especially Coventry Patmore. The essay on English Metrical Principle which is appended to the collected edition of that author's poems has never received due recognition, though (as he complained) some of its results were adopted without recognition. Mr. Omond's is the first allusion to it we have seen of late years. This was partly the poet's own fault. He failed to recognise the inherent difficulty and obscurities of his own thesis, so that acute readers may well fail to grasp his whole drift. We are doubtful if Mr. Omond has grasped it: certainly Patmore was before him to a further degree than one would conceive from the terms of his reference.

Mr. Omond's great merit is that he discards totally the attempt to find a classic basis or analogy for our metre, and approaches it *de novo*, seeking its principles within itself. Nor does he insist unduly on the undoubted musical analogies, to the extent of attempting an actual musical notation, like Lanier and his American followers. He dismisses accent as a basis of English metre, and declares that its basis is wholly temporal. That is, a metrical line is a matter of a certain understood time; and it is built up, not from a certain number of syllables, nor even a number of accents, but from a certain number of units which are themselves time-units. Accent does indeed come in as a means of measuring time; but

though usual, it is not invariable, not basically indispensable. An accent may be and sometimes is missing, without affecting the metrical length of the line. (That is, the time, the temporal length, remains unaltered.) In so far, Mr. Omond's conclusions were anticipated, more or less nearly, by Patmore. But he has pushed them to further results which have not been anticipated by any writer we have read, and with which we cordially agree. He shows that syllables may be omitted to an almost indefinite extent in a line, without affecting its metrical length. Take the familiar nursery-rhyme:—

Ding- | dong | bell !
Pussy's | in the | well !
Who | put her | in ?
Little | Johnny | Green.

It is plain that the second line here represents the typical scheme of the metre; with three units (or *feet*, as we usually call them), and two syllables in each, except the last which ends on the first and accented syllable;—making five syllables in all. Yet in the third line the syllables sink to four; in the first to only three—but one syllable to each unit or “foot.” All this without in the slightest degree altering the metrical length of the line, which consists still of three “feet” or units throughout. The line is read into the time of five syllables, the place of the omitted syllables being supplied by pause, or by a lingering over the remaining syllables, which is equivalent to distributing the pause over the line. This is what we consider Mr. Omond's most central position. To deal with the entire book in these limits is impossible. But it is an excellent contribution to the growing interest in the subject of metre.

Holbein's Riddle.

HOLBEIN'S “AMBASSADORS” UNRIDDED. THE COUNTS PALATINE OTTO HENRY AND PHILIP, A KEY TO OTHER HOLBEINS. With 36 Illustrations. By William Frederick Dickes. (Cassell. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE attitude of Germany to the Renaissance is shown perhaps more perfectly in the work of Holbein than in that of any other artist. Italian art, with a wealth of imagination and delight in light and space and the sanity of pagan thought, was concerned with Beauty quite as much as with Religion. But with morality and realism it had really nothing to do. German art, on the other hand, was, as it were, the handmaid of morality, oppressed by the gloom and mysticism of the temperament which had evolved Gothic architecture, that had desired to worship God not in the rare sunshine of so unquiet a land, under the soft sky, nor in an imitation or adaptation of it subdued to the comprehension of man as in an Italian church, but first perhaps in the depths of the forests full of an obvious kind of gloom and terror, and mystery; and then in a church that should retain as much as possible of the obscurity and mystery of the forest. So while the Italian mind in its subtlety desired the sunshine, more mysterious by far than the darkness and the whisper of the forest, the German in his simplicity—a little sentimental perhaps about those powers that he thought of as so mysterious, so unaccountable—desired the realistic, the obvious gloom of the Gothic? This characteristic is found in all German art, and the especial influence that the Renaissance had upon it is best seen perhaps in Holbein's pictures. From Italy too came the desire for symbols, for allegory. We see the same desire, for instance, in the “Calumny” or the “Primavera” of Botticelli, and in a more obvious and extreme but less subtle way in such pictures as Holbein's “Ambassadors.”

Mr. Dickes, whose interesting book has evidently cost him much work and thought, showing as it does a wide

knowledge of Holbein's life and art, tells us that it was Alciati's “Emblems,” published first in 1522 and again in 1531, that supplied Holbein with the elaborate symbolism he has used in his picture. Thus Mr. Dickes argues that the Lute, lying between the two figures of “The Ambassadors,” signifies a treaty, and in this case the Nuremberg Treaty.

It is not possible to follow Mr. Dickes, in the space at our disposal, in his minute dissection of the picture. It will be sufficient to say that whereas the two figures in this famous picture (No. 1,314 in the National Gallery) have hitherto been looked upon as Jean de Dinterville, Lord of Policy, and George de Selve, Bishop of Lavour, Mr. Dickes asserts, and as we are inclined to think comes near to prove, that they are rather the brothers Otto Henry and Philip of Neuberg, Counts Palatine of the Rhine. With the light which this fact may throw upon the life and work of Holbein, Mr. Dickes will deal in a future work. Here he backs his opinion with a wealth of argument and knowledge scarcely to be appreciated by any save experts and specialists. It is difficult to believe that this book can be passed over in silence by those to whom it is addressed: to wit, the Trustees and Director of the National Gallery.

Other New Books.

THE BOOK OF MONTHS. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE title of Mr. Benson's volume rather suggests the inevitable garden business, but we are saved from that. There is something of gardens in these twelve chapters, but not too much; what there is too much of is a facile and rather evasive sentiment. Mr. Benson is full of sentiment, but it is sentiment which in seeming to go deep only touches the surface of things. We never come to grips with it vitally; it is pretty, sometimes touching, but nearly always dilettante. Mr. Benson talks much about the right kind of observation; he looks at London and sees in it everything which makes for comedy and tragedy, yet his comedy is superficial and his tragedy obvious, which is almost to be expected from an author who can write nowadays: “Ten yards of Piccadilly is a volume, and the Circus an improper epic.” Here is a passage which may serve to illustrate Mr. Benson's limitations:—

Had not Shakespeare been a man of human insight, he could never have written his plays; but if we could see, we should find in life what he found. That he gave it in the form of drama to the world is another matter. That was because Nature—or I prefer to say God—gave a man of this humanity this power of speech, as well as the sense of drama. Hundreds, I soberly believe, felt as keenly as Shakespeare felt, but are, so to speak, born dumb; hundreds could write as Shakespeare wrote, could they but feel.

Which is, after all, to say nothing; to state the perfectly obvious is to waste time and print.

The introduction of a love-story into what one at first takes to be a series of personal reminiscences is rather disconcerting. The thing should be either frankly personal or frankly fictional. If it be personal we take this love-story to be a gratuitous confidence; if fictional it is dragged in by the heels. Yet the episode is prettily enough told; we cannot say more for it than that. Its appeal is to the easy sentiment of those who read in arm-chairs, and its philosophy is that of the observer who appears to evade the presentation of reality by such generalisations as this:—

For then, and even now as I write, and do know the human outcome of that love, who knows now what the meaning and the great purpose of all this is? A flaw, a failure—can one

say that? Not so do I believe, for I *know* it is all a fragment of the circumference of that great circle, the centre of which and the whole of which—you and me, and the drunkard in the street, and the prostitute in the street, and summer rain, and love and death, are included, and none higher or lower than another—is God.

That has been said a thousand times before, and largely by clever young men who have assimilated the writings of others. What we need are practical illustrations of the formula, not its more or less eloquent re-statement.

THOUGHTS FROM MAETERLINCK. Chosen and Arranged by E. S. S. (Allen. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE influence and vogue of Maeterlinck are well suggested by this pleasant little volume. The attraction exercised by him, speaking broadly, consists in simplicity of two kinds: simplicity of statement of the concrete and simplicity of statement of the mystical, the almost unstateable. To both these qualities is added a power of poetical realization which is never without distinction and seldom without beauty. In turning over these pages we are continually brought into contact with a mind which broods and understands as well as a mind subject to lightning intuitions. The first quotation here given is from "The Treasure of the Humble":—

It is only by the communications we have with the infinite that we are to be distinguished from each other.

A statement transcendently true, but one which, discussed in a different spirit, could quite reasonably be traversed and made a subject for not unkind amusement. But this from "Wisdom and Destiny" states absolute fact with absolute conviction:—

The earnest wayfarer along the paths of life becomes ever more deeply convinced, as his travels widen, of the beauty, and wisdom, and truth of the simplest and humblest laws of existence.

We are glad to see that a whole section of this volume is devoted to that beautiful and suggestive book, "The Life of the Bee."

SWORDS AND PLOWSHARES. By Ernest Crosby. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

MR. CROSBY appears to be a perfervid advocate of "Peace at any Price." He dedicates this volume to "The Noble Army of Traitors and Heretics," and pours out the vials of his transatlantic wrath upon us and all nations who draw the sword, including America. Mr. Crosby particularly affects the manner of Walt Whitman; the imitation of manner is a long way off, and the matter is rather to seek. Mr. Crosby, as he says himself, loves his country "too well to be a patriot." Here is an example of his Walt Whitman manner:—

Who are you at Washington who presume to declare me the enemy of anybody or to declare any nation my enemy?

However great you may be, I altogether deny your authority to sow enmity and hatred in my soul.

I refuse to accept your ready-made enemies, and, if I did accept them, I should feel bound to love them, and, loving them, would you have me caress them with bombshells and bayonets?

When I want enemies, I reserve the right to manufacture them myself.

When Mr. Crosby drops into rhyme he is hardly more logical or inspiring. From some verses called "Woman and War" we extract the following:—

I saw a lamb gnashing its untried teeth,
Rending the fleece
Of its own brother, piece by piece.
Until beneath
Blood trickled red upon the heath.
And stained the mouth of that perverted lamb—
That mouth not made to frighten,
But rather to whiten
With the innocent milk of its dam.

Mr. Crosby's volume contains one hundred and twenty-six pages of this kind of thing. On the last page he says:—

I believe in the world.

I stake my reputation as a prophet on its future.

Well, we are content to let Mr. Crosby's reputation as a prophet take care of itself; for his reputation as a thinker and a poet we have not much hope.

We have received from Mr. Fletcher Moss a copy of his "Pilgrimages to Old Homes" (published by the author at the Old Parsonage, Didsbury). Mr. Moss has for some years had a considerable local reputation, and his last volume, "Pilgrimages in Cheshire and Shropshire," did something to extend it beyond merely local limits. The present volume deals with "Old Homes" mostly on the Welsh border, and includes such places as Alderley, Ledbury, and Hereford, with their many historical and topographical features. Mr. Moss writes simply and pleasantly of what he has seen and gathered together. The volume is very fully and excellently illustrated from photographs.

NEW EDITIONS: The latest addition to Messrs. Ward Lock's "Youth's Library" is Nathaniel Hawthorne's "A Wonder-Book," which we are always glad to see reprinted in a popular form.—In Messrs. Macmillan's "Illustrated Pocket Classics" we have received Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies." The illustrations, which were first published in 1885, are by Mr. Linley Sambourne.—Mr. Grant Richards has just issued a new edition of Grant Allen's "Paris." The many alterations in the museums of Paris since the descriptions were first written in 1897 have necessitated certain emendations, and a few notes on minor collections have been added, but in the main the book follows its original form.

Fiction.

ALL ON THE IRISH SHORE. By E. (E.) Somerville and Martin Ross. (Longmans. 6s.)

IT is fortunate for the well-being of humanity that humour is commoner in real life than in fiction. For one real humourist we have a score of writers who take the world with a deadly seriousness tempered, if tempered at all, with a mild and unsatisfying frivolity. But true humour is of the bone; it is not so much a flashlight upon the surface of things as a steady glow from within; it reveals deeps, and is suggestive rather than concrete. Concrete humour is usually of the mere verbal order; the broader humour includes understanding of the deeps as well as the joyful incongruities of a life which delights in its own quaintness. This broad and true humour we always find in the work of the authoresses of "All on the Irish Shore," so that a new volume from them is something of an event. These Irish sketches are as bright, as fresh, as invigorating as anything we have read for a long time. They have in them the rush and gusto of the open air as well as the observation and truth of real character and real happenings. Constructively, too, the stories are artistic and finished. The linked narratives of "Fanny Fitz's Gamble" and "The Connemara Mare" are as neat in mechanism as they are excellent in fun and characterization. It is difficult to select a story out of this batch of eleven for particular praise; for sheer laughter, however, we are inclined to name "A Grand Filly." There are not many recent stories which have made us laugh aloud and to the point of collapse, but "A Grand Filly" did. The whole thing is as true and Irish as may be. The narrator goes to the South to try a filly with Trinder's

"Rioters." He reaches his host's house to be nearly run down by a wild hunt in chase of a hound with a plucked turkey in its mouth. Then follows dinner and Trinder's aunt.

I had not expected an aunt, as Robert is well on the heavenward side of sixty, but there she was: she made me think of a badly preserved Egyptian mummy with a brogue. I am always a little afraid of my hostess, but there was something about Robert's aunt that made me know I was a worm. She came down to dinner in a bonnet and black kid gloves—a circumstance that alone was awe-inspiring. . . . I have done some roughing it in my time, and I am not over-particular, but I admit that it was rather a shock to meet the turkey itself again, more especially as it was the sole item of the menu. There was no doubt of its identity, as it was short of a leg, and half the breast had been shaved away. The aunt must have read my thoughts in my face. She fixed her small implacable eyes on mine for a quelling instant, then she looked at Robert. Her nephew was obviously afraid to meet her eye; he coughed uneasily, and handed a surreptitious potato to a puppy who was sitting under his chair.

"This place is rotten with dogs," said the aunt. . . .

The description of a hunt which follows is as vivid and humorous as anything in its kind which the authoresses have done. "All on the Irish Shore" is a volume to dispel melancholy and arouse the healthiest laughter.

ROSSLYN'S RAID AND OTHER TALES. By Beatrice Helen Barmby. (Duckworth. 1s. 6d.)

HERE at least is variety. An Elizabethan tale of the Border, a Chaldean invention and a straight story of South Iceland, furnish a volume which subdues the voice of criticism by the announcement of its author's death. The unity of the book consists in its reiteration of fierce and barbaric notes sounded in far countries or the remote past. One conceives the author as having been inspired by the fearful fascination of male strength to which women surrender so readily. In her title-story she has played lovingly with the thought that the mightiest is like unto a woman. Rosslyn, the hunted freebooter, is the embodiment of that thought. "Maist beautiful," the heroine calls him, deeming him the woman he seems by his nun's garb, but his exploits on her behalf are grander than the immortal Bussy's. That is a wonderful scene where, in the bedroom of an inn, he slays outlaw after outlaw who has stolen away from his carousing comrades below, and ceases not when wounded by a blade that stops on his backbone. It is incredible, but incredible as a splendid ballad may be—incredible because it is poetry. It is only a little unhistorical bit of a great age that is held up to our view; it is but an anecdote of secret friendship between nominal enemies, but it speaks for the age as well as could Raleigh or Drake; and even a timid reviewer may, under its glamour, allow that "it's a sair thing to be a Warden" and unable to "fecht" at will.

Space prohibits us from dwelling on "The Slave of Lagash" and "The House of the Hill Folk," the other stories in the volume. The former in escaping cheap theatricality, and in wisely making an asset of the indefiniteness proper to distance, is something of a success. To imagine a dusty instead of a damp dungeon shows a fresh imagination, and the three royal half-brothers (one of whom was a slave) are cleverly contrasted.

A GIRL'S LIFE IN A HUNTING COUNTRY. By "Handasyde." (Lane. 3s. 6d.)

A CHRONICLE of the smallest and stalest of small beer, unredeemed by any grace of style or any discernment of character. The people to whom we are introduced have such names as Bampfylde and Rave-Crave, and they talk the commonplace and the bathetic with an air which we suppose is intended to imply distinction. Only quotation

can do justice to the manner of this book. Of Mrs. Bampfylde we read:—

Her nose is so well formed that it can only be described as a chiselled feature. . . .

Again:—

. . . . for though the poor receive much kindness they are not often treated politely, and no people are more discriminating than the working classes.

There are pages of this kind of thing, interspersed with quotations from various poets.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

AN APRIL PRINCESS. By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.

A first novel. There are eighteen of "The Princess Papers." In number one we make the acquaintance of the Princess, who proves to be a bright wayward English girl, with an intense joy of life and much impatience of "domesticity." In the course of her adventures she meets the Artist, the Quiet Man, the Knight, the Dragon—each of whom is the subject of a separate paper—and at last the King. "'Give up the kingdom,' said the King. 'Come and rule mine!' So the Princess gave up her kingdom." (Cassell. 6s.)

HIS GRACE'S GRACE. By C. RANGER GULL.

At Oxford, the Duke of Dover and Mr. Luxmore talk very much as did young men in a former story by this author. "'What is Truth?' said the Duke. 'Generally an epigram,' answered Luxmore." After such truth Mr. Gull constantly aspires. (Greening. 6s.)

AN UNDERGROUND MYSTERY. By ROBERT H. SHERARD.

The hero of the story is a young journalist and author, whose early married life was beset with pecuniary difficulty by reason of the debts he had contracted at Oxford. He was charged with murder, which promised to develop into "one of the most extraordinary mysteries of modern times," and after his acquittal, found himself suddenly a popular author. This Oxford young man differs very much from the creations of Mr. Ranger Gull. He lives in the suburbs, and betrays the fact in his conversation. (Digby Long. 6s.)

IN GOD'S GOOD TIME. By MARIE LEIGHTON.

A long sensational novel by the author of "Convict 99." The villain of the story is a multi-millionaire, to whom "in God's good time" the crime connected with the discovery of the world-famous Glen Fern Reef is brought home. Murder, blackmail, stolen diamonds; "dramas" of Park Lane, the Stock Exchange, and London Society, carry forward an elaborately wrought romance. (Richards. 6s.)

THE GAP IN THE GARDEN. By VANDA WATHEN-BARTLETT.

A well written but rather fantastic story. Two sisters are the co-heiresses of a country house and estate at Lynwool, where the whole of the action takes place. There is a captious and conventionally philanthropic aunt, and a literary recluse, who believes himself to be the father of one of the girls. His servant Kerstie is a weird figure, whose madness is well presented. The book ends on a note of tragedy, but much of the dialogue is bright and entertaining. (Lane. 6s.)

We have also received: "The Mallison Mystery," by T. W. Hanshaw (Ward, Lock); "Annals of Hollyfont," by Felix Lackland (Sonnenschein); "From Crooked Roots," by John Ackworth (Marshall); "A Woman's Calvary," by Jean Middlemass (Digby Long); "Coy," by C. Howell (Digby Long); "Clashmore," by Edmund Downey (Simpkin); "Yellow Pine Basin," by Henry G. Catlin (Boston: Small, Maynard).

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Fiction and Froth.

THERE are times when the multitude of novels upon our shelves strikes us with a kind of hopeless amazement. With the best intention in the world it is impossible to deal with them all; impossible even to mention more than the titles of many of them. This, in itself, does not necessarily imply that the production of novels is too great; but when we approach the question of selection, the implication that it is too great becomes hard and unblinkable fact. The number of novels which can stand the test of a reasonable critical standard is astonishingly small: even if we accepted the modern and, as we think, the untenable theory that the main end of fiction should be to amuse, it would remain astonishingly small, for true amusement is not often to be found in these rows of many-coloured volumes. But the main end of fiction should not be to amuse any more than it should be consciously to instruct. Fiction, indeed, is an instrument of too wide a range to be brought within the narrow circle of a definition; it has all the world for its pasture, all the infinite follies and vices and noblenesses of man for theme. Yet definite theme, point of view, individuality of presentation, are precisely the things which we find lacking in so much recent fiction. A critic whose faculty has been cultivated by much practice can run, say, through a score of novels and find that he can divide them into three or four sections with unmistakable labels. The crop of this season's novels is raised from the seed of last season's; certain formulas are popular, and innumerable pens restate those formulas with no more variation than simple re-shuffling implies. We open book after book to find ourselves confronted with the very ghosts of familiarity.

The conclusion to which we are forced is plain—many of our novelists go to books for inspiration and ideas instead of going to life. It is much easier to go to books, but that is not the way to produce work which may here and there stir a reader to actual emotion, here and there touch some hidden or sub-conscious spring of the soul. It is, no doubt, given to few writers to unveil even the smallest mysteries of the terrible and beautiful spirit of man, but it is the business of every writer to strive after the highest that is in him. He may not have much to say, but he should at least endeavour to say it well, and he should not attempt to say it at all unless from some impulsion of knowledge or temperament. This is a hard saying, but it represents the only way of art. Take up half-a-dozen of these novels at random and you will find misrepresentation blatant; misrepresentation of every class of society, misrepresentation of the most ordinary affairs of existence. It may not be conscious misrepresentation, but there it is; the servant girl stands in as impossible a light and as ruinous a perspective as the countless men and women who trail titles across the pages. There comes upon us at times a positive yearning for anything vital, anything truly and personally observed, were it only a sidling tramp or a garbage-sodden gutter.

It is well to recall now and then what Ruskin wrote of books in "Kings' Treasuries." A book is written, he said, because "the author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him;—this, the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, 'This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.' That, it may be said, is a counsel of perfection, but it has the right spirit. If it at all consorted with the spirit of the age we should have fewer and better novels; which would not mean that the novel-reading public would go empty, but that it would have more to think about. The average novel, to put the matter briefly, is concerned neither with real ideas nor with real life; it is a comment—jaunty, or sentimental, or frivolous—upon what never existed; it is a kind of ineffective phantasm, blurred, inchoate, remote. And the tendency is to level all to this average. Our greatest, as we said the other day, are silent. The call is for leaders; of followers in every kind we have rank-and-file enough.

From the loaded shelves which have forced us to some general consideration of modern fiction we select "The Star Dreamer," by Agnes and Egerton Castle (Constable). The medium of Mr. and Mrs. Castle is the medium of romance; they create an atmosphere and set in that atmosphere certain more or less realisable figures. "The Star Dreamer" opens well; it is all the more effective perhaps because the materials are so familiar. We have a half-deserted mansion, a distiller of simples, a cat, and a deaf and dumb attendant. The cat is excellently done; in the animal at least there is real observation. The Star Dreamer occupies a tower of the house, and on the evening of the story's opening he discovers a new star. On that same evening there appears the daughter of the old alchemist, who is cousin to the recluse of the new star. Both have suffered great things, each sees in the other the possibilities of healing and new life, and at the end of the story the new life begins. But before the end come plots and machinations which remove the story from the plane of reasonableness; it is good melodrama, but not life even as life should be presented in romance. The Star Dreamer talks like this:—

And did I not hear you boast, but a moment ago, that you could read the human countenance? No idea that I loved Ellinor! Why, man, have I not loved her since the first instant these eyes beheld her, ah, me, nearly a year ago! with the lamplight shining on her golden head . . . and her blue eyes, her blue eyes?

That is the kind of writing which kills romance for us; it might pass on the stage, but in cold print it is purely artificial. A little later we read of a "shaft of yellow light striking her white forehead, and flaming in her enaureoled hair. . . ." Again artificiality pounces hawklike upon poor romance, and the scattered feathers that we see are coloured by the dye-vat, not by nature. Yet "The Star Dreamer" is a piece of good mechanics, with dramatic moments, and an extremely clever setting. The pity is that it should so forsake life for no compensating value.

Again we go to our shelves and select three other books: "The Arcadians," by J. S. Fletcher (Long); "The Caprices of a Royal Incognita" (Harpers); and "The Danger of Innocence," by Cosmo Hamilton (Greening). "The Arcadians" treats of a poet's return to

nature—treats of it humourously. But Mr. Fletcher adds nothing to a theme which has been worked so pitilessly already. His poet cannot find the real country of which he is in search, and by no means can come across a smock-frock. We could find a smock-frock within five-and-thirty miles of London; Mr. Fletcher's poet had not the right instinct. And surely it is no longer funny to send out a couple of men with guns, which they don't know how to use, and make one of them shoot a donkey. The humour, if it exists, is very early-Victorian. Of course this egregious versifier returns to London and finds contentment in his club: he should never have left it. It should be said that two or three of the interpolated episodes are neatly told. It is when Mr. Fletcher gets on to his poet Mercurius and the Time Spirit that we feel ourselves wrapped in the banal and the commonplace.

"The Caprices of a Royal Incognita" and "The Danger of Innocence" may be put together as representative of what we must call the unpleasant and the unnecessary. That there are readers for such books we have as little doubt as that such books make no contribution to literature. The scandals and intrigues of petty courts supply matter for the one, the preposterous follies and incredible sillinesses of the smart set the other. There is cleverness in both these books. Mr. Cosmo Hamilton is jauntily epigrammatic, makes points, of sorts, with accomplished ease, and succeeds in wearying us. His story—he calls it a "Flippancy"—is too absurd for farce, too vulgar for satire. He refers to Eton as the "insanitary menagerie on the Thames where fathers send their sons in order that they may not receive any education." An American heiress talks in this sprightly manner:—

"Piff Charley Valley," she said, only the "piff" was something quite different. "I'll see you pified before I marry such a piffing little piffler, so there, Beau, darling. It's all pified rot about your piff aunt, ain't it—what?"

We do not feel ourselves called upon to say more concerning "The Danger of Innocence."

The jaunty manner in fiction is perhaps the worst of all manners; it seems to have the wink of knowingness, the buttonholing familiarity of the undesirable acquaintance. Above all it disguises the things that matter, or leaves them altogether out of sight. We conclude as we began by repeating that what fiction requires to-day is not a fanciful return to a fanciful nature, but an actual return to actual life. Any careful observer of the growth and development of, say, a couple of allied families will see enough human material for the making of a book worth writing. The point is that he should approach his work with some sense of responsibility and some sense of art.

Symbolism.

To love literature so well as to refuse to write save at the moment of invention, in that brief heart's beat of inspiration; to be scornful of anyone who supposed that art could be the result of mere industry, would seem to be counsels of perfection too severe for an age that has produced the annual novelist and popular fiction. And yet in spite of the hurly-burly there are those who are content to produce but little so that that little be perfect. In looking around on professional literature to-day, perhaps with a little involuntary shudder, we remind ourselves quickly what exquisite work has been produced from time to time in England by men who in the best sense of the term were amateurs. Sir Thomas Browne, for instance, in an age of amateurs produced work that is even yet the most exquisite in the language: and in our

day, too, those amateurs Walter Pater and Joseph Henry Shorthouse gave us work of a perfection scarcely attempted by the professional writers. Had Pater, for instance, been obliged to earn his bread by his critical and imaginative work, how much it must have lost, inevitably, in its contact with necessity. In France, where perhaps literature is more generally respected, or at least taken more seriously than in England, there has always been the amateur, who thought last of all of earning money from his work. Mr. Mosher, of America, has just reprinted an essay by Mr. Arthur Symons upon such an one. Stéphane Mallarmé was born in 1842 and died in 1898. His life work is but a collection of fragments, beautiful and various, suggesting the exquisite remnants of a statue from the hands of a great sculptor the main part of which had been lost or never finished.

"With either more or less ambition" (says Mr. Symons) "he would have done more to achieve himself, he was always divided between an absolute aim at the absolute, that is the unattainable, and a too logical disdain for the compromise by which after all literature is literature." That seems to us to be a very happy explanation, so far as explanation is possible, of a man who avowedly discarded ideas for words; using words partly as symbols, partly as living and lovely things in themselves, to express not ideas but moods, the moods of a poet, who was a little repelled by the reason. He was a Symbolist, but not a Mystic. For Mysticism, as we see it in St. John of the Cross, for instance, or St. Teresa, is really an exact science as reasonable as algebra to a mind properly prepared and equipped. With Mallarmé it is not the thought, not the idea, still less a sequence of ideas that he seeks to express, but just a mood, or the shadow of a mood, a fugitive ecstasy.

Such a writer, however exquisite his work might be, could not hope to gain popularity, could not hope to become a professional writer. "Never having aimed at popularity," Mr. Symons writes, "he never needed, as most writers need, to make the first advances. He made neither intrusion upon nor concession to those who, after all, were not obliged to read him. And when he spoke he considered it neither needful nor seemly to listen in order to hear if he were heard. . . . No one in our time has more significantly vindicated the supreme right of the artist in the aristocracy of letters. . . . Has not every artist shrunk from that making of himself 'a motley to the view,' that handing over of his naked soul to the laughter of the multitude? But who in our time has wrought so subtle a veil shining on this side where the few are, or thick cloud on the other where are the many?"

Here is a prose poem in which the matter is almost nothing, and the form almost everything; very happily it shows us something of Mallarmé's manner, not in its obscurity, but in its most expressive perfection:—

FRISON D'HIVER.

The old Saxony clock which is slow and which strikes thirteen amid its flowers and gods, to whom did it belong?

Thinkest that it came from Saxony by the mail-coaches of old time?

(Singular shadows hang about the worn-out panes.)

And the Venetian mirror, deep as a cold fountain in its banks of gilt work; what is reflected there? Ah! I am sure that more than one woman bathed there in her beauty's sin; and perhaps if I looked long enough, I should see a naked phantom.

Wicked one, thou often savest wicked things.

(I see the spiders' webs above the lofty windows.)

Our wardrobe is very old; see how the fire reddens its sad panels! The weary curtains are as old, and the tapestry on the arm chairs stripped of paint, and the old engravings, and all these old things. Does it not seem to thee that even these two birds are discoloured by time?

(Dream not of the spiders' webs that tremble above the lofty windows.)

Thou lovest all that, and that is why I live by thee. When one of my poems appeared didst thou not desire, my sister, whose books are full of yesterdays, the words, the grace of faded things? New things displease thee; thee also do they frighten with their loud boldness, and thou feeblest as if thou shouldst use them—a difficult thing indeed to do, for thou hast no taste for action. Come, close thy old German almanack that thou readeest with attention, though it appeared more than a hundred years ago, and the kings it announces are all dead, and, lying on their antique carpet, my head leaned upon thy charitable knees, on thy pale robe, oh! calm child, I will speak with thee for hours; there are no fields, and the streets are empty, I will speak to thee of our furniture. Thou art abstracted.

(The spiders' webs are shivering above the lofty windows.)

Well, it is thus Mallarmé, with a very delicate, sensitive art, as exquisite as that of the finest goldsmith, suggests his mood, as it were, setting it free for a moment from the fetters of silence. With him the style is the man, and as Mr. Symons tells us, "After a life of persistent devotion to literature he has left enough poems, a single small volume (less certainly than a hundred poems in all), a single volume of prose, a few pamphlets, and a prose translation of the Poems of Poe." But in the tiny handful of poems, in verse and prose, there are certainly masterpieces, "poems which are among the most beautiful poems of our time," prose so subtle, so exquisite, that its brevity is our only regret.

Well, after all, Mallarmé is not the only Symbolist. Something he owes to Gerard de Nerval, that inspired madman who was found in the Palais Royal one day leading a lobster by a blue ribbon, and who hanged himself outside a Paris doss house with the garter of the Queen of Sheba. There are Arthur Rimbaud, who at last went eastward and left our world; and Paul Verlaine, for whom poetry was surely the only excuse for life; and Huysmans, that serpent who peers from a monk's cowl and whispers of jewels and precious stones; and Maeterlinck, how much simpler than they all, who has expressed "The Treasure of the Humble"; and others, lesser men scarcely known in England, who have been content with nothing less than a kind of perfection.

In "The Symbolist Movement in Literature," from which Mr. Mosher has in his "Bibelot" reprinted the essay on Stéphane Mallarmé, Mr. Symons has written of all those here named, and of some others with an understanding and a sympathy that it would be difficult to find elsewhere in English. Symbolism, as expressed in the works of these men, is, he seems to suggest, but an experiment towards the solution of the riddle of life. It presents us with a theory of life, supernatural perhaps, which frees us from the material fetters of a sordid world. It is as though, by some fine perception, some delicacy of mind or soul, these men had become aware that the earth with her bars was about us for ever, in a way that others less sensitive had as yet scarcely been aware of. Truly the saints had in their own way felt the same unrest. And, in the well-known words of one of them, we may perhaps find the best explanation of much that is almost inexplicable in these men, who, irregular as they often were in conduct, would seem to have pressed so much real insight into that which cannot die, the soul of man: Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless until they rest in Thee.

The Roman Jeremiah.

A NEW translation of Juvenal is welcome not only for its own excellent quality, or for the sanity which has refrained from turning a good prose version into a poor verse rendering. Juvenal is welcome in himself. As all men (it has been said) are born either Platonists or Aristotelians, so all satirists are either Horatian or Juvenalian. And while the Horatian way is essentially that of good-

humoured ridicule, having for its logical descendants the skit and *vers de société*, Juvenal is the father of all true and typical satire. Nor among his many descendants is there a name so great; not that of Dryden, his most authentic son. Dryden has faded, so much as an immortal can; he was contracted, "topical," largely personal; his splendid Muse must needs go forth with a cortège of notes. But Juvenal is of a range which makes him universal: whatever men do, or did in a city which was a microcosm of decivilising man, came within his stern criticism. Personal quarrels, spites, or criticisms bulk largely in Dryden and Pope, to say nothing of Byron or lesser men: on such poor quarry Juvenal never stooped. When Pope or Dryden plays the indignant moralist, roused to invective by a degenerate world, we smile: the pose is too obvious, too conventional. Juvenal compels our conviction, our confidence: the whole spirit of the man is so largely, so exaltedly, sincere. Save in the case of an occasional politician (as we should nowadays call him), he never launches a personal attack: his individuals are merely names which head an indictment of general corruption.

This convincing impression of sincerity is the stranger, because his style is what we call rhetorical (a misleading term). But it is spaciouly rhetorical. We cannot agree with Mr. Owen, who has translated thirteen satires of Juvenal (Metheun), that it is poetry—the spirit of satire is anti-poetic. But it is magnificent eloquence. His whole eye is on the degeneration of his age and country. Rome was then as London is now: enervated by wealth, conquest, and long prosperity; a sink for the waste and filth of every nation in the East, West, or South, whose corruptions mingled with and overbrimmed her own. Juvenal was a Roman of antique spirit, and they stank in his nostrils, and fretted his heart. In Rome religion was become a ghost; a practical scepticism and agnosticism gave license to crime, as he fiercely declared.

There are who think by sightless Chance all mortal laws
are given,
With native force the vast world hurtles around the
heaven,
That Nature in set order leads the dance of days and
years,
Hence swears in any fane his lie the sneerer, stript of
fears.

Nay, in his comprehensive indignation, he accused Heaven itself of partaking the universal degeneracy and corruption. He called for the Saturnian days—

When Juno was a maid, and Jove realmless in caves
Idæan;
Was no immortal wassailing in chambers Cyclopean,
No Trojan stripling, no fair dame of Hercules bare the
cup,
Nor Vulcan in black Lipard's forge would drain the nectar
up,
Then wipe his grimy arms. Each god in those days dined
alone;
Nor was there such a rabble of gods as nowadays we own,
And heaven, oppressed with fewer powers, a lighter load
weighed Atlas down.
No one had drawn as yet the gloomy empire of the deep,
Dire Pluto and his ravished bride had no pale court to
keep;
No wheels, no furies, restless stones, and no swart vulture's
pain,
But cheerful Shades led cheerful hours, without infernal
reign.

A more daring rhetorical stroke could not well be in those days, nor a profounder proof of pessimism. Nor were the burglar and the bravo, or the church robber, lacking to Juvenal's vision of Rome:—

Think of the villain stabber, with his poniard out at hire,
Think of the stealthy sulphur, when your gate goes up
in fire,
The thief of massy temple-cups, sacred with antique rust,
Of popular gifts, or votive crowns from monarchs lapped
in ancient dust.

But Mr. Owen has a passage which is a résumé of the analogies between present London and the Rome of Juvenal's invective:—

The follies and evils of oriental and other superstitions find a counterpart in Christian Scientists, affected belief in Buddhism, occultism, spiritualism, and other crazes; fashionable adulteresses, lovers of gossip and scandal, and lady-athletes, have their modern sisters; the licentious Spanish dances still continue, but are not confined to Spain; reckless gambling is as rife, if not more so, now as then; the turf with its attendant evils is a reproduction of the contests of the circus; the aristocratic soldier, backed by the highest social influence, who is more at home in an atmosphere of horse-flesh and drinking than in his military duties, is not unknown among us; nor is the noble spendthrift, who runs through his money and goes upon the stage, or financiers and others, who make away with the property of the credulous by fraud, or fashionable and wealthy parents, who, by the example of their lives, train up their children to debauchery and folly; the pestilent poets, of whom the satirist speaks bitterly as an affront to letters, are still inconveniently frequent. . . . The worst of Nero's crimes was that he murdered the Tale of Troy divine: who shall say whether the encouragement of bad literature is still not among the worst of crimes?

It is no stale and outworn indictment, therefore, which is delivered in these resonant pages; change names, and we are reading of to-day. The more wonder that no one has done for Juvenal what Pope did for Horace in his brilliant imitations—or none since Johnson. Perhaps the grand satire, flashing with point and thunderous with energy, the sweeping and majestic verse, rise above the heads of imitators. Nor has Juvenal been fortunate in his metrical translators. Johnson's two imitations are worth any translation; Dryden has given versions of certain among the satires, some of which, such as that of the famous "Vanity of Human Wishes," are like the curate's egg—excellent in parts; but that is all. And so it is to such an admirable prose rendering as Mr. Owen's that the un-classical reader must go for his knowledge of the Roman Jeremiah. There is, in truth, something of an Hebraic rectitude, sternness, and passion in this watcher of his country's decline. And the final moral which he seems to draw from all, might be represented in the noble lines which Dryden has boldly, but splendidly, Englished:—

One world sufficed not Alexander's mind;
Cooped up he seemed, in earth and seas confined,
And struggling stretched his restless limbs about
This narrow globe to find a passage out.
But entered in the brick-built town, he tried
The grave, and found its strait dimensions wide.
Death only this tremendous truth unfolds,—
The mighty soul, how small a body holds.

Impressions.

XXVII.—A Night Piece.

DARKNESS came up while we were still talking; imperceptibly the traffic in the street ceased, and on that outlying part of London fell the hush of night. Round and about the pleasure heart of the city life sped gaily and feverishly, but in the room where we sat there was silence and stillness. The leaves of a tree in the small garden stirred—that was all. Peace had fallen upon our corner of the world, and when we moved upstairs, I was glad to find no light in the room but the flare from the wood fire. The windows, long windows that reached to the ground, were open, and the room was redolent of the scent of spring flowers. From the river, along which the lights of vessels slowly passed, fresh air blew into that pleasant flower-scented darkness. It was home, the world shut out: yet so near that we could almost feel the throbbing of

its pulse. We stood at the open window watching that unrehearsed night piece—the wide sky above, the dim river beyond, just beneath us the trim public garden with its blossoming trees, and the moon, nearing the full, riding high against the flying clouds. It was the hour for reflection, very still and witching.

My companion repeated the passage he had been reading aloud to me an hour before: "Who knows whether the faithfulness of individuals here below to their own poor over-beliefs may not actually help God to be more effectively faithful to His own greater tasks."

While he was speaking rain began to fall. Something moved on one of the seats against the railing of the public garden. A wretched old man rose, turned up his face to the rain, gathered his rags closer about him, then huddled down again into his corner. A street lamp shone palely upon this outcast, so inured to hardship that rain could not vex his slumbers.

The rain stopped. The moon parted from the clouds, and revealed the river flowing through the night. Uprose the wholesome scent of moist earth and refreshed shrubs. "Once," said my companion, "on a day's walk I passed five rivers. On a hill above the third there was a convent. I climbed up to ask the way, and a nun gave me directions through a tiny opening, the size of a face, in the wicket. She—"

He ceased speaking, for just then a woman came out of the night, roused the sleeping man, pulled him to his feet, and pushed him away out of our sight. Hardly had they gone when the silence was cut by a scream—long and shrill. We moved towards the door—then waited. "The scream was not repeated. The clock struck ten.

"I have heard," said my companion, "that every night, always at the same hour when they believe the forces of evil are strongest, there is an order of nuns who pray that the souls of all in the outside world may be preserved from evil and danger. Their prayers begin at ten o'clock, and for an hour every night these lonely women entreat, with tears, that the stalking evil in the world, of which they know so little, may be resisted. Ah! those prayers! Who knows whether the faithfulness of individuals here below to their own poor over-beliefs may not—"

Another scream, quick and sharp, rent the air, and before it had died away out of the night came a file of policemen. We heard the tread of their feet on the pavement by the river side. Then a sharp "Halt!" from the sergeant. Two of them detached themselves from the file and ran in the direction of the scream. "March!" cried the sergeant. Then we heard the scream for the third time, shouting, and the rush of feet.

My companion drew the curtains. As he lighted the candles, with an unsteady hand, he finished the quotation, speaking in a low voice,— "may not actually help God to be more effectually faithful to His own greater tasks."

I looked through the curtains. All was silent. There were no clouds in the sky. Very secret was the night, very still.

Drama.

The Tyranny of Accident.

I MUST confess to a distinct sense of disappointment with "The Altar of Friendship" at the Criterion. The early Victorian sentimentality of "Mice and Men" had not, indeed, given one reason to suspect any very serious dramatic intention on the part of Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley. But there was talent, and where there is talent, there is always an off-chance that the instinct of art may awake. Moreover "The Altar of Friendship" itself did not open badly. Its manner is perhaps rather unfortunate. It aspires to belong to the school of social satire and

paradoxical epigram which has of late years found several brilliant exponents. But it aspires afar off. The satire is crude; the epigrams are blunt and wingless. They irritate without stinging. Substantially, however, the piece is not without its dramatic possibilities. The emotional interest centres in the love affairs of Richard Arbuthnot and Sally Sartoris. Miss Sartoris, played with exquisite humour by Miss Ellis Jeffreys, is a young lady from the States. As her beauty is now mature, her father does not expect her to return again from Europe without a husband. She finds an ally in Arbuthnot. A mock engagement is entered into for the benefit of Colonel Sartoris. The experienced playgoer will not be slow to divine that behind this a real but unacknowledged affection is concealed on both sides. But a shadow falls on the relation. Arbuthnot has a sister Florence, who is on the point of marriage with his friend Arnold Winifrith. He has also a type-writer, Mary Pinner, and Mary Pinner Arnold Winifrith has seduced. He persuades her into a pledge to keep his treachery secret. This is the situation at the end of Act I. Act II. represents the wedding of Arnold Winifrith and Florence Arbuthnot. Just before the departure of the bride and bridegroom arrives Mary Pinner's father. He is said to have come out of prison. Actually I fear he has come out of melodrama, and his behaviour certainly confirms my worst suspicions. Standing in the hall, from which by extreme good fortune all the guests have momentarily cleared away, he accuses Arbuthnot of being his child's betrayer. Florence Winifrith is just coming down stairs in her travelling dress to face the ordeal by rice and slippers. Arbuthnot grasps the situation, accepts the responsibility which is not really his, but warns Winifrith that circumstances may arise in which he will have to come forward and shoulder his own burden. In Act III. these circumstances do arise. It is a month later. The honeymoon is over. The party are once more collected in the house from which the wedding took place. Mary Pinner has come to warn Arbuthnot that her father is planning to kill him out of revenge. She is introduced, for some singular reason, into the billiard room (from which the guests have momentarily cleared away), and is discovered by Miss Sally Sartoris, who is led, not for the first time, to suspect the existence of some shady episode in Arbuthnot's past. Consequently when Arbuthnot, who is now head over ears in love, proposes to her to turn their mock engagement into a real one, she stoutly refuses, and gives him to understand the reason why. Arbuthnot realises that he has sacrificed his own happiness and that of Miss Sartoris on the altar of friendship, and not unnaturally, if not very heroically, desires to clear himself. He appeals to Mary Pinner, who declines to break her promise to Winifrith; he appeals to Winifrith, who proves a craven. The complication is complete.

And how does Mrs. Ryley resolve it? The interests of drama require that the issue, whatever it may be, should be brought about by psychological law, should be the natural and inevitable outcome of the characters involved. But is Mrs. Ryley going to be loyal to the interests of drama? Of course she is not. If she had been, she would have taken much greater trouble from the beginning to show that there were characters involved. Instead of this she has been wholly occupied, on the one hand with humours, on the other with a formal plot. The result is that there are no characters involved, and that consequently there is nothing from which a legitimate dramatic *dénouement* can proceed. Not that this matters to Mrs. Ryley, who is perfectly well content with a conventional substitute. Those intolerable clearances of the stage for the entry of the inconvenient personage into the impossible place at the improbable moment will have shown you whither she was tending. In the last act, artifice is naked and unashamed. Mary Pinner visits Arbuthnot's chambers in his absence to

recover Winifrith's letters to her. She is discovered by Florence Winifrith who, like Miss Sartoris, has come to have suspicions of her brother's relations with Mary, and, naturally, is not undeceived by finding the girl in his chambers. She lets Mary see that she knows something. Mary thinks that she knows all, and thus lets Florence discover that the guilt lies, not upon her brother, but her husband. Thence explanations, the reconciliation of Arbuthnot and Miss Sartoris, the departure of the disillusioned Florence with her exposed Winifrith. And this is Mrs. Ryley's resolution!—a purely accidental misunderstanding! Once more blind chance has been called in to cut the knot of circumstances which the deliberate acts of human beings have woven about them. And to what purpose? In order, apparently, that a theme which, in the nature of things, was hardly capable of being treated otherwise than tragically, might masquerade before the public as a comedy. The public, poor blind beast, does not complain. It takes thankfully whatever you give it; and if you tell it that things happen so, why then, for it, they did happen so. But then, in the long run, the salvation of art lies, not in the temper of the public, but in the conscience of the artist. And to sit down and write a play which is three-fourths drama and one-fourth the cynical negation of drama is a thing which ought to lie heavy upon any artistic conscience.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

New Englishmen and Italy.

THE most devoted friend of the New English Art Club could hardly describe the present exhibition as new. The note is still, as it has been for the past two or three years, a room, often beautifully painted, displaying the figure of a woman who seldom seems quite congruous to her surroundings. She is reclining on a couch, arranging prints or china, sewing or reading, or singing while her husband plays. Three years ago this pictorial return to early-Victorian domesticity was a trifle novel: this year it is a trifle stale. Perhaps those unsophisticated persons who still seek novelty at the New English Art Club will find it in "The Little Totterer" by Mr. James Charles, a baby learning to walk in a country lane. Many of the subjects are as anecdotic as the typical Royal Academy pictures that the New English Art Club was founded to exorcise. The difference lies in this: that the best of these new Englishmen are very capable painters. Not all: here as elsewhere we find the imitators who must always be following the lead of stronger personalities. And those who do not follow the lead of others repeat themselves so faithfully that one wonders if some of the New English Art Club landscapists ever look at Nature now with the fresh eyes of the time which produced their vital work. At the Whitechapel exhibition you may see the real Mark Fisher and the real Wilson Steer: here landscapes of the school of Mark Fisher and Wilson Steer painted by themselves. The New English Art Club has become eclectic. The influence of certain personalities is obvious, and those who are not influenced by others pant up-hill trying to regain the heights they themselves once reached; but it is the same hill, not another.

This society needs to open its arms wider, to invite distinguished work, to seek it. Painters who must live by their art, who must produce work intended to sell, should be persuaded to regard the New English Art Club as a place where, say, one picture a year painted for its own sake, an attempt at a new method of expression, would be welcome. There is overmuch cousinship about

the club. We look in vain for any signs of a new movement, or for the heartening sight of an elderly pioneer breaking away from the trodden path, and surprising us by some new way of looking at a thing he has seen a hundred times, but now differently. Even the drawings which have overflowed on to one of the oil painting walls have an air of monotony. Mr. Brabazon has nothing more to say to us, and I have nothing more to say about him; Mr. John's pranks I noted a fortnight ago when they were shown in another place; Mr. Wilson Steer's "Decoration for a Drawing Room" is academically decorative, not exhilarating; but it was a pleasure to rest the eyes on the faint flush of colour in Mr. MacColl's "Links of the Seine," and the finically exquisite drawing in Mr. Muirhead Bone's "Waterloo Shot Tower."

One name among the painters of oil pictures is new to me—Mr. L. A. Harrison. He, too, has caught the "Interior" fever, but in his picture of a pretty room, light and atmospheric, with peeps of green foliage through the tall windows, he has wisely omitted the figure that strikes a discordant note in so many of the New English Art Club interiors. One painter, Mr. David Muirhead, places the figure in an interior with a success that distinguishes him from almost all his fellow new Englishmen. To him has been granted the subtle mastery of tone, and the power to show the mystery that objects assume under the silent influences of light. Many of the exhibits here are studies, wrought carefully, but piecemeal, incidents of room decoration. Mr. Muirhead's "A Girl Reading" is a picture. She stands against a table, in a blue dress, with bent head, reading. The light proceeds from the left, lights her back and her hair, touches her profile, and falls upon the beautiful silver-grey wall behind her young intent figure. Note the tender touches of colour in the table-cloth, the subtle relation of the values, and the simplicity of the scheme of colour under the influence of the light that gathers all the details of this quiet room into a harmony as simple as it is reposeful. Here is a picture that gives real pleasure; watch it quietly. This artist has not studied his contemporaries, but he has doubtless sat at the feet of the Dutchmen! You can study Ver Meer, and yet remain original. Mr. Muirhead's "The Sisters" shows the same qualities, but this time it is the reflection of lamp or firelight falling into a darkened room contrasted with the blue moonlight seen through a curtainless window, beneath which the spires and roofs of a city lurk. One of the girls sits sewing, the other stands, holding some piece of dress adornment. Here, too, is the mystery that the artist's eye, seeing ordinary things, but not in the common way, can give. There is nothing exceptional about the room, or the girls, or their dress, but the picture holds that something more that made it worth doing, and will make me glad to see it again. It is just the lack of these qualities that prevented me from enjoying Mr. Furse's interior, called "The Song." Details of the picture are well painted, especially the man's head, but there is no relation between one part of the staring room and another. There is no enveloping atmosphere, and no right light creeping over faces, figures, and walls, claiming, relating, and harmonising the many details.

Mr. Orpen, as usual, goes his own way, and a very remarkable and promising way it is. This year he has forsaken the interior, contenting himself with a study of still life, a portrait called "The Red Scarf," and some drawings. He is the most capable craftsman in the club, well trained, a keen and patient observer, and able to reproduce with amazing fidelity all his eyes see. What he does not see, he does not paint. Therein lies his strength and his limitation. The graces and elegancies do not attract him. He has no sense of mystery, nothing of the subtlety verging into beauty that makes Mr. Muirhead's work so attractive. The forcible portrait of the girl called "The Red Scarf," unmodishly decorative, is so well placed on the canvas, and the face is wrought to

such an intensity of expression, that one can forgive the hardness of the workmanship. But Mr. Orpen's triumph is in the small still-life study called "Reflections, China and Japan." On a table polished to the reflecting power of a mirror are placed a bowl, a peacock's feather, a small white idol, and a Japanese doll's head. It is a study of reflections. The objects repeat themselves in the polished table, while behind rises a great, white untroubled wall. This picture is a triumph of clean, sure painting, first studied with a concentration that left nothing unnoticed or unexplained, and then copied, touch by touch, with brushes cleansed till they were unsoiled by any touch of former colour. It is the deftest and most efficient piece of painting I have seen for many a day, and has the dignity of a piece of work executed, from start to finish, just as perfectly as the craftsman could. It faces Mr. Rothenstein's "Doll's House," which means whatever you may like it to mean. This picture, which is not new, is romantic, almost amusing, and in truth of tone, a desirability to which Mr. Rothenstein does not always attain, the best picture he has painted.

While I was looking at "The Doll's House" the sun came out, which tempted me to walk over to Bond Street and look at Mr. Kerr-Lawson's Little Landscapes of Italy, at the Dowdeswell Galleries. My impression of Italy is sunshine, blue lakes, and white roads, and the colour of places I have not seen has been settled for me by the magic brush of Turner. Fog at Venice, snow at Florence, leaden skies at Genoa, though felt acutely at the time, are forgotten in the memory of sunny Italy, an Italy of colour. Mr. Kerr-Lawson's Italy is somewhat grey, but he paints her with feeling and always with an eye to "the essential factor" in any town or landscape which, as Mr. Maurice Hewlett says in a note to the catalogue, sums up, embodies, and incarnates the rest. There is brave drawing in his "Piazza, Siena," beauty in his cypress trees against the "Osservanza," and a world of memories in his picture of the yellow Arno flowing by Pisa.

C. L. H.

Science.

Between Two Nebulae.

SUCH is our standpoint in Time. If we look before and after, such are the periods of our vision. The wave-length of the great Vibration is the distance between two nebulae. As the course of certain comets is from sun to sun, from star to star, so the rhythm of Universal History, the strides of Eternity, are from nebula to nebula. Between two nebulae are we at this hour; from one have we come, to another must we return. From one have we been evolved, towards another shall be our devolution. And that we may celebrate the coming of our ephemeral races to such high knowledge—knowledge which in this century we may and must at last accept as part of Truth—let us look to what has been and what shall be; remembering that the history of our brief system is doubtless that of all.

Long ago in that distant part of infinite space whence the solar system as a whole is now travelling at a speed of something like twelve miles in each second of time, there met in fierce collision two stars, old and dark and cold, mutually compelled by that force of gravity which acted then as now, and which was to reveal its governance by simple but inexorable law to the distant product of that clash of worlds whom we call Isaac Newton. The kinetic energy of those rapid stars was converted in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, into heat so great that their substance was dissipated into a cloud of gas of almost infinite tenuity. This cloud of gas we may call the solar nebula. In it Newton and Laplace and Shakespeare

and Beethoven were potential. There needed not a touch of the creating hand nor a glance of the foreseeing eye that they should emerge from its spacious womb. Such is Evolution; such the grandeur of the Divine Method.

At first the solar nebula was a vast chaos such as the nebula in Orion, though on a much larger scale, presents to our gaze to-day; but, though "without form and void" (if one may transfer a phrase from Genesis), its very ions and electrons were in motion. And so subtly did they move that at a late day there was formed a philosopher named Laplace; by whose genius it was conceived that from this tenebrous commotion he and we are come.

Of the nebulae, numbering about one hundred and twenty thousand, that are known to sublunary astronomers, or those of our local race, about one-half present features which lead us to regard them as in a relatively late stage of evolution. Chaos is beginning in them to yield to order. These sixty thousand we call spiral nebulae, and the proportion of their number to the whole—no less than one to two—is alone sufficient to put their formation out of the region of chance. Though the first spiral nebula to be discovered was not seen until Lord Rosse had built his great telescope, we know already that, next to the fixed star, the spiral nebula is the most important and the most characteristic object in the whole heavens. The great nebula in Andromeda, however, which he discovered, remains without a parallel for its size. It is demonstrable by the infallible processes of mathematics that a nebula of any shape must necessarily become spiral. This is a deduction from the law of the "Conservation of Momentum." As the nebula radiates its enormous but sparsely-scattered store of heat into the cold of intersidereal space—a cold which is the absolute zero, or about -273° Centigrade—it needs must shrink, and its molecules tend to arrange themselves in certain planes, of which one is the most frequented and is called the principal plane. In the course of aeons all these planes attract one another and resolve themselves into the principal plane. A flat object is thus formed, the particles of which are revolving nearly all in one direction around the centre of gravity of the whole (this similarity of direction being conditioned by the same law of the conservation of momentum), and the plane in which all the particles lie was precisely determined from the first by the paths of the two dead suns from which the nebula was formed.

The chaotic nebulae—the infants—are entirely gaseous. Sir William Huggins placed a spectroscope in the last inch or so of a beam of light that had left such a nebula years before, and found it to consist of brilliant lines; in other words, to be the discontinuous spectrum characteristic of a true gas. Otherwise we could not be sure that such nebulae are not clusters of stars too faint for our telescopes to make discrete to our eyes. The same observer further showed that the spiral nebulae, in which the matter is denser in some places than in others, have a continuous spectrum comparable to that of sunlight. In other words, they are beginning to solidify. The spiral nebula is composed of more or less solid bodies separated by a rare and ever rarer gas. These solid bodies, in the case of our own nebula, are now planets. In the stupendous nebula in Andromeda, the more solid portions will probably be resolved into the individual stars of a cluster.

The central portion of the solar nebula we call to-day the sun. I see that Prof. Turner, of Oxford, in his courteous and crushing reply in the "Fortnightly Review" to Dr. A. R. Wallace's article on "Man's Place in the Universe," considers that the shrinking of our nebula is sufficient to account for the sun's heat. This source alone, however, as I pointed out last week, would allow the sun a period of power so short—twenty-four millions of years—as to be incompatible with the facts of geological time. Now it can be demonstrated by the theory of "irrational numbers" that granted the

stars are distributed "irrationally" or irregularly throughout space, no ray of sunlight can escape to infinity. Sooner or later each ray must be intercepted by some star, and utilised by it. We have revealed here an astounding commonwealth of energy. For if this be true of sunlight, it is likewise true of the light of every star. Each contributes to and is itself aided by the energy radiant from all the others. This is the cosmic illustration of the golden rule. Here is free trade indeed. And when our sun was far larger than he is now, his greater area enabled him to arrest proportionately more starlight—of which we are at this hour the beneficiaries.

What then does the future hold? It is as certain as the past. Science is the only veritable fortune-teller. Our system is daily parting with and degrading its finite store of energy. . . . Candidly, I have not the heart to continue. Robert Louis Stevenson, in "Pulvis et Umbra," where, in my opinion, his genius is at its height, has given us all philosophy in words which are beyond my praise. Yet I must add the sequel that is also a prelude. In time to come we believe that the solar nebula of yesterday, the solar system of to-day, will have been resolved into one cold and shrivelled mass, the common tomb of our sun and all his planets and their satellites. This dark to-be, uncrawled upon by organic life, undisturbed by even molecular activities, can be not even then "stable in desolation." It will live again. Give it but the consuming embrace of such another world, and a new nebula will be born, new in time, alien in place, yet formed of the same imperishable substance as the old. Such, as we see it from between two nebulae, that which was and that which is to be, is the rhythm of the Universe. Nor is it the least of its wonders that to us, "vital putrescence of the dust" of a weary satellite of a dying sun should a scroll so sempiternal be unfolded. "Surely not all in vain."

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

"Taken as Read."

SIR,—In last week's leading article you ask the question, "Does anyone read the classics?" A glance at the book-lists of the Home Reading Union to which, in this article, you call attention, will show that even within your severe definition of the classics—"Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare"—readers are to be found. Of the thirteen thousand readers who make use of the guidance and help of our society, none are occupied with the "current fiction which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven." In his recent address, at the annual meeting of the Union, Dr. Richard Garnett pressed upon the authorities of the free libraries the advantages of co-operation with our society, and gave many practical directions as to the way in which this may be carried out. Copies of this address can be obtained from the Secretary of the National Home Reading Union, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, W.C. The free library is the inevitable consequence of free education. The Act of 1870 created a public capable of educating itself. The capacity for self-culture led, naturally, to a demand for the means. How comes it that "the sad custodians of free libraries" have to acknowledge that "their customers seldom or never put down an order for an immortal"? No one who has not had experience of the difficulty which the selection of books presents to persons of the class for whom the free libraries are chiefly intended can realise the effect upon their minds of the bewildering choice of books which a library affords. The probability of selecting the right books appears remote.

They need the guidance of such an organisation as the Home Reading Union. The Union is the outcome of the free library, as certainly as the library is the sequel to free education. It offers guidance in the selection of books; it encourages the formation of "reading circles" in which the reader gains stimulus from discussion and comparison of results; it suggests topics for consideration, criticises essays, answers questions. The frequenter of free libraries has, not infrequently, an aspiration for culture, with but a hazy notion of the direction which it should take. The crop of earnest readers is as yet unprofitably scant; but the lament of the librarians appears to me to prove that encouragement and assistance of the kind which the National Home Reading Union provides is needed to bring free libraries into bearing.—Yours, &c., ALEX. HILL.

Downing College Lodge, Cambridge.

"More Mare's Nests."

SIR,—Your review of "Is it Shakespeare? By a Cambridge Graduate," in the *ACADEMY* of April 4, caused me to refer to the correspondence on this subject in "The Times" between December 18, 1901, and January 27, 1902. In a letter from Mr. Sidney Lee (December 20, 1901) I find America spoken of as "the land in which the Baconian delusion first came into being and has been chiefly nurtured." Doubtless America is the land in which it has been chiefly nurtured, but (as a Briton) I am afraid that it may possibly be unjust to America to say that it originated there, in spite of Mr. Sidney Lee's high authority. The correspondence in "The Times" tells nothing as to the originator of the discussion on this question, being occupied with its latest developments. But looking lately through the volume of "The Illustrated London News" for the second half of the year 1856, I noticed on pp. 424 and 577 some account of a pamphlet then recently published by a Mr. W. H. Smith, entitled, "Was Lord Bacon the author of Shakespeare's Plays?" the author of the pamphlet being apparently an Englishman, and certainly a Baconian. Hoping that you may know, Sir, of a still earlier work of the kind by an American.—Yours, &c., T. V. HOLMES.

28, Crooms Hill, Greenwich Park, S.E.

SIR,—In your review, under the heading of "Is it Shakespeare?" it is stated that "the whole of the pullulating mess of mushroom literature which has sprung up around the question in recent years is the production of writers who, even when they are not actually dishonest, are at least incapable of dealing with any literary problem in accordance with the canons of sound reasoning." The "mushroom literature" referred to includes evidently the two works written by Lord Penzance and Judge Webb. May I ask your reviewer if he can honestly say that the words he uses can fairly apply to these two authors?

Lord Penzance was educated at Winchester, and graduated as a Cambridge M.A. He became one of the leading barristers on the Northern Circuit, a Baron of the Exchequer, and Chief Judge of the Court of Probate and Divorce. For "sound reasoning" his book is a masterpiece.

As for Judge Webb, another Baconian, and, according to your reviewer, "incapable of dealing with any literary problem," he had a distinguished career at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated M.A. in 1857 and LL.D. in 1859, was Vice-Chancellor's prizeman, Downes Divinity prizeman, gold medallist for oratory, scholar and fellow of his college, professor of moral philosophy in the University, regius professor of laws and public orator, and afterwards Q.C., judge, and bencher of King's Inn.

Can your reviewer show a similar record for himself or any other Shakespearean when he comes forward with his

reckless charges of dishonesty and incapability against these writers of recent Baconian literature?

Another judge—Judge Willis—some time ago published a work on the subject. As it was on the Shakespearean side it was hailed by the press, the *ACADEMY* included, as demolishing the Baconian arguments. This judge was to them a "Daniel come to judgment," "fair," "impartial," &c., &c., but when two other judges appear on the opposite side, they are, of course, "dishonest," "incapable," &c., &c., only lawyers, and supporting Bacon because Bacon was a lawyer! Shakespearians, apparently, can accept a "lawyer" as a witness only when that lawyer's views suit their own ideas and sensibilities.—Yours, &c., EDINBURGH. GEORGE STRONACH.

"The Light that Failed."

SIR,—I suspect the dramatisation of Mr. Kipling's novel will have caused an increased demand for the number of "Lippincott's Magazine" in which the staged version appeared; and as I have found this part difficult to pick up, I think it may interest some readers to know of another form in which the story appeared. Although an assiduous Kipling collector for some years, I have only just come across a volume entitled: "Five Complete Novels by famous authors, from Lippincott's Monthly Magazine, with short stories, essays, . . . and articles . . . Ward, Lock, Bowden, & Co. (n.d.)." It is a thick 8vo., in fancy cloth, and the first novel is "The Light that Failed."

I wonder if any among your readers has for disposal a copy of Mr. Kipling's "The Destroyers, a New Poem," in the form of a 6 pp. pamphlet, issued by Ward Lock in May, 1898. The publishers inform me that a few copies were thus done up separately for a special purpose, and I am anxious to obtain one; I have the "Windsor Magazine" containing the poem.—Yours, &c., DAVID MURRAY.

54, Church Street, Falmouth.

Private Copyright in National Manuscripts.

SIR,—As an old editor of manuscripts, I am anxious that the public should understand that the point admitted in the case of *Parry v. Moring* and *Another* is not that Mr. Parry has the copyright in manuscripts now the property of the nation, because he printed an edition of them in 1888, the manuscripts dating from 1652 to 1654; but the issue raised and settled for the first time is that when you want to print a new edition, you must have the manuscripts copied afresh, even though you remove from the printed version many hundreds of errors. It now appears that, if I had thought of claiming my "pound of flesh," I could have applied for injunctions against Prof. Skeat and the Clarendon Press, Mr. Pollard, and Messrs. Macmillan, and many other well-known scholars and publishers, and could most effectively have stopped all the increased study of English literature that their admirable labours have secured. I would a thousand times rather be an honoured defendant in such an action than plaintiff.

Will some public-spirited man of means help us to settle the real point at issue by challenging, before the highest courts if necessary, Mr. Parry's belief that he could show circumstances that would entitle him to restrain publication of these manuscripts in the British Museum, if he so desired? Or let us scholars rally round Mr. Moring, as I intend to do, and start a guarantee fund to see the matter through. It is a question of the highest national importance, and should once for all (unobscured by a technical blunder) be brought to the notice of the law officers of the crown. Who will help?—Yours, &c., F. J. FURNIVALL.

3, St. George's Square.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 185 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best description of an April day. We award the prize to Mr. F. W. Huquoil, 16, Victoria Square, Penarth, for the following:—

The morning sky is white, or the colour of the breast of a fledgling bird, luminous. Before ten it has opened, for the north-west wind is come, pure, cool, and swift, gliding and gushing past the face in waves and freshets, like an aerial river. When I go out the hedges are full of small birds balancing themselves against it on the top sprays, or leaping up in it, or sweeping past on it in flocks with soft interminable twitter. But this is not a day to watch wild creatures: the light and perpetual ripple of all vegetation screens them from observation. Nor do men and women look their best: the faces of the latter want a setting, and seem strange and shadowy. Nothing is very beautiful except the high, brilliant heaven, pale-tinted save eastward, where great white torn clouds pass along against a dark blue background. Sometimes the white clouds go altogether, and there appears a raw brown wisp of rain floating right in the bare brilliance, swept writhing hither and thither across the land in the maddest way. The whole country lies round, open to the horizon, green, flooded with light: bleached whitey-grey copses and brown ploughed fields stuck therein like tesserae badly arranged. Over them go the clouds. When I was young I used to think that the wind itself blew the colours about, like great butterflies: that vast blue one especially that always flew off into the distance whenever there was a breeze, but came flitting back at twilight. The sunset of such a day is rarely splendid: one may walk without noticing it at all into the blueish-grey evening and the sight of stars: the wind continues though, and there is no feeling of sadness.

Other replies follow:—

I stood at the breakfast-room window watching slanting lines of the light rain against a background of shrubbery. Another window, which looked seaward, presented an oblong of vivid azure, divided into squares. A minute later the sun shone out strongly, and numberless globules of moisture were flashing from different parts of the lawn. I put on my cap and left the house. Here was a day to be dealt with; there was small hope of work within doors, with such brilliant doings without. What was it to be? Golf? I moved slowly towards the links considering. It was not a question I had frequently debated—at least, of late. Throughout the winter a fine day had meant golf quite naturally, and my conscience (such as it is) had interposed no word. But with this day came an unwonted sensation. In some way it seemed too good for a game, too good even for golf (which was blasphemy, as I now, in cool blood, perceive), too good, I admitted it readily enough, for me. There was something subtle in the sunlight, a delicacy, as it were, in the breeze, a suggestion of memory in the distance, that affected me like a pathos. Memory? Why, yes, I reflected, I had felt like this before; but it must have been a great while ago, perhaps twelve months. And then all my vague sensations formulated themselves simply and in a single word—Spring! I went on to the links, and over them, but without club or ball. I went onward still—over the hills and really quite far away. I lunched at a tiny inn, and during the afternoon got drenched three times at least. But I saw much and felt more, and when I came home the Spring had penetrated to my very soul. [E. K. L., Birkenhead.]

The gorse and the fat-budded thorn bushes all up the hill-side were charged with the thunder of great wind which bored into them with fierce splendid power. Under this bright clouded sky, the sun warm where a bank balks the wind, but brought only in the full ardour of its huge breath, under this blue the constant motion of the long shining grass was wonderful to the eye, the land seemed living. Standing near it, back to wind and face to sun, the grass, as it were, fled away—millions of tiny beasts galloping in a panic up to a hillock where they changed, as the things in "Wonderland" assuredly changed, into what seemed the angry boiling surface of a pot of water. The wood at the top of the downs was roaring magnificently, but behind it the barn and the few stacks stood in such calm that they seemed, when first reached, like embodied silences. A part of the upland fenced in for sheep was speckled with bright gold and silver of dandelion and daisy, a kind of fairy pocket-money "designedly dropt." A wire net was tacked to the bottom of the fence to keep the lambs from straying, and as the wind hunted the old brown leaves out of the wood they clung in a crowd, desperately as to a last hope, against the net, but at intervals some were crushed through the openings and flashed immediately away. Two butterflies ambled about in the warm quiet air around the stacks and under the screen of the barn, red and black, the first of the year. What will

happen if they get in the wind current? I stood watching them, but they kept, though it seemed unwittingly, within the shelter—perhaps fluttered no otherwhere all day long.

[A. E. C., Brighton.]

I well remember a certain—and uncertain—April day spent in the vicinity of Lea Hurst, the Derbyshire home of Florence Nightingale. From an elevation near by there stretched before us an extensive, shadow-dappled panorama of hill and dale. Far down in the valley the waters of the Derwent flashed and twinkled to the morning sun. Twitterings innumerable—with a thrush as chief musician—rose above the low plangent hum of the south-west wind in the trees behind us. From a field on our left a lark sprang up rocket-like, and burst into a golden rain of song. Exhilarating airs passed by us; now this way, now that. They swished through brakes of fern and ling, stumbled boisterously over tilted planes of meadow-land, and drove the leaves of yesteryear into nooks and crannies of the winding lane before us. Everywhere the verdurous tide was rising steadily, flecked with hawthorn bloom as the sea is flecked with foam. Everywhere was that "most excellent cordial smell" of good brown earth, and we thought with Browning that it was good to be in England "now that April's here." But at mid-day a host of vagrant rain-bearers moved across the sky. Opaque and brumous spaces, hung with the streaming curtains of the rain, approached us from the west. The twittering of birds died down and gave place to the mournful sighing of the wind through dripping branches. There came grey presences on the hills, wraiths of dead winters revisiting their ancient haunts. But not for long. The wind which brought the rain took it away again, and the sun shone out. A sparkle, brilliant and jewel-like, ran along the grass, and athwart the steely darkness of the cloud just passed appeared the seven-hued bow of promise. [A. M. C., Leicester.]

April! the month of memories, and this the day at last! I did not feel conscious of waking; I found myself caressing in my mind the lingering beauties of a fair dream, and the light breeze was gently lifting the curtain of the window—for the sash was open and the cool fresh air came straight to my pillow, and the sparrows were busy on the eaves just above. The April of my dream was not this April, the day of my dream was not this day—but the air, the air was the same, purified by the evening showers, and I jumped from my bed and dressed myself, and walked rapidly along the firm country road, mastered by a pain I could not overthrow. The trees and hedges were dripping with dew—or was it with raindrops?—the primroses were looking up with innocent wonder at the morning, and the violets lay still, couched in their perfumed encampments on the roadside. The fields, the hills seemed all silent with contentment, they had put on a new robe of colour, the wind alone stirred the leaves and intensified the atmosphere of quiet hope and promise that pervaded the whole scene. Why had all things so easily forgotten the ruins of the last springtide, why did they look with such calm assurance at the sweet morning sunlight? I quickened my steps in rebellious mood, but scarce a mile further I stopped—I fancied the winds themselves had caught my troubled thought and were moving more restlessly and violently. Even then I felt a warning drop, the sunlight darkened and a quick scud of rain sped from a detachment of clouds hurrying by. April had not forgotten, and her tears were the tears of a friend. [W. H. G., Chelsea.]

His yellow eye woke me before seven and wooed me so persuasively that the inevitable occurred. As I took fire my seducer cooled, and finally left me to a wet and wakeful hour. At ten o'clock, however, he reappeared, and suggested shopping. I tried to take my umbrella, but he ridiculed the notion. During the first half of the way I inhaled nectar and exhaled charity on all mankind; during the latter half I absorbed rain-water and disgorged temper. The sun entered the grocer's shop with me, and received the man's flattery quite unabashed.

The rest of the morning I spent drying clothes, and my betrayer assisted me indefatigably. Consequently I thawed, and in the afternoon I let him coax me into my calling costume. I sat with a friend and watched that April day frolic over her lawns and shrubs like some tireless, sweet-breathed child; we even let the rogue explore our charmed hearts and escape again through happy lips and eyes. When I started to pay my second call I was a well-dispositioned, well-dressed woman. I returned aware of having damaged, if not ruined, a friendship—a carpet, a frock, a silk petticoat, a temper, and possibly a valuable constitution. And, yet, before dropping asleep that night, I was conscious, not of loss, but of an odd sense of gain; of a soft something stirring in a dark room; of little fingers pushing, probing, coaxing; of a great shutter swinging slowly open, and a rush of noiseless sounds, of noteless songs; of long forgotten thoughts. I felt a bold yet tender onslaught and absorption, sweeter than embrace: from some imprisoning stem I seemed to burst, like the green buds, into the blue, and cry myself a tiny but essential portion of fructescence. [E. L., Didsbury.]

Competition No. 186 (New Series).

Lady Gregory's just published "Poets and Dreamers: Studies and Translations from the Irish," opens with an account of Raftery, a blind poet and fiddler, who died over sixty years ago. Lady Gregory writes: "And now the songs that he never wrote down, being blind, are known, if not as our people say, 'all over the world,' at least in all places where Irish is spoken." The following is Lady Gregory's prose translation of one of Raftery's songs:—

There's a bright flower by the side of the road, and she beats Deirdre in the beauty of her voice; or I might say Helen, Queen of the Greeks, she for whose sake hundreds died at Troy.

There is light and brightness in her as in those others; her little mouth is as sweet as the cuckoo on the branch. You would not find a mind like hers in any woman since the pearl died that was in Ballylee.

To see under the sky a woman settled like her walking on the road on a fine sunny day, the light flashing from the whiteness of her breast would give sight to a man without eyes.

There is the love of hundreds in her face, and there is the promise of the evening star. If she had been living in the time of the gods, it is not Venus that would have had the apple.

Her hair falls down below her knees, waving and winding to the mouth of her shoes; her locks spread out wide and pale like dew, they leave a brightness on the road behind her.

She is the girl that has been taught the nicest of all whose eyes still open to the sun; and if the estate of Lord Lucan belonged to me, on the strength of my cause this jewel would be mine.

Her slender lime-white shape, her face like flowers, her neck, her cheek, and her amber hair: Virgil, Cicero, and Homer could tell of nothing like her; she is like the dew in the time of harvest.

If you could see this plant moving or dancing, you could not but love the flower of the branch. If I cannot get a hundred words with Mairin Stanton, I do not think my life will last long.

She said "Good morrow" early and pleasantly; she drank my health, and gave me a stool, and it not in the corner. At the time that I am ready to go on my way I will stay talking and talking with her.

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best rendering in English verse of Raftery's song. Not to exceed twenty lines.

RULES.

Answers addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 15 April, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Harris (J. Rendel), *The Dioscuri in the Christian Legends*.....(Clay) 6/0
Brooks (Right Rev. Phillips), *Lectures on Preaching*.....(Macmillan) 6/0
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POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

- Zangwill (Israel), *Blind Children*.....(Heinemann) net 5/0
Crosby (Ernest), *Swords and Plowshares*.....(Richards) net 6/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Streeter (A.), *Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture: Botticelli*..(Bell) net 5/0
Whigham (H. J.), *The Persian Problem*.....(Isbister) 12/6
Thrasher (Max Bennett), *Tuskegee: Its Story and Its Work*.....(Putnam's)
Lilly (W. S.), *Christianity and Modern Civilisation: Being Some Chapters in European History*.....(Chapman and Hall) net 12/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Thoughts from Maeterlinck. Chosen and arranged by E. S. S.....(Allen) net 3/6
Hall (A. D.), *The Soil*.....(Murray) 3/6
Powell (J. W.), *Nineteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*.....(Government Printing Office, Washington)

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Moss (Fletcher), *Pilgrimages to Old Homes*.....(The Author)
Street (Eugene E.), *A Philosopher in Portugal*.....(Unwin) net 5/0
Cole (G. and B.), *As We Ride*.....(Hodges, Figgis and Co.) net 2/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Gregory (Lady), *Poets and Dreamers: Studies and Translations from the Irish*.....(Murray) 6/0
Benson (F. F.), *The Book of Months*.....(Heinemann) 6/0
A Guide to the Early Christian and Byzantine Antiquities..(British Museum) 1/0
Blackie's Standard Shilling Directory.....(Blackie) 1/0
Gale (Norman), *Barty's Star*.....(Walter Scott) 2/6
Evans (Rev. H. M. M.), *Why I Left St. Michael's*.....(Sands) net 1/0
Meade (Mrs. L. T.), *Stories from the Old Old Bible*.....(Newnes) net 7/6
Beard (Lina and Adella B.), *What a Girl can Make and Do*.....(") net 6/0

EDUCATIONAL.

- Flecker (W. H.), *The Student's Prayer-Book*.....(Methuen) 2/6
Hall (H. S.) and Stevens (F. H.), *A School of Geometry. Parts I. and II.*.....(Macmillan) 1/0

NEW EDITIONS.

- Mathers (John), *The History of Mr. John Decastro. 2 vols.*.....(Quaritch) 21/0
Caine (Hall), *The Manxman*.....(Heinemann)
Butler (Samuel), *Hudibras*.....(Gresning) net 3/0
Ainsworth (W. H.), *The Spendthrift*.....(Gibbings) net 2/6
Flandrau (Charles Maccomb), *Harvard Episodes*.....(Putnam's)
Hawthorne (Nathaniel), *A Wonder-Book*.....(Ward, Lock) 1/0
Kingsley (Charles), *The Water-Babies*.....(Macmillan) net 2/0
Eliot (George), *Silas Marner*.....(Blackwood) net 1/0
Shelley (Percy Bysshe), *Poems*.....(Blackie) net 2/0
Wilson (Bishop), *Sacra Privata*.....(Methuen) 2/0
Cooper (E. H.), *Mr. Blake of Newmarket*.....(Everett) 9/6
Gerard (Morice), *For England*.....(Ward, Lock) 0/6
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PERIODICALS.

- Connoisseur, Hibbert Journal, United Service, Manchester Quarterly, Art Journal, Idler, Geographical Journal, Playgoer, Architectural Review, Reliquary, Baconiana, World's Work, International Quarterly, Lady's Magazine, Printseller, Essex Review.

Mrs. Craigie's new novel "The Vineyard," which will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, and Mr. Appleton in New York, will appear first as a serial in the "Pall Mall Magazine." Mrs. Craigie has also just finished a four act comedy which has been accepted for production in London, and by Mr. Charles Frohman in New York.

Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., will publish next week the Dictionary of National Biography "Index and Epitome." It will make a volume of over fourteen hundred pages. Generally speaking, each entry in the "Index and Epitome" consists of one-fourteenth of the number of words that appear in the text of the original memoir.

The authorised translation of "Babel and Bible" by Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch, with about eighty illustrations, is in the press, and will be published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate.

Mr. H. A. L. Fisher's "Napoleonic Statesmanship: Germany," is a study in civil and administrative history. The author's object has been to describe the growth, analyse the character, and estimate the influence of the Napoleonic system in Germany. No complete history of the civil side of the Napoleonic empire has yet appeared, and it is hoped that the volume, which will be published in May by the Clarendon Press, will fill the gap as far as Germany is concerned.

In a book which will be issued shortly by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., entitled "Oliver Cromwell, H.H. the Lord Protector, and the Royalist Insurrection of March 1655," Sir Reginald Palgrave publishes the contemporary evidence that he has collected proving Oliver Cromwell's complicity in the Insurrection.

Mr. Joseph McCabe will publish, with Messrs. Duckworth, almost immediately, a volume on "Church Discipline," being an ethical study of the Church of Rome. The author says that he aims at informing sympathetic outsiders about the methods and institutions employed by the Church in the cultivation of the ethical ideal.

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The exclusive aim of the index and Epitome is to make bare facts and dates as ready of rapid reference as possible.

A few errors of fact and date which figure in the original work have been corrected in the Index; but with that reservation, the Index literally reflects in brief and bald outline the results embodied in the Dictionary and Supplement.

The separate articles which it supplies amount to 30,378; the cross references number 3,474.

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The Literary Week.

THE issue of books during the past week, owing to the interruptions of the Easter holidays, has been very meagre. But nothing stays the productiveness of the minor poet. No fewer than six volumes of verse have reached us since last Tuesday, ranging from a drama of the years 1431-2, to a sheaf of verses "occasionally humorous," in one of which the author frankly states that "No meanings in my poems lurk, beyond what any man can see." The Unit Library, "sold at prices based on the length of each book," proceeds apace. Keble's "Christian Year" we observe contains twelve units, Sheridan's "Plays" twenty. Among the books of the week we note the following:—

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY, INDEX AND EPITOME.

A valuable and fitting conclusion to the great work designed by the late Mr. George Smith. The volume forms a summary guide to the general contents of the Dictionary and its Supplement. "Every name, about which substantive biographic information is given in the sixty-three volumes of the Dictionary or in the three Supplementary volumes" is mentioned in due alphabetical order. Each entry consists of about one-fourteenth of the number of words which appear in the text of the original memoir.

THE CABINET OF IRISH LITERATURE. VOLUME IV.

This volume of a new edition includes selections mainly from the work of modern writers. The selections are judicious and varied. Some of the writers are practically unknown to English readers, but many are, of course, perfectly familiar. Mr. W. B. Yeats, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and over eighty other writers are represented. A brief biographical and literary notice is given of each author; for these, Mr. Charles A. Read is responsible, and for the extension and revision of the work, Mrs. Hinkson. The volume includes some portraits and illustrations.

TWO YEARS AT THE FRONT WITH THE MOUNTED INFANTRY. Being the Diary of Lieutenant B. Moeller.

A volume having, in the circumstances of its publication, a pathetic interest. Lieutenant Moeller served with distinction in South Africa, and died fighting. His column of 250 men had been riding all night; at dawn they were met by a party of 500 of the enemy. Lieutenant Moeller, having got his men into safety, saw one of his troopers, who was wounded and had surrendered, being treacherously shot by the Boers. He rode to his assistance, was surrounded, emptied his revolver at the enemy and fell mortally wounded. The diary is brisk and virile. We read in the preface: "Should this simple diary fall into the hands of any outside the circle of his comrades and friends, will they make allowance for the fact that the writer was a soldier and not a penman?" The proceeds of the sale of the volume are to be devoted to the assistance of disabled soldiers.

THE art of correspondence has been well illustrated by the letters appearing in "The Times" under the heading "Parry v. Moring and Another." Mr. Parry's latest letter is delightfully colloquial. We say nothing about the merits of the case, but we smile over Mr. Parry's hits at Dr. Furnivall and Mr. Gollancz. He says: "When, however, the learned doctor abuses me and my work and Mr. Skeat joins in with his words of dispraise—there was a Mr. Skeat, by-the-bye, who helped Gollancz in his work—when these two 'scholars' contend that I am an ass, utterly unfit to edit anything, so great is my respect for 'scholars'—on their literary, not on their moral side—that I can only bow my head in silence. Agreed that my book is what the modern school girl calls a 'rotter.' Why appropriate it? Why not do a better? Why crib its text and its arrangement and some of its worst notes? Why not take off your coat and do the work for yourself? I did several months' honest work at my edition. I am a 'careless fellow,' says Dr. Furnivall. So be it; but that does not allow a more careful fellow to appropriate my work." Mr. Parry will have it that his work on the Dorothy Osborne Letters has been "cribbed." "The facts of this case shall be put beyond all controversy," he says. "I will print the evidence as soon as I can find time."

"SAINT GEORGE" is naturally more concerned with Ruskin than with any one else. In the current issue most of the pages are devoted to him whom his many lovers still delight to call "the Master." Master he was, though perverse and illogical enough in detail; in the main he stood for beauty and the best in life and letters. A contributor to "Saint George" supplies some recollections characteristic of Ruskin as Slade Professor at Oxford. We read:—

Concerning the Oxford lectures much has been written, and I will not go over oft-trodden ground—only say this, that, next to the apostle himself, no one, I suppose, in style and manner was ever so Pauline. He would go off at a word, leave the main argument, give you parenthesis within parenthesis, and an argument in each, lay open his very heart to you, show how something since the last lecture had angered or pleased him, thrust at you sentence after sentence of pointed irony, as if you were against him and not with him, and then drop from the high mocking tone to that of gentlest pleading, and so back to the manuscript before him. The secret of his power lay, I think, partly in his comprehensiveness—life, not art, was really his theme—and partly in his fearlessly original way of thinking out his own thoughts and compelling language to express them. He had no faculty for making use of common material, either as accepted opinion or as accepted phrase, and this independence gave a singular charm to everything he said, whether you accepted it or not. At the same time, though he could not appropriate, he was provokingly ready to give importance to the utterances of quite unimportant people. Anything would be caught up—a letter or a paragraph, a pamphlet or a sermon—and his humility, and profession of obligation, were as perplexing as his self-reliance. I had to struggle hard myself, one day, not to be preserved in amber.

These freakish alternations of confidence and diffidence were sometimes as amusing as they were confusing. He would fling out wildly at you; at the music stool you were sitting on, with its blunt, machine-turned edges; at the pictures on your walls; and then come and stand by you, and with folded hands and half-closed eyes ask you, repentantly, to lecture him.

Some of the letters here printed are quite delightful Ruskin:—

Love to Connie; and tell her, in Utopia young ladies won't think of imitating Christ, but of imitating wiser young ladies than themselves, and street sweepers won't think of imitating Christ, but of saving pence enough to keep them from pawning their boots.

The letters given later, dated from Brantwood, are less buoyant:—

I'm not overworking, and never will any more, but the doctors are all quite unable to make me out. My work is to me Air and Water, and they might just as well tell a sick fish to lie on its back, or a sick swallow to catch no flies, as me not to catch what's in the air of passing fancy.

The last letter given indicated to its recipient, in the light of later events, the "warning sign":—

It is a shame never to have thanked you for your lovely letter—but my life is *all* a shame to me now, in its weakness and failure. But I have health enough yet, thank God, to do tranquil work, and my friends will, I hope, still be a little pleased about me in seeing it done. Don't plague yourself about personally helping me at Sheffield or in other things, but use your own proper influence to make people do what is wise and right—each in their place—and explain what you care for of my work and me to them—and, above all, think of the things I try to teach—non-usury for instance, and agricultural life—in themselves, and not in any connection with me. I hope we may have many talks and plays yet.

"The talks and plays," says the writer, "never came."

THERE would seem to be a quite obvious morality about the disposal of autograph copies of books, by living authors, yet it is a morality which is being continually sinned against. In half-a-dozen recent second-hand

booksellers' lists we have come across volumes bearing their authors' presentation signatures. In extreme cases, of course, the thing might be condoned; it is conceivable that the recipient of an autograph copy might be so at odds with luck that he might have to compound with his conscience for a meal. But instances of this sort cannot be so common as the booksellers' catalogues would suggest. One has the same feeling in the disposal of a library; a man dies, and his executors, as often as not, disperse without compunction books which were the very life and soul of the dead. We recall a recent instance in which this certainly was the case. If a man is besieged by presentation copies, and cannot give them shelf room, he should at any rate, before disposing of them, tear out the recording page.

WE have received from Messrs. Spink an interesting letter, too long to print in full, concerning the Saitaphernes tiara. The question of the authenticity of the tiara is being carefully inquired into, but in the meantime our correspondent's letter throws some light upon the matter. Messrs. Spink's great point is that experts in the goldsmith's craft have not been heard; on the literary side, too, they assert that there is "a widespread misunderstanding as to what is claimed for the Olbia treasures":—

A favourite argument for their assumed falsity is that the style is not purely Greek. Unfortunately for this argument a purely Greek origin has never been claimed for them. Hence the ingenious fabric based upon a supposed grammatical blunder in one of the inscriptions upon the form and style of certain of the letters, and upon the incontestably unclassical nature of portions of the chasing, falls to pieces like a house of cards. Substitute for your Greek artificer a Scythian instructed in Greek methods of work and only partially imbued with Greek ideas, and how easy it is to understand the misuse of an accusative, the perhaps unusual appearance of a Greek inscription with letters in *relievo* and the barbarous or semi-barbarous character of some of the embossed figures. Instead, therefore, of these facts affording evidence, as has been so confidently urged, of a forger's hand, they may yet be found to range themselves on the other side of the argument, and be accepted as inferential evidence of a Græco-Scythian origin.

Messrs. Spink's own belief in the genuineness of the tiara rests as much upon intrinsic as external evidence. They do not doubt that forgeries of Græco-Scythian art treasures exist, but they assert that these false pieces only deceive superficial examiners. The present conclusion of the whole matter is that the public should suspend its judgment until the full inquiry has been held.

THE Spring Number of "To-day" is to publish a short story by the late Frank Norris, which, we are told, contains a complete "epic of the wheat" in miniature on lines which he intended to develop in the third volume of his wheat trilogy, "The Wolf." It seems to us not unlikely that this story was the first condensed draft of the projected novel. A few novelists—those who do not mind labouring at their art—make it a rule to work out their schemes not only in bare detail, but with considerable fulness—even to suggested dialogue, and so on. One writer of distinction makes a first sketch which often runs to twenty thousand words.

WE learn from the "New York American's Saturday Review" that the best selling books during a recent week were the following:—

- "Lady Rose's Daughter"
- "Lovey Mary,"
- "The Star Dreamer,"
- "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son,"
- "The Pit" and "The Four Feathers."
- "Under the Rose."

Three of these are English novels, which shows that America is not yet wholly self-supporting in fiction. Not long ago it seemed that America was by way of giving us up.

PROFESSIONAL jealousy, as we are so often told, reaches its flower on the stage; but in France it goes further than with us. A French writer has been talking to Madame Sarah Bernhardt about her still unacted play, "The Duchess Catherine," and the gist of the conversation is printed in the New York "Lamp." The writer says:—

France has no monopoly of the actor-playwright to-day, but France hampers her literary actors with restrictions which are certainly unique, and it is of these restrictions, as illustrated in one particularly notable case, that I intend to write.

Professional jealousy is at the bottom of the whole imbroglio. The spirit of jealousy and of personal interest burns so fiercely in our theatrical world that the actors in one of our companies would never consent to interpret a play written by one of their number. On the other hand the manager, who has difficulty enough in keeping the peace under the most favourable conditions, would never voluntarily court trouble by imposing upon his company a play by one of his actors. He decidedly prefers leaving the experiment to one of his fellow managers.

This, apparently, is why "The Duchess Catherine" has not been produced. Said Madame Bernhardt:—

When I think that if Molière could come back to us to-day, he would not have the right to play his "Misanthrope," or his "Avare" in his own theatre—the rules of the Société des Auteurs Dramatiques would not permit it. He would never die on the stage, now, in pronouncing the "juro" of his "Malade Imaginaire." The Société des Auteurs Dramatiques would see to it that he had no opportunity for anything so irregular. They would stand with their list of rules and forbid him to act in his own play, on his own stage, in his own theatre! Evidently other countries are more liberal than our France. One must admit it, since, in more than one country actors and authors buy theatres for the express purpose of being able to produce their own plays as they want them produced.

But some day, no doubt, we shall see Madame Bernhardt's play.

THE same magazine prints an interview with Mr. Henry Harland. The author of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" said:—

I write novels because it's more sport than fox-hunting. I never could shoot a bird, but fox-hunting is great sport. Novel-writing, however, is even finer. Besides you yourself always are "in at the death," and, if you are lucky, get the "brush."

Mr. Harland evidently takes novel-writing as most men take their liqueurs.

THE death of Mr. E. H. Vizetelly was, in its circumstances, more than ordinarily sad. It seems altogether wrong that the man who did such good things as a war correspondent and otherwise should be taken from a Rowton Home to an infirmary to die. Yet such things have happened before, and will continue to happen to the end of the chapter. Mr. Vizetelly's most remarkable achievement was the finding of Stanley. He was always prepared to go anywhere at any moment. When Mr. James Gordon-Bennett telegraphed to him to ask him to undertake the expedition, he replied, "I'll go to Timbuctoo if you like."

THE Chicago "Dial," discussing the matter of post-humous and contemporary fame, comes to the conclusion that in our age genius cannot go unrecognised; the means of communication are so manifold that even though only the few appreciate, that few will so influence the

masses that they, too, will believe. This may be possible in the case of talent which turns itself to scientific discovery and the like, but we very much doubt whether it is true of literature. Generalizations on such a theme are of small value. The "Dial" says:—

The judgments of no age concerning itself are to be taken as wholly conclusive. It may well be that posterity will place different estimates from ours upon the work of many of the men of our age, but the general truth remains that these judgments of ours, taken as a whole, more closely approximate to those which will receive the sanction of posterity than the judgments of past ages concerning themselves have approached the final estimate of mankind.

To that generalisation we cannot give our full adherence; indeed, no serious student of modern literature and literary criticism could support it. Again, the "Dial" makes the old assertion that the man whom his own age has failed to appreciate has been in advance of that age, that only the elect saw his greatness. In the case of literature such an hypothesis cannot reasonably be supported. Was Keats in advance of his age? Not at all. Indeed, no poet—that is to say no essential poet—can be in advance of any age. The real truth of the matter is that contemporary criticism and contemporary appreciation are, in the main, ephemeral. The true test of permanence can only be supplied by the sifted judgments of the best of several generations, and even so the finest may not reach its proper place. To say, as the "Dial" says, "had Shakespeare lived in the nineteenth century instead of in the sixteenth, we may rest assured that he would have found an appreciative audience, and one whose verdict would only have become confirmed by the centuries following," is really to evade the whole question. Personally we are not at all sure that a nineteenth century Shakespeare would have been in love with his critics and his period.

THE "Whim" is one of those little American publications which reach us from time to time apparently without cause. The "Whim" describes itself as a "Periodical without a tendency." To judge from its contents, however, we gather that its tendency is in the direction of foolishness. Amongst similar matter we read: "Of all recent governmental crimes,—and what is history but a list of them?—the Durbar is perhaps the worst." Does the "Whim" find readers, even at five cents, who are interested in that kind of thing?

THE wail of the unpublished continues to assail high heaven. We have just received "Pages from Rejected MSS.," a little pamphlet of four-and-twenty pages, in verse, of course. The writer, Mr. R. Trevalga, says in his preface:—

Some of the following poems have been praised—in one or two cases very warmly praised—by several of the most prominent of English critics and men of letters. On the other hand, they have been ruthlessly rejected by all the editors and publishers to whom they have been submitted. But as those who praised them were personally unknown to the author, he still clings to the hope that the praise did not mean merely disinclination to give pain by revealing the truth in all its hardness. He, therefore, decided years ago to appeal, whenever he could, to a wider audience. Unfortunately, the same reasons which have kept these verses so long in MS., now prevent him from making the volume as representative as he would have wished of his work, and even from publishing anything at all with careful and comparatively final revision.

So much of our time is occupied in reading books which are, as it were, authentically published, that we cannot find space to discuss Mr. Trevalga's verse. If any of our readers are inclined to read Mr. Trevalga for themselves, they may procure, for half-a-crown, a copy of his pamphlet by writing to 3, Rhos Cottages, The Woodlands, Conway.

AMERICA on the whole seems to be satisfied with Mr. J. S. Sargent's portrait of President Roosevelt. The picture is simple and direct, the figure standing out strongly from a light background.

THE interest in Charles Lamb never fails; his lovers are always praising him in little books. There has just reached us a volume by Mr. John Rogers, entitled "With Elia and his Friends," which at any rate has the right Lamb spirit. Mr. Rogers says: "You must look for only scant originality in this little book. You will find in it no epoch-making enunciation of truth—only a string of quiet recognitions of the comfort of home and the companionship of books. It is just a simple record of some hours of enjoyment spent by one whose path in life leads daily into the world, and who depends considerably on the peace which lingers in a library for health to enable him to do his work."

Bibliographical.

THE issue of Mr. Kitton's "Poems and Verses of Charles Dickens" has led more than one person, I daresay, to turn to Mr. R. H. Shepherd's "Plays and Poems of Charles Dickens," published, in an edition limited to 150 copies, in 1885. One finds that Mr. Kitton gives two "poems" omitted by Mr. Shepherd, and that Mr. Shepherd printed two "poems" now omitted by Mr. Kitton. Mr. Shepherd's omissions were Gabriel Grub's song in "The Pickwick Papers" and the lines addressed to Mark Lemon. Mr. Kitton's are "The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman," first published, with pictorial illustrations by George Cruikshank, in 1839, and five four-line stanzas called "The Blacksmith" which appeared in "All the Year Round" twenty years later. It would be interesting to know whether or no Mr. Kitton accepts these two pieces as by Dickens, and, if he does accept them as such, what his reasons are for excluding them from his collection. Most of the humour of the "Lord Bateman" ballad lies in the prose notes appended to it. "The Blacksmith" opens thus:—

Old England, she has great warriors,
Great princes and poets great;
But the Blacksmith is not to be quite forgot
In the history of the State.
He is rich in the best of metals,
Yet silver he lacks and gold;
And he payeth his due, and his heart is true,
Though he bloweth both hot and cold.
The boldest is he of incendiaries
That ever the wide world saw,
And a forger as rank as e'er robb'd the Bank,
Though he never doth break the law.

I forgot to note last week that Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, in his little book on John Forster, remarks concerning a private recitation of Bulwer's "Walpole": "All the characters spoke and carried on conversation in hexameters. The effect was ridiculous." It may have been so, especially with Forster as the reciter. But may not Mr. Fitzgerald's memory, as to the hexameters, be at fault? "Walpole," as published in 1869, was described on the title-page as "a comedy in rhyme," and it certainly contained no hexameters. The versification was after this fashion. Walpole says at one point—

Yes, the change from Queen Anne to King George, we
must own,
Renders me and the Whigs the sole props of the
Throne.
For the Tories their Jacobite leanings disgrace,
And a Whig is the only safe man for a place.

Whereupon, Walpole's "confidant," Veasey, adds—

And the Walpoles of Houghton, in all their relations,
Have been Whigs to the backbone for three generations.

Now, this sort of thing, throughout a three-act comedy, is unquestionably no joke. But at least it is not hexameters!

Some weeks ago I had a paragraph in this column on the subject of the works of fiction published by Mr. Henry James in this country. Since then I have received from a correspondent in the West Country a request for "a complete list of that author's publications in England, with their dates and publishers." This is rather a large order, and if I am to fulfil it I must do it by instalments. I will begin by giving to-day what is, I believe, "a complete list" of Mr. James's publications in England apart from fiction:—"French Poets and Novelists" (1878), "Hawthorne" (Macmillan, 1878), "Portraits of Places" (Macmillan, 1883), "Partial Portraits" (Macmillan, 1888), "A Little Tour in France" (Osgood, 1885, and Heinemann, 1900), "Essays in London and Elsewhere" (Osgood, 1893), and "Theatricals" [four comedies in two volumes] (Osgood, 1894, 1895). If I have forgotten anything, I hope my readers will set me right. It may be added that Mr. James has written introductions, critical or "appreciative," to "The Odd Number" [thirteen tales by Guy de Maupassant] (1891), the "Last Studies" of H. Crackanthorpe (1897), Pierre Loti's "Impressions" (1898), "The Vicar of Wakefield" (1900), "Madame Bovary" (1902), and Balzac's "Two Young Brides" (1902).

According to a paragraphist usually trustworthy, Mrs. Hugh Bell intends to give to the press a play called "The Dean of St. Paul's." One wonders whether the title as thus given is a slip of the pen, or, if not, whether the present holder of the Deanery has been consulted in the matter. We have had deans in drama before now, but they have not been called Dean of Westminster or Dean of Canterbury. Mr. Pinero put a dean into his "Dandy Dick," but he called him Dean of St. Marvell's. Mr. Sidney Grundy and Mr. F. C. Philips had a dean in "A Dean's Daughter," but they dubbed him Dean of Southwick—and a good thing too, for he was a very objectionable dean. Deans, I suppose, are, as such, fair game for the dramatists, but not the Deans of St. Paul's.

No sooner are we promised a Library of Standard Autobiographies than there comes the announcement of a Library of Standard Biographies. No doubt this will find many patrons, but the idea embodied in it can scarcely be characterized as novel. It was included, for instance, in the conception of the Minerva Library, in which were comprised wonderfully cheap editions of Lockhart's "Burns," Forster's "Goldsmith," Stanley's "Dr. Arnold," Torrens's "Melbourne," and the like. Now that the Minerva Library is (apparently) discontinued, there will be a welcome for the "Library of Standard Biographies"; only, it is to be hoped that the selection will not run on too familiar or too narrow lines.

The little books which Messrs. Low and Co. advertise as "Choice Classics for Collectors" are, I take it, reprints from the "Bayard" series which Hain Friswell edited for the firm "a many years ago." The selection from Coleridge's poems will always be valuable on account of the introductory essay by Mr. Swinburne; nor, I think, has the translation of selected passages from La Rochefoucauld's "Reflections" been superseded. The same may be said of "The Words of Wellington" and of Buchanan's "Ballad Stories of the Affections." The format of the "Bayard" series was, in neatness and prettiness, much in advance of the times.

Very acceptable will be the new edition of the late Lord Dufferin's entertaining "Letters from High Latitudes." I fancy that the latest edition—the eighth—dates as far back as 1887.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Treasure of the Humble.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, D.D., D.C.L.,
SOMETIME BISHOP OF DURHAM. By his son, Arthur
Westcott. 2 vols. (Macmillan. 17s. net.)

THE biography of a great churchman is one of the most difficult of biographies to write, particularly in times when theology and active religious work are no longer involved with political intrigue and the direction of secular affairs. The difficulty in such a work is to present the man with any degree of conviction. Most men are very properly intent upon their own affairs, but let a statesman or a lawyer or a writer be ever so intent on his profession he will yet express in his correspondence and his life more detachment and more of the perpetual interest of the carnal man than the theologian. This, no doubt, is inevitable, is even as it should be, but the task of the biographer is made heavier on account of the very virtues of his subject. Mr. Westcott has avoided the chief dangers of his task; his book, in fact, is excellent alike in tone and matter. Dr. Westcott is allowed to speak for himself, and all the letters from his correspondents which are printed really have some value as contributions to our understanding of a beautiful and most distinguished personality. Mr. Westcott's linking narrative is simple and sincere, and his reverence touches us with a quite personal directness.

The chapters dealing with the Bishop's early life naturally have more general interest than the record of his later influence and success. He was one of the many distinguished men whose nursery, as it were, was King Edward's School, Birmingham. A valuable sketch of him during his school days is given by his brother-in-law, the Rev. T. M. Middlemore-Whithard. Young Westcott was an assiduous worker, and on occasion a reasonably good fighter; he was strongly influenced by art and music, and had an inherited taste for geology and botany. Primarily and in all things he was a sincere labourer; his reading was remarkably wide, and he had an almost morbid dread of appearing to reach after University successes. He attained them, nevertheless, and was amongst the most brilliant of his Cambridge contemporaries. There was always in Westcott a certain strain of mysticism, of exaltation, which at times appeared to separate him from his fellows; mysticism and exaltation have always been a little suspect in the English Church, and there were those who later were misunderstanding enough to doubt Westcott's fidelity to the simple foundations of his faith. He had his seasons of doubt, but they were over-passed before he took any binding step. In his diary for 1846 we read:—

1st January. Communion in the morning. How shall I account for a sudden and strange feeling with which I am filled that I ought to retire to a monastery, or live in entire seclusion? Not that I believe the Romish creed, but their practise allures me.

Such a feeling was not to be avoided in such a temperament as Westcott's, though he was never practically allured by Rome. The religious revival of which Cambridge was the centre had not the same dangers as those which sprang up around the Tractarian movement at Oxford, and its public appeal was never so strong. Later, indeed, Westcott was inclined to be unjust to Rome, and in particular to Newman. At the time of Newman's secession, however, he was deeply moved, and wrote concerning it to the lady whom he subsequently married: "When a man of his learning and practical piety and long experience does such a thing, may not one young, ignorant, and

inexperienced, doubt? These times are dreadful times—one need 'watch and pray.'"

The story of Westcott's courtship is very simple, but not without subconscious humour. His letters to Miss Whittard, who was a nonconformist, show considerable skill in cautious leading, a leading which resulted in the lady's baptism and the addition of the baptismal name of Mary. It would be difficult to say just how certain of these letters escape priggishness, but they do escape it; or perhaps the touch of priggishness is redeemed and overlaid by their transparent sincerity. The influence of Keble over Westcott was great; in a letter to Miss Whittard he said: ". . . I am more fully convinced than ever that Keble has found the truest and noblest end of poetry—to calm and cheer and soothe and train the mind by the simple teaching of nature, and not to rouse and ruffle and excite it by 'dream intense of earthly passion.'" In another letter he wrote:—

Yesterday we had a splendid walk to the monastery (at Gr^{âce} Dieu). . . . We went into the chapel, but I cannot say that I was so much pleased with it as before, and the reason was that I did not hear the solemn chant of those unearthly voices which seem clearly to speak of watchings and fastings, and habits of endurance and self-control which would be invaluable if society could reap their fruits. . . .

Shortly afterwards he found the doors of an oratory on a neighbouring hill open, and went in to kneel down before a "Pi^{età}":—

The sculpture was painted, and such a group in such a place and at such a time was deeply impressive. . . . Had I been alone I could have knelt there for hours.

It is rather curious to read just after this, concerning a crucifix which stood at a roadside,—“I wish it had been a cross. I wish earnestly we had not suffered superstition to have brought that infamy on the emblem of our religion which persecution never could affix to it.” But Westcott was a man of moods not always reasonable, though he was inflexible in general purpose.

We cannot follow in any detail this record of a full and eager life; we can do no more than gather together certain facts and impressions which may help our readers to some understanding of the man. For seventeen years Westcott was an assistant-master at Harrow, for twenty years he held the Divinity Professorship at Cambridge; he was a Canon of Peterborough, a Canon of Westminster, and finally Bishop of Durham, in which episcopate he succeeded his friend and beloved pupil Lightfoot. Through every change of events he remained a strenuous worker and a man of extreme simplicity of life. In his later years at Harrow, his biographer tells us, he was very full of the idea of a "C^œnobium":—

Every form of luxury was to him abhorrent, and he viewed with alarm the increasing tendency amongst all classes of society to encourage extravagant display and wasteful self-indulgence. His own extreme simplicity of life is well known to all his friends. He could never to the end of his life reconcile himself to dining late. . . . He looked to the family and not the individual for the exhibition of the simple life.

The "C^œnobium," however, remained a dream, though the younger members of Westcott's family looked towards its practical possibility with some apprehension. The move from Harrow, with comparative opulence, to Peterborough, with its precarious income, meant a very real sacrifice. Simplicity of living had to be held to the letter, and meat, save on Sundays, was abolished from the family breakfast table. The future Bishop, in order to get a summer holiday at all, was obliged to take a continental chaplaincy. Wherever he was he wrote continually to his family and friends, and particularly to Lightfoot, Benson, and Hort. Much of the family correspondence is delightful; the following extract from a letter addressed

jointly to his seven sons shows a concise touch on character:—

Shall I give each of you a riddle of advice?

BR. Look at everything all round, behind and before, and then at last decide what you will do with it.

A. Build solidly and don't stuff up holes with putty.

H. They can conquer who believe they can. First thoughts are best.

G. They win who think they may lose. Second thoughts are best.

F. When you have done a thing, do it again and again.

BE. If you are happy enough to be right, be thankful. If you are wrong, blame yourself.

BA. Be very merry, and get strong while you can.

When the call to Durham came, Westcott had fears and misgivings, genuine fears and misgivings, in no way allied to the mock-humility which so often degrades satisfied ambition. To Archbishop Benson he wrote:—

I can say nothing, and I am utterly overwhelmed. If you knew my unutterable unfitness and weakness, you would not write as you do. . . . If the trial comes, perhaps light will break. At present all is dark, utterly dark. May God guide you!—

He accepted the call, although it was "in evening time," and for twelve years devoted himself absolutely to his duties. Of personal ambition Westcott had none; there is not a note of it in all this intimate and voluminous correspondence. Such honours as he attained could hardly have been withheld; to some it seemed that they came tardily. Of the four names which we associate with the Cambridge movement—Westcott, Lightfoot, Benson, and Hort—the name of Westcott perhaps arouses the strongest personal affection. He was a great Bishop because he was a simple and loyal servant of God.

Piggy's Education.

LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON. By George Horace Lorimer. (Methuen. 6s.)

WHEN a book promises little and gives much the reader's satisfaction is great. This will be his feeling when he lays down the budget of worldly wisdom addressed by John Graham, a Chicago pork-packer, whose friends know him as "Old Gorgon Graham," to his son Pierrepont, whose nickname is "Piggy." Piggy is a nice young fellow, soft, vain, and weak enough to need much advice, yet with sense to appreciate and act upon it. We see him only through his father's inimitably pointed letters, yet we soon know him well. He receives the first at Harvard the day after his arrival, and this is what he reads:—

Your Ma got safe back this morning, and she wants me to be sure to tell you not to over-study, and I was to tell you to be sure not to under-study. What we're really sending you to Harvard for is to get a little of the education that's so good and plenty there. When it's passed around you don't want to be bashful, but reach right out and take a big helping every time, for I want you to get your share. You'll find that education's about the only thing lying around loose in this world, and that it's about the only thing a fellow can have as much of as he's willing to haul away. Everything else is screwed down tight and the screw-driver lost.

In this way the old man pounces on his son whenever a straight and timely talk is likely to do him good. Piggy's errors of thinking and doing, though natural and harmless enough, are just those which, if left unchecked, would develop into qualities unfavourable to his success and all-round manliness. But he has chosen his father well, and reaps the reward. Old Graham never delays to send him the sound word of advice, and this he backs with so much sagacity, humour, and racy reminiscence, touched with restrained affection, that the young man's business

and worldly salvation seems to unfold before us as a pleasing certainty.

Piggy incurs his first lesson in thrift when he sends in one of his Harvard expense-accounts to his father's cashier. Old Graham writes: "When I told you that I wished you to get a liberal education, I didn't mean that I wanted to buy Cambridge. Of course, the bills won't break me, but they will break you unless you are very, very careful." Old Graham, more than most fathers—English fathers, at all events—thinks of his son's college days as the threshold of business, and by business he means his start at the bottom of the ladder in his own firm, that is to say at the mailing desk. Most fathers think of all this a little vaguely, and they do not force the connection of ideas on their sons while they are yet at college. They respect the poetry of youth, and indulge it. Old Graham has no such scruples, and it is just here that we find him least sympathetic, perhaps also least sagacious. The following remarks to his son at Harvard suggest hard common sense, but seem a little premature:—

I can't hand out any ready-made success to you. It would do you no good, and it would do the house harm. There's plenty of room at the top here, but there is no elevator in the building. Starting, as you do, with a good education, you should be able to climb quicker than the fellow who hasn't got it; but there's going to be a time when you won't be able to lick stamps as fast as the other boys at the desk. Yet the man who hasn't licked stamps isn't fit to write letters. . . . I can give you a start, but after that you will have to dynamite your way to the front by yourself.

It is not surprising that young Graham wishes to interpose a post-graduate course, and then a two months tour to Europe, before the stamp-licking and dynamite, or that old Graham condemns both proposals, anticipating the usual "other fellows" argument with: "There's nothing in it. Adam invented all the different ways in which a young man can make a fool of himself, and the college yell at the end of them is just a frill that doesn't change essentials." With essentials, old Graham is fiercely intimate; his grip on them is felt in every line. As for the post-graduate course:—

There's a chance for everything you have learned, from Latin to poetry, in the packing business; though we don't use much poetry here except in our street-car ads, and about the only time our products are given Latin names is when the State Board of Health condemns them. So I think you'll find it safe to go short a little on the frills of education; if you want them bad enough you'll find a way to pick up Latin after business hours.

The proposed European tour is reduced to two weeks' holiday varied by a letter which says:—

Of course, you are your own boss now and you ought to be able to judge better than anyone else how much time you have to waste, but it seems to me, on general principles, that a young man of twenty-two, who is physically and mentally sound, and who hasn't got a dollar and has never earned one, can't be getting on somebody's pay-roll too quick.

The youth is soon on the pay-roll and feeling sore under the hand of the cross, crabbed, but entirely loyal and efficient Milligan of the mailing department. One of his first exploits is to send a letter intended for a girl, whom he is inviting to the theatre, to Mr. Jim Donnelly who is expecting a reply to a claim for shortage on his last car-load of pickled hams. Old Graham writes:—

It didn't make me feel any sweeter about the matter to hear that when Milligan went for you, and asked what you supposed Donnelly would think of that sort of business, you told him to "consider the feelings of the girl who got our brains refused to allow a claim for a few hundredweight of hams. I haven't any special objection to your writing to girls and telling them that they are the real sugar-cured article, for after all, if you overdo it, it's your breach of promise suit for you must write before eight or after six. I have bought the stretch between those hours. Your time is money—no money—and when you take half an hour of it for your own purposes, that is just a petty form of petty larceny.

Step by step the young man rises, nursed and prodded by his irresistible father who, though he maintains in one place, that life is too short for writing letters, unloads all the stores of his world-hardened wit and shrewdness, relieving them by the pithiest anecdotes. The best of it is that the love of money and the faculty of making it are not the pervading themes. On the contrary, it is on efficiency, thoroughness, and prudence, on good feeling and clean living, that the battery of advice is directed. The merging lessons of the book are for all young men in all places. Space forbids us to trace "Piggy" Graham's path from eight dollars a week to seventy-five dollars and leave to marry, but here are a few of the pork-packer's *obiter dicta* :—

On giving employment for friendship's sake :—

I want to say right here that the easiest way in the world to make enemies is to hire friends.

On a young lover's extravagance :—

I want to say right here that there always comes a time to the fellow who blows fifty-two dollars at a lick on roses when he thinks how many staple groceries he could have bought with the money.

On courtship :—

Marriages may be made in Heaven, but most engagements are made in the back parlour with the gas so low that a fellow doesn't really get a square look at what he's taking.

On the "society bug" :—

You're going to meet a great many stray fools in the course of business every day without going out to hunt up the main herd after dark.

On happiness in married life :—

I have made it a rule never to put off being happy till to-morrow. Don't accept notes for happiness, because you'll find that when they're due they're never paid, but just renewed for another thirty days.

On the unfitness of women for business :—

When they've got a weak case they add their sex to it and win, and when they've got a strong case they subtract their sex from it and deal with you harder than a man. . . . Instead of hiring women, I try to hire their husbands, and then I usually have them both working for me.

It is a triumph that such a book should leave the reader a good taste in the mouth and a sense of moral exhilaration. But, after all, the difference between pork-packing and poetry is not so striking as the sameness of the rules which govern success in both callings, and in all callings between them.

Diversions in O.

A NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY. Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. Onomastical—Outing. (Clarendon Press. 5s.)

DR. MURRAY throws a pebble in the troubled Shakespeare-Bacon pool. Dealing with the word *Out* he notes that out-verbs, such as "out-Herods Herod," were much favoured by Shakespeare, but were almost eschewed by Bacon. Shakespeare has 54 such verbs, of which no fewer than 38 may have been his own coinage. In Bacon only two have been found, and one of these, *outshoot*, had been an archery term for more than seventy years before his time. Dr. Murray adds: "The contrast between the language of Bacon and that of Shakespeare in this respect is the more striking, seeing that other contemporary authors, e.g., Ben Jonson, used these 'out'-verbs almost as freely as Shakespeare himself." Shakespeare's famous phrase in "Hamlet" (in the speech to the players): "I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-Herods Herod; pray you avoid it," derived its force from the fact that Herod always appeared as a blustering tyrant in the early Miracle-plays. How the phrase has been imitated ever since is shown by Dr. Murray. Fuller had "out-achitophelled Achitophell"; Marvell, "out-bonifaced";

the "Quarterly Review" wrote, "The following trait out-tobies Uncle Toby." Macaulay wrote of Walpole: "He played innumerable parts, and over-acted them all; when he talked misanthropy he out-Timoned Timon; when he talked philanthropy he left Howard at an immeasurable distance." Other writers have given us out-Nero, out-Milton, out-Trollope, and out-Zola. Shakespeare linked "out" with many words besides proper names; he has out-frown, out-villain, out-view, &c., and his example has been followed so literally as to produce words like out-faminize, out-balderdash, out-jingo, and out-saint. In modern journalism the "Pall Mall Gazette" has recalled the days "when each dame's object in life was to out-chignon the chignon of her neighbour"; the "Saturday Review" has talked of "out-criticking the critics," and "Black and White" of "out-fictioning fiction." Indeed it would be difficult now to out-out this usage.

Many words in this part of the Dictionary have little general interest. Scientific words like *Onychia*, *Oosporangium*, *Opisthotonos* and *Orbitosphenoid* abound; and there are many rare or obsolete words like *Onsight*, *Ontend*, *Onwald*, *Orectic*, *Orf* (cattle, live-stock) and *Ortrow* (distrust). Otherwhile is described as rare, which it certainly is; but it is a good word. Matthew Arnold had it in "Balder" :—

But the gods went not now, as otherwhile,
Into the tilt-yard.

Otherwhere also suffers unmerited neglect. How beautifully it comes in Keats :—

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeleine:
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tip-toe amorous cavalier,
And back retir'd; not cool'd by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere:
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

"Elsewhere" is the word of plain prose; we need otherwhere for higher things; yet Hawthorne had "At Charing Cross, and otherwhere about London." In "The Earthly Paradise" Morris wrote :—

It seemed that time had passed on otherwhere
Nor laid a finger on this hidden place,

where otherwhere has the sense of otherwhither, a word actually found, and quoted by Dr. Murray, in a sixteenth century work. A cognate word is otherworldliness. Sir Edward Burne-Jones was described as "the Painter of Otherworldliness."

Ouch is now a very rare word, though very many will remember it in Mr. Henley's fine lines in "Dawn" :—

And now! a little wind and sky,
The smell of ships (that earnest of romance),
A sense of space and water, and thereby
A lamplit bridge ouching the troubled sky.

Here the participle means, of course, spangling or adorning. Dr. Murray gives no use of the word between Mr. Henley's and that of Guillim, who says of some person: "He beareth Luna, a mantle of estate, Mars . . . ouched or garnished with strings fastened thereunto." The substantive, ouch or nouch, which Dr. Murray says has scarcely been in living use since 1600, means a brooch or clasp. In the Authorised Version (Exodus xxviii. 11) we have among the directions for the making of Aaron's ephod: "With the work of an engraver in stone, like the engravings of a signet, shalt thou engrave the two stones with the names of the children of Israel; thou shalt make them to be set in ouches of gold."

Under "Operetta" we have two rather contradictory quotations. Mr. Dutton Cook is quoted as stating that the word operetta was a coinage first introduced at the Lyceum or English Opera House. In view of the fact that

the Lyceum Theatre will be sold this month as building material this is interesting; but Dr. Murray also quotes a writer in the "Monthly Review" of 1770: "They sometimes give operattas (sic) that are charming." In 1770 the Lyceum was an exhibition room for the Incorporated Society of Artists, and it was not until 1790 that it was devoted to music, nor until 1809 that it was styled the English Opera House.

Opificer is a rather pleasing blend of artificer and officer, but it has been obsolete, apparently, since Sterne used it into "Tristram Shandy": "Can it escape your penetration—I defy it—that so many play-wrights, and opificers of chit-chat have ever since been working upon Trim's and my uncle Toby's pattern." "Opificers of chit-chat" is a phrase we could do with to-day.

Under Opopanax we have the use of this word in modern perfumery illustrated by a quotation no earlier than 1895. We believe that it came into this use forty or fifty years ago when, one fine morning, London found itself plastered with the then mysterious word

OPOPANAX.

Time revealed its meaning, and the scent became popular, but according to an authority quoted by Dr. Murray, this perfume owed nothing to the real Opopanax plant, which has had a long botanical history.

Two rare words are Opsigamy, meaning marriage late in life; and Opsimathy, learning or study late in life. Oragious, meaning stormy, was used by Thackeray, and is rare. Orbity, the condition of being bereaved of children, or childlessness, was used by Johnson in the "Rambler" and is obsolete. Orgillous (proud, haughty) is not so old but that the "Saturday Review" could apply it to Lord Rosebery in 1890. Oscitancy, yawning, is very rare, but it appeared in the New York "Nation" three years ago. Cowper's lines in "The Time-piece" may be recalled:—

Now blame we most the nurslings or the nurse?
The children croak'd, and twisted, and deform'd,
Through want of care; or her, whose winking eye,
And slumb'ring oscitancy mars the brood!

We had noted many other words for remark, but lest our readers should oscitate we refrain.

Gleanings from Archipelagoes.

IN THE ANDAMANS AND NICOBARS. By C. Boden Kloss. With Maps and Illustrations. (Murray. 21s. net.)

SCIENCE owes a considerable debt to Mr. Kloss for the patient investigations of which this work is the satisfactory fruit. His travels were made in 1900 and 1901 as the guest of Dr. W. L. Abbott, the captain and owner of the schooner "Terrapin," in which they sailed. Between them they added sixteen to the known mammalian fauna of the archipelagoes, and thanks to their energy and tact secured a number of admirable photographs. In spite of the morbid interest of the convict settlement in the sister archipelago, which Mr. Kloss describes rather rosily, the most "absorbing" part of his work is that which deals with the Nicobars. Upon these islands we doubt not that he will be regarded as an authority of the first importance. And although he does not describe for us, as does Lancaster, anything so much "beside" Nature as "a grand tree" which—if one try to pluck from it—shrinks "down into the ground and sinketh unless you hold very hard," he shows abundantly that 1602 was not the only year for travellers in the Nicobars.

The Kar Nicobarese believe themselves to be of quasicanine descent. "For this reason they treat their dogs very kindly, and never beat them: they quiet them by simply saying 'Hush! Hush!'" Such a statement naturally causes one to turn with a lively curiosity to the photographs of Nicobarese, with the result of a distinct

prepossession in their favour. The prognathism of the right hand boy facing page 226 is no doubt evident, and indeed a more curious development of features might be looked for in a nation that play such pranks with the occiput of babies as do the Nicobarese; but the face of this lad is sprightly enough for a cupid, and his tumbled hair an artist's joy. That boy seems to imply that the Nicobarese have "taken up" the dog out of sheer love of paradox, and that a certain custom which supports so indecorous a theory of origin is a slander on their true selves.

Certainly the custom is an ugly one. They disinter their dead, clean the skull and throw away the rest of the corpse. The idea seems to be that the graveyard shall be made habitable for spirits, but they are morbidly sensible of the eeriness of death, and it is possible that in their abominable familiarity with his leavings, they display the same mock courage which prompts a frightened child to make a great noise in a dark room. A Kar Nicobarese is not permitted to die at home; his end must take place in a "house of pollution," and when he is dead the *tamiluanas*, or devil-chasers, though they do not believe in immortality, pretend to capture his spirit and imprison it in a bunch of leaves. Yet still the instinct to meddle with death is so strong that we read of an angry Nicobarese saying, "You now call me a liar, and so I am angry, and am going to dig up a grave."

There, of course, we have an appeal to the *amour propre* of a ghost who would be supposed to visit his displeasure on the provoker of such an action. There too, and this is the less obvious point, we have the theatricality of feeble anger which often seeks to punish the mind because it is afraid to touch the body of its opponent. Nicobarese superstition offers to the holders of it one very practical disadvantage, however, to weigh against its benefit to them in quarrels; they dare not make any crockery! Chaura may, and does—no doubt with "chortlings" at the monopoly—but if any but a native of Chaura should do so he is believed "doomed to almost immediate destruction."

The Nicobarese are, indeed, frankly cowards, but they are also artists and, in their outlook, poets. They carve really admirable figures as scare-devils; in Nankauri, by the way, we observe that these statues "were all supplied with a piece of rancid pork, hung from the neck or placed in the mouth." It would seem that devils differ in their susceptibility to fear. A top hat associated with wings suffices for one; a human head on an alligator's body unnerves another. The poetry comes out in their tender solicitude for the moon, which they figure in an eclipse as in peril of being swallowed by a serpent. "Alas! alas!" they cry, "do not devour it," and the serpent is invariably amenable to their prayer. If the Kar Nicobarese did lose the moon, one trembles to think what ceremony they would deem adequate to express their feelings, for when one of their number lost his teeth he celebrated the fact by a great feast, and was adorned with silver wire from head to foot. And as we are not likely to find a Nicobarese more decorously clad, we are fain to leave him so.

The Corner-Stone of Evolution.

VARIATION IN ANIMALS AND PLANTS. By H. M. Vernon. The International Scientific Series. Volume 88. (Kegan Paul. 5s.)

In this admirable little book Dr. Vernon deals with the facts of variation, its causes, and its importance as the corner-stone of the whole fabric of evolution. He shows how variation in individuals, be they crabs or men, follows the Laws of Probability; the Law of Frequency of Error, in the very breadth of crab-shells, is observed with rigid accuracy. Mathematics apart, however, in this era of Sociology we must acknowledge the significance of the

doctrine, reasserted by Dr. Vernon, that "suddenly occurring variations, unless artificially selected, must inevitably be swamped by intercrossing, and disappear." This is unfortunately the way with geniuses. As to the sexes, comparison between skeletons of the Ainos (a primitive Japanese tribe) and the modern French shows that though civilised man differs more from the primitive type than civilised woman so far as absolute size is concerned, he has made only about half her progress in variation, and has hardly anything to show for the progress made by civilised woman in the nice correlation of her characters. And, since correlation implies that when one organ is modified, as by Natural Selection, the others are modified also, there is great hope for the future in civilised woman. A deduction from this law of correlation, supported by the facts, is that the blonde is tending slowly to disappear.

As to the causes of variation, Dr. Vernon, arguing from Weismannism, has conceived and carried out a large amount of original work, which emphasizes the effect of nutrition upon the future of races of animals and plants. Human twins support Weismann very strongly, or rather those few human twins which closely resemble one another, which are of the same sex, and which have an intimate original affinity almost without a parallel. In a pair of such twins, examined by the author, measurements were so similar that the Bertillon system of identification would have been useless; but the finger-prints, though bearing some resemblance, were easily distinguishable. This method of Mr. Galton's may be regarded as practically infallible. Relatively trivial, of course, is this of Mr. Galton's, beside the remarkable contributions, detailed most admirably in this book, made by him to problems of variation and heredity. To him we owe not only the Law of Heredity, which allots to each parent a quarter of the characters observed in the child, to each grand-parent a sixteenth, and so on, but also the principle of "Regression towards Mediocrity," which shows the tendency of mankind to get back to the average: down to it in the offspring of the genius, up to it in the children of the criminal. Prof. Ewart, of Edinburgh, has shown in his celebrated experiments that by in-breeding it is possible to wipe out regression towards mediocrity; that it is possible, within a few generations, to produce a superior race which will continue to "breed true." So much the better.

No less interesting is the discussion of variation produced by environment, as temperature and light. Instances are the white coat developed on the approach of winter by many animals in arctic climates; the retarding effect of light upon the growth of plants, though favouring their healthy development: so that the sunflower turns to the sun because its stem grows more rapidly on the side away from the sun, and pushes the flower over towards the sun. Equally important is the effect of food, influencing the farmer's crops and manure, the soldier and the explorer and their diet.

Variation in its relation to evolution is a fundamental fact of inestimable importance. Within the last few years experiment on some little crabs that are found at Plymouth has proved the effect of Natural Selection—which Lord Salisbury said no one had seen at work—on variations. As for man Dr. Vernon says: "There is no evidence that the average vigour and vitality are increasing. Everything goes to prove that they are on the wane." Fortunately, though Dr. Vernon does not say so, man must sooner or later face and control the facts.

De Quincey's opium-eating, the length of the Hebrew nose, the curve of the stems of a plant—all are made to contribute their share to the elucidation of the great theory of evolution, which starts with a nebula or a sun, and ends with the cause of the greying of an old man's hair.

"Of a Family."

CECILIA GONZAGA. By R. C. Trevelyan. (Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.)

THOUGH it has qualities of cultivation and ability, Mr. R. C. Trevelyan's tragedy is at bottom but one of the many poetic dramas, with a family resemblance, woven about the inviting themes of mediæval Italian history—or we should rather say, Italian history of the early Renaissance. The secret lovers; the proud and powerful father; the neighbouring Duke who plays the part of the unworthy lover, destined by the father to his daughter's hand; the crafty villain and hanger-on of the evil suitor, who betrays the lovers by his intrigues to discovery and death—all these are customary ingredients of a customary dish. The characters are of the generalised and conventional type we look for in this conventional drama. The blank-verse is often little but prose. Print it continuously, and you shall sometimes find it running like this:—

Trust me, my lord, these grosser forgeries of spite with me have never found belief: but since such tales have reached Cecilia's ears, for her sake only I sought this absolute denial from you. But, my dear lord, let me be frank with you: besides these graver scandals, there is much, reported on authority more credible, which many even among your well-wishers, in part believing, scarce know what to think.

That, substantially, is flat prose; and the few inversions which are used to square it with metrical rule, or give it an air of "poetry," are merely felt as feebly intrusive. Conventional phrases are frequent in these lines, such as "a cloister's living tomb," or "the imperious impulse of your heart,"—which are only fit for Mudie's. Granted, that even in poetic drama the dialogue must frequently take on a cast of prose; that the special advantage of blank-verse in drama is the ease with which it rises to the lyric or sinks to the prosaic level: yet a master does not suffer even his more prose-like dialogue to become merely nerveless and conventional; he keeps a certain tinge of poetic vigour in the diction, as may be seen in Shakespeare. Or rather, perhaps, the prose is kept a strong prose, with a sap in it, which shall not contrast too limply with the poetic passages.

But not all is like this. Mr. Trevelyan can put colour and sinew into his lines. Thus, speaking of the hero, the villain says to the Duke:—

Admire thine enemy,
And thou shalt be promoted to a skirt;
For all who trail them are quite lost for him.

There is thew and freshness in that, such as suggests that Mr. Trevelyan has the root of the matter in him. He can at times reach a measure of poetic quality. Thus:—

So mingled are the seeds of human things,
Evil and good blent unobservably,
That, should we stay to sift and sort our grain,
The time of sowing would be come and gone,
Ere we had filled our sacks, or cast in hope
Our handful o'er the earth.

That is good; though the word "unobservably" is careless and ill-sorted, since Mr. Trevelyan means "indistinguishably." Again, when the lover urges the hopelessness of the heroine's escaping her father's instant purpose to marry her to the dissolute Duke:—

Aye, to hope now would be more vain, more idle,
Than taking thought how to outstrip by flight
This lengthening twilight creeping o'er the plains
From yonder sinking sun.

Pretty, rather than beautiful passages meet us now and again. But, despite the examples we have quoted, Mr. Trevelyan shows on the whole scant power of imagery; and his drama as a whole is not notable for poetic quality. It has not power, it has not passion: but it is adequately

constructed, it exhibits literary cultivation, and a sufficient measure of intermittent distinction in the writing to forbid a wholly harsh or adverse judgment. It is quite possible he may do better things. But this is of a family, and no remarkable family.

Canning.

GEORGE CANNING AND HIS TIMES: A POLITICAL STUDY. By J. A. R. Marriott. (Murray. 5s. net.)

GEORGE CANNING is surely one of the most attractive of all possible subjects for the biographer. It should be impossible to write a dull book about him. But his private secretary, with ample materials at his command, achieved the feat, and Mr. Marriott has repeated it. There must have been something remarkable about one whose political views were recognised as a matter of public importance when he came down from the University. Colonel Fitzpatrick's well-known epigram was indirectly the highest of compliments. There are hundreds of cases of schoolboys turning their political jackets. But "no case until now was so flagrantly known" because no one cared to know it. Yet the brilliance and the charm of which Stapleton and Mr. Marriott tell us are but faintly reflected in their pages. It is easy to account for the distrust with which so many of Canning's contemporaries regarded him. Intellectual brilliance will always excite distrust in many minds, which refuse to believe that any man can be honest without being also stupid. And when the brilliance of a Cabinet Minister takes the form of writing elegant Sapphics about needy knife-grinders, and informing correct and respectable diplomatists in cypher despatches that—

in commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much,

distrust is not merely pardonable; it becomes a solemn duty. Mr. Wyndham, we know, succumbs to the frivolity of the Christmas season, but it is not to be supposed that his official compositions are written in a similar vein. To parallel Canning's performance, one would have to imagine Lord Curzon declaiming to a concourse of Rajahs such verses as were composed at Balliol about himself; and to complete the parallel, there should perhaps be added a duel with Mr. Brodrick consequent upon an unsuccessful attempt to eliminate that gentleman from the Cabinet.

In justice to Mr. Marriott it should be said that his book does not profess to be a personal sketch of Canning. It is a "political study," and the study is really confined to five years—1822 to 1827. But the reader has some right to quarrel with the title, and to demand that in an account of "George Canning and His Times," rather more than seven pages should be devoted to the thirteen momentous years from 1809 to 1822, though it be true that Canning spent most of them in ploughing a lonely furrow of preposterous length. Still it was the five years on which Mr. Marriott has concentrated his attention which won for Canning the substantial and permanent reputation of a statesman. The most striking and perhaps the most characteristic incident in his life was the seizure of the Danish Fleet in 1807. Opinions will always differ as to the verdict to be passed upon that act; for our own part, we agree with Mr. Marriott in regarding it as a brilliant stroke of daring, abundantly justified by necessity and by its results. But it was not until the close of his life that Canning's tenure of the Foreign Office was sufficiently prolonged to test to the full his qualities as a statesman. It was then that he "called the new world into existence to redress the balance of the old," and initiated and directed the policy which led to the "untoward event" of Navarino; and it is by his attitude towards affairs in South America and in Greece that he must ultimately be judged. Mr. Marriott speaks of President Monroe's famous message as "help" coming

to England "from an unexpected quarter." This appears to us to be an unfortunate phrase, suggesting that the attitude taken up by the United States was a happy accident, and not consequent upon or at least in striking accord with Canning's own deliberate policy and suggestion. The arguments for and against the recognition of the independence of the Spanish Colonies are stated in somewhat meagre fashion, and scarcely sufficient emphasis is laid upon the caution and correctitude of British policy. But the South American and Eastern Questions during these years are both too intricate to be treated very instructively in a small volume. Their strangest consequence was to establish for ever both at home and abroad the fame of a Conservative Foreign Secretary as the champion of liberal principles in both hemispheres against the attacks of autocracy and reaction.

Other New Books.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PETER TAYLOR. (Paisley: Gardner. 3s. 6d.)

THIS little book has a quite human interest. It records no great events, it touches the world's life only in a minor way, but it has character and verve. We should judge the writer, in spite of certain gloomy generalizations, to be a man in love with life. He was never so ardently its observer as to be able to play with its possibilities, but he was always keen enough to appreciate its dramatic changes as they personally affected him. The writer was born in the year of Queen Victoria's accession, and we get some startling particulars of the price commanded by labour during the first ten years of the reign. His father was employed in a Paisley brewery:—

. . . he started at 12s. per week, and was afterwards promoted to be gaffer at the ransom of 15s. The hours generally were from four in the morning till six at night, five days a week, the sixth being from six a.m. till six p.m.; he had to go back twice on Sunday to turn the malt.

Even such work as this was not obtained without some local influence; but it must be remembered that the times were hard, following on the railway collapse.

The author set his hand to many things, from the duties of a shop errand boy to engineering; finally, having hit upon a method of making a particular small spring which was necessary to the mill in Galashiels in which he was employed, he saw comparative fortune ahead of him. He writes proudly:—

I formed a co-partnership with my brothers; our united capital was £120. . . . My brothers took charge of the commercial side, and I had only to produce. Like Kate Dalrymple, we were ardent and thrifty. In 1898, the value of our works, stock, and plant stood at £30,000.

The value of this frank and pleasant volume, however, does not consist in its commercial records—it consists in its spirit and in its general outlook. It might have been made a lecture upon thrift and perseverance, which would have ruined it; as it stands it is the simple narrative of a simple life. In some of the domestic episodes there is real pathos, and a few of the characters are touched in with real humour. The book is dedicated "with every feeling of respect to my brethren of the working-classes and specially to those who have never yet enjoyed the luxury of paying the income-tax."

BARTY'S STAR. By Norman Gale. (Walter Scott. 2s. 6d.)

A SKETCH of a child which, in effect, has for text Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality" ode. We like the spirit of the book, which is fresh and buoyant; the manner of it is less to our taste. Mr. Norman Gale avoids

simplicity of statement with something like aversion; he elaborates his sentiment till it cloy. This is the greater pity because "Barty's Star" has sympathy and observation. We should like to believe it all, but when the author has dressed up and decorated his material we find ourselves unable to believe. To write convincingly about children is almost as difficult as to write convincingly for children. True records, careful notes, of a child's development, are sure to be of value, almost sure to possess beauty. Elaborate these records and notes, and at once we seem to touch unreality. Let us illustrate. Barty is watching the opening of an iris:—

I went up close behind him, sat down upon a camp-stool, and opened the morning paper as rustlingly as I could, on purpose to make a fresh test of his abstraction. He did not heed. Dame Nature surely never had a prettier compliment paid to her genius. I had just looked up from the current crisis, when Barty said to himself very quietly, offending me and Lindley Murray's ghost in the same breath—

"Its muvver's unbuttoning its jacket like my muvver does."

A few minutes later he shouted in triumph—

"It's open! I heard it speak."

"Have you ever heard irises speak before?"

"Ever so many," he said, in a tone belonging to the heartiest conviction.

"Where? Can you tell daddy where?" . . .

"I—I nearly can, daddy," said my little son.

Pretty, if you will, but we doubt the incident, the more particularly from an author who can write "she paid me an extravagant price in cupid's coin of the realm, fresh from a rosy mint." Mr. Gale has a fatal habit of sentimentality. He escapes from it once, and then only partially. Barty introduced into a pie two pieces from his Noah's Ark, and these pieces get on to a Bishop's plate. "Daddy" has Barty from the nursery and spansks him in the presence of the Bishop. The sentiment vanishes for a moment, and bad taste comes in: but soon the sentiment flows forth again in fuller flood than ever. Still, "Barty's Star" is a pretty and an engaging little book.

MILLIONAIRES AND KINGS OF ENTERPRISE. By Burnley. (Roy. 21s.)

THE new century has produced a host of problems centred in commercial expansion and industrial supremacy. Germany and America threaten so to alter the relative positions of nations, as to render insecure England's place in international trade, and to shake to the foundations the privileges and disadvantages of primogeniture. No passing illusion this, but a cry of warning and a tardy reminder that the national self-complacency will surely result in a mortgage of the cherished aristocracy to Pickle Kings and Oil Trusts. These are the problems which the author illustrates in these lives of millionaires. In America, where the greatest commercial successes have been achieved, the conditions have been perhaps exceptionally favourable, but the conditions have also produced exceptional men—men who from poor beginnings have transformed all previous ideas of commerce, and displayed an energy and created fortunes never before equalled.

Luck or chance has played little part in the building of an Armour, or a Leiter, or a Rockefeller, or a Carnegie. Individually handicapped at the start, they have moulded the commercial world, and only death could stop their ceaseless activity. "Selling lucifer matches is a very fine business, if only you have plenty of it," once said Baron Rothschild, and therein lies the whole situation—and moral. These men took up a variety of work, but their thoroughness was common; they accumulated a little capital, they kept their education apace with their requirements; they learnt how to employ men. The author has arranged his lives to advantage, and has provided some excellent illustrations.

In "The Gourmet's Guide to Europe" (Richards), by Lieut.-Colonel Newnham-Davis and Algernon Bastard, may be found a list of the places where a man may eat with comparative immunity. Paris naturally occupies the first place; to that city of historic restaurants over thirty pages are devoted. The book, we are told, was written with the amiable desire to help a man who wishes to dine at the typical restaurant of any place in which he may find himself rather than in the hotel in which he happens to be stopping. Such information, naturally, cannot readily be obtained from the hotel proprietor or his servants. The authors go into careful details as to the kind of food and cooking to be found in the restaurants which they name.

NEW EDITIONS: The latest addition to the "Windsor" Shakespeare (Jack) is the "Comedy of Errors," edited, with notes, by Henry N. Hudson. The volume has for frontispiece a reproduction of a topographical drawing from Van den Wyngreder's "View of London," 1542.—Mr. Grant Richards has added to the "World's Classics" series David Hume's "Essays: Moral, Political, and Literary."

Fiction.

AS A TREE FALLS. By L. Parry Truscott. (Unwin. 1s. 6d.)

THERE was a general feeling that the Pseudonym Library suspended publication either too soon or too late, if there be any vice in anti-climax. We congratulate Mr. Unwin therefore the more cordially in resuming the issue of the library with a story which is at once forcible and pathetic. The tree of the title is one of the obscure Judes who muddle their lives by a brief concession to the senses. He is a baker's assistant who aspires to a career. He would be learned, and the local representative of learning sympathises with him. Then he marries, not an Arabella, but a hardworking though untidy girl, and his aspirations dwindle to that of becoming a baker on his own account.

He is presented to us as an intelligent hoarder who, by directing all his faculties to one end, irreparably wrongs his better self. His one child excites at its birth no nobler emotion in him than regret for an intrusive "thing," which will increase his expenses. He insults Nature by explaining his early marriage by the statement "I'm a beast." He rough-rides his wife's superstition about a name for the child, and when, as it were across its grave, he divulges the fact that he can afford to start a business he receives a terrible volley of accusation and reproach.

To pursue the story in outline would be unintelligent. The tree falls materially in an accidental way, but spiritually it falls in the neglect and derision of the basic principles of justice between man and wife.

The character drawing of the story is excellent. Neither of the ill-mated pair is presented as an embodiment of one failing or infatuation. We have moments for liking and disliking each. "As a Tree Falls" might indeed be a true document pieced together out of provincial life. It is real enough to bear a moral and still be read.

FROM THE UNVARYING STAR. By Elsworth Lawson. (Macmillan. 6s.)

If art has been a handmaiden to Mr. Lawson, he has certainly tyrannised over her. He is one of those lovers of coincidence who make the world of fiction twice as round as the world of fact. Also he commits the deplorable blunder of making a nice woman, who has no

connection with suburban melodrama, repeat a page of imprecation uttered by a poor man when he deemed himself "trapped" and "cheated" by his Creator. Yet is Mr. Lawson's novel one that will be read with interest and pleasure. It is the romance of a dissenting minister of liberal views at a time when it passed as argument to say, "If there's no hell, what's the good of being good?" He is placed in the position of having to choose between publishing his sister's dishonour, or submitting to a shameful slander against himself. He submits, but the story is not deprived of ultimate sunshine. The author has drawn a delightful heroine, and her meeting with the young gospeller on Royal Oak Day is conceived with a fresh and vivid sentiment for love and youth.

There is that in the novel which suggests an evolution in religious romance. Here is a rejoicing sympathy with the free and beautiful things of nature. The parson takes long country walks; he teaches a little stable boy to observe that trees can look blue from a certain viewpoint. He is "gurt," although he has delicate hands; he has it out with a hypocritical deacon in a plain practical fashion, and though he holds on to the eternal things, he carries a sprig of oak presented to him by a young lady on page 26 until page 288, when he gives it back to her. The reader will wear it in his memory as a tribute to Mr. Lawson's wholesome fancy.

HIS GRACE'S GRACE. By C. Ranger-Gull. (Greening. 6s.)

MR. RANGER-GULL describes his book as a comedy, on the ground, we suppose, that it is intended to be amusing. We can only say that it has not amused us, or rather, that the trifling amusement which we might have derived from certain parts of the story was killed by the boredom born of the rest of it. Mr. Ranger-Gull strives after smartness with a wearisome assiduity; his Oxford young men talk just as the author writes; and the manner both of the narrator and his characters may be judged from the following extracts: only by quotation is it possible to convey any idea of the manner of "His Grace's Grace":—

A little college is a dangerous thing.

People who smoke cigarettes are sometimes different. All men who smoke cigars are alike.

"I hate dumb-bells."

"To the 'Crosier' then, for a drink."

"I loathe bar-belles."

Lord Halifax, he realized, was becoming rather played out, and a Duke would quite counterbalance the influence of Lady Wimbome with her donkey and Lord Roberts with the notoriety thrust upon him by Mr. Kipling.

Hitherto he had never separated a clergyman from his church, he had watched priests from a place apart, and distance had lent enchantment to the pew.

These are quite fair examples of Mr. Ranger-Gull's buoyant brilliances; we might have quoted even more strident and vulgar instances, but these will serve to illustrate the author's manner. Occasionally Mr. Ranger-Gull becomes sentimental, and then we are given conversation like this: "Darling, here before God I give you all my heart for ever and a day. My Dear and my Lady, will you have my love?"

If this is comedy we have no idea of the meaning of the word. We should call it farce tempered with vulgarity.

CORNET STRONG OF IRETON'S HORSE. By Dora Greenwell McChesney. (John Lane. 6s.)

FEW plots are more difficult to deal with successfully than those built up round historical incidents, and a story intimately mixed up with the great struggles between Cavaliers and Puritans which preceded Cromwell's Protectorship is the less easy to succeed in, as the times

were full, not only of a burning strenuousness and of unleashed passions, but of the most complicated humours. "Cornet Strong" is above the average as a novel, and at the same time, a consciousness of failure is undeniable as one reads. It is dramatic, full of exciting episodes, and the character drawing is, in its way, excellent. But the book remains unreal, a fanciful conjuring up of the past. Miss McChesney has done much, but what she has not been able to do is the one essential for a serious historical novel—the conveyance of a convincing atmosphere. Miss McChesney has a clear and vivid style of writing, and a strong sense of scenic possibilities. The canvas was a little too big for her handling, but there are excellent touches nevertheless.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE INDISCRETION OF GLADYS.

BY LUCAS CLEEVE.

Gladys was the wife of a baronet, from whom she had concealed the fact of her previous engagement to the man who is the villain of the story. He is a fine red-handed villain of the conventional sort, with the conventional name of Devereux de Lisle. He steals the jewels of the family, and is, in a general way, the evil genius of Gladys, until the agony column of the "Daily Mail" informed her friends of her whereabouts. Then he dies repentant, and the coil is unwound. (Long. 6s.)

THE MAN-WITH-THE-WOODEN-FACE.

BY MRS. FRED REYNOLDS.

Mrs. Reynolds again takes us to "Llanartro" in the Welsh mountains. The heroine of the story is a little music teacher who had lived in London many years struggling desperately with poverty, and who at last was enabled by success in a prize competition to take a holiday at "Llanartro." Here she met the "man-with-the-wooden-face." The love story is told with simplicity and directness. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE SAVING OF CHRISTIAN

BY ERNEST A. STREETON.

SERGISON.

A story of sea-coast villainy and of search for hidden treasure by the author of "The Instigator." That it follows a good model may be judged from the fact that in the first chapter a one-eyed sailor appears at the village inn, chanting at intervals the refrain, "Yo, ho! for the dead man's crew, my lads," &c., and that in the course of a conversation with the narrator of the story he produces a faded manuscript containing cryptic hints of buried treasure. The treasure is, however, in English soil, and the story passes in the smuggling days of the last century. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

ON BEHALF OF THE FIRM.

BY HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

Adventure in the West Indies. The narrator is sent to Haiti by a large firm of merchants to avenge the murder of their previous representative. "'Haiti,' I cried aghast—and who will blame me?—'Haiti, where Alvarez murdered Marshall?'" But he consented to go, and in carrying out his mission met with surprising adventures both by sea and land. There are illustrations, and the scenes illustrated are of the thrilling nature; e.g., the frontispiece: "I watched my opportunity and cleared the ugly chasm." (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

THE NEW LADY TEAZLE.

BY HELEN MATHERS.

A volume of short stories by the author of "Comin' thro' the Rye." The title story, an effective little comedy in four chapters, deals with a domestic crisis in Carlton House Terrace. "Society," says one of the characters, "is one huge sheep-pen, in which the blackest are reckoned the whitest, and get the most fun." There are nine other tales in Miss Mathers' characteristic vein. (Digby Long. 3s. 6d.)

THE ACADEMY.

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Living History.

THE issue of a new edition of Carlyle's "French Revolution," excellently edited and commented by Mr. Holland Rose, the author of the admirable "Life of Napoleon," from the house of Messrs. George Bell and Sons, awakens many reflections and recollections. Some of us can remember when it opened to our then young eyes an enchanted land of history; vitalising for us scholastic history as we vitalised for ourselves the historic figures of our childhood, or as those we saw, "sole-sitting on the shores of old romance." Mirabeau and Danton took place beside Prince Hal and Cœur-de-Lion. To make "sober history" no less living than the history of Shakespeare and Scott—that is a feat compassed by but one man who writes the English tongue. And the name of him is Carlyle. One reads again the remembered pages, with a recollected fondness, and an associated charm. Not that they need those associations. On the contrary, one has a regretful pleasure in turning them over. For they speak out of the past to us in a day when history has gone far from the Carlylean ways. For of the many virtues and ideals possible or proper to history, it may almost be said we have retained but one—the noblest, if you will—truth. The noblest, the most necessary, but surely not all. Yet we have made it well-nigh all. It was over-much neglected, it may be, by past historians; and the whirligig of time brings in this revenge. We have a race of historians devoted to elaborate fairness of mind, careful research of fact, anxious sifting of detail, judicial weighing of evidence, scrupulous consultation and painful setting-down of first-hand authorities. It is magnificent, but is it history? Is it more than a glorified chronicle, glorified by superior care of veracity? Science and the scientific spirit have invaded history, as they have invaded every department of literature; bringing with them the letter that killeth. In history the letter is most necessary, be it granted: unless the foundations prove sound, there is no soundness in the edifice. But do we not think over-much of detail, without discrimination of its importance? And is it needful to show the scaffolding so apparently as our histories show it? Is it necessary to thresh out the whole process in front of the reader? Their text banked-up with references, and obstructed with arguments of *pro* and *con.*, they resemble legal treatises more nearly than histories. Might not some portion of these things be relegated to appendices for the information of the serious student and the brother-historian?

Meanwhile, all conception of history as a literary art is pushed to the wall by this zeal for the stony fact. Nay, the philosophy of history suffers—to a less degree. There are no entrails, no viscera in these histories; in many there is scarce flesh on the ribs. Can these dry bones live? We think not: they are but skeletons, nay, fossil remains, carefully brought together for some future Owen of history. Carlyle's biographer alone upholds Carlyle's tradition; and with his pictorial inaccuracy is, after all,

more of a Macaulay than a Carlyle. For this Carlyle was no scorner of accurate research. Here was one who made these dry bones live; but he had first laboured severely in the collecting of them. In this "French Revolution" there are mistakes; but he had to sift and delve without predecessors in sifting and delving. And thereto he added the spirit of life, the spirit of art: the thing stands on its feet, and is clothed with flesh, and speaks, and is an organism. And with what flesh he clothed it! Not since Tacitus had man brought to history such force of the living word. The principle of life, the ancients held, was fire; and this "Revolution" is aflame—yea, and if you will, a-smoke too—fuliginous, as he would himself have said. It is a fuming and Plutonic energy, of red glare and violent shadow, an upheaval of decorous conventions and a defiance of anointed traditions in style. Only so (Coventry Patmore is reported to have said) could he have compressed so much into so brief a compass. "The style was itself a revolution." Which is most true. Germanic that style may be, in main features of its mechanical structure or defect of structure; but inwardly and substantially, in those features which cannot be squared by the grammarian's coarse analysis, it is Carlyle and reducible to no precedent beloved of the line-and-level critic. Not only does the sentence-structure, serried, bristling, scornful of flowing and precisely connective progression, make for pregnancy. The bold figures, the startling devices, which so arrest and stimulate attention, are not there merely to astonish, for Teutonic audacity of adornment: they are hieroglyphs, with the condensing power of hieroglyphs. They concentrate like a burning-lens, bring a fulness of meaning to the focal point. Here, as throughout his work, he compels the poetic method to the service of history. Might we not even say that Carlyle had anticipated Wagner? Those nicknames, and other introductory devices by which he combines the stage-light on a prominent figure as it first fronts the reader, and keeps it on him at every successive re-entry; are they not the *leit motif* in history?

Many readings but increase one's admiration for the vivid art—or rather inspiration—of the performance. These Carlylean histories are scarce narrative; they are drama. The thing unfolds like a fiery frieze, turbulent, closer to us than the happenings of Morocco or Somaliland; and the dead clamours of history are borne to us voicefully. Yet out of what rubbish-heaps is the illusion produced; with what power of holding chaotic material in simultaneous liquefaction, and fusing it with volcanic completion. The swift procession of this "French Revolution" dissembles from the reader the difficulties overcome, the organising (or, rather, organic) power put forth in the overcoming of them. Think (for an example) of that royal flight to Varennes in the "Korff berline"; how the intricate details are marshalled with utmost narrative clearness, yet made subservient to a hurrying climax of dramatic effect.

In the "French Revolution" Carlyle's style is not yet pushed to the extreme of the "Friedrich," with its "Dryasdust" and other tricks for labelling minor matter, needlessly cumbrous and *outré*; its picturesqueness grown somewhat mechanical and taking thought to itself. A style which had its function in power of compression is applied to matter less crowded, on a larger scale, losing somewhat of its justification. All that in the "French Revolution" had made for brevity is magnified like a huge distorted shadow; nodosities pictorial on the smaller scale become unwieldy contortions in the slow-labouring amplification. But "Friedrich" remains a monumental exertion of shaggy and solitary strength. The Plutonic force of the "Revolution" has abated; the grim thoroughness is increased. And still the thing is fierily alive beside other histories. Yet more, Carlyle's history has soul and significance. He sees under all entangled factual confusions the working of transcendental powers. But does not this make for unreliability: is not this "Revolution"

(as Frenchmen have said) a huge misreading? Say it be (though we are far from saying it). Such a man can hardly put forth even a mistaken view without more illuminative flashes and suggestions of truth than a colder writer's coldest precision of factual truth: having in him a divining spirit, even when its utterance is choked and perverted by stubborn conglomerate of prejudice. Amidst compilations of conscientiously strained fact, passed through a very colander of research, we still long with regret for such another historian. Innumerable articulating of dry bones; but the spirit will not blow on them, and they do not live.

Applied Fiction.

In the fifth book of the first of the twenty-four volumes of "La Comédie Humaine" is expressed, in the form of a dedication "À une Polonaise," one of those personal secrets of Balzac which haunted a generation. We shall attempt to give a plausible, if inadequate, echo of it in English:—

Daughter of an enslaved land, angel by love, demon by fantasy, child by faith, aged by experience, man by the brain, woman by the heart, giant by hope, mother by sorrow and poet by thy dreams; to thee, who art the surviving spirit of Beauty, this work in which thy love and thy fantasy, thy faith, thine experience, thy sorrow, thy hope, and thy dreams are as the warp which sustains a woof less brilliant than the poetry preserved in thy soul, and the expression of which, when it illuminates thy countenance is, for him who marvels at thee, what are to scholars the symbols of a lost language.

That is the dedication, but in the pages of "Modeste Mignon" one searches in vain for the mysterious Pole who has captivated the heart of this French alchemist. Instead, with the fantasy still ringing in our ears, we find one of the prettiest little comedies that ever ran harmlessly through French fiction. Briefly, Modeste Mignon is a charming, lonely French girl, dimly conscious of an ideal, such as that which vibrates through the dedication. She, too, seeks to address an inconnu as "poète par tes rêves," and to find in his reply "les caractères d'un langage perdu." And because she wishes all this very much, she finds in the poetry of the Parisian Canalis the response to her most exquisite questionings. She reads his poetry again and again, and then, with the facile courage of innocence, she proceeds to write to him. Canalis tosses the letter over to his secretary, la Brière, who broods over it. In the end he decides to answer the letter for his employer. A meeting is arranged, and the sham poet succeeds in winning the heart of Modeste, who, indeed, in her own words, is not at all a Corinne. The young secretary is no poet, but he is a good fellow, and genuinely in love, and the little intrigue ends pleasantly and harmlessly without trace or hint of Gallic malice. The young couple are married and add one more to the list of good dreams that come true, which state of things, indeed, had little enough to do with the original fantasy of Balzac.

Now, some years ago, a young girl, a Slav, who in very truth had in her something of the tameless genius of this "Polonaise," was also seized with a devouring curiosity in regard to the personality of a French author. That Slav was Marie Bashkirtseff, and that author was Guy de Maupassant. Like Modeste, she addressed herself to an unknown Parisian *littérateur*, but, unlike Canalis, M. de Maupassant conducted his own correspondence after his own fashion. The correspondence is to be found at the end of Mademoiselle Bashkirtseff's "Further Memoirs," and, so far as M. de Maupassant's letters are concerned, is conspicuous for a lucidity at once arid and brutal.

It consists of twelve letters. In the first the lady is tantalising and appreciative, and in the second the novelist

is cautious and bored. In the third the artist writes: "However, if a vague description only is necessary to draw to me the beauties of your worn-out soul, one might say, for instance: fair hair, middle height, born between the year 1812 and the year 1863." The novelist replies with a series of questions: "What perfume do you use? Are you a gourmande? What sort of an ear have you? The colour of your eyes? A musician? I do not ask if you are married. If you are you will reply 'no.' If you are not you will reply 'yes.'" Four more letters (two each) are exchanged, and in the last the Russian expresses her revolt and disgust. M. de Maupassant replies: "You know the regular way to recognise women of the world at the Opéra ball. One pinches them. The girls are used to that and simply say, 'Stop it.' The others get angry. I pinched you, in a very improper way, I confess; and you are angry." Two more letters followed, but this was practically the end of Marie Bashkirtseff's Parisian idyl, and she died that very year.

In reading this correspondence one gets an insight into that hard vividness of execution which was the goal of her realism. One recalls her youth, her genius, her intolerance, her egotism, her courage, her despair. Might it all, as Miss Blind has suggested, have been quite different if instead of the realities of the boulevards she had absorbed the dreams of the steppes? Could she have been other than what she was, she whom M. François Copée has called "l'héroïque enfant"? Will some sentimentalist dare to urge that it would have been well if some little "la Brière" had whispered to her, unrebuked, his summer pleading? Well, one knows where to find the answer to that; it is in her "Diary." For the rest, she had the courage of her tragedy, and she expressed it in her art.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

EVEN if "L'Oblat," by Joris-Karl Huysmans, were not a fine piece of literature it would still, as a curious document, be a remarkable and instructive book. But to examine first its literary and less important aspect, there are descriptive pages that can be described as nothing less than first-rate, and this is a measure of praise we have got out of the way of bestowing on books of the hour. Not that such high praise can be given to the book in its entirety, for it is far too difficult reading for perfection, and it is often monstrously heavy and dull, though never uninteresting because of the author's felicitous achievement of his purpose and his rare literary sincerity. He is a conscientious craftsman, like those wonderful craftsmen of the Middle Ages he raves, and takes not only infinite pains, but infinite delight in the accomplishment of his task and in the most minute details of labour. I would recommend to readers, in order to realise M. Huysmans' marvellous precision and surety of touch in description, such pages as 336 and 337, pages no other living writer could have written in just that way, with all the art as well as the slow and apt security of observation. "At that hour a few maids knitted beside a gigantic poplar whose hollow trunk opened in a wooden grotto on the ground level. This tree, which figures in the ancient cavalier views of Dijon, bulged out a carapace of scabby elephant, girdled with bandages, corsetted with bronze, propped up with crutches, kept in place by wire in every sense. And here and there priests read their breviaries and gardeners wheeled about cart-loads of flowers; one sniffed along the edges of the flower-beds the mixed smell of honey and fresh herbage of the iris; but now and then the sweet and ingenuous perfume was swept away by a whiff of wind which breathed a puff of the sharp and ripened odour spread by the Bohemian olive,

specimens of which might be seen at the bottom of the garden, two or three trees with inky trunks, of silvery foliage and gold-tipped little flowers. And there was a smell of over-ripe melon, of rotting strawberry, of plaster being removed. Before sitting down, Durtal made the round of the alleys separated by clumps of trees. There were collections of coniferous growths, of blue cedars and varied larches, of pines whose stems were almost blond and whose spires were nearly black, and in the flower-plots baskets of salmon-hued roses, light tea-roses and roses of a sulphur shade. Maltese crosses of the bright red of bichromate of potassium, magnificent bushes of aconite, of sombre foliage, of sharp linear edges, and flowers of the celestial blue of the turquoise, but a turquoise from whose too heavy azure the white had been decanted,"—such passages, which abound, show the trained and patient vision of the writer who, in becoming a mystic, has not ceased to belong to the realistic school.

The mystical learning revealed throughout these 448 pages is prodigious, but if it overlays somewhat ostentatiously the novelist's art, it does not hide it altogether. The development of the famous convert, Durtal, whom we have met so often, and whom we always find astonishing and singularly interesting, whether as rake and sensualist or as mystic and oblat, belongs to a consideration of far deeper moment than such matter as mere literature, for whatever the significance of art, it matters greatly less than the drama of the human soul or the drama of human life. But M. Huysmans is essentially, and that before everything, the writer, the artist, and his characters are stamped with all the qualities of the artist's literary temperament. We are pleased to renew acquaintance with Madame Bavoil of Chartres, and find her no less an agreeable and original figure at Dijon, where she rejoins Durtal in the capacity of cook, housekeeper, and friend. The book might be read alone for such characters as Monsieur Lampre and his delightful middle-aged niece, Mademoiselle de Garambois, the oblate. These are easily but lastingly drawn, and the conversations and discussions are natural, with such a ring of the human voice about them that even their liturgical pedantry does not weary or irritate.

So much for the artist, whose merit is considerable. Both less and more may be said of the man. M. Huysmans is, and has always been, his own sole hero. He has never wavered in his allegiance to his minute and merciless study of his "moi." He has carried us with him through all the phases of decadence, decadence in literature and decadence in religion. His mysticism is literary, and his Christianity is purely liturgical. The "Oblat" is a hymn to liturgy, and if he adores the Benedictines, it is because of their Gregorian chaunt and the sober elegance of their offices. Outside the Benedictine cloisters, Catholicism, as practised by the immense majority of his countrymen, is a mere vulgar travesty, fit for common mortals, who in his disdainful and narrow esteem are a mixture of imbecile and "muffe." See how he handles the curé. No Jacobin could treat him more contemptuously. And his loathing of the pious nobleman who plays the organ and sings in the parish church! The unfortunate man is held up to our obloquy, because he sings the sugary music of Gounod and Massenet. The famous choir of St. Gervais all Paris delights in, is castigated as "the success of snobism," "the art of steeplechase" in singing, more fit for the racecourse than a dwelling of Christ. It would be difficult to find a religious temperament more strikingly void of charity, kindness, indulgence, and simple goodness than that of Durtal. He despises and detests all contemporary humanity, except the Benedictines. He gives us a pleasing picture of them, simple, amiable, learned men who indulge in interminable discussions with him on liturgy and unknown saints. We talk of the frivolities of the world, and after reading "L'Oblat," we are in a position to

shake our head in wonder and smile at the frivolities of the cloisters. The importance allotted to etiquette and detail was never attained by any court protocol, and to turn from the Gospels, with their large and simple teaching, to those remarkable and erudite pages of M. Huysmans, with their quiet ecstasy in praise of a religion which has abjured simplicity, and finds its expression in a narrow and intolerant devotion to splendid offices, is to realize the sensation of a mystification. The whole book swells and reels with claustral pride. Some of the musical descriptions are beautiful, as, for instance, Durtal's analysis of the services for the profession of a Benedictine nun. Here he reaches an unwonted note of ecstasy. "The absolute altitude of liturgy and art is here. There are moments when during the extraordinary ceremony the quick thrill of divine splendour makes your soul tremble, and you feel exalted, projected out of yourself, far from the banality of the world that surrounds you." Of course there is a great deal said of the Law of Associations, but here M. Huysmans is surprisingly sane and just. Chapter XIV. opens with a conversation between Durtal and Madame Bavoil over the morning news that the victims of the hour would do well to meditate. This intelligent old lady wants to know why the Orders should show themselves more papist than the Pope. A monk's mission, she holds, is to be persecuted, and he should rejoice in it, or else he is no better than another man, and Durtal exclaims that at the bottom of the clamours of the moment there is a good deal of hypocrisy. "We claim to-day the liberty we have never granted to others," he cries, "and if to-morrow the wind turned, if one of the sorry vegetables grown in our Catholic kitchen-gardens supplanted Waldeck, we would be far more intolerant than he, and would render him almost sympathetic. We worried everyone to death, Madame Bavoil, whenever we had a suspicion of authority. We are getting it back now, for these things are always paid back. . . . Ah, yes, the Catholics deserve all they are getting, and we should repeat this every morning and evening on our knees before God and man." Elsewhere he blames Jansenism and Jesuitism for all the evils of the day. "Imbecile bigotry, the fear of our shadow, hatred of art, lack of comprehension of everything, lack of indulgence for the ideas of others, we owe to the Jansenists. The passion of little devotions, prayer without liturgy, suppression of offices with sole compensation of musical Benedictions, the lack of substantial nourishment, the milk diet of the soul, this we have from the Society of Jesus, and the two together have produced a strange amalgam of sectarian intolerance and feminine piety, in which we are going to pieces." *Pieusarderie*, a coined word, describes "piousness" with an untranslatable and indescribable contempt.

The last chapter, with the flight of the Benedictines, breathes a charming note of pathos and a mournful resignation. The reader has become attached to this little world of monks andoblats, all harmless and all mad on liturgy.

H. L.

Impressions.

XXVIII.—An Interlude.

FRUIT trees in blossom, looking as if their branches had been powdered with flecks of unmelting snow, hid the run of the valley. Beneath each tree was its tiny carpet of blown petals. Beyond the valley stretched the common, the yellow gorse shining in the sunshine; above, the air was melodious with the songs of birds. When I closed my eyes, there was no sound but their rapture, and the rustle of some busy little rodent in the near thicket.

Spring was burgeoning over the land, content just to be. In all that sweep of white blossom from this hill to the next there was no sign of man or his works.

Suddenly he appeared on horseback, a man of war, and following him, creeping like marauders from the wood, stealthily, with bent heads, a line of soldiers came out sinuously upon the common. They drew me to them. The man on horseback grasped a note-book in his left hand; the officers carried maps; twelve of the company were cyclists, and all formed up in the lee of the orchard—black uniforms against white blossoms. Whispered words of command were given, the cyclists mounted and went fanwise into the beyond, the foot soldiers in companies of four scouted forward, darting from tree to tree, taking cover in bush and whin, extending, always extending, till the country-side was dotted with those dark, darting figures seeking the enemy in that land which spring had touched with her light fingers.

"Where is the enemy?" I murmured to the man on horseback. He was the Umpire. For an hour I had assiduously followed him. Glancing up from his note-book, he pointed with his binoculars to the horizon: "I locate them there," he said. I saw nothing but the bobbing heads of our scouts, and far away the intermittent rush of cyclists across bye-roads. On we crept. Then a shot was fired, and a cyclist came racing back to report. The sun gleamed on the barrel of his gun, and he shouted to the Umpire, as he whizzed past, that somebody was captured. The Umpire made a note of the information. More shots were fired. This was war. In spring-time, in an English county—war. Three frightened children came tearing towards us from the front. The Umpire cantered forward, reining in his horse for a moment to shout to a scout that a ditch, along which he was wriggling like a snake, was out of bounds. I crossed the zone of fire on the heels of the Umpire and came up with the enemy. They were lying snug in a sand-pit. On one side was an orchard with a board marked "Trespassers will be prosecuted," on the other an ancient wall. The position was excellently chosen, indeed, impregnable. It was impossible to take them on the flank as that would have necessitated trespassing on private lands. This the attacking force knew, but daring greatly, they crept forward, one by one, hugging the wall; others advancing, step by step, tried to conceal themselves in the shadow of the iron railings that girdled the orchard. And as they ran and bobbed and crawled, the fortunate soldiers lying snug in the pit fired quickly and confidently. The Umpire wrote furiously in his pocket book, coughing, for the smoke was dense where he stood. A slim Colonel emerged from the pit, swaggered to the Umpire, saluted, and pointing to the nimble figures against the wall and the railing, said, "I say, you know, those men are all dead!" The Umpire looked, considered, acquiesced, and galloped away to tell them that they had been slain. They received the news ungraciously but obediently, and threw themselves on the ground. The bugle "cease firing" sounded. Victors and vanquished fraternised; the cyclists mounted their machines; the Umpire closed his note-book; the officers folded their maps; the north wind carried the smoke away, and cooled the hot faces of the soldiers. Then they all disappeared, and left the spring in peace.

There were cowslips in the field behind the wall, and, when the smoke and the soldiers were gone, the larks began to sing again. Once more the fire zone was fragrant with the soft scents of gorse and blossom. For a little while war had crossed the white tracks of spring to blare between the cowslips and the skylarks. The interlude was over.

Drama.

"Everyman" on Notting Hill.

THE "morall play" of "The Summoning of Everyman" was revived by the Elizabethan Stage Society, at the Coronet Theatre, as being a suitable entertainment for Passion Week. Probably every serious playgoer has by now had an opportunity of seeing "Everyman," and I need hardly expatiate upon the grave simplicity of the piece, upon its naive use of symbolism, or upon the ethical interest which it brings with it from days when the literary drama was not ashamed to be a direct utterance upon the issues of life and death and conduct. It is, I am afraid, touched with clericalism. The cloven hoof of the priesthood shows itself in the harangues of Five Wits and Knowledge to Everyman as to the value of penance, and contrition, and the seven sacraments for his soul's salvation. Says Five Wits:—

Everyman, God gave priests that dignity,
And setteth them in His stead among us to be;
Thus be they above angels in degree.

And the shavelings who sit motionless at the corners of the stage peep under their down-cast eyelids to see how the audience take the sentiment. I have little doubt that the author of the play was a priest, but the speech of Knowledge which follows, with its condemnation of

all they
Which God their Saviour do buy or sell,
Or they for any money to take or tell,

suggests that he was a priest who held his vocation seriously, and was not improbably in sympathy with that reforming impulse which, in spite of onslaughts upon Lollardry, was, at the time when "Everyman" was written, already beginning to make head amongst thoughtful men. However this may be, the obvious sincerity of the play has its very real fascination, and there is at least one astonishingly dramatic moment when Everyman, gaily clad and singing his song of wantonness, like the Magdalen in *gaudio* of the miracle-plays, is met by the grim figure who has just been sent from the conclave of the Highest to arrest him.

When "Everyman" was first revived, it was rather difficult to get hold of a convenient copy of the text. That want has now been met by Mr. F. Sidgwick, who has published through Mr. A. H. Bullen a very neat little edition in modernised spelling. The literary history of the play is curious, and well illustrates the cosmopolitan nature of mediæval and Renaissance book-making. It is not quite certain whether it is the original or a translation of a very similar Dutch play, entitled "Speghel der Salicheyt von Elckerlijck," of which the author is probably the mystic Peter Dorland of Diest. Prof. Logemann, who has made an elaborate study of the subject, takes the latter view; Dr. De Raaf, the editor of the Dutch text, the former. "Elckerlijck" was turned into Latin by Christian Sterck under the name of "Homulus." From this it got into German, and from German back again into the Dutch from which it had started. But to the "Homulus" and its translations are added several scenes from an independent neo-Latin play on another version of the same theme. This is the "Hecastus" of George Lankveld, or Macropepius, of Utrecht, of which in its turn there exist one Danish, one Swedish and six German translations. The total literature of this particular dramatic group is, as will be seen, a somewhat complicated one. The original source, alike of "Everyman" or of "Elckerlijck," whichever may claim the priority, and of "Hecastus," seems to have been a Buddhist story which had filtered down through the "Legenda Aurea" of Jacobus de Voragine and the "Speculum Historiale" of Vincent de Beauvais, from the "Barlaam and Jehosaphat" of John of Damascus, a Patriarch of

Antioch in the eleventh century. This story is a parable of a man who is called before the judgment-seat to pay a debt. He has three friends, two of whom desert him, while the third remains faithful. The three represent his worldly prosperity, his kith and kin, and his righteous deeds respectively. But it will be observed that there is nothing here of what is most effective of all in the play, the figure of Death. This is the introduction of the mediæval dramatist; and of course, it is inspired by those figured representations of the *danse macabre* or "Dance of Death," of Death hobnobbing impartially with king and clown, with pope and fool, which form the subject of many a long series of frescoes and prints from the fifteenth century. The *danse macabre* was one of the principal channels through which the element of allegory, which largely differentiates the morality from the miracle-play, found its way into the mediæval drama. A *jeu histoire et moralité sur le fait de la danse macabre* was performed before Philip the Good at Bruges in 1449. Another example is recorded at Besançon in 1453. Of the great English cycles of miracle-plays, the one which is most influenced by the love of the later middle ages for allegory is that known, although probably incorrectly, as the "Ludus Conventiæ." Amongst other such episodes is one at the end of the play of "The Slaughter of the Innocents," in which "Dethe, Goddys masangere," enters at Herod's banquet, slays him, and sings his dirge of triumph over all mankind:—

I am sent fro God, Death is my name!

All thing that is on ground I wield at my will:

Both man and beast and birdes, wild and tame,

When that I come them to, with death I do them kill.

Herbs, grass, and trees strong, take them all in same;

Yea, the great mighty oaks with my dent I spill;

What man that I wrestle with, he shall right soon have shame,

I give him such a trepett, he shall evermore lie still;
For death can no sport.

Where I smite, there is no grace,

For after my stroke man hath no space

To make amends for his trespass,

But God him grant comfort.

When, in the fifteenth century, mediæval drama came to deal almost wholly with allegorical abstractions, rather than with Scriptural or legendary personages, and to aim less at the exposition of divine history than at the establishing of ethics and faith, the Triumph of Death was one of the three or four themes on which the morality rang its changes. In English it is treated, not only in "Everyman," but also in an earlier play, of which a fragment only has been comparatively recently discovered. This is known as "The Pride of Life." Everyman is represented in it by a King "Rex Vivus," who sports with Mirth, Fortitude, and Health, and is vainly called upon by his queen and a bishop to repent. Presently Death comes to take him, and only the prayers of Our Lady save him from the "ffendis."

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

Marbles and Memories.

Two reasons prompted me to take that particular book out to the edge of the quarry, and, lying there on the turf, to turn the leaves again. First, that for the whirl and clash of spring picture exhibitions, now beginning to assert themselves again, it is well to prepare oneself by a day's companionship with some great personality of the past; second, that this was a quarry, and it is against the background of a quarry that I see the figure of Michael Angelo. Eight months was Michael Angelo in the mountains of Carrara quarrying

marbles for the tomb of Pope Julius II., helped by two workmen and a horse, and without any salary but his food. In those eight months of his wilderness what dreams must have been his of lordly sculptures that those blocks of shining marble held. Perhaps there he saw the "Moses" hidden in that crag overlooking the sea out of which Condivi tells us he longed to carve a Colossus that would be a landmark for sailors: perhaps it was during those solitary months that this Titan, so brimful of exuberant life that he had not the patience to work on them to the point of finish, wrenched from the marble those rough-hewn colossal figures now in the Boboli Gardens at Florence. Thirty-four cartloads of marble he shipped to Rome, and when the great masses of marble were strewn out over the piazza of St. Peter's "they were the admiration of all and a joy to the Pope." Thus happily and triumphantly, with Rome acclaiming, and the Pope approving, began the preparations for that Tomb of Pope Julius that was to bring Michael Angelo such trouble and grief, and to proceed no further than the "Moses," and the two slaves now in the Louvre. Condivi, his friend and pupil, has told us the story of "The Tragedy of the Tomb," and it was Condivi's Life of Michael Angelo that I took out with me to read that afternoon on the edge of the quarry. This document, now translated completely for the first time by Mr. Charles Holroyd, is accompanied by a supplementary life and an account of the master's works from his own pen, with an appendix containing some conversations on painting reported by a Portuguese miniature painter who was in Rome in 1538. Michael Angelo is the chief contributor to the symposium, another is the Lady Marchioness of Pescara, "of whose divine spirit he was enamoured." Published by Messrs. Duckworth, this well-designed volume has many illustrations, and was just the kind of companion to take with one to the edge of a quarry, and to recall through a spring afternoon the deep sign-mark of Michael Angelo on the centuries.

Condivi gives a minute description of his appearance, but the picture does not compose. Heroic was his work, heroic seems the man. Those thirty-four cartloads of marble strewing the piazza of St. Peter's are typical. I see him against the background of that tumbled mountain of marble, or working for twenty months at that picture-gallery of one hundred and forty separate pictures on the vault of the Sistine Chapel. "When he had finished this work," says Condivi, "because he had painted so long a time with his eyes turned upwards towards the vault, he could hardly see anything when looking down, so that when he had to read a letter or look at a minute object it was necessary for him to hold it above his head." Out of the past come details of that stupendous work. This vault of grey sky that hangs low over the quarry might be the vault of the Sistine Chapel, and poised there upon the clouds I see the colossal figure of the prophet Jeremiah, his feet crossed, chin resting on hand, brooding into futurity: see, too, the eager head of Ezekiel, restless, minatory, his hand outstretched; the timorously knowing face of the Delphic Sibyl, and that large, lithe heaving figure of the first man touched into life by the finger of the Eternal. Or it may be that yonder dark clouds shape themselves into the cowering figures of Adam and Eve fleeing into the desert. Superhuman these gigantic shapes seem, superhuman the man who fashioned them. The human figure was his idea of decoration: he loved the human figure: had he done nothing but the vault of the Sistine Chapel his achievement in bulk would have been greater than the life work of any of his contemporaries. Truly the arch of the sky is the right place to re-create the work of such a man.

And yet it is not the painter of the Sistine Chapel that I think of when I recall the name of Michael Angelo, it is the sculptor of the Overman, who gathered up into single figures the hopes, the efforts, the destinies

of generations. That massive "Moses" who sits out there in his great seat on the edge of the quarry clutching his flowing beard, tense, massive, very old, typifies the seer and the leader, pitiable, but just, and unvanquished by the world. You see the body beneath the clothes, you feel the power in the bare arms and the arrogant right leg of this "most marvellous Moses," as Condivi calls him. There he sits, unconquered, still eager, the type of the man who, playing his part well in the world, yet looks beyond it. Near by, gazing not towards the hills like Moses, but down into the valley where Florence might lie, sits the helmeted Lorenzo the Magnificent brooding over "what might have been had he acted his part in Florence." His chin rests on his hand, his eyes are heavy and downcast. Defeat has come to him, but it is splendid defeat: he takes it as he took life—magnificently. So I see these two types against the sky-line, the colossal "Moses" with his eyes upturned, and the colossal "Lorenzo" with his eyes downcast, and beneath them those four gigantic figures of Day, Evening, Night and Dawn, symbols of the poetry, emotion and effort in human life that, for over four hundred years, men have marvelled at in the dim Sacristy of San Lorenzo.

I see this mighty Michael Angelo snatching what leisure he could from his duties as commander of the forces for the defence of Florence, to labour in secret in the Sacristy on these tombs of the Medici, working hard, eating little and poorly, and sleeping less: I hear the old man's cry in a letter to the King of France, praying that if it be possible to carve statues or to paint in another life he may be allowed to do so, there "where there is no growing old": I see him when his work in sculpture or painting did not proceed as quickly as he wished, writing sonnets and madrigals: I have visions of him, an old man of eighty-two, visiting the hermits in the mountains of Spoleto, and writing to Vasari, "less than half of me has come back to Rome, for truly there is no peace except among the woods": I hear his lamentation over the death of his favourite servant, "the only hope left to me is seeing him again in Paradise . . . the better part of me went with him, nothing is left to me but endless sorrow." Thus the mortal part of Michael Angelo, grown old and sorrowful; but the immortal part of him stands up there against the sky-line—"Moses" and "Lorenzo," towering above the "Day," the "Evening," the "Night," and the "Dawn."

But it is not as old and broken that I like to think of him, but rather in his triumphant days, the arrogant friend of popes and princes—sculptor, soldier, architect, poet, painter, ascetic who asked nothing more than to be allowed to work at his art in this life and the next. "You frighten everybody, even Popes," wrote Sebastiano to him: indeed, although he was kind to a fault to his relations, sometimes his anger leaps out, as in that letter to Simone. "I have gone these twelve years past drudging about through all Italy, borne every shame, suffered every hardship, worn my body in every toil, put my life into a thousand dangers, solely to help the fortunes of my house, and now that I have begun to raise it up a little, you alone choose to destroy and ruin in one hour all that I have done in so many years, and with such labours. By Christ's body this shall not be! for I am the man to confound ten thousand such as you whenever it be needed. Be wise in time then, and do not try one who has other things to vex him."

One more picture. He is old, but still a worker, consulting scholars as to his poems, and seeing the Dome of St. Peter's, that his brain devised, rising under the hands of the master masons. His last work in sculpture was the "Pietà" for the High Altar of Santa Maria del Fiore at Florence. He spent days and nights over it: it was to be his monument. The unfinished head of Nicodemus—sad and worn—who clasps the body of his Lord was to be

his own portrait. Vasari saw him in his vast and dimly-lighted studio working by night at this great block of inchoate marble with a lighted candle stuck in the paper cap on his head. So illumined I think I see him down there in the gloom of the quarry. I hear the click of the chisel on the marble, see dimly the "Pietà" growing into life, and the sound of mallet and chisel goes to the rhythm of that sonnet of his that Wordsworth cast into his own pure English: so poets are linked to poets:—

The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed
If thou the spirit give by which I pray. . . .

His last work! A prayer in stone!

C. L. H.

Science.

The Inner Limit of Vision.

THE revealing power of the microscope is limited by the nature of light. Herein is one of the many cases where science deliberately asserts that, in a most fruitful direction of research, the very means which are employed by her impose the inviolable restriction, "thus far and no further." Whatever developments are forthcoming in the use of the microscope, the wave-length of light must be reckoned with. The law is simple enough in statement. It is theoretically possible for two points to be distinguished under the microscope if the distance between them be at least equal to the wave-length of the light that is used. This relation holds with light passing perpendicularly upwards through the object examined, if it be transparent; or reflected perpendicularly from its surface to the lenses of the microscope and of the eye, if it be translucent or opaque. With oblique illumination the inner limit of vision is reduced to half the wave-length of the light employed. I use the word vision in this relation to include the sensitiveness of the human retina or of a photographic plate. And it is particularly to be noted that a sensitive plate may record rays of wave-length too short to affect our eyes. It follows, in theory, that the photographic method may reveal minuteness of structure—in a germ-cell, for example—which we can never directly see. Here is a surprising parallel to the value of this artificial eye when vicariously applied to the telescope; for in the furthest heavens also it can reveal what we may never see by direct vision. I am not going to discuss the chances of an astronomer ever seeing the disc of a fixed star; but it is of high philosophical importance to consider the reasons why the physicist will never be able to see even the largest of molecules, far less an atom or an ion; and why the biologist will never be able to gaze unashamed upon the beauty of the hidden face of life, nor see bare before him the heavy-veiled mystery of the structure of living protoplasm. And am I not justified in speaking of "high philosophical importance," if the secret of life be thus locked for ever within the untrodden ways of a burning network that defies our inmost analysis?

If we wish to know where the limit lies we must consider the entire spectrum of light. For convenience we defy etymology and talk of the "invisible spectrum"—the unseeable seen. I suppose this unfortunate term must be accepted. As we at present know the spectrum of light (letting philology go), it begins with the rays of low pitch that we recognise as radiant heat—the "infra-red" rays. From these it passes upwards through the visible spectrum—the vibrations becoming regularly more rapid and the wave-length shorter—to the ultra-violet, beyond which, as we are just coming to know, is a long gap, closed at last by the Röntgen rays. Beyond these tiny narrow waves we know of nothing. (And, by the way, I think it is time to discontinue the use of

Röntgen's own modest term, "X." The rays are no longer "unknown," and now, after eight years, the discoverer's name or a descriptive one should be allotted to them. There are enough phenomena in Nature that we may put under "X" without including the few that we can define.) Now, if we apply the general theorem with which I began, we may fairly state, I think, that as far as we at present know (for there may be something beyond even the Röntgen rays) the most intimate revelation possible to us would be obtained by microscopic examination of an object obliquely illuminated by the Röntgen rays. Their wave-length is probably less than one four-millionth of an inch; so that by their use two points under the microscope could be separately identified if there were one eight-millionth part of an inch between them. This indicates approximately the utmost limit theoretically possible; wherefore I have worked it out. Possibly it will never be more than theory. To begin with, the Röntgen rays are so narrow that they are not deflected by ordinary matter. At present they cannot be bent or refracted, and they may prove to be essentially irrefrangible. Hence no lens or series of lenses such as a microscope could utilise them. And, furthermore, we would need a surface that would record the form of the rays, even supposing that they could be bent. The retina, of course, would record nothing.

But now let us turn to the gap between the ultra-violet and the Röntgen rays. It is a tremendous hiatus and contains tremendous possibilities. The visible spectrum consists of just about an octave; that is to say, violet light consists of vibrations about twice as frequent as those of the red. Now, if the Röntgen rays be only one hundred times as rapid as violet light—and the ratio may be several hundreds—it follows that there is a possibility of obtaining hundreds of octaves of ethereal vibration in the gap. I must interrupt myself to protest that this is all speculation on my part and is to be taken as such. But, at any rate, there is nothing in the known properties of the ether to preclude the possibility of its vibrating at any or all of these intermediate speeds.

It seems to me that we may soon discover one or many of these possible octaves that I have supposed. I am puzzled for a name, but I suppose I may provisionally call them the infra-Röntgen rays. The Röntgen rays may never be refrangible, but, had we the whole ethereal gamut at our beck and call, we might well find some rays nearer ordinary sunlight and therefore refrangible as it is. Then may we hope for some new light on heredity and on the supreme problems which the grey surface of the human brain offers to itself.

Now I do not want the readers of the ACADEMY to think that I am offering them raw speculation because it amuses me. I suggested this possible source of light on heredity to Lord Rayleigh the other day and he agreed, with a smile at my biological frenzy, that certainly there must be a rational possibility of an advance in our knowledge by the use in connexion with the microscope of the hypothetical form of radiant energy which I have called the infra-Röntgen rays—or, if you like, the "gap" radiation.

Finally, let me give one reason for supposing that these hitherto unknown rays, helping to fill up the "gap," may be present in the solar radiation. Sir William Crookes and M. Curie hold different views as to the source whence radium obtains its energy. M. Curie, in his latest paper in the *Comptes Rendus*, supposes an entirely unknown form of energy. Sir William Crookes believes that radium gets its energy from the movements of the molecules in the air that surrounds it. That amounts to saying that radium gets its energy from the atmospheric pressure; there is no real distinction. The question is still *sub judice*; but I should like to note a property of this new element which leads me to guess that M. Curie's "entirely unknown form of energy" may be simply what I have called the "infra-Röntgen" radiation. Radium has the power, corresponding to fluorescence, of transforming

Röntgen rays into visible light and heat. So it is not unreasonable to suppose that a radiation of lower pitch than the Röntgen rays, but shriller, so to speak, than the highest known ray of ultra-violet light, may be similarly transformed and constitute the hitherto unidentified source of the energy of radium. These "gap" rays may well be refrangible and therefore available for the microscope. Being of shorter wave-length than the shortest "actinic" rays they will afford a higher magnification; and if they also can be made to affect sensitive paper there will be for our eyes a wider though ever incomplete unfolding of the gates of the temple of life.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

"The Sayings of Jesus."

SIR,—Your correspondent "The Bookworm" always provides one of the most interesting pages of the ACADEMY, but I just ask for a very few lines wherein to correct a slight misunderstanding displayed in his last week's contribution. In preparing the little booklet with the above title, my least wish has been to be thought original—the general hunt for originality being in my sight the greatest hindrance to dignity and repose in modern life and modern literature. I am, of course, quite familiar with the admirable books which "The Bookworm" mentions, but none of them met my own personal needs. I therefore prepared "The Sayings of Jesus" solely for my own use. I found it so satisfactory to myself that I determined to permit its publication. From letters that have reached me from those whose needs and interests at all resemble my own, I find that the book was worth publishing. I merely wish to point out that "The Sayings of Jesus" is not a little piece of hack book-making. By the way, I think "The Bookworm" has overlooked the fact that I have—possibly impertinently—extensively modified the words of the Authorised translation where, in my opinion, that translation, through error or archaism, gives an inaccurate rendering of the original.—Yours, &c.,

HARRY ROBERTS.

Hayle, Cornwall.

Mary Arden's House at Wilmcote.

SIR,—My attention has been called to a letter signed Marie Corelli, which appears in your issue of March 21, and in which Miss Corelli states that Mary Arden's House "has been turned into three tenement dwellings." As the owner of the house in question, will you kindly permit me to say that this statement is absolutely incorrect. The house is in the occupation of one tenant only, and has been so for very many years.

As to its rustic and picturesque beauty having been destroyed, nothing has been done to destroy it beyond what was absolutely necessary for the preservation of the building. To this end, in 1899 the greater part of an old pear tree, which had forced itself through the roof of the gable, had to be cut away, and some of the creepers had also to be removed.—Yours, &c.,

G. E. SMITH.

13, Warwick Road, Stratford-on-Avon.

"Fiction and Froth."

SIR,—Every thoughtful person who reads many current novels must thank you for your temperate protest against the spirit of misrepresentation which pervades so much of the fiction of the day. The name of those novels is legion which one opens only to find a series of libels upon

human nature. One is tempted to wish there were any means of punishing those who "imitate humanity so abominably," or at least of deterring them from future outrages.

Happily there is always a brighter side. There are established reputations which require no defence, and of these I do not speak. But I have found among new writers some who evidently are, as your article puts it, "careful observers of the growth and development of, say, a couple of families"; who have made—again I quote your article—"an actual return to actual life." Two such writers have lately given us as a result of this method, a couple of sane, wholesome, and interesting volumes, without devising impossible characters and impossible situations. These writers are as unknown to me as I am to them: I have therefore all the more pleasure in calling the notice of those who are tired of froth and flummery to "Changes and Chances" and "The Fetich of the Family." I enclose my card.—Yours, &c.,

A REVIEWER.

Pioneers of the "Delusion."

SIR,—Mr. T. V. Holmes suggests that Mr. Sidney Lee is not quite accurate in his contention that America is "the land in which the Baconian delusion first came into being and has been chiefly nurtured." If by "Baconian delusion" Mr. Sidney Lee refers to the "Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy," Mr. Sidney Lee is perfectly correct. Both its birth and nurture are justly claimed by America.

The first known publication questioning the right of Shakespeare to the authorship of the Shakespearean dramas was "The Ancient Lethe," published by Harper and Brothers in New York in 1848, and written by Joseph C. Hart, a brilliant New York lawyer, journalist, and yachtsman, the friend and associate of Willis and Poe, and a colonel in the National Guards. He contrasted Shakespeare with the other Elizabethan writers, and argued that the facts known in the life of Shakespeare, so far as they are known, are incompatible with the authorship, taking up the plays in review and claiming that Shakespeare had very little part in them. Hart suggested no author, however.

The scene then changes to Scotland, where an article, "Who Wrote Shakespeare?" appeared in 1852 in "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," in which the same arguments were adduced. "We repeat," the author states, "there is nothing recorded in his [Shakespeare's] every-day life that connects the two [the man of Stratford and the author of "Hamlet"] except the simple fact of his selling the poems and realising the proceeds, and their being afterwards published with his name attached; and the statements of Ben Jonson, which, however, are quite compatible with his being in the secret." It may interest your readers to know that the author of this article in a Scotch journal was a Scotchman, the father of another famous Scotchman, "Dr. Jim," the "author" of a more celebrated work—"the Jameson Raid."

Next came America to the front, with an article by Delia Bacon in "Putnam's Monthly," in January, 1856, entitled "William Shakespeare and His Plays: An Enquiry concerning them." It was only a short paper of nineteen pages; but Miss Bacon, who was the friend of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Carlyle, was indubitably the first writer who connected the name of Francis Bacon with the authorship of the Shakespearean dramas. This article she afterwards expanded into a huge tome, "The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded," in 1857. Poor Delia's life was a sad one, but in London she was kindly received and treated by Carlyle and his wife, on her introduction to them by Emerson and Hawthorne. She drew, in her article, with a singularly skilful hand, the contrast between the known facts in

the life of Shakespeare and the magnificence of the dramas that bear his name. She also advanced in her book, for the first time, the theory of a hidden under-current of philosophy in the works of both Bacon and Shakespeare, veiled in cipher and allegory for the Elizabethan times, but to be read and understood by a future age. This theory Nathaniel Hawthorne admirably outlined in his preface to the volume.

In the same year appeared an English work, "Bacon and Shakespeare: Letter from William Henry Smith, on the Psalms Translated by Bacon," in which it was claimed that these translations show the poetic faculty in Bacon, and that "his mind was so essentially poetical that it was as great a constraint to him to write prose or to spare or pass by a jest." Shortly afterwards Mr. Smith issued an enlargement and extension of this letter as "Bacon and Shakespeare: An Enquiry touching Players, Play-Houses, and Play-Writers, in the Days of Elizabeth." Mr. Smith is still alive, and took part in the recent correspondence in "The Times." His book is a small one, but the quality is excellent.

It will thus be seen that in the "delusion," in point of priority, America comes first, Scotland second, and England third.

Since 1857 what a mass of literature has appeared on the subject! In 1884 Mr. Wyman published a "Bibliography" of 255 items—to which I am much indebted for my facts—subsequently added to by supplementary lists in "Shakesperiana," April and July, 1886, April and December, 1887, and May and December, 1888, also "Poet-Lore," February, 1889, forming a condensed consecutive record of the whole controversy, full also of curious side-lights upon odd corners of Shakespearean study, and affording the student matter of peculiar interest.

The last item numbered by Mr. Wyman is 424. The last item in my collection—the largest in the world, as Messrs. Romeike and Curtice can certify—is numbered 2,621, which will prove that the subject has attracted some attention since the year 1889. This collection, which will eventually become the property of the Bacon Society, is till then at the service of any of your readers who care to apply to me for information on any point in connection with the controversy in which they are interested.

When, at the commencement of my too-long letter, I gave Colonel Hart the first credit of the so-called "delusion," I forgot that Byron, years before, had stated that he expected to wake up some morning to find that "Shakespeare had never written Shakespeare"; and that Disraeli in "Venetia" (1837) had said: "And who is Shakespeare?" We know of him as much as we do of Homer. Did he write half the plays attributed to him? Did he ever write a single whole play? I doubt it. He appears to me to have been an inspired adapter for the theatres, which were then not so good as barns. I take him to have been a botcher-up of old plays. [Sidney Lee (p. 59) says: "Criticism has proved beyond doubt that in these plays Shakespeare did no more than add, revise, and correct other men's work."] His popularity is of modern date, and it may not last; it would have surprised him marvellously. Heaven knows, at present, all that bears his name is alike admired, and a regular Shakespearean falls into ecstasies with trash which deserves a place in the *Dunciad*."

Perhaps, after all, England has first claim on the services of a Shakespearean doubter, as Mr. Holmes suggests—and his name Beaconsfield. As a Tory and Baconian of forty years' standing, I trust this is correct.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE STRONACH.

7, Warrender Park Crescent, Edinburgh.

"Taken as Read."

SIR,—It may be interesting to you to have the views of one of those "sad-eyed" public librarians on the use made of the "immortals." A great deal is said and written on the neglect of them by people who, having neglected them themselves, imagine all other people do so. In the course of my official duties I have taken account of the number of readings of certain classics with surprising results. With regard to Dante and Homer, we have Cary's translation of the former, and it is so constantly in use that I dare to call it a popular book; Lang's, Pope's, and Morris's versions of Homer are used here, and to take figures from the first only it has been issued about 200 times in four years. Am I to imagine that these books are only borrowed for mere show? I do not think so.

Again, critics of such standing as Mr. Frederic Harrison declare that George Eliot is not read now; others that Scott is unpopular, Thackeray remains unread; and as for Milton and Shakespeare, they are mere furniture on the shelves. Now all this betrays a painful ignorance of the actual reading public. We have two sets of George Eliot, and it is a fact that they are always out; "Adam Bede" is as popular as "East Lynne" or "Lady Audley's Secret." Each of Thackeray's, Scott's, and Peacock's works find at least twenty readers yearly; "Ivanhoe," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Vanity Fair," and "Pendennis," a great many more. Could your writer but see how thumbed and worn by constant use are our volumes of Milton his tone would be modified. We have three copies of Shakespeare; these too, except in the three summer months, are so popular that many borrowers wait weeks for them. We have two copies of "The Vicar of Wakefield," and their circulation is equally great.

All this may seem romance to the writer of your article; it is sober fact. The National Home Reading Union and the University Extension Movement are excellent supplements to the public (not free) library, and I, for one, shall be glad to see Dr. Garnett's advice as to the union and co-operation of all these adopted. Meanwhile, I am fully convinced that a public exists which does *not* take the classics as read; and much good work is done in helping it by the "sad-eyed" librarians.

Where the library is arranged on the same principle of open access, as here, the results are always good. Reviewers, seeing that the proportion of fiction does, and always will, overshadow the issues of heavier books, do not consider the effect on the community that the annual issue of 20,000 serious books—and that is a fair number for the average public library—must have.—Yours, &c.,

W. C. BERWICK SAYERS,

Central Public Library,
Bournemouth.

Sub-Librarian.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 186 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best rendering in English verse of a song of Raftery's which we quoted from Lady Gregory's "Poets and Dreamers." Twenty-four replies have been received. We award the prize to Mr. Frank Mathew, Kent Cottage, Lyme Regis, for the following:—

I know a flower that grows where a mountain byeway goes,
With a dearer voice than Deirdre's, or Helen's fair to see,
Or a bird's upon a spray; she is light and bright as they;
It is not for man to find on the earth a fairer mind
Since the hills were black with sorrow for the Pearl of Ballylee.
She is slender tall and white, a fountain of delight;
The darkness of the blind would be broken by her breast
When its gleaming has outdone all the glory of the Sun,
And her proud and noble grace. Love's one home is in her face
And the promise of the evening star that brings the weary rest.

Her rich hair wanders free in waves below her knee,
As delicate and amber as the tears of early morn,
And illumines the blackest rays. I shall not live many days
If the gladness of her voice does not wake me to rejoice.
O she is as pure and shining as the dew on golden corn!
In darkness and despair I am sure of honour there:
She says "Good-morrow" kindly and courteously to me.
If I were a lord with land, many miles, at my command,
This would be my only pride,—young Mairin would be my bride.
When I should be groping onward, it is there that I would be!

Other replies follow:—

It's along the road she's walking beneath the open sky,
Her long hair streams behind her like the dewy harvest pale;
Sure, if there met her a-dancing, a man with never an eye,
He'd see her slender whiteness all through her amber veil.
Of all the girls that open their eyes still to the sun,
There's none of her upbringing. Ah, if it fell to me—
The grand estate of Lord Lucan—it's I would have this one,
This loveliest of jewels since the pearl of Ballylee.
It's the blessed love of hundreds shines in her morning face,
And in her eyes the promise of the evening star I see;
No flower by the wayside is like her slender grace.
Or the waving, winding splendour to the shoe's mouth falling
free.
With Deirdre's own voice she greets me in the pleasant hush of
morn,
And brings a stool from the corner, and drinks a health with
me;
While the song of her "Good morrow" is the cuckoo's on the
thorn:
Ah, flower-faced Mairin Stanton, there's none the like of ye.
Oh, the dew of all her brightness is a-dropping on my soul,
And it's talking I sit and talking when I should be far on my
way;
But if the time was coming that I should lose my dote
Of a hundred words from Mairin, I'd never outlast the day!
[E. R., London.]

There's a flower by the side of the road whose beautiful voice
can beat
The beautiful voices of Deirdre and Helen the Grecian Queen:
She has light and brightness as they, and her mouth as a cuckoo
is sweet,
And since the Ballylee pearl no spirit like her's has been.
If she walk out under the sky when the roads in the sunshine are,
By the flashing white of her breast a man might see without eyes.
Her face has the love of hundreds and the hope of the evening star.
Had she lived in the time of the gods not Venus had won the
prize.
Her hair falls down to her knees, yea, down to the mouth of her
shoes,
Winding and waving and leaving the pathway behind her bright,
Spreading out wide and pale with the width and pallor of dews,
And she is the nicest taught of all who behold the light.
Had I Lord Lucan's estate, this jewel were mine, I know—
Slender lime-white shape, flower-face and amber hair,
Neck and cheek, O Virgil, and Homer, and Cicero,
Sing nothing like her who is dew that the harvest meadows wear.
You must love the flower of the branch seeing it move and dance.
If I cannot speak with Mairin my life will not last a day:
With "Good morrow" she drank my health and gave me a stool,
perchance,
Not in the corner, and so I talk when I should away.

[V. M. W., Auchterhouse.]

Beside thee, Deirdre, sings meanly, my flow'ret, my traveller's-joy,
To me thou art Helen the queenly, for whom the lads fought
around Troy:
The throat of the cuckoo outwelling thro' woodlands, is thine in
its glee:
None like thee, since she the excelling lost jewel of old Ballylee!
O that bosom its ivory brightness wakes sight in a man without
eyes:
Talk of Venus! thy gleaming star-whiteness would win the gold
apple for prize.
Those tresses, their glorious expansion, the sweep of their
manifold growth!
Were I lord of Earl Lucan's proud mansion, 'tis I that would
plight her my troth.

Thy looks and thy locks are far brighter than amber, or dewfall
divine:
Sure never was classical writer that ever praised beauty like
thine!
My bloom of the bough, hear my chant on thy charms as they
dance into view;
Speak threescore sweet words, Mairin Stanton, or my years upon
earth will be few!
How blithe her "Good-morrow": bestowing the pick of her
chairs on poor me!
Faith, it is time it is time I was going: but it's talking with
Mairin I'd be!

[R. F. McC., Whitby.]

Was thy voice, Deirdre, sweetest, thy face, Helen, fairest
Of all voices we hear, of all faces we see?
Nay, my Mairin is fairest, my Mairin is rarest,
Since the pearl of the world forsook Ballylee.
Her lightness, her brightness, her sweetness, her fleetness,
Can you catch them, or match them? my fairy's a bird,
Her walk and her talk are perfection's completeness,
Did she speak? 'twas the voice of all angels I heard.
Full blossomed the road-side that felt but the tread of her.
One flash from her eye gave the blind man his sight;
Could Paris but gaze from the foot to the head of her
The apple were hers by divinest of right.
Waves and winds to her shoes the bright cloud of the hair
of her,
'Tis of silk, no, of amber, nay, glorified dew,
'Tis a lamp to the hundreds that love her; the care of her,
Were I but a lord, were the dearest I knew.
I've no time. I am busy, but Mairin is kind to me,
My time's in thy hand, love, I'll creep to thy side;
Every poet would swear 'tis my duty to bind to me
The flower of the world, aye with her to abide.

[T. C., Buxted.]

Competition No. 187 (New Series).

This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best letter
describing an incident which occurred during the Easter Holidays.
Not to exceed 250 words.

RULES.

Answers addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY,
43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first
post of Wednesday, 22 April, 1903. Each answer must be
accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of
Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending
more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt
with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.
Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Thomas (James), *The First Christian Generation*.....(Sonnenschein) 6/0

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

Kittton (F. G.), collected and edited by, *The Poems and Verses of Charles
Dickens*.....(Chapman and Hall) net 3/6
Wallis (Arthur F.), *Stars of the Morning: A Play*.....(Matthews) net 3/6
De Quincey (F. H.), *Song-Tide Murmurs*.....(") net 2/6
Lewis (Arthur), *Ginevra: A Drama in Three Acts*.....(") net 1/0
Watson (E. H. Lacon), *Verses Occasionally Humorous*.....(") net 1/0
Rogers (John), *With Elia and His Friends in Books and Dreams*
(Matthews) net 2/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Morris (William O'Connor), *Memoirs of Gerald O'Connor*....(Digby, Long) net 7/6
Cowper (Dean), *Autobiography and Reminiscences*....(Angus and Robertson)
Möller (Lieut. B.), *Two Years at the Front with the Mounted Infantry*
(Richards) 6/0
Welch (Charles), *History of the Worshipful Company of Pewterers of the City
of London*. 2 vols.....(Blades) net 6/0
Mew (James), *Traditional Aspects of Hell*.....(Sonnenschein) 6/0
Kirkup (Thomas), *South Africa: Old and New*.....(Macdonald) 3/6
Nesbitt (W. Blair), *The Programme of the Jesuits*....(Hodder and Stoughton) 3/6
Cassidy (Captain Gordon), *The Land of the Boxers, or China under the Allies*
(Longmans) net 10/6

EDUCATIONAL.

Weed (Clarence Moores) and Crossman (Ralph Wallace), *A Laboratory Guide
for Beginners in Zoology*.....(Heath) 2/6
Freuen-side (C. S.), *The Tutorial History of England*
(University Tutorial Press) 4/6
Wyatt (A. J.), edited by, *Chaucer: Canterbury Tales, The Prologue and Nun's
Priest's Tale*.....(University Tutorial Press) 2/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

Newnham-Davis (Lt.-Col.), and Bastard (Algernon), *The Gourmet's Guide to
Europe*.....(Richards) 3/6
Wade (Claude F.), *Exmoor Streams. Angling Notes*.....(Chatto and Windus)
Whittaker (Joseph), *Tales of Tumblie Fold*.....(Henderson) net 3/6
Reade (A. Arthur), *The Story of Life Assurance*.....(The Author) 5/0
The Union-Castle Atlas of South Africa.....(Donald Currie) 3/6
Twining (Louisa), *Thoughts on Some Social Questions*.....(Stock) 1/6
Gilbertson (Lawrence), *The Pocket Guide to the Education Act*.....(Osborn) net 1/0
Lane (O. H.), *Rabbits, Cats, and Cavies*.....(Dent) net 10/6
Mallik (M. C.), *The South African Problem*.....(King) 0/6
Weir (Harrison), *Our Poultry*. Part 12.....(Hutchinson) net 0/7

NEW EDITIONS.

Pattee (Fred Lewis), *The Poems of Philip Freneau*. Vol. I.
(Princeton Historical Association)
Hume (David), *Essays: Moral, Political, and Literary*.....(Richards) net 1/0
The Windsor Shakespeare: *Comedy of Errors*.....(Jack) net 2/0
The Temple Bible: *Maccabees I. and II.*.....(Dent) net 1/0
Fitzgerald (Edward), *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám*.....(Grant) net 1/0
Rossetti (Dante Gabriel), *The Blessed Damozel*.....(") net 0/6
The Intelligent Officer, *On the Heels of De Wet*.....(Blackwood) 9/6
Crier (Sydney C.), *His Excellency's English Governess*.....(") 0/6
Thackeray (W. M.), *The Book of Snobs*.....(Dent) net 3/0
Cumfall (J. W.), edited by, *America Abroad*.....(Greening) 0/6
Owen (J. L.), *Seven Nights with Satan*.....(") 0/6
De Brémont (Comtesse), *Daughters of Pleasure*.....(") 0/6
Read (Charles A.), *The Cabinet of Irish Literature*. Vol. IV.
(Gresham Publishing Company) 8/6
Sheridan (Richard Brinsley), *Plays*.....(Unit Library) net 1/3
Kelce (John), *The Christian Year*.....(") net 1/0
Laing (Samuel), *Human Origins*.....(Watts) 9/6

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

Mr. Bodley, after eight months of hard work, has sent
to the printers his book on the Coronation written by
His Majesty's command. It will be published by Messrs.
Methuen in May. The Coronation of King Edward
is dealt with not as an isolated incident, but as the
consecration of the British Empire, developed and
consolidated in the previous reign.

The illustrated "History of English Literature," by
Mr. Edmund Gosse and Dr. Garnett, is nearly complete.
The first and third volumes are ready, but Mr. Heinemann
proposes to issue the whole four volumes together in the
autumn.

The publication of Mark Twain's new book, "Christian
Science," has been postponed for the present.

Mr. Edward Clodd has thoroughly revised, and in part
rewritten, Mr. Samuel Laing's "Human Origins," a
sixpenny edition of which is being issued this week for
the Rationalist Press Association by Messrs. Watts and
Co. The next reprint in this cheap series (of which
250,000 have already been sold) will be Mr. Cotter
Morison's "Service of Man," to which Mr. Frederic
Harrison will contribute an introductory "In Memoriam"
sketch of the author.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons are about to issue "The
Law of Mental Medicine," by Dr. T. Jay Hudson. The
author's aim is not to inculcate new doctrines or to
"explode" the fallacy of the medical profession. He
gathers a vast number of beliefs and quasi-medical
practices from all times and all ages. By a correlation of
these with existing medical theories, whether of causation
or cure, he shows that there is a real repetition—"a law"
—of the same ideas in various forms.

Miss Fanny Byss has in the press a work entitled
"Milton on the Continent," which will be published very
shortly by Mr. Elliot Stock. The authoress maintains
that she has discovered the key to the question which has
exercised the minds of many students—when and where
the twin poems "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" were
written. The work will be illustrated by views, an
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"The Conflict," by Miss Braddon, which Messrs.
Simpkin announce for publication next week, is a story of
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The Literary Week.

MR. BRYCE has been the most widely reviewed author of the week. Every daily paper has discussed his "Studies in Biography" at such a length that the industrious reader could almost pass an examination in the volume. A book of the week, valuable in its particular way, but not one that will be extensively reviewed, is Mr. Bendall's "Catalogue of the Sanskrit Manuscripts" in the British Museum. The novels have been few but interesting. They include volumes by Mr. Conrad, Mr. Quiller-Couch, and Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne. Mr. George Moore's "Untilled Field" will be issued on Monday. Among other publications of the week we note the following:—

STUDIES IN CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHY. By James Bryce.

The studies are twenty in number, and include such names as those of Beaconsfield, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, W. E. Gladstone, Charles Stuart Parnell, Anthony Trollope, and John Richard Green. In his preface Mr. Bryce says: "These Studies are . . . not to be regarded as biographies, even in miniature. My aim has rather been to analyse the character and powers of each of the persons described, and, as far as possible, to carry the impression which each made in the daily converse of life. All of them, except Lord Beaconsfield, were personally, and most of them intimately, known to me."

STUDIES IN THEOLOGY. By T. Estlin Carpenter and P. H. Wicksteed.

A volume containing thirteen essays, seven being written by Mr. Carpenter and six by Mr. Wicksteed. All have appeared before, either as separate publications or in periodicals or collections. The opening study is by Mr. Wicksteed on "The Religion of Time and the Religion of Eternity." Some of the other titles read: "The Place of Immortality in Religious Belief," "The Liberal Faith," "The Place of Jesus in History," "Religion and Society." The last named concludes thus: "But above all and in all they will keep alive in their own hearts, and strive to

wake in the hearts of others, that living love of nature, of man, and of God, which if a man have not, it is in vain for him to gain the whole world."

THE EDINBURGH WAVERLEY.

With the four volumes just issued, containing "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous," and the tenth volume of Lockhart's "Life of Scott," this beautiful edition reaches completion. The publication has extended over two years. The plates form a valuable collection of Scott portraits, and many authentic portraits of Scott's relatives, friends, and contemporaries are also included. The "Edinburgh Waverley" is a worthy example of modern publishing; page, paper, and type are alike excellent, and the binding appropriately simple. The novels and the life together make a total of fifty-eight volumes.

EDWARD FITZGERALD wrote to F. Tennyson in 1850, "I have begun to nibble at Spanish," and three years later his renderings of "Six Dramas of Calderon" were published. These renderings have just been re-issued in the "King's Classics" series. Whatever FitzGerald touched took colour from his own personality; he never pretended to be an exact translator, he always strove to get at the spirit of his author. He was, in a sense, a "nibbler" all his life, but he was a divine nibbler. People have often conjectured what he might have done if he had overcome his natural propensity to passive contemplation. Such conjecture, however, is useless. He was primarily an intense and original appreciator, and on the lines of appreciation he achieved greatness. When the Calderon translations were published the reviewers, as Mr. Aldis Wright said, "did not take the trouble to understand him." The "Leader" was unfavourable, and the "Athenæum" had "a more determined spit" at him. FitzGerald wrote to Crabbe: "I told you how likely this was to be the case: and so am not surprised. . . . I believe those who read the book, without troubling themselves whether it is a free translation, like it. . . ." Criticism to-day is all on FitzGerald's side. He has come fully into his own. No great reputation was ever founded on so small an amount of almost perfect work.

In the May number of the "Pall Mall Magazine," Mr. Henley has an article, apropos of Prof. Raleigh's study, on "The Secret of Wordsworth." We do not find Mr. Henley in this instance particularly illuminating or reasonably critical. Such a general statement as this may be allowed to pass: "the world at large, 'tis safe to say, is still scarce conscious of his fateful and enormous presence, and after all these years has but begun to concern itself blindly and fumblingly with his true meaning, his secret, what he said to himself in the privacy of his soul, but was not poet enough to express in the authentic terms of poetry, excepting now and then and here and there." The statement, we repeat, may be allowed to pass, though it returns to that old matter of "true meaning" and "secret" which really does not come in at all. There is no mystery about Wordsworth's meaning, and his "secret" is open to any reader who does not insist upon searching for the non-existent. Therefore when Mr. Henley goes on to say that "none has explained him" we simply reply that it is no one's business to undertake the unnecessary. Comment we have had in plenty on every phase of Wordsworth's life and work, and much of it has been valuable comment, but of explanation, save for the very young, none was required. For "four-fifths of his time," Mr. Henley says, Wordsworth was "but a piddling poetaster." Mr. Henley's exuberance of phrase will out at all cost, even though justification lags far behind. Wordsworth at his worst, and his worst was bad enough, was never a "piddling poetaster." Later Mr. Henley writes:—

... in Wordsworth's handling of metre there is nearly always, as it seems to me, a touch of the pedant, or—still better!—of the bumpkin, the yokel, the lout. In "The Prelude" he uses what words he wills; but the effect of his use of them is essentially formal, uninspiring, dull. And when he leaves the heroic iambic, and essays to scour the plain in lighter rhythms, he affects me nineteen times in twenty with a sense of hobnails and grey worsted stockings.

There are certainly many passages in "The Prelude" which are neither formal, uninspiring, nor dull.

MR. RICHARD HENRY STODDARD has recently given to the Authors' Club of New York part of his library and collection of manuscripts. The manuscripts include many autograph letters of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Wordsworth, and Hawthorne, and the books some fine early editions, particularly of seventeenth century writers. On the top margin of the title page of a copy of Aleman's "Life of Guzman d'Alfarache," 1634, is the inscription, "John Keats, from his friend J (ames) R. (ice), 20 April, 1818." On two of the pages are notes in Keats's hand, and a pencilled caricature. Such a gift as this of Mr. Stoddard's is far rarer than it should be. Much valuable material of all kinds is scattered by executors: the right thing is to fix the destination of cherished books and papers before the owner is called away. This Mr. Stoddard has generously and wisely done.

In her introduction to "Poems by John Keats" in the "Red Letter Library" Mrs. Meynell says:—

"Simple and sensuous"—part of a famous phrase—are words that describe the secondary poetry of Keats, and the ideal that it suggests—a good custom corrupted—suited his worst mood only too well. The senses of Keats were not vigorous, but they were exceedingly luxurious and sensitive. . . . At his best he has the true passion of thought. The "Ode to a Nightingale" has simple thought, but true thought, living grief, and an immediate contemplation of the living world.

Mrs. Meynell says later: "His taste went wrong, apparently, under the influence of such 'poetry' as that of Leigh Hunt's 'Rimini,' and he improved much

upon all the characteristics of this wretched model." As a model, no doubt, "Rimini" is bad enough, yet it has alert and gracefully gliding passages. And in thinking of Leigh Hunt we can never forget what Keats and Shelley, as well as others, owed to his constant sympathy and appreciation.

THURSDAY was the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth and death day, and the occasion has naturally produced the usual crop of comment and verse. From Canon Rawnsley, who never neglects such opportunities, we have received the following sonnet:—

ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

Stratford-on-Avon, 23rd April.

This is the day the burgher-bailiff's son
Saw light by gleaming Avon—this the day
He found a fuller light, exchanged the bay
For Amaranth, heard the angels shout "well done,"
And, welcome, joined the high communion
Of those whose song unstopped dull ears of clay,
Who brought earth echoes of the heavenly lay,
And back to truth the soul of Nature won.
And shall we not on such a morning cry
"St. George for Merrie England," seeing he ran
Full tilt at lust of fame and lust of pelf,
And having mirrored England to herself
Came home to Stratford's fields, to live and die,
True mirror of an English gentleman.

NEXT Sunday and Monday the Stage Society is to produce at the Imperial Theatre Mr. Christopher St. John's translation of H. Heijerman's "Good Hope." The cast includes Miss Rosina Filippi, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Edith Craig, Mr. Lyall Swete, Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. C. B. Clarence.

THE "Pilot" prints an article "In Defence of the Soliloquy." The writer defends the soliloquy against its modern critics, and asserts that it is both artistic and necessary. If it be beautiful or dramatic in itself no one would be likely to object, but when it is employed, as it constantly is, for conveying explanations which might very well have been given in dialogue, the objection is a perfectly legitimate one. The writer says:—

Imagine *Hernani* without the great twofold soliloquy before the tomb of Charlemagne, imagine *Le Roi s'amuse* without the awful pæan of Triboulet! (It may be that this last travels in conception beyond the just limits of the horrible in tragedy, but the execution atones.) Such soliloquies would, of course, be impossible in a country where people attend the theatre only to be entertained, and where a historical disquisition, although entirely in keeping with the character and germane to the situation, would be incomprehensible, but still even in reading the pleasure is immense. Such soliloquies are not to be given up in any circumstances.

No one suggests, we imagine, that such soliloquies should be given up; the objection is to the inartistic and slovenly patches which disfigure so many plays in order to save dramatists the trouble of careful construction.

THE compilers of indexes are, as we all know, easily led astray. A correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle" points out a curious error in the index to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," in which the name of J. Taylor Brown, who was a contributor to the "Encyclopædia," appears as the author of "Horæ Subsecivæ" and "Rab and His Friends." The "Chronicle's" correspondent points out, however, that the Dr. John Taylor Brown, whose library was recently sold in Edinburgh, had no connection with the Dr. John Brown

who wrote "*Horæ Subsecivæ*," a work of which "*Rab and His Friends*" formed a part. He adds: "Both had the inexplicable misfortune to live in windy Edinburgh, but, so far at least as the confusing relationships of the posterity of Dr. John Brown, of Haddington, from whom the author of '*Horæ Subsecivæ*' was descended, is known to me, no connection existed between them, though I admit that for several generations Dr. John Brown's family have possessed a sad habit of confusing all genealogists by running rashly into second marriages."

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "In a little pamphlet that Emile Faguet, of the Académie Française, has just published on Zola, he raises a very interesting literary question. He says: '*Zola écrivit trop tôt. Tout homme qui écrit avant trente ans et qui ne consacre pas l'âge d'or de la vie, de la vingtième année à la trentième, à lire, à observer et à réfléchir, sans écrire une ligne, risque de n'avoir pas de cerveau et de n'être qu'un ouvrier littéraire. Il y a des exceptions: mais elles sont rares.*' Is Faguet right, or those who contend that perfect writing comes from practice: *fit fabricando faber*? I do not think the exceptions are as rare as M. Faguet seems to think."

THE Anglian Cross which is to be set up as a memorial to Bede on Roker Point has been designed by Mr. Charles Hodges. The shaft of the Cross on the west side will be ornamented with scroll patterns from the Lindisfarne Gospel and from the stones at Jarrow, and will contain, within a twisted loop of the duck-billed serpent seen on the Monkwearmouth door-way, pictorial subjects from the life of Bede. On the east side will be Roman lettering giving two extracts from Bede's works—one from the Ecclesiastical History, one from his life of St. Cuthbert—both extracts speaking of the accuracy and care with which he worked. On the south side, within a vine scroll, will be carved in alto and bas relief the heads and busts of the friends and associates of Bede. On the north side, a scroll introducing bird and animals, springing from a harp emblematic of his poetic gifts, will show Bede's love of Nature. Beneath these four sculptured sides will run in a band the little verse written by Bede on his death-bed, beginning, '*Fore there nedfaræ*,' in Latin, in Rune, in Minuscule and in English.

AN admirable article on the work and character of the late Lord Acton is printed in the current "*Edinburgh Review*." The paper closes with these eloquent and balanced words:—

... he was truly an artist: his work of art was his life. Within the bounds of human frailty he preserved it free from any taint of meanness, of selfishness, of wrong, and of sin. In the light of this moral fulfilment he practised his religion. Centuries of errors, heavily burdened with the work of man, did not shake his faith in the promises which have attended the advent of Christianity. He wooed religion with the unflinching sincerity of love, grateful for the graces which, from the cradle to the grave, had been the blessing of his life. He committed the future of Catholic Christendom, and with it of mankind itself, to the paternal love and care of One who is patient because He is Eternal, of One to whom a thousand years are as a day.

THIS week the first of the series of Westminster Lectures was delivered by Mr. H. Belloc in the old Westminster Town Hall. Mr. Belloc dealt with the example of modern Paris in so far as it could be applied to the problems which confront London to-day. The object of this series of lectures is to present as vividly and concisely as possible expert explanation and comment upon current changes in

literary and historical opinion, and also in the development of applied science. In the second lecture Mr. G. K. Chesterton is to discuss the effect of modern political developments upon contemporary literature. Amongst other lecturers we notice the names of Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mr. Bernard Shaw.

THE will of the late Mr. Augustus Hare has been proved at £22,157. There are no fewer than eighty-four legatees named in the document. A portrait of himself is bequeathed, if acceptable, to the library of Harrow School, and his "little dog Nero" is confided to his housekeeper.

Two volumes full of interesting material have reached us in "*An Anecdotal History of Old Times in Singapore*," by Mr. Charles Burton Buckley. The period covered is from the foundation of the Settlement under the Honourable the East India Company in 1819 to the transfer to the Colonial Office in 1869. Much of the book appeared in the form of articles in the "*Singapore Free Press*," which articles have now been revised and added to. The work is confessedly only a compilation, but it is packed with valuable and suggestive matter for the observant eye.

IN "*The Avon Star*," which is edited by Miss Marie Corelli, and described as a "*Literary Manual*," we find twenty-seven pages devoted to the "*Spoliation of Henley Street*" and the "*Carnegie Free Library*." In a letter to "*The Times*" the Secretary of the London Shakespeare League asks for time in which to get signatures to a popular appeal against the proposed demolition. Such a request can hardly, we should suppose, be refused.

THE choice of a successor to the late Colonel Henderson as official historian of the Boer War has fallen upon Major-General Sir John F. Maurice. Major-General Maurice won the Wellington Prize Essay Competition in 1872 against Lord Wolseley, who shortly afterwards made his victor his private secretary. Major-General Maurice has written largely on the art of war, and contributed to Messrs. Macmillan's "*English Citizen*" series a monograph on "*National Defences*."

THE "*New York American*" has discovered that Mr. Joseph Conrad is the "*New Great Figure in Literature*." We read:—

In the early criticisms of his work Conrad was compared to Kipling and to Bret Harte. He is a greater than either. He equals their intimacy with their scenes and characters and presents them as vividly, but with this skill he combines a largeness of literary purpose and a universality beyond them.

Unlike Kipling, the mechanism of his composition is noiseless and all hidden. He leads you into brilliant passages and you are only dazzled, when you turn back the pages to re-read the lines that have moved you so deeply.

As for the people of his books, they are the actual beings of the life he describes. The second mate of a trading ship is a good enough hero for him. He can make a fascinating chapter of a ship sailing without incident over a glassy sea, and a whole book of a single storm—and make you regret there is not more of it.

When a man writes like this it does not matter what he writes about or whether he lays his scene in the Eastern seas or on Broadway. He chooses the background for his drama instead of fabricating a story to fit a background.

Every book he has written bears the unmistakable mark of genius. The stories he tells brim with life and strength and interest; the manner of their telling is as good as the matter.

There is a buoyant certainty about all this, but it is not criticism.

THE current issue of the "Studio" is the tenth anniversary number. The "Studio" was the pioneer of the new development in art magazines, and it remains the best of them. This number contains two valuable articles—one by Mr. Wynford Dewhurst on "Impressionist Painting," the other on "The Art of Painted Enamels," by Mr. Alexander Fisher.

THE correspondence in the "Parry v. Moring and Another" case seems interminable. The plaintiff's solicitors have now entered the field with a letter to "The Times" of three-quarters of a column. Those who desire to study the case so far as it has gone in all its bearings, will find the matter set forth in a pamphlet which has just been issued. This contains a report of the Chancery action, and the correspondence between the plaintiff and Dr. Furnivall. The publishers are Messrs. Sherratt and Hughes.

Bibliographical.

"A GOOD biography of Poe is still to be desired," says "C. K. S." in "The Sphere." Let us look for a moment at what we already have. Omitting all anonymous prefaces or introductions, we find that the following memoirs of Poe have been issued in England of late years: "Life, Letters, and Opinions of Edgar Allen Poe," by Mr. J. H. Ingram (1880, 1886, 1891); sketch by R. H. Stoddard as preface to the Works (1884); another by N. H. Dole, as preface to the Poems (1897); and another by George Woodberry in an edition of the Works (1895-6). "C. K. S." refers only to the memoirs by Stoddard and Woodberry; why ignore Mr. Ingram, who has done more than any Englishman or American to bring out the truth concerning Poe? That good work was begun in 1857 by Mr. W. Moy Thomas, but was not taken up seriously until 1874, when Mr. Ingram started a series of articles which led up to his biographical preface to the edition of the Works brought out in that year. He wrote a special account of Poe for an edition of the Poems and Essays in 1884. His full biography of 1880 was reproduced in 1891 as a unit of the Minerva Library, and probably is still procurable in that form. It has the great merit of being transparently honest and disinterested, and has not yet been superseded. Meanwhile, the memoirs by Stoddard and Woodberry are practically out of the reach of the average English buyer. The handiest edition of Poe is still that prefaced by Baudelaire and issued by Messrs. Chatto, though, in all but its criticism, Baudelaire's essay is much behind the times.

"C. K. S." remarks further upon the absence from the "English Men of Letters" series of biographies of Leigh Hunt and Thomas Moore. The omissions are inexcusable; but in the case of Hunt the "amende" was very successfully made by the late Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse in the "Great Writers" series. Great writer Hunt was not, but a very agreeable one, surely? And he did much, certainly, to popularize what is best in English literature? Of Moore I know no separate, handy memoir save that which Mr. A. J. Symington wrote for a short series called "Men of Light and Leading" (Blackie & Son, 1880). This is inadequate, of course, but better than nothing, and rendered especially acceptable by the liberal quotations from Moore's "Diary." By the way, a little book of selections from that "Diary" appeared about four years ago; and one wondered that the thing had not been done before.

We are promised a new Life of Columbus which, I gather, is to put all its predecessors in the shade and render any successor unnecessary. This is rather good

news, for of biographies of Christopher there are many, and one would be glad to see the procession brought to a full-stop. One remembers, in particular, the flood of memoirs of Columbus which fell upon us in 1891-3. In the first-named year came Justin Winson's work; in 1892, "Lives," large or small, by C. R. Markham, E. E. Seelye, C. K. Adams, F. Saunders, and C. I. Ellon; in 1893, ditto ditto by H. B. Adams and H. Wood, Margaret Dixon, A. Innes, Mariana Monteiro, and E. S. Brooks. The year 1892 also brought with it a new edition of the "Life" by Washington Irving, and an edition of the writings of Columbus edited by Paul Leicester Ford. Since then (in 1896) we have had a new edition of Sir Arthur Helps's volume.

In "The Canterbury Pilgrims," written by Mr. Percy Mackaye, and published by Messrs. Macmillan, we are to have, I note, "a comedy or comic masque based on Chaucer," in which the poet is himself to play the "central" part. The treatment, says my authority, is "boldly American and colloquial," the author being "more concerned to write vigorous farce, intermixed with spirited poetry, than to be mediæval in form." Meanwhile, one is left in doubt as to whether this is to be a work of narrative fiction or a dramatic composition. If the latter, Mr. Mackaye may be reminded of the opera called "The Canterbury Pilgrims," written by Gilbert & Beckett, composed by Villiers Stanford, and produced at Drury Lane in the early eighties. In this case, fortunately, the treatment was not "boldly American."

Among forthcoming reprints, it seems, we are to have, from Messrs. Newnes, a new edition of Charles Whitehead's "Richard Savage." This, no doubt, will be welcome as coming (I presume), in regard to price, between the seven shillings and sixpence which Mr. Bentley asked for his edition of 1896, and the simple sixpence which Messrs. Dicks asked for theirs in 1891.

"G. A. B." asks me to tell him of a moderately-priced edition of Richard Jefferies' "Story of My Heart." Messrs. Longman published that book in 1891 at three-and-six, and no doubt copies of that edition are procurable.

I proceed, as requested, with my list of the books published by Mr. Henry James in this country. I have given the miscellaneous works. Now come the novels: "The American" (1877), "The Europeans" (1878), "Roderick Hudson" (Macmillan, 1879), "The Reverberator" (Macmillan, 1880), "Confidence" (Chatto, 1880), "The Portrait of a Lady" (Macmillan, 1881), "The Bostonians" (Macmillan, 1886), "The Princess Casamassima" (Macmillan, 1886), "The Tragic Muse" (Macmillan, 1890), "The Other House" (Heinemann, 1896), "The Spoils of Poynton" (Heinemann, 1897), "In the Cage" (Duckworth, 1898), "What Maisie Knew" (Heinemann, 1898), "The Awkward Age" (Heinemann, 1899), "The Sacred Fount" (Methuen, 1901), "The Wings of the Dove" (Constable, 1902).

Now for Mr. James's volumes consisting of two or more short stories, and named (in most cases) after the first story in each: "Daisy Miller" (Macmillan, 1879), "The Madonna of the Future" (Macmillan, 1879), "Washington Square" (Macmillan, 1881), "The Siege of London" (Macmillan, 1883), "Tales of Three Cities" (Macmillan, 1884), "Stories Revived" (Macmillan, 1885), "The Aspern Papers" (Macmillan, 1888), "A London Life" (Macmillan, 1889), "The Lesson of the Master" (Macmillan, 1892), "The Private Life" (Osgood, 1893), "The Real Thing" (Macmillan, 1893), "Terminations" (Heinemann, 1895), "Embarrassments" (Heinemann, 1896), "The Two Magics" (Heinemann, 1898), "The Soft Side" (Methuen, 1900), "The Better Sort" (1903). If I have omitted anything, perhaps someone will let me know.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Tolstoy as a Dramatist.

THE PLAYS OF LEO TOLSTOY. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

It was an excellent idea of Mr. and Mrs. Maude's to couple together "The Power of Darkness" and "The Fruits of Culture," and so make a volume of "Plays" in the "Revised Edition" of Tolstoy's Works, which edition Mr. Maude modestly announces in his Preface "should consist" of twenty-nine volumes! The more good translations of Tolstoy offered to the English public the better. The translation of both the plays in question is capitally done, being racy and idiomatic. Certainly the present version of "The Fruits of Culture" is far superior to that made by Dr. Dillon in 1891, which some of our readers may remember was "introduced" to the English reading public with a rather superior "Note" by Mr. Pinero. The English dramatist found nothing to say in praise of Tolstoy's drama, though he suggested indeed that its adaptability to stage representation might not be very patent to English readers. Of course Tolstoy is not a "dramatist" in the modern narrow sense—i.e., a writer who depends chiefly upon his knowledge of effective stage technique to make his manœuvred creations sufficiently plausible to his audience. Tolstoy's dramas are more like Molière's, i.e., naturalistic scenes from daily life, dramas which depend for their artistic illusion more on their minute portrayal of human nature and their satiric picture of human society than on the effective interaction of stage types in producing dramatic situations. It may be remarked here that all the great dramatists create such strongly and richly defined human types, however highly idealised they may be, that the actors have only to produce a natural rendering (and the more subtle the dramatist's poetic conceptions the more difficult, of course, are the actors' tasks) to be a success; whereas with the ephemeral third-rate dramatists the human types they create are so thinly and vaguely drawn, so weak and ill-determined is their truth to human nature, that the actors themselves have to put most of "the character" into the part—as in Sardou's dramas—or make the play rest on the basis of a stirring, farcical, or a sensational parody of life.

"The Power of Darkness," written for the Russian People's Theatre, has no great human figures in it, figures to appeal to the imagination universally in all countries or ages: on the contrary, it is so absolutely a product of Russian earth, that the European spectator must view it with a mind purged of the prepossessions of his own time and culture. That is to say, the tragedy, as it appeals only to two audiences, the audience of Russians and an audience of artists, is never likely to be properly interpreted on the French, German, or English stage. But although the audience will be wanting, a great national drama, this cruel and sombre study of peasant life, will remain. The subject of the play is human weakness and human sin. Anisya, the peasant wife, married to the sickly Peter, has a secret intrigue with Nikita, a young labourer in their employ. Nikita's old mother, Matryóna, wishing to see Nikita settled in life, persuades Anisya to poison her husband so that her peasant lover may step into the dead man's shoes. She commits the crime, but Nikita, married to her, secures the money, and hating her crime, seduces Akoulina, her stepdaughter. When Akoulina has a child, the jealous Anisya and the old hag Matryóna, afraid of the scandal, persuade Nikita to kill it, so that Akoulina may be married off to a distant peasant suitor. Nikita being a weak man, consents, but stricken by remorse confesses, and lays open the whole web of sin, on the eve of Akoulina's wedding. Now this black study of human

greed and human sin, abounding in terrible scenes (and the scene of the child murder is perhaps the most terrible ever put on the modern stage) has the moral force and poetic dignity of an ancient Greek tragedy. "The Power of Darkness," this drama of coarse, squalid peasant life, with seduction, murder, and infanticide treated with a horrible realism, nevertheless "purges the soul by pity and terror" no less than does "King Lear" or "Othello." If we are to believe a certain school of critics, this prerogative of "purging the soul" belongs only to "noble" drama in which "elevated subjects" are treated in a noble, poetic style. But "The Power of Darkness," filled with peasant slang and repulsive and sordid details, proves again that in great literature the stuff of life or subject-matter may be anything, and that it is not the technical treatment, classic, romantic, or realistic, that determines its rank, but the artist's own attitude to life, his own spirit. And Tolstoy's attitude being that of a great artist-moralist, who knows human nature in all its variants, and analyses unerringly human motives and passions, this terribly realistic picture of depraved life is truly as "noble" in itself and carries with it as strong a breath of the littleness of human life and the force of destiny as any great drama of the heroic school.

Of course each school of drama has its special beauties, its particular excellences. But modern society does not love great drama of any kind. Why are the great Greek dramas never staged to-day? Why is Molière never interpreted on the English stage by English actors? Why is Calderon an unknown name to a European audience? Why is Shakespeare represented by perhaps three or four plays at irregular intervals annually in London? Why are the other Elizabethan dramatists a dead letter to actors? Simply for the same reason that Tolstoy's "The Power of Darkness" will not be acted in our day, in England, or if acted, will be burlesqued. And that reason is not that Sophocles, Euripides, Molière, Calderon, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Ibsen, Ostravsky, or Tolstoy are not worthy of our modern audiences, but that a modern audience is not cultured enough, is too fettered and local in its æsthetic sympathies, to appreciate great drama. The truth is no doubt disconcerting, but why plaster it up with fallacious excuses? Great drama presupposes in the spirit of its audience something that has a certain fineness or loftiness to which it can appeal. And so our mixed audiences of to-day get the drama they deserve.

But is Tolstoy a great dramatist? the reader may enquire, and the critic must reply—no, not great as a dramatist, but his technical powers are strong enough to make "The Power of Darkness" absolutely convincing on the stage. The play has a succession of enthralling dramatic situations. The characters of Anisya the tempted wife, Nikita, the weak man, being led step by step to his destruction, of Matryóna, the wily, insinuating, wicked old woman, a character who knows no fear and no remorse—all these are such psychological masterpieces that the intercourse of the wife, mother, and son bound together by their crime abounds in drama at every turn. A very remarkable feature of "The Power of Darkness" is the same feature that strikes us in the story "Ivan Il'yitch" (both written in 1886), viz., that in each case the reader feels that the author is bending his course towards a predestined moral conclusion, and yet the artistic value of the whole is scarcely injured, if injured at all, by this moral predetermination. The fact is, Tolstoy's genius is the most extraordinary fusion of great moralist with great artist that has ever been seen in literature. Occasionally the moralist drags the artist over the line, as in the end of "Anna Karenina," and of "Resurrection"—but more often the artist's faculties keep the suspicious moralist from wrecking the æsthetic value of each production. And yet the force of "The

Power of Darkness" is the force of the moralist who is making the artist obey his behests up to the line of æsthetic danger! In "The Fruits of Culture" (1889) we have an engaging satire on Spiritualism, and here the moralist in Tolstoy is in a lighter mood, and works maliciously and gaily with the artist in playfully transfixing educated "gentlefolk" much as a naturalist transfixes his specimens with pins. The comedy is too Russian in tone and colour to be acted successfully on an English stage, and some of its scenes are too lengthy to be effective drama, but it is a delightful play for reading in the closet. Tolstoy's amazing eye for character could scarcely be better evidenced than in the funny séance scene in Act III., where, moreover, the scientists of hypnotism get a handling that recalls some of the best attacks in Molière on the medical charlatans of his day. Nobody in short who cares for real drama can afford to let this volume of Tolstoy's plays go unread.

The Free Churches.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF THE FREE CHURCHES. By C. Silvester Horne. With 38 full-page Illustrations. (Clarke. 6s.)

A CLOSE and meditative study of Mr. Horne's history, which begins with the reforming activities of John Wyclif and leaves off at those of Mr. Perks, raises a problem that constantly lurks unnoticed at the heart of intellectual life. Why do we reason and dispute? Why, for example, were all the notable men whose actions are set forth in Mr. Horne's chronicles so anxious that other men should share their opinions about religion? To give a true and complete answer is not so easy as one may at first suppose. The motives of a man in controversial mood have a complexity which he himself does not suspect. It is natural to take it for granted that when the subject of controversy is religion a man is moved by consideration for the welfare of those whom he is addressing. Convinced that the truth is in him, and that the truth is of extreme importance, he is vicariously anxious to impart it to his fellows. The assumption is reasonable to a certain extent; but there are alarming abatements. In days not long gone by. Anglican Churchmen cut the ears and slit the noses of fellow-subjects whom they could not by reasoning persuade into Conformity, and Dissenters, in similar predicament, resorted to measures no less atrocious. It is obvious, therefore, that concern for the welfare of our fellows is not the main or the only motive of proselytism. If we were really anxious about other people's souls we should not be so brutal towards their bodies as we habitually tend to be when in the mood of Inquisition. We should not hustle to their eternal fate poor creatures living in the unpardonable sin of heresy. That is absolutely certain. What, then, are the other motives from which we reason and dispute? If we are not mistaken they are, first, a desire to strengthen our belief in our own theories through perceiving their acceptance by other people, and, secondly, sheer delight in contention. Sympathy and rivalry, that is to say, are alike essential to the happiness of man. If there dawns upon us what seems to be a saving truth, we are not quite sure about it until we joyfully witness its adoption by other minds: that is the function of sympathy. Similarly, exercise being as necessary to the health of the mind as it is to that of the body, we naturally find pleasure in a scrimmage of intellect just as we do in a scrimmage at football: that is the function of rivalry.

All these three motives of proselytising energy are to be seen at work in Mr. Horne's vigorous book. Wyclif, who "was a Protestant before Protestantism," declared that "there is such a thing as private judgment in matters theological, and that it is open to the Christian thinker and teacher to call in question even the most cherished dogma of the authoritative Church, and make appeal to

the simplicity of the teaching of Christ." Enthusiastically in sympathy with this proposition, Mr. Horne traces its progress from the Reformation to the present day. The broad history of that period is too familiar to need recapitulation here. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Horne deals with it faithfully according to his lights. Not being superior to the failings of the partisan, he may be thought by the High Churchman and the Erastian to be not quite fair, while to the Catholic, of course, his proposition and his rhetoric will seem wholly absurd. To be specific, let us say that Mr. Horne attributes all episodes of wrong-doing on the part of the Conformists to innate or engrained wickedness, and all episodes of wrong-doing on the part of the Nonconformists either to well-meaning lack of judgment or to the irresistible constraint of circumstance. Against this, however, it would, perhaps, be unphilosophical to protest. Mr. Horne really believes that Conformity is essentially sinful and Nonconformity essentially righteous, and on a subject such as that of religion it is a man's beliefs that we seek in his writings. On Mr. Horne speeds; on, and on, and on; rejoicing over the collapse of ecclesiastical authority which began in earnest with the downfall of Laud, in the great evangelical revival initiated by Wesley, and in the dramatic triumph over Erastianism which he perceives in the disruption of the Church of Scotland. It is all very stirring, and, saving for a constant sorrow that it is internecine strife about which we read, the admirably written pages give us something of the joy of battle; but every now and then creeps over us a chilling doubt. Let it be granted that we do have a right to private judgment in theology: is this a right the theory of which has ever been ideally accomplished? Clearly it is not. A judgment which is the result of constraint from outside cannot be considered private; yet it is in every case a judgment of that kind in which Mr. Horne exults. Each of the Methodist Connexions is the result of a surrender of the right of man's private judgment in favour of the published judgment of some powerful mind, and every one of the other churches known as free is in exactly the same case. There is not a single communion which is free in the sense that a man's judgment is free in theory. There is not a single church which has abandoned the right to expel for heresy. It is not yet thirty years since Dr. Robertson Smith, an exceedingly accomplished as well as highly spiritual scholar, was driven out of the Free Church in Scotland because he had written in "The Encyclopædia Britannica" what he believed to be the truth about the Scriptures. There are innumerable instances of the exercise of absolute authority over men's conscience by churches considering themselves free; but the instance mentioned will suffice. Mr. Horne's attempt to explain it away, and to leave intact the theory that man's right to private judgment is vindicated in the Free Churches, is astonishingly limp. "It should, in fairness, be remembered," he says, that Dr. Robertson Smith "was a minister under the Confession of Faith," and "it may be urged with some force, therefore, that the Church, by its action, did not exceed its duty." That, while true, is utterly irrelevant. Men who abandon allegiance to the Thirty-nine Articles for a Confession of Faith in some other terms do not thereby become free. They merely exchange one compulsion of their consciences for another.

The truth is that a Church which could give scope to the right of private judgment in religion is inconceivable. This was perceived hundreds of years ago by Robert Browne, who, when the Parliament of England was thinking of disestablishing Episcopacy to make way for Presbytery, shrewdly observed that "then in steede of one Pope we shall have a thousand, and of some lord Bishops in name a thousand Lordlie tyrants in deed which now do disdain the names." It is impossible to harmonise the unquestioned fulfilment of this prediction with Mr. Horne's zealous assumption that what he calls "the romance of the

Free Churches" has been the emancipation of man from domination in the matter of religious belief. Those who have shaken off the domination of the old order have put themselves under another. They are free in relation to the Bishops and the Articles; but they are not free in relation to the authorities and the standards of their new Connexions. Thus, calmly considered, "the romance of the Free Churches," so vividly narrated by Mr. Horne, leaves the important question, the fundamental question, unsettled, and even untouched. Whether it is Romanism, or Anglicanism, or Dissent that is right, who can tell? Our privilege of private judgment on that question, or of suspension of judgment, is wholly unaffected by Mr. Horne's industry. That, of course, is as it should be. A thinker who affirms the right of private judgment to be the most valuable of human privileges should rejoice to think that his words have no weight whatever. Theoretically he should rejoice; but really, being human and liable to err, he does not. In the preface, which is in lyric strain and apparently written when the last page was completed, Mr. Horne is frankly political. "In sending this book forth I am glad," he says, "to think that it may be of some service in the great struggles that await Free Churchmen. . . . Men and women of the Free Churches are bracing themselves to renew the fight for unsectarian education and religious equality." Certain men and women, Mr. Horne means, are preparing for a fresh effort to vindicate the claim of minorities, whatever their religion may be, to equal treatment by the State. How are they proposing to proceed? Mr. Perks, with whom Mr. Horne, as we have noted, leaves off, told us in a letter published during the recent political contest in the Chertsey division of Surrey. As Home Rule would probably lead to a university designed to foster the private but general judgment in Ireland that the Catholic version of Christianity is correct, the Nonconformists of England will permanently wreck the Liberal Party, which, after all, does not belong to them exclusively, unless it proclaims definite separation from the Nationalist minority in the United Kingdom. After this, who shall say that Nonconformity does not stand for liberty of private judgment and equality in civil right? We are not arguing in politics: we are merely, as in duty bound, thinking about Mr. Horne's exultant proposition: and the query to which it has led calls us to a halt, dismayed.

Is the North Pole Accessible?

ON "THE POLAR STAR" IN THE ARCTIC SEA. By the Duke of the Abruzzi. With Statements by Commander U. Cagni and Dr. A. Cavalli Molinelli. Translated by William Le Queux. Two vols. (Hutchinson. 42s. net.)

It is now three centuries since the earliest systematic invasion of the North Pole; and the pole is still inviolate. The experiences of the intrepid explorers have been all broadly uniform, and one can in a measure share the not uncommon feeling that accounts of them are tedious. To many of us, however, this is an encyclopædic age, an age in which knowledge of every subject of world-wide interest is eagerly sought; and thus the narrative of the most recent adventure to the extreme, that of Luigi Amedes of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi, will probably be justified by being widely circulated and diligently read. On the whole it is a good narrative. As rendered into English it has not much literary grace; but it has abundant scientific exactitude, and so serves its serious purpose well. Whosoever would know about the equipment necessary for a new enterprise towards the Pole, what it would cost, and what are the chances of success on the familiar plan, will be thoroughly informed by the Duke's handsome tomes. At the same time, the enquirer will be disposed to think that the prospects of a voyage on

the old plan are not very encouraging. The progress of "The Polar Star," a seasoned craft manned by Norwegians and Italians, was arrested at Teplitz Bay, in 81° 47' N. latitude, where, the crust of ice having made her spring a leak, she had to be abandoned for the winter. Her officers and the crew, together with all the provisions which she carried, were transferred to a large hut built upon the shore from spars, and sails, and tents. Ere long, two fingers of the Duke's right hand were frost-bitten, and bits of them had to be cut off. Hereupon the command of the expedition, which thenceforth was to be by means of sledges, was bestowed upon Captain Cagni. The Duke and a few others staying where they were, the party with the sledges pressed forward. Ultimately they arrived at 86° 34' N. latitude, and in so doing surpassed all previous pilgrimages. On the return of Captain Cagni and his companions "The Polar Star," considerably damaged, was recovered from the ice; the provisions and the crew were restored to her amid general rejoicing; and the expedition returned to the South. It had lost two men and gained one glory for Italy.

The glory? One must not presume to describe it in Anglo-Saxon. It must be recited in the very words of the Captain. At a certain stage of the expedition, the stage at which all earlier rivals had been outclassed, he and his chief officer found themselves in an emotional mood. They had not exchanged a word for hours; but warmly they clasped each other's hand. Cagni meant to say that he considered Petigax a friend indeed, but does not know how he contrived to express himself. Petigax sought to say that he had only done his duty, and tears shone in his eyes:—

"The flag," I said to him, and we left the tent without further thought of the cooking-stove. We searched hastily in the *kayak* for our little flag, tied it to a bamboo pole, and I waved it to the cry of "Long live Italy! Long live the King! Long live the Duke of the Abruzzi!" And to each of my cries the others answered with a shout which expressed all the exultation of their souls. Resound on, sacred words; resound throughout these regions of pure and eternal ice, this sparkling gem! For never shall a conquest won by the sword, nor by the favours of fortune, adorn the crown of the House of Savoy with one of greater lustre!

Lest anyone should think these words excessively tall, we make haste to mention that the gallant Captain was in love. Did not he himself tell us so when he left the amputated Duke helpless in Teplitz Bay? It is to the benefit of the book that Captain Cagni was always thinking of the girl he left behind him. It is only in his contribution to the narrative that we ever come upon a patch of colour. All the rest is white, chilling, desolate. To quote the legend under one of the many pictures of lonely heroes labouring against the snow and ice, "it is downright maddening."

In fact, whilst doing our utmost to feel stimulated by this book, we cannot wholly suppress a surmise that the Duke of the Abruzzi and every other enthusiast about the North Pole is in kinship with a weird gentleman of our acquaintance. When well up in years, though strong and quite able to work, he wandered gravely about the outskirts of his native village murmuring about a great book he was going to write on *The Light of Other Days*. The Duke of the Abruzzi is wrapped in a similar assurance. "If only the moral advantage to be derived from these expeditions be considered, I believe," he says, "that it would suffice to compensate for the sacrifices they demand." *The Light of Other Days*; Moral Advantage: Is it possible that, like our wandering philosopher whose great work never got beyond the title, the Duke, sharing in his own way an incapacity common to many another man who never suspects the malady, is the victim of One Idea, boundlessly glorious to himself, and to mankind at large—a figment? The physician of "The Polar Star" has no

suspicions of that kind. Perhaps that is because lack of perception is contagious, and many of us are the victims of phrases. At any rate, Dr. Molinelli is in no doubt as to the general results of the expedition:—

Intellectually and morally [he writes] the continued struggle rendered us more energetic and self-reliant, more calm, tranquil, and steady in the presence of danger, cool when judging a difficulty, and prudent, resolute and firm when overcoming it. The mental strain had truly the effect of intellectual gymnastics, which rendered the perception, the analysis, and the synthesis of things and events more easy and rapid, and the decision more prompt and certain. Our personal temperaments came forth from it more gentle, less exacting, more tolerant.

This sounds sincere and persuasive; but it must be remembered that it is from defeat, not from victory, that the moral is drawn. What the pæan would have been had our Italians actually reached the North Pole we hesitate to imagine. One thing certain is that there would have been less talk of the softening effect which adventurous travel has on character. We shall see when there has been an expedition wholly successful. That, we think, will be when some explorer sets sail with a motor sledge as part of his equipment.

Munchausen and Jones.

MR. MUNCHAUSEN. By John Kendrick Bangs. Illustrated by Peter Newell. (Richards. 5s.)

J. O. JONES. By R. S. Warren Bell. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. (Black. 3s. 6d.)

THERE is naught but a laughing connexion between "Mr." (why not Baron?) Munchausen and Mr. Jones, but it may serve for a sermonette on humour, of which the simple text shall be that one of these books is fundamentally wrong and the other not quite right.

The reason why "Mr. Munchausen" is fundamentally wrong is simply because the type he stands for is no longer dramatically real. Everybody is almost too afraid of being thought conceited. Good Form even discourages Uniform. Hence the tall story must dress itself anew in fresh living humanities, if its height is not to impede its circulation. Good Form is irritated by a joke about Bathsheba and David's sling; she is bored by a cheese "considerably larger than the continent of all Europe," and she more or less forgives Mr. Raspe—"the onlie begetter" of the Baron, and himself a wit of genius—by ignoring him. Mr. Bangs, however, might almost be Mr. Raspe's contemporary in regard to his humorous education. In justification one has only to say that "Mr. Ananias" reports the "interviews" in Mr. Bangs' volume for the "Gehenna Gazette." Perhaps in the whole history of humour there is nothing more baffling to the understanding than its appropriation of one of the most tragic and significant incidents of the New Testament. Ananias and Sapphira are not champion liars, they are the greasy sham philanthropists of every civilisation. Their horrible fate accuses their Maker of partiality. They are not crude or odd, they are children of decorum, and they convict Mr. Bangs of a breach of it. So too does Benedict Arnold whom Mr. Bangs (Ch. VI.) announces as a bicycle rider across the Styx.

Our remarks must not imply that "Mr. Munchausen" is, superficially speaking, out of date. Quite otherwise, since he has anticipated Sarah Grand in consigning the heavenly twins to Gehenna, where the lively youngsters extract story after story from the great boaster. Droll some of these stories undoubtedly are; there is a triumph of explanation, for instance, in that which recounts how Munchausen escaped sixty-three violent deaths, at one and the same moment. Moreover, disgusting as it should be to find laughter in cannibalism, one confesses it difficult to avoid smiling at the penitent cannibal who lay

"groaning under the weight of a hundred potted plants, which he placed upon himself in memory of Wilkins," of whom he was at once the murderer and the grave. Mr. Bangs owes able support to Mr. Newell, whose coloured drawings admirably realise the frolics of the text.

Mr. Warren Bell's humour frolics after a very different fashion. His pleasant school story merely errs by the overdrawing of the parlour boarder who politely puts spokes into several bad wheels. "Ah! as I feared—damp! Careless chambermaids cause much mortality," he observes to the matron on the very day of his entrance into Adderman's School; and the faculty of turning out any number of suave sentences with a sting in them accompanies him right through the book, whence he emerges alive in spite of his asking for a tin-opener when an irate grocer tells him to "pass over the cackle and get to the 'osses." Mr. Bell "goes one better" than the late Mr. Talbot Baines Reed in "The Master of the Shell," by making his Jones not simply a rather second-rate graduate, but an uncertificated rolling stone. Jones succeeds by sheer grit and kindness, backed up by a colossal athleticism, for which he finds a medium in football. The motif of the book is the antagonism of a master in holy orders towards this excellent creature, and it is fair to add that all the pedagogues at "Adderman's" are presented humanly, although in two instances with touches of caricature. And so farewell to Messrs. Munchausen and Jones.

A Boom in "Nature" for Schools.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE NATURE-STUDY EXHIBITION AND CONFERENCES. (Blackie. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE publication of the Official Report of the Nature Study Exhibition Association marks, in a sense, the recent introduction and recognition of a new element and feature in English schools and methods of teaching; and the small committee that so successfully organised the exhibition and conferences, held last summer in London, have therefore to be congratulated on the result of their efforts. The volume now issued will no doubt be of service to many as a permanent record of an educational exhibition which was unique, as it was devoted entirely to one element in education, namely, the study of Nature; but those who turn to this report to find therein an answer to the question, What is Nature-study? will, we fear, be disappointed. In fact the answer to such a question seems to have been purposely evaded, for in the introduction we find it alluded to in the following terms: "It will be noted that no attempt was made to define the scope of Nature-study. Definition involves limitation, and to define the scope of such a new and vigorous growth might prove a fetter to future development." Yet the use of the word "study" implies definition, and we fear that, perhaps through diffidence, an excellent opportunity has been lost for constructing a *via media*, seeing that so many extreme and contradictory views are held on this question. One Nature-study authority, for example, tells us that "Nature-study is understood to be the work in elementary science taught below the high school—in botany, zoology, physics, chemistry, and geology"; but another recognised authority, equally as important as the first, states that "Nature-study is not the study of a science as of botany, entomology, geology, and the like," and adds, "It is wholly informal and unsystematic, the same as the objects are which one sees," while "it is entirely divorced from definitions and explanations in books." Where such conflicting views are held guidance would have been welcome—at any rate, the expression of a decided opinion would have been of assistance.

About three-fourths of the volume before us is taken up with the papers read at the conferences, and this is

preceded by the report of the judges and by a long and detailed report on the exhibition itself by the executive committee. Each section is interesting in itself, but in the reports of the judges and the executive committee especially there is much to be noted that will benefit future organisers of Nature-study. The judges, however, seem to be chary of expressing any decided opinions, and rest contented with recording "two general impressions," viz., "that a large amount of sound work in 'Nature-study' is now being done in British schools, but that a good deal of energy is being expended along lines which are not likely to yield the best return." The judges in this case all belong, as professors, to a privileged class—"the knowledge class caste," to use Thring's expression—so that one is not surprised to find they are willing to accept unnatural nature, such as the growing of plants in solutions, or various forms of classified knowledge, as Nature-study. After all Nature-study is nothing more than a return to the methods of Gilbert White, methods which, while they have never failed to attract, have unfortunately been sadly neglected by the professional botanist and zoologist, so much so, that the laity or amateurs, as represented by field naturalists, have lost touch with the professional, and fail to appreciate the results which he elaborates in the privacy of his laboratory, surrounded by his multitudinous reagent bottles and his instruments and apparatus for dissection and analysis. Nature-study, as an educational influence or subject, has nothing to do with technicalities as to structure and classification, or with the histology and physiology of any living thing. No one, for instance, has the right to call botany work Nature-study. From the judges' report, however, one fails to learn if they recognise any distinction between the teaching of elementary science and Nature-study, and from the tenour of their report one would surmise that they do not, for it appears they consider the demonstration of "scientific facts" as coming under Nature-study, instead of leaving these, if they are ever to be taught at all, to the specific science subjects usually taught in schools.

Passing next to the report of the executive committee, there is here again noticeable the same anxious non-committal attitude which vitiates all the reports in the volume. Yet, when closely studied, this report is found to be really valuable, because it classifies the exhibits that were shown under the heads to which they properly belong, with the result that we have our attention directed to classes for "Nature-study and Field Work," "Economic Nature Study," "Nature Object Lessons," "Observational Lessons," "Nature Knowledge," "Agriculture," "Horticulture," "Economic Entomology," "Botany," and "Science Teaching." It is obvious when such distinctions are drawn, that the exhibits which are considered, say, under the head of "Observational Lessons," or "Horticulture," or "Botany" are so classified as they were considered out of place under "Nature-study." It is also pleasant to see in this report that the giving of definite lessons in schools on natural phenomena or objects is not regarded as Nature-study, though the great tendency to give these object lessons as such is duly noted. Although this volume lacks the definite guidance which at present is so needed by teachers who are interesting themselves in Nature-study, still we hope it will be carefully read by every responsible teacher.

There can be little doubt that much constructive work has yet to be done before "Nature-study" becomes a "living power" in our schools. We are therefore glad to have this official report as a record of a successful educational exhibition, and, notwithstanding its obvious limitations, as a contribution towards securing Nature-study teaching in our schools, on rational lines and on a permanent basis.

A Turk on Turkey.

THE DIARY OF A TURK. By Halil Halid. (A. & C. Black. 6s.)

THE author of this book was born at Angora in Asia Minor, and his great-grandfather was a holy hermit with a praying-carpet of deerskin, on which he was accustomed (so it was said) to ride every Friday from his home in Asia Minor to Mecca in Arabia. "The responsibility of vouching for the fact lies with the narrator," is an Arab saying, which the writer discreetly adds. Mr. Halil Halid was educated first at a preparatory mixed school, where the teacher kept order with a long pole, accurately proportioned to the size of the room. Thence he passed to Constantinople and a theological seminary or "Mad-rasseh," and then having attended lectures at one of the more modern educational institutions, essayed to be a barrister, but without much success. In a Turkish bath—a real Turkish bath—he gathered that the Sultan's spies were after him as a "young Turk." So he came with a portmanteau and forty pounds to England. He was invited back with a promise of a Government post. He returned, and found that he was expected to be a spy himself. Wherefore, after elaborate preparations, he swung himself once more upon a British ship in the Bosphorus, and here he is, sitting down to criticize Turkey, with a glance at Christian countries. Such a book, from a man who had worn a turban over his shaved head (the shaving made him squeal), and can write good simple English, cannot fail to be interesting.

For we do not understand Mohammedanism, and the author looks at all things from the point of view of a Mohammedan—progressive and furiously opposed to the tyranny of the Yildiz kiosk. To him Christianity, as seen in the Christian quarter of Constantinople, as well as in the Levant, implies drunkenness, prostitution, and the eating of pork, all three of which to the Moslem are horrible; and even a residence in London has not convinced Mr. Halil Halid that pigs, prostitutes, and pewters are not the essential elements of the Christian religion. We have equally false ideas of the harem:—

When an Englishman uses the word harem, he means thereby the numerous wives whom a man in our part of the East is supposed to shut up in his house. He, moreover, believes that every man in the Mohammedan East may marry as many women as he pleases. This idea is not only mistaken, but grotesque. There are thousands of men who would consider themselves fortunate if they could marry even a single woman; while, on the other hand, there are thousands who would be happy to get rid of the single wife they have. Any man who can manage to keep two, not to say more, wives in peace, must be an exceptionally brave person.

To the Englishman who may depend on his own eyes and ears in the choice of a wife the Turkish method has always appeared undesirable. The Turk has to fall in love with a second-hand description of a lady he has never seen, and will not see until he has paid over the stakes. Such a system would cut the ground from under the British novelist. But it makes for Turkish happiness. Slight disappointments may occur when the husband lifts the veil. But, as our author explains, he does not often see other feminine faces, and his notion of beauty is limited by his experience.

This "Young Turk," who turned up at King's Cross nine years ago with a bag and the word "Olympia" as a talisman, who faced the confusion between Kensington and Kennington, and finally found Olympia peopled by others than his countrymen, has written a book which gives the European mind a wrench. There are not many ways open to an educated man under the rule of the Sultan (the head of police in the most important quarter of Constantinople cannot write his own name).

At present there are only two ways in which Turkish subjects can obtain a livelihood. Either they must be content

to pocket their pride and labour as workmen, small tradesmen, ordinary craftsmen, farm labourers, and so forth, or they must somehow get a Government appointment. A man of education must make a Government salary his ambition in life, and must direct all his energies to increasing it.

Mr. Halil Halid has discovered a third way, which consists in leaving Turkey and writing a very interesting book about it.

In Athens.

ANCIENT ATHENS. By E. A. Gardner. (Macmillan.)

THIS scholarly and liberally illustrated volume is upon the lines of the work done by the late Prof. Middleton for the art and archaeology of ancient Rome. The progress of research in and about the Acropolis has been so untiring during the last quarter of a century, and the result arrived at so considerable, as to make a summary *in usum laicorum* eminently desirable. And Prof. Gardner's own connection with the investigation as director of the British School of Athens has been so intimate and prolonged that he was obviously the man to undertake it. It was not altogether an easy task. The process of conjecturally reconstructing the outlines of buildings and circumvallations from fragmentary ruins and equally fragmentary records is always a hazardous one. Nor is the way rendered less obscure in the present instance by the dust of controversy which such topics as the internal management of the Dionysius theatre have raised around them. Through all such debatable matter Prof. Gardner steers his way with ample knowledge and with that scholarly caution which ample knowledge alone begets. His opening chapter deals with the situation and natural features of Athens, its water-supply and the building materials available for its walls and temples. The rest of the book is made up partly of general descriptions of the city and its art at various stages of their development, partly of special studies of the leading points of interest, such as the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, the Theatre, the Ceramicus, and the Piræus. On the problem of the Theatre, Prof. Gardner, after a very careful review of the evidence, is disposed to refuse his adhesion to the revolutionary view of Prof. Dörpfeld, which denies the existence of a stage during the classical period, and asserts that the proscenium with its columns was used as a background for actors on the level of the orchestra, not as a raised platform for them to stand upon. "The use," he says, "of the raised proscenium or *λογεῖον* as a stage for the actors is established by very clear evidence in the case of the later Greek theatre, and this analogy would lead one to expect some such platform in the Greek theatre of earlier times also." Another point on which one naturally looks with some interest for Prof. Gardner's opinion is that of the application of colour to Greek sculpture. This can best be studied in the series of sixth century statues on the Acropolis, dedicated to Athena, and known as the "Maidens."

The use of colour is restricted within narrow limits. It is, in the first place, applied to the hair, the eyes, and the lips, the pigment used for the hair and lips being red, and the same for the iris of the eye, and usually for the outlines of iris and pupil; but a darker pigment is generally used for the pupil itself, and sometimes for the outline of the iris. It will be seen that this colouring is still partly conventional, certainly not naturalistic in character; but the red colouring on hair and iris is probably intended to represent an actual and admired type. The usual colour of the hair of the Tanagra statuettes is the same, and the red-brown eyes of the Delphi charioteer, itself probably an Attic work, will not easily be forgotten by those who have seen them. On the drapery we find similar principles of decoration. No garment is covered with a complete coat of paint unless only a small portion of it is visible. The main surfaces are always left white, showing the natural texture of the marble, but they have richly coloured borders, and are sprigged with finely drawn decorations, the colours shown being mostly rich and

dark ones—dark green, which was in some cases originally blue, dark blue, purple, or red. The effect of this colouring, whether on face or garments, is to set off and enhance by contrast the beautiful tint and texture of the marble. Those who have only seen white marble statues without any touches of colour to give definition to the modelling and variety to the tone, can have no notion of the beauty, life, and vigour of which the material is capable.

The white lucency of Attic marble has rooted itself ineradicably in the historic imagination—a most singular example of the iniquity of oblivion.

Other New Books.

VERSES OCCASIONALLY HUMOROUS. By E. H. Lacon Watson. (Matthews. 1s. net.)

MR. LACON WATSON'S verse is neat, and consistently thin. The humour is merely verbal; indeed, to apply the word humour to it at all is hardly accurate. Humour implies much more than the easy trivialities which supply Mr. Lacon Watson's material. However, the little volume makes pleasant and innocuous reading. As the author says in the verses somewhat over-weighted with the title "Apologia pro Arte sua":—

My verses are not much, I grant,
Not mine to cater for the crowd;
But what I sing my maiden aunt
Could read aloud.

That stanza, including the apparent inconsequence of the second line, is fairly representative of Mr. Watson's verse. His favourite subject appears to be the old quarrel between author and reviewer; but at this time of day any shafts hurled at the critic in Mr. Watson's manner are already, surely, as blunt as clothes-props:—

Cease to belabour the thankless muse,
But just turn Critic and write Reviews,

is an echo of echoes. When the author is sentimental we like him less; the sentiment is sound enough, but its expression never approaches distinction. The first stanza of "Doubt" reads thus:—

Dearest, lay down your head,
Rest it upon my shoulder.
What was it, sweet, you said?
"Must our love, too, grow colder;
Will it ever, perhaps, lie dead?"

The two opening lines belong to an impossible class of writing which can by no means be suffered without protest. But in justice to Mr. Watson we must add that we have found nothing else in the book quite so bad.

THE TRAMP'S HANDBOOK. By Harry Roberts. (Lane. 3s. 6d.)

EVERYONE has his handbook to-day; and now comes the tramp's. But not the tramp of the back-door and the dusty road, who sleeps under hayricks or in casual wards; rather the bank-clerk with a fortnight before him intent on a holiday on foot. We could spare the opening chapters in praise of walking and vagabondage—their sentiments should be taken for granted; but the rest of the book is good and useful. It is superfluous now and then, as in the passage on pages 80 and 81, containing instructions as to producing fire by rubbing together two pieces of wood—as everyone who has been to "The Admirable Crichton" will agree; but in the main Dr. Roberts talks what the Red Indian calls straight talk, and we prophesy an enormous impulse to camping-out wherever the stimulating little book finds its way into a school—perhaps its best destination. We intend to give it to many boys. Now and then Dr. Roberts does not tell everything; he does not say, for example, that a wax vesta burns better in a high wind if some of the strands

of waxed thread of which it is made are unpicked from the other end with a pin or knife and wound loosely round the head before striking. We doubt, also, whether it is wise to recommend a diet of fungi without coloured pictures by which to identify those which are safe. But the book is as pleasant an invitation to the road as we have had for some time.

A PHILOSOPHER IN PORTUGAL. By Eugène E. Street. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

WHY the author of this volume should describe himself as a philosopher does not appear in the course of the narrative. One experiences an initial irritation at the use of the word, an irritation which increases with almost every page. The philosopher, indeed, becomes a bore, and we are not particularly sorry to part from him when the end comes. Mr. Street, he tells us, hates the globe-trotter; "if he carries off any impression at all upon what is conveniently known as his or her brain," it is compounded of scraps from books, with no leaven of personal observation. It cannot justly be said that Mr. Street has no observation, but such as it is it is of a superficial and uninspiring kind. He does not fail, for instance, to give us descriptions of the casual incidents of travel, incidents which could only be saved from dullness by real observation and real humour. But neither the philosopher's observation nor humour has any grip. When he meets a man who knows no English we hear of "linguistic shortcomings," and the like; the philosopher, indeed, revels in *clichés*.

For the rest the volume contains no new light upon Portugal. Mr. Street travelled about, often away from the beaten track, and he writes of what he saw; but that is not enough to make a book. A man with the right instinct might, never having seen the country, sit at home and write about it more truly and convincingly than Mr. Street. Chronicles of small beer may be all very well, but there is more than one way of chronicling even small beer, and Mr. Street's way is not the right one.

The fifth and sixth volumes of "The Poetical Works of George Barlow" consist of "Loved beyond Words" and "The Pageant of Life" (Glaisher). The first named includes the contents, with some omissions and alterations, of three books published in 1883-4-5; "The Pageant of Life" first appeared in 1888, and has now been considerably abridged. Mr. Barlow's productiveness is rather appalling; he writes with an ease which seriously injures his work. There is no pause for concentration, no search after the right phrase. At the same time it is accomplished verse, with occasional strength of flight.

NEW EDITIONS: We have received from Messrs. Pearson a two shilling reprint of Miss Muloch's "John Halifax, Gentleman," with illustrations by Mr. H. M. Brock. There seems no end to the popularity of this tearful story.—The latest addition to Messrs' Macmillan's "Illustrated Pocket Classics" is Tom Hood's "Humorous Poems." The volume contains the introduction by Canon Ainger included in the 1893 issue.—The fifth edition of Prof. James's "Human Immortality" comes to us from Messrs. Constable. The little book deserves wide recognition.

Fiction.

THE GAP IN THE GARDEN. By Vanda Wathen-Bartlett.

"SUGGESTIVE" is a convenient word, and they who have to pronounce upon "The Gap in the Garden" will certainly have recourse to it. In strict truth it is not a work of art—this medley of moods through which no purpose is perceivable or end in sight. Perhaps it may be regarded

as an allegory. The garden as it was, safely enclosed by trees, a place for tea and gossip and bickering, represents (let us say) material life secure in uninquisitive commonplaceness. Then the garden, after the breaking of its leafy belt, represents life as it is, when there is a breach in the wall of sense and the mind is haunted or pursued by the unseen. However that may be, the heroine, who is responsible for the alteration of the garden, suffers strangely from the pressure of occult forces. She is an orphan, but a man lives who believes that she was the creation of his will working in the mother when their bodies were apart. "There is no such thing as privacy of thought . . . Thoughts are existing things . . . flowing into the minds of men," he declares before the Ninth Wave calls him; and the saying recalls another from the same lips: "Hate is an energy, a separate distinct force."

Hate, in the person of a mad Scotchwoman, destroys the heroine who seems to have been swept away from the safe society of a cross and fidgety aunt, an idle painter, and a hard-headed doctor, out of the rose-garden, through the gap into the mystic moorland and towards the hate that burned for her. The mind which dwells in such a work as this is certainly interesting. It may, however—in spite of a few flashes of merry wit—be called morbid because it has not shaped its imaginings artistically; it has not called forth a beautiful form from its own nightmare.

CORNELIUS. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. (6s.)

MRS. DE LA PASTURE has above everything a pleasant manner of writing. There is a vein of geniality, and an element of cheerfulness in her outlook upon life generally, which gives her present novel a refreshing absence of strenuous undercurrents. In "Cornelius," at any rate, she treats the vicissitudes of existence as a philosopher, without an exaggerated emphasis being laid either upon the joys or pains of humanity. "Cornelius" himself, the son of a gentleman on one side and a Somersetshire dairy-maid on the other, is treated with the same tranquil absence of partizanship which characterizes the whole management of the story. The discovery is made that Cornelius is the son of a certain Lord Polart, but just when the exciting development of his inheriting both estate and title seems imminent, the book ends with the discovery that his birth was illegitimate after all, and his mother's story of marriage, and the false signature on her marriage certificate, were merely an outcome of peasant cunning and foresight. True, she had subsequently been married, but to an old village acquaintance, who had signed the name of Cornelius' father under the impression that by so doing he made "an honest woman" of her, and rectified the position of the coming baby of the other man.

The rest of the characters are drawn with care and vivacity. The best are undoubtedly the elderly brother and sister, whose coming into the village has such an immense influence upon the future of Cornelius, until then little more than a superior country yokel with a passion for book learning and gardening. Cornelius himself is the least convincing of them all, but for the large number of readers who want only a fairly light and amusing story we can thoroughly recommend this book.

AN APRIL PRINCESS. By Constance Smedley. (Cassell. 6s.)

PUBLISHED separately, the dialogues that make up the story of "An April Princess" might have passed very well as journalism of the light and frothy kind; but they suffer considerably by being presented in book form. This kind of thing does not make a book; even the dialogues of

which the lady named Dolly was the heroine, scarcely bore the test of being read continuously—and the April Princess is a long way after Dolly. The author, too, has the rather irritating trick of referring to her puppets as the Poet, the Queen, the Prince, and so on, instead of calling them by their real names; and this helps to destroy any human interest they might otherwise have had for us. There is a certain amount of promise in the book, a certain suggestion that the author could do something much better if she were to drop her mannerisms and cease to mistake flippancy for wit. But as it is, her men and women of the fantastic titles are merely tiresome, and occasionally a little ill-bred as well; and the Princess herself is far too superficial to be able to bear the strain of occupying the most prominent place in the book. And she has two particularly annoying characteristics: one is her sentimentality over her women friends, and the other, her habit of referring to her men friends as "pals." The sentimentality, especially in her conversations with the Queen, would not appear at its best in quotation; but here is a specimen of the Princess's dealings with one of the "pals":—

"Don't quarrel," said the Princess pleadingly. "You've always some one new," said the Knight. "The more new people I see, the more it makes me love my old friends," said the Princess. The Knight preserved a sulky silence. He had heard this several times before. "My cushions have fallen down," said the Princess. The Knight picked up a cushion: the Princess's hand was somehow in his. The hint of a smile hovered round the corner of the Knight's exceedingly well-shaped mouth. . . . "I'm so glad to see you!" said the Princess, and the Knight's blue eyes began to laugh. . . . "Let's be pals!" said the Princess. The Princess's hand was still in the Knight's. "Do be pals!" said the Princess. So the Knight and the Princess made friends.

THE ETERNAL WOMAN. By Dorothea Gerard. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE bright, readable, blameless novel still holds its own in spite of the abolition of its three volumes; and "Dorothea Gerard's" latest story, in everything but its form, carries us back to those earlier works of hers in which one-third was beginning and one-third was end, while the remainder was padding. It is true that the padding is now left out; but we must confess, for all that, to feeling a little disappointed in "The Eternal Woman." We had expected more from the author after reading her last book, "Holy Matrimony," which certainly was an advance on anything she had done previously; and it is saddening to find that, after all, she has turned again to the public that wants only pretty things. It will get what it wants in this book. The story is that of a girl of twenty, neither pretty nor plain, but extraordinarily attractive, who finds herself penniless through the death of her patroness, and has to face the necessity of earning a livelihood. A strong-minded friend offers her a year's training at the University with a choice of becoming either a lawyer or a doctor at the end of it; but Clara goes home, tumbles upon "Vanity Fair," and resolves instead to start upon a career of earning her living by her wits rather than by her brains. She determines, in fact, to become a harmless kind of Becky Sharp. Somehow, the experiment does not work very well; she is neither good enough nor bad enough for the part, and she ends in falling desperately in love with the man she has tried, quite in an innocent sort of way, to entrap into marriage. Of course, everything comes right in the end; in this kind of book the wedding bells tinkle pleasantly from the first page to the last—but there is no reason why it should not have done so without being quite so sugary. We feel all the more strongly about it because the writer is so capable of doing better work, as even this book shows now and then.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

TYPHOON.

By JOSEPH CONRAD.

Four characteristic stories. Mr. Conrad has brought all his descriptive power and intimate knowledge of the sea to the account of a typhoon in Chinese waters. "Amy Foster" is the story of an emigrant from the Carpathians who was shipwrecked on the English coast. "Falk" is called a reminiscence. Here is a sentence: "'Imagine to yourselves,' he said in his ordinary voice, 'that I have eaten a man.'" The volume is dedicated to Mr. Cunningham-Graham, and has a quotation from Keats on the title page.

REPROBATE SILVER.

By ROY DEVEREUX.

"Being the Later History of the House of Orpington." Upon the title-page stand these words: "Reprobate silver shall men call them, for the Lord hath rejected them." The story deals with the decline of a family, and touches with distinction many phases of character. "There was nothing left for him to learn concerning the end of the House of Orpington, save only the essential thing—the inward significance thereof. Were they really all blotted out—not only from this intermediate plane of consciousness, but from the Book of Universal Life?" A thoughtful and well-written book. (Richards. 6s.)

CAPTAIN KETTLE, K.C.B.

By CUTCLIFFE HYNÉ.

On the cover we find the little Captain, with the cigar and the red torpede beard, as of old—but, alas! with a wooden leg. It appears that in the course of his recent adventures he fell into the hands of a malignant Moor, who endeavoured to pervert his faith. Captain Kettle declined to become a Mahomedan, and paid for his obstinacy with the loss of a limb. His last adventures are of such a character that he has been proclaimed a great Empire builder and created a K.C.B. (Pearson. 6s.)

THE GOLD WOLF.

By MAX PEMBERTON.

An elaborate romance of modern life. The central figure is a millionaire who comes under the suspicion of having murdered his wife at their house in Park Lane. There is a typical happy-go-lucky Irishman who follows us through the story, and part of the action takes place at Cambridge, where the May races are described with all the gusto of one who remembers what time he was taught to "get his hands away." There are many illustrations. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

THE CONFLICT.

By M. E. BRADDON.

The hero of Miss Braddon's sixty-fourth novel is the youngest son of a peer, described by his elder brother, the heir, as a man who had neither vices nor virtues. "He was an odd volume of the Aldine poets in a frock coat." The first part of the story is occupied with his Quixotic attempt to rescue his landlady's daughter from a man whom he ultimately kills in a duel. Then the scene moves to Klondyke. There is an abundance of incident and a frequent suggestion of supernatural causes. (Simpkin, Marshall. 6s.)

CROWBOROUGH BEACON.

By HORACE E. HUTCHINSON.

A leisurely historical romance of a hundred years ago. It opens at Tunbridge Wells. The "bucks and fine ladies" of the period gather round the newly arrived mail to hear the latest news of town and of the French War. There is a dispute, a duel, and thus the story is set going. The action passes in Sussex, and is of a quieter sort than is common in historical romances. Mr. Hutchinson quotes his authorities in frequent and somewhat voluminous notes. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

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Saved from Oblivion.

In the history of the world the title to remembrance comes by way of infamy as well as by way of accomplished good; the poisoner lives side by side with the man whose happy toil it was to ease suffering and nurse the waning flame; the singer of nature's mysteries touches hands with the destroyer of man's temples. The inexorable law of nature is that only those who do shall be remembered; there is no compounding with posterity for the continuance even of a name. And how many men achieve the little which shall entitle them to the briefest record? Reckoned in terms of centuries, they are but as the odd grains of gold left in an outworked vein. The Index and Epitome to the Dictionary of National Biography contains 30,378 names, and the whole work was designed "to supply . . . biographies of all noteworthy inhabitants of the British Islands and the Colonies (exclusive of living persons) from the earliest historical period to the date of Queen Victoria's death on 22 January, 1901." That thirty thousand odd seems a number incredibly small; in an optimistic mood we might suppose that our own time would supply future recorders with a sixth of that total. But time winnows with his ceaseless and callous fans, and we who think ourselves to be something, may even be as they who are nothing.

This index and epitome is in its way more impressive than the sixty-six volumes which it represents; certainly it is more suggestive. It strikes us as a kind of roll of the rescued from oblivion, a summary of the elect, both of the mire and the sky. At all points it touches life, and also that mysterious force which we call destiny. There grows upon the imagination a sort of terror in the contemplation of so much great achievement, so much intolerable degradation. And there comes also the thought that amongst the unrecorded were those whose claims were ignored by the mere accident of chance. There recurs to us that noble and moving passage in the "Hydriotaphia" of Sir Thomas Browne:—

To be nameless in worthy deeds, exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief than Pilate?

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it. . . . In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations. . . . Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. . . . The number of the dead far exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox?

The right to remembrance, indeed, cannot definitely be claimed save by those who have themselves set down the record of their lives—and such claims are as likely as not to be unavailing. Only with the written or printed word

came any certainty of posthumous fame; scores of names live in literature, which else had been forgotten by an unseeing or misunderstanding world. Dante preserved Beatrice as an immortal type, and Shelley, in "The Cenci," vitalized the history of an almost forgotten tragedy. Knowledge of greatness in any kind is practically subject to the mechanical processes of the printing-press. And that mechanical process is employed with hardly any possibility of selection; we have created the means, but the means can no longer be controlled. True literature must always remain selective, but true literature is far removed from the clamour of countless tongues. At the same time literature, by reason of its very exclusiveness, could not be trusted to record everything of actual moment in the progress or decline of the world. In the sum of things it stands for beauty and sanity and understanding; but the earth spins to more stupendous ends than may find expression in any or all of the arts.

Those stupendous ends are illustrated in such a succinct and valuable epitome as this. They who have searched the heavens and they who have explored the deeps have their few simple lines. Romance, tragedy, comedy, the inextricable puzzle of life, are entangled in this web of pages. To turn them over is to be convinced of one's individual ignorance; it is like going to school to Time. How many people off-hand could name a score, or half-a-score, of the great Smith family who have left any mark upon their generation? Here we find one hundred and eighty-two of them, lawyers, soldiers, churchmen, bookmen, artists, antiquaries, engineers—all phases of life and work represented in a single surname. An isolated name, again, may touch the springs of terror and romance. One Sexby only finds a place in the volume—that Edward Sexby who entered Cromwell's regiment of Horse in 1643, became Governor of Portland six years later, fought at the Siege of Tanton Castle, was deprived of his commission, and afterwards negotiated with the governor of the Spanish Netherlands and Don John of Austria for an invasion of England and the assassination of Cromwell. Then followed his arrest and the publication of his "Killing no Murder." But that apology for tyrannicide was of no avail against the inexorable tyranny of death, which found him in that familiar home of silence and crushed hopes, the Tower of London. In so brief an outline glows the inner fire of a thousand lives—ambition, revolt, desolation, and over all the brooding shadow and the encroaching doom.

Certain entries bring together in violent contrast the extremes of personality and of action. On the same page we have the names of Sir Thomas Browne and Elizabeth Brownrigg—the one a great physician, a supreme writer, a servant of God and an enemy of witches; the other a murderess whose name stands for the worst and the most brutal in the sordid calendars of crime. Here is subject enough for endless moralities; they start from the page. Yet with moralities the records of fact have nothing to do; they merely, as it were, mark the boundaries of the country, and in their very explicitness suggest the narrowness of human destiny. We move, indeed, hardly knowing where we move; our day is but a twilight; we were, and are not, and still the individual takes himself for something, and labours and sins and builds his house of dreams in the face of an inscrutable purpose and an uncomprehended eternity. And in that lies the glory of the game; only so can the soul come to any understanding of itself, only so can we win with decency to the strait haven of quietness which somewhere awaits us all.

It is impossible, it would seem, in considering such a volume as this in its wider aspects, to avoid moralities. Take it in what way you will and they force themselves upon the mind. The philosophy of history means something after all, though it can never be tied down to a formula or made convincing in an epigram. These fifteen

hundred pages, as we have said, touch life at every point, and so touching it they bewilder as much as they illumine. But one is rather inclined, it must be confessed, to search out the problems and to let the simple statements pass; the complex personality allures us more than the frankly single-minded. This is a concession to the spirit of mystery which is in all of us, as well as an uncertain striving after some explanation of ourselves. A man is always more of a mystery to himself than to his fellows, except he be a man of vigorous and splendid action. Drake, we may suppose, never troubled much about problems of the soul when he was sailing the seas for the building up of England; he was merely a man rejoicing in his strength and in the chances of the game. And it was so, happily, with many, perhaps the larger number, of our greatest, and is so still. In a little turmoil we forget the much peace; the beatific silences often go unrecorded. So at the last we fall back upon the thought that these crowded names represent in the main the work of centuries accomplished quietly and without fear. And there always remain the unrecorded, the men and women of their time who went about the day's work gladly and lay down to rest with the assured benediction of toil. These had no desire for greatness, no yearning that their faith could not satisfy, no passions in revolt against the established order. Perhaps they missed something of the extreme beauty of life, but they never fell into the darkness which is beauty's shadow. They had no wish either to hire or cheat oblivion; oblivion to them was a word of little meaning. They lived, and loved, and passed.

We can conclude upon no more satisfying thought. Splendours, degradations, conquests, defeats, pass over the world, but the individual, quietly labouring, remains. He may be ignored by art and letters, yet to him art and letters must turn in the last appeal. He represents continuance, stability, and the steady flow of life. That he goes unrecorded is perhaps his chief proof of happiness.

The Wisdom of the Ages.

THE Wisdom of the Ages! It is curiously stationary. Below the smaller comforts and discomforts of the daily life are always the things of the spirit, which are not concerned with the doings of the chemist and the engineer. And to the man who cares for anything beyond his dinner and his banker's pass-book, those who have written of the things of the spirit make an appeal which no lapse of time can weaken. The most important questions, the questions which any man asks who seriously endeavours to put himself in right relation with his surroundings, have always been answered—in various ways—since man emerged from his cave-dwelling and sat down in the sunlight to think. To take one or two only from the list of those who in one way or another have tried to formulate the rules for the art of living, which is the art of arts: Job, Hesiod, Buddha, Socrates, Omar Khayyam, Mohamed, Confucius—whichever one chooses will come with an absolutely direct and contemporaneous appeal, an appeal as potent as that of, say, the writer of the leader in this morning's "Times." For the problem is always the same, always insistent, and these are but one or two answers to the first difficulty. Possibly they are all wrong. But there is one curious thing about the answers that have been given by the men of old, by inspiration, or guessing, which you will. They have made splendid generalisations which we of a later age have reached and verified only by laborious research into particulars.

To the ordinary Englishman the Taoist religion is a liar. Buddhism has had many European exponents,

and Confucianism, the third of the Chinese religious systems, is known at least superficially. But Láo Tsze, who founded the philosophy of the common people of China, is scarcely known by name to most educated Englishmen, and the metrical rendering of the Táo Teh King which Dr. I. W. Heysinger has made, and the Research Publishing Company of Philadelphia have issued under the title "The Light of China," will repay inspection, if only to assure the reader that the human mind is at base the same from China to Peru. Láo Tsze was born by fifty-four years the senior of Confucius. He was born in the year B.C. 604 and lived for about a century. He was then uttering words of wisdom, which still guide millions of his countrymen, while the Seven Wise Men of Greece were building their maxims on observations of life and the Hebrew prophets were thundering their warnings to a perverse generation. The Taoism of to-day, as Dr. Heysinger explains, is overlaid and misinterpreted by theology, fancy and later commentary; but the Táo Teh, the only work left by its writer, at once became one of the Chinese "king," or classics. When about a hundred years old Láo Tsze "disappeared" into the north-west of China. Here at the outset is the human mind at its ancient work of attributing not only strange birth but abnormal death to its Buddhas, its Elijahs and its Messiahs.

But turning to the translation of the Táo Teh you will be struck by the curious familiarity of the ideas, thus:—

The sage lays up no treasure,
No hoard of goods or gold,
For they who keep a storehouse deep
A constant watch must hold.

The more he works for others
The more he works for his own,
For it grows by use, is lost by abuse,
And he gathers by what he has sown.

The more he gives away,
The more does he have himself.

There is not a line there that could not be paralleled again and again in Western thought or capped by Biblical quotation, and here perhaps is an instance yet more striking:—

He who knows others is wise,
But he who knows himself is wiser still;
He who conquers others is strong,
But to conquer self needs greater strength and skill;
He who is satisfied is rich,
He who is firm in action has a will;
He who loses not his place lives long,
But the man who dies and does not perish, he lives longer still!

"He who knows himself." "E cœlo descendit *spiritus creator*." And at the same moment a wise man in China and another wise man in Greece were proclaiming the same principle. One might, if space permitted, collect dozens of similar instances of the identical working of the human mind at opposite ends of the world, as though synchronised by some standard clock at some celestial Greenwich, and one might work out a theory, without even a touch of paradox, that all the great teachers who have touched mankind have preached over and over again the same truths; only they have rarely been listened to, still more rarely understood.

Here and there, in turning over the maxims of Láo Tsze, one comes across phrases that suggest his prophetic insight, as by a flash of inspiration, into the scientific discoveries of a later age and alien clime. Goethe, you will remember, as well as Lucretius, saw dimly but splendidly in splashes of colour what Darwin built up by laborious mosaics. And here is a phrase from Láo Tsze:—

Weight is the root of lightness, stillness the master of motion.

Another, too:—

There is nothing weaker than water,
Or easier to efface;
But for attacking the hard and strong
Nothing can take its place.

Is it too curious to suspect here an anticipation of Sir Isaac Newton or a dim foreseeing of the hydraulic lift? Possibly. But imagination plays a huge part in scientific discovery.

While we are grateful to Dr. Heysinger for his rendering of this Chinese classic, we are not sure that he was right in casting it into metrical form. His excuse is that the original is rhythmic. But this is a case in which we seek for accuracy, and the necessities of rhyme and metre do not make for the accuracy desired. Even with Omar Khayyam we wish to check Fitzgerald by a literal rendering, and Dr. Heysinger is not a Fitzgerald. This is another reason for regretting the metric form of this work. Nor need we give any further proof than the selections we have quoted.

Indiscretions.

THERE are some few great Englishmen who, though dead, are personally dear to us. They have passed through our intellect to our emotions, and we go to the sale-room where the pen or the sword is put up for auction and bid against each other for the honour of possession. Even their indiscretions endear them the more. The list is easily made up. Shakespeare stands at the head of it, and Dr. Johnson holds a high place. And running chronologically down the list we find curious inconsistencies. In genius and in national service Nelson and Wellington stand fairly level. But as a personality, how much nearer the national heart the naval hero stands than the victor of Waterloo? Dickens and Thackeray are the two great names in mid-Victorian fiction. Yet here again the difference is seen. Dickens, though there are still hundreds of men of middle age who have set eyes upon him, has already become a cult. He is the centre of a Fellowship, the smallest thing that reminds of him is treasured, and to many the route travelled by Mr. Pickwick passes through a Holy Land. This enthronement of the dead in the common heart is a mysterious process. Darwin was the contemporary of Dickens, and Darwin did infinitely more to influence human thought than all the Victorian novelists together. But put up to auction the chair in which Dickens wrote "Pickwick" and the whole furniture of the room in which the "Origin of Species" was completed, and the chair would fetch the higher price.

That is why there is some excuse for Mr. F. G. Kitton's collection of the "Poems and Verses of Charles Dickens" (Chapman and Hall). Dickens was not one of the prose writers who, like Stevenson and Kipling, choose to express themselves alternatively in verse. He never made the slightest claim to be a poet. He wrote verses as lesser men write them in stray moments of emotion, he wrote them for the newspapers to jingle a needed reform into the public ear, and he wrote them out of pure exuberance and used them as "fill-ups" in "Pickwick." Mr. Kitton has gathered specimens of all these, though the most famous he has omitted—Mrs. Leo Hunter's "Expiring Frog." That, however, is but a fragment. From "The Village Coquettes" we have several long-forgotten lyrics. We should perhaps explain what "The Village Coquettes" was. John Hullah had some music which he had made for a libretto that went wrong. So he appealed to one "Boz," who was writing certain "Sketches" in 1834, for a new libretto. Dickens accepted the commission, and the operetta ran for nineteen nights in London. Nine years later Dickens was unwilling that it should be revived. "I did it," he explained, "in a fit of damnable good-

nature long ago, for Hullah, who wrote some very pretty music to it. I just put down for everybody what everybody at the St. James's Theatre wanted to say and do, and I have been most sincerely repentant ever since." And a year before his death Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson asked him if he had a copy of that play. "No," said Dickens, "and if I knew it was in my house, and if I could not get rid of it in any other way, I would burn the wing of the house where it was." Now here is surely involved a question of literary ethics. How shall the worshipper of Dickens show most respect to the object of his devotion? By respecting his wishes, or by dragging out and bowing down before his very indiscretions? And is the Rhadamanthus of criticism bound by statute to give the verdict "*Littera scripta manet*"? We will quote a stanza from Rose's Song in "The Village Coquettes":—

Old maiden aunts so hate the men,
So well know how wives are harried,
It makes them sad—not jealous—when
They see their poor dear nieces married.
All men are fair and false, they know,
And with deep sighs they assail 'em,
It's so long since they tried men, though,
I rather think their mem'ries fail 'em.

That was the sort of thing that some actress at the St. James's Theatre "wanted to say and do." And there will be many admirers of Dickens who will prefer his judgment to that of Mr. Kitton.

Everyone, we suppose, remembers "The Ivy Green" from the sixth chapter of *Pickwick*, which is the high-water mark of Dickens' verse. It was set to music by Henry Russell, who received ten shillings for a song that sold by tens of thousands. But the occasional verses in the *Press* are less remembered. To the "*Examiner*" in 1841 Dickens contributed a parody of "The Fine Old English Gentleman." Here is a stanza:—

The good old laws were garnished well with gibbets, whips,
and chains,
With fine old English penalties, and fine old English pains,
With rebel heads, and seas of blood once hot in rebel veins;
For all these things were requisite to guard the rich old gains
Of the fine old English Tory times;
Soon may they come again!

Of quite another character is the set of verses—signed with his own name—which Dickens published in the newly founded "*Daily News*," a few weeks after relinquishing the editorship. The "Hymn of the Wiltshire Labourers" caught the public ear at the moment when the corn laws were starving the peasant. We give the concluding stanza:—

Oh God, remind them! In the bread
They break upon the knee,
These sacred words may yet be read,
"In Memory of Me!"
Oh God, remind them of His sweet
Compassion for the poor,
And how He gave them Bread to eat,
And went from door to door!

Here perhaps we may find a suggestion of the cause of Charles Dickens's personal hold on following generations—his intense sympathy with all who suffered, or were oppressed. So even indiscretions may be pardoned, and become a *redintegratio amoris*.

Impressions.

XXIX.—Faith.

I ENTERED the wood walking hurriedly, as it was near sunset, and the village where I proposed to sleep was a long mile on the other side. Halfway through the wood I came upon a clearing, perhaps half a mile square, and in the middle of this reclaimed space, the smoke of the chimneys going up to the quiet sky, stood the woodcutters' cottages. They were surrounded by a hedge: all about

were stacks of wood, and under a roof of withered branches were chairs, some finished, some still in the making. The day's work was over, the men sat in the porches of their cottages; but one was digging in his garden. Him I knew: had known aforetime very well. "What, you?" I cried. He smiled, and came towards me.

"Yes; this is my second year here with nature," he said, presently. "I cut wood, design chairs, dig, and paint. Read? No. I've done with books for the present. A new view of education came to me, and I am now putting it to the test. May I say that wisdom, not knowledge, is my goal? I am quite content, for the present, to let the world go by, while I reflect, dig, design chairs, and paint."

"You still paint, then?"

"Yes, but not in the old way. I paint dreams, not actualities. You see out here my eyes are always absorbing beautiful effects—the flight and poise of birds, the bark of beech trees against the sky, the shimmer of grasses bending before the wind, the folds of great uplands, all the changes of nature in sun and shadow. This morning, for instance, I was awakened by a thrush singing in that tree. I threw open the window and leaned out. The world was very new, very grey, very potential, very silent. I shall paint that thrush singing in a still world."

"How can you paint a thrush's song?"

"It is difficult to explain; but you see all my pictures have an intention, an ordained background in which is set a certain young figure. When I paint a little work called 'The Lamb Bleats for Her,' or 'The Poet Speaks for Her,' or 'The Nightingale Sings for Her,' or 'The Shepherd Hears for Her,' each of the pictures expresses her awakening joy in the beauty of the world, her cries of gratitude to God. That's my mission now. The morning stars, you know, shouted for joy: my pictures are a small tribute, but they are the best I can offer. For the service of man, there are the chairs. I design them. It may be I am useful to these woodcutters."

"Then your pictures have a meaning for those who are able to understand?"

His eyes looked a deep affirmative. "You know those wonderful old pictures in German galleries by nameless painters who are known as 'The Master of the Life of Mary,' 'The Master of the Death of Mary,' and so on. Well, scenes from her bright and happy youth are the foundation of all my pictures, not interiors, but in the open air, set in this beautiful country, and in each picture she discovers for the first time some new loveliness in the world—lambs, sunsets, morning skies, spring blossoms, the songs of birds, the young green of trees, the Gothic aisles of woods, purple hills, the sunlight dappling the turf in orchards. I have proof, indubitable proof that these little tributes of mine are acceptable."

"How so?"

"I sell these pictures to a dealer in London for five pounds each. We have a contract. He takes all I paint. That is my entire income, small but regular. Last week I sold two for which he gave me a ten-pound note. Coming home I had not time to take a ticket. It was a corridor train. I was standing in the passage by an open window when the guard asked me for my ticket. I handed him the note. A gust of wind snatched it from my hand, and whirled it away. I was in despair, without a farthing in the world; I could not earn more for months, for I am a slow worker. The passengers sympathised, talked about stopping the train, and such nonsense. Then the door leading from the first-class compartment opened, and a girl, slight and beautiful, wearing a white veil, came towards us, paused, and placed in my hand a ten-pound note. I was too dumbfounded to thank her. She disappeared. Later I searched for her to explain and apologise for my boorishness. Of course, I could not find her!"

"Why not?"

"Don't you understand? She was Our Lady."

Drama.

Miss Terry's Experiment.

ONE cannot help feeling a little sentimental over the opening of Miss Ellen Terry's season at the Imperial Theatre. That an actress of delightful genius, who has already charmed more than one generation of playgoers with her immortal youth, should now be identifying herself with some of the strongest forces which make for the renaissance of the drama in the immediate future, with Ibsen, the reformer of dramatic psychology, and with Gordon Craig, the reformer of scenic art, is at least as encouraging as it is unexpected. [In "The Vikings," Mr. Craig, in particular, has an admirable opportunity of essaying whether the principles of stage lighting and stage decoration, which have already commended themselves to a small knot of curious persons, will bear the very different test of production before a general and imperfectly discriminating public. I see no reason for dissatisfaction with the success of the experiment. Doubtless Mr. Craig has made certain concessions to the existing stage conventions, and has avoided anything which might reasonably be regarded as eccentricity. But he keeps his distinctive note; and, whatever else may be thought of the play, it at least lingers in the memory as a succession of well composed and richly coloured pictures, which one was able to absorb without the perpetual irritation caused by the imperfect feeling for illusion ineradicable from the minds of the ordinary scene painter and the ordinary stage carpenter. The most effective scene was, perhaps, that of the banquet with its setting of simply draped and splendidly hued curtains: and the most interesting that by morning in Gunnar's house; because here Mr. Craig is grappling with the problem of daylight, which I suggested in a previous paper as one likely to tax his system of top-lighting. On the whole I think the system came well enough out of the ordeal. Neither a stage lit from the top nor one lit from the foot can ever be more than a far-off and symbolic representation of actual daylight. Whichever convention is adopted, one has to subdue one's imagination to it. And Mr. Craig does succeed in so manipulating his lighting as to produce a relative effect of luminosity in his day scenes in comparison with his night scenes, which perhaps is all that could reasonably be expected.]

The Viking business, with its gleaming armour and its semi-barbaric raiment, affords excellent material for Mr. Craig's really fine sense of the effective in costume to work upon. Apart from this I must own to some disappointment with the play, as a play. Of course, one did not expect typical Ibsen. "The Vikings at Helgeland" belongs to the period when the playwright had not yet felt his way to what ultimately became his true and characteristic method of expression, and was still touched by his younger enthusiasm for the blue rose of romance. But, even as romance, I fail to find it very effective or striking. The theme is an adaptation, in a pseudo-historical setting and with the mythical element left out, of that of the "Völsungasaga." This is, or should be, familiar to English readers in the magnificent verse of Morris's "Story of Sigurd the Volsung." Sigurd the Volsung is the brother in arms of Gunnar the Niblung, and has wedded his sister Gudrun. Gunnar is to ride the Flickering Flame and win the hand of Brynhild. But he fails in the task, and it is by Sigurd, magically vested in Gunnar's semblance, that it is accomplished. And the deed was the spring of woes:—

A flame of bitter trouble, and the death of many a man,
And the quenching of the kindreds, and the blood of the
broken troth,

And the Grievous need of the Niblungs and the Sorrow of
Odin the Goth.

Brynhild is married to Gunnar whom she believes to have achieved her. But Sigurd has revealed the secret to Gudrun, and Gudrun, in a moment of anger, reveals it to Brynhild. And Brynhild, deeming herself wronged, moves the Niblungs to slay Sigurd, and he is slain. And many years after Gudrun in her turn takes vengeance, and the Niblungs are treacherously slain in the hall of Atli. So the great simple tragic story wears to its end in fire and blood.

Ibsen's plot repeats pretty closely the main outlines of the situation in the saga. Sigurd and Gunnar keep their names, although, as I said, they become pseudo-historic Vikings instead of mythical heroes. Brynhild becomes Hiördis, and Gudrun Dagny. The supernatural element goes out of the story, and the achievement of the Flickering Flame gives place to the conquest of a mighty bear, which guards the entrance to the maiden bower of Hiördis, and is slain by Sigurd, who then, passing as Gunnar in the darkness, wins the lady. In many respects the play seems to me inferior to its original. In the first place it is less simple. The central theme is complicated by a second, of which the elements are drawn from other sagas, dealing with another Viking, Örnulf of the Fiords, and the woes of his house. And secondly, the events of the plot are very much better adapted to narrative than to dramatic treatment. There is a lapse of time between the deed and its requital, and a lapse of time cannot be satisfactorily represented on the stage. The action is of violence and blood, and violence and blood again are not plausible in drama. The great passages of the saga, at any rate in Morris's version, are the description of the ride through the Flickering Flame and its sequel, and the description of the death of Sigurd in the house of the Niblungs. The battle with the bear, which corresponds to the first of these, does not come into the play at all. The action begins five years later, and the preceding events are only known to the audience by the frequent and not very skilfully-introduced accounts of them given in the course of the dialogue. The second episode is deliberately altered by Ibsen. Hiördis loves Sigurd and not Gunnar. Instead of merely having him slain for the insult done her, she kills him herself with an arrow, intending to die with him and to ride to Valhalla in his company. But she finds, too late, that Sigurd is an adherent of the Great White Christ, and will not be riding to Valhalla at all. Against the modification of the story, with a view to the dramatic contrast of the heathen and Christian ideals, I have nothing to say, except that if Ibsen desired to make this point, it would have been more natural to make it earlier. There is no hint whatever of Christianity before the last ten minutes of the play. Dramatically, I think the closing scene is the most effective of all. What I do not quite understand is the degradation to which the character of the heroine is subjected. Brynhild is a magnificent poetic conception. Hiördis, as interpreted by Miss Terry, and, I think, also as conceived by Ibsen, is hopelessly unsympathetic. In fact, she is neither more nor less than a shrew. I do not quite know what object Ibsen had in this, or wherein it finds its dramatic justification. It makes the play very unpleasant.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

"For Their Own Pleasure."

THE words printed above are a quotation from the catalogue of the Rowland Club—a club composed of men interested in the arts, which is now holding an exhibition in the hall of Clifford's Inn. Six of the artist members of the club, Messrs. Brangwyn, Holroyd, Selwyn Image,

Stirling Lee, Mackmurdo, and Short are showing specimens of their work, done mainly "for their own pleasure," and so arranged in this old Hall that the visitor feels neither lassitude nor satiety. This is a move in the right direction—the thing done for its own sake from a genuine impulse.

Here you may see Mr. Frank Brangwyn as an etcher. His work with the needle, like his work in painting, is bold and broad; in his "Assisi" and "A Road in Picardy" the blacks are massed, and contrasted with the spaces of white, with the same large comprehension of colour that distinguishes his work in oils. Oils, too, he shows, notably a large picture of "Leeks," and another of "Mushrooms," very decorative and imposing. Mr. Frank Short, laying aside his etching needle for a time, offers to the small householder a series of delicate water-colours, notes, touched lightly with faint but not weak colour. His "Sands of Dee" may be slight, but it has space and air. Mr. Charles Holroyd is something of a surprise. At the Painter Etchers' exhibition his work was singled out in this journal for special consideration; last week his book on Michael Angelo was the theme of my discourse; at Clifford's Inn his many exhibits in water-colour and etching add considerably to the distinction of the exhibition. The composition of his "Sack and Faggots" is more than ingenious; in a space so small that a sheet of foolscap would cover it, he has contrived a real picture, a bitter pastoral of the soil. Crowning the upland is a copse against a flying sky, and climbing upwards from below, their old bodies bent under their burdens, an old tanned peasant man and woman ascend painfully and patiently. In another manner is his "Young Triton," a fantasy of mermaids sporting in a roaring sea, their tails and bodies intertwined, the topmost of them bearing aloft the trumpeter of Neptune. Mr. Mackmurdo shows cabinets, a treasure case, and articles of furniture in mahogany, praiseworthy simple in design and of excellent workmanship. When so much modern furniture is decorated mainly to catch the roving eye, it was an agreeable discovery to find that the inside walls of one of his cabinets was decorated, as if the dark interior would always be visible. If called upon to state which of the exhibits gave me the most pleasure, I should name Mr. Stirling Lee's "Marble Head." Carved, I believe, direct from the block, this head of a girl is tenderly alive. The lips are parted, abundant hair folds the smooth brow; the sightless eyes look out reflectively upon the world with an expression that belies their sightlessness. The art of sculpture has made strides in this country during the last generation, mainly through the example of M. Rodin and Mr. Alfred Gilbert, but to many householders sculpture is still the statuary of the mason's yard. Let those who are not yet convinced of its appropriateness for room decoration stroll into Clifford's Inn Hall, and glance at this beautiful head of Mr. Stirling Lee's carved from an ancient piece of Lychnitis marble that holds and reflects the light. It is very youth, tentative and unspoiled, the marble so old, the head eternally young. Assuredly a thing the artist chiselled for his own pleasure.

A small, well-arranged exhibition like this is heartening. I carried away with me distinct impressions of a few artistic personalities, of a few attractive art objects. They did not jostle one another on the walls as I knew would be the case at the summer show of the Old Water Colour Society in Pall Mall. The one hundred and thirty-second exhibition of this venerable Society is infused with new blood; and it contains several drawings that one feels were inspired by no other motive than the pleasure of production. Academic drawings, scenes niggled and laboriously finished, representations of plums and primroses à la Hunt still linger on the walls, but there is also a sensible leaven of newer, individual work. I found the drawings of Mr. James Paterson particularly interesting.

The Society has not yet adopted the system of grouping an artist's contributions together, but there was no mistaking Mr. Paterson's style after his first contribution had been examined. Thrice I found him, and each time it was a gratification to the eye. To some the small swift splashes of colour that stand for figures in his view of "The Anagas, Santa Cruz," might seem too impressionistic, but how well they compose in the pattern of his blue impression of this sunny, sultry corner of the world. Who would have prophesied a few years ago that such a brilliant example of impressionism would be shown on the walls of the Old Water Colour Society? In a different manner is his "Gale Brewing, Orotava," a study of crested waves and spray, white dashing against blue, really moving, and showing that Mr. Paterson has earned the right to work as an impressionist by virtue of having taught himself how to draw. His third drawing, "The Tower, La Laguna," is skied, but its frank simplicity loses nothing from being placed so high above the line.

Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan is another artist whose work one would have expected to see at the New English Art Club rather than here. He is an exceptionally clever draughtsman, fertile in design and decoration, but he has not yet shown that he is a colourist. Indeed, I would go further, and suggest that his proper medium is the outline drawing. Clever as his six studies at this exhibition are, they have not the power and grip of his book illustrations. His figures, especially in "My Lady in Treble," a prankishly ingenious study of reflections, and "The Nuns of Theleme," are well drawn and well posed, but there is a forbidding muddiness about the colour. It would almost seem as if his interest in form is so keen, that he can allow himself to be careless about the colour quality of his textures; careless, too, in not hiding all the traces of his labour. The woman in "A Book of Verses" has a splash of paint on the side of her nose that amounts to a disfigurement. Mr. Arthur Rackham shows a distinct vein of originality in his romantic drawings and illustrations of fairy tales. Other drawings which might be included in the "for their own pleasure" category are Miss Swan's "Dawn, Mürren," Mrs. Stanhope Forbes's "Ragged Robbins," Mrs. Allingham's "Purple Moonlight, Venice," and Mr. J. M. Swan's scholarly and picturesque study of "Tigers in Jungle."

Mr. Roger Fry certainly paints for his own pleasure, but under rigorous rules fixed for himself by himself. He is an upholder of the classical tradition, a willing disciple of the older masters; in some of his water-colours, not the most attractive, he is cousin-german to Girtin. He is also a learned writer on art, a student of the history of painting, calm, competent, severe when necessary, without, I am sure, the least temptation towards impressionistic writing. His style has not the colour or the literary flavour of Mr. MacColl's, but he has something to say, and I, for one, would always buy a journal containing an article from his pen. As a painter he is sparing in the use of the figure; architecture and landscape are his especial themes; among his thirty-five water-colours now being shown at Messrs. Carfax's galleries there is not one that has not been well-considered, studied, and expressed in the best way at his command. Mr. Fry is not a Brangwyn or a Paterson, and probably does not wish to be. His oil pictures are built on classical lines, and do not make any vast appeal to me; but then I am not an ardent admirer of Poussin. That master does not "intrigue" me, as Mr. Harland would say. But some of Mr. Fry's water-colours are quite charming, say the "Verona" bathed in the delicate decay of age, the "Mole," with its tawny light, cut trees, and reflections, and the "St. George and the Dragon." This delighted me, so gaily classical is the rendering of the legend, so well placed are the figures of the Saint, the

praying monk, and the sprawling dragon in the little landscape. It would look well on a wall against Mr. Holroyd's "Sack and Faggots," and in the corner of the room I would place Mr. Stirling Lee's young marble head, all done "for their own pleasure," and giving pleasure.

C. L. H.

Science.

Cricket.

ASSIDUOUSLY buttoning his left glove, the batsman wends his way to his wicket, widened or otherwise. His intentness and his difficulty in that adjustment may be correlated with the presence of more or less "funk." Now "funk" is an actual psychological entity. One may define it as the effect of the emotion of fear upon the neuro-muscular centres, the nerve-cells that control muscular action. To the cricketer this is anathema, to the singer a fearful joy. It has no value for the batsman; it is an aesthetic force for the vocalist. Mr. Edward Lloyd has admitted that he never sings so well as when he is slightly nervous, which is to say that this activity of the emotional centres lends tears or laughter to the voice. But the batsman dreads "funk," for his skill is only incidentally aesthetic. If you take the trouble, as I once did, of observing the frequency with which a batsman makes nothing in both innings—achieves the "pair of spectacles"—you will find that the ratio exceeds that which could be accounted for by chance. The obvious explanation is that the batsman who failed to score in the first innings is all the more likely to repeat his distressing feat in the second, since that nice muscular co-ordination upon which depends his success is unbalanced by the memory of his previous failure and the apprehension of its repetition.

But whether or not he be hampered by this "moral fear," the batsman has next to come to terms with what we know as physical fear. For when he faces the bowler he may remember that a cricket ball is an object of considerable mass—its weight on this planet being five and three-quarter ounces—and possessed, on its course towards him, of no inconsiderable velocity. The crack Australian bowler, Turner, was tested at Woolwich Arsenal many years ago, and was shown to bowl at sixty-six miles per hour. Now the mass multiplied by the velocity gives the momentum— $mv = M$ —and M is an exceedingly palpable force if the wicket be bumpy and the ball impinge upon your thigh or eyebrow. The tyro acts in accordance with the instinct of self-preservation, the first law of protoplasm; he therefore steps backwards, away from the line of the ball's flight—"runs away from his wicket"—and is inevitably bowled. The first essential of batting (and it applies equally to the bowler who has to stop a hard return or the fielder who must get in the way of the ball and, lest his hands should fail, must "keep his legs together") is therefore to defy the natural impulse. So difficult is this that some coaches will fasten the beginner's right foot to the ground so that he cannot budge though he would. And the process by which the batsman "stands up to the bowling"; by which you forbear to return a blow or to fling back an angry taunt; by which we exercise self-control and self-restraint; and by which, rather than by speech or reason, we are distinguished from the brute creation, is known as *inhibition*. It is at once the antithesis of volition and its highest expression.

The new science of psychology is, in this year of grace, by far and away the most interesting subject of human thought. The Greeks studied mind rather than matter, but to-day our study of matter has led us to the fact

that the grey surface of the human brain—the *cortex cerebri*—is, for the denizens of our planet at any rate, the most wonderful thing in the universe. It has been a long climax from the beginning of our nebula. Evolution is in climax yet, but its acme, for us, is the soft grey nervous protoplasm by the subtle chemical changes in your share of which you are at this moment conceiving the import of these words. And the most truly admirable of the functions of the cortex is this of inhibition. Can we analyse, then, this faculty by which the batsman stands his ground?

We must first consider what it is that he must inhibit. It must be recognised that the essence of all movement, whether in animals or plants, is reflex action. This simply means a movement in response to any external force. The *amoeba* moves towards a particle of food that has favourably influenced its sense of smell (as we may figure it), or away from an undesirable particle that has disagreeably affected it. Each movement is a simple reflex action. Volition, as we conceive it, is not involved. Now take the sixth eleven schoolboy facing the professional at the practice-nets. His sense of sight informs him of the rapid advent of an undesirable particle; he is disagreeably affected by the sensation; he voluntarily gets out of the way, and is bowled, or deserves to be. But, after all, there is not much volition in the matter. It is barely more than a simple reflex, as in the case of the *amoeba*. The boy will be a man, and the miff a batsman, when he attains to inhibition of his reflex actions.

The vision of the ball takes place in the hindmost part of the brain. Thence nerve fibres pass to the centres for muscular movement. These are most precisely defined. They lie at the sides of the brain in the "Rolandic area." As a result impulses are sent downwards to subordinate cells in the spinal cord from which fresh impulses pass to the muscles of the right leg, which is withdrawn; and the pusillanimous batsman's leg stump is knocked out of the ground. The volitional centres, which have not yet been localised, are only slightly concerned in this process, as I have shown. But the trained batsman inhibits the performance of this all but reflex action. I suppose Grace has not run away from a ball for thirty years. His inhibitory centres have gained complete control of the quasi-reflex arc. Where the inhibitory centres are, no one has any idea; but nerve-fibres must pass from them to the cells of the Rolandic area and arrest or modify their motor activity. I am conscious of having done much injustice to this wonderful faculty, but I am at present trying to work out a theory of the actual relation between volition and inhibition—between easy acquiescence and "the power to say 'no'"—which I hope to formulate some day upon this page.

Of course, inhibition comes in again a thousand times in batting. If you have the bad habit of counting your runs and know that they number ninety-nine, you must inhibit the almost irresistible impulse to smite wildly at the next ball that comes and thereby complete—or lose—your century. (And this reminds me that the tyro is often a "blind smiter." He shuts his eyes and then lets fly. Shutting the eyes is, of course, an obvious reflex, based upon the need for protection of such delicate organs. This reflex of winking is the most rapid known.) Then again, if you are a "stone-waller," accustomed to bat for an hour without making ten runs, and your side needs fifty runs to win with only twenty minutes to make them in, you must inhibit the long-cultivated reflex—the "habit"—of carefully "blocking" every "half-volley," and must exercise a subtle form of self-control in deliberately conquering yourself and adopting the forcing tactics of a Jessop.

And now what is it that puts batting as a feat of muscular co-ordination far above golf or even billiards? It is the fact that the batsman addresses a moving object. He has to "time" the ball; and, assuming that he has acquired inhibition, he is a good batsman almost in

proportion to this power of "timing." The ball has twenty-one yards to travel from the bowler's arm to your bat. With fast bowling I reckon that its whole journey occupies about three-fifths of a second. To get the best result, from your point of view, your bat must meet the ball at one particular moment near the end of this short period. It is as delicate a nervous feat as I know. Your two eyes must work exactly together, else you will receive two images of the ball, which would be fatal. To this end each eyeball must be moved by the co-ordinated action of no less than six muscles. The twelve are controlled from one centre in the brain, which not only enables the images in each eye to correspond with one another—so that you may see but one ball at the back of your head—but also enables those images to be formed on the "yellow spot," the most sensitive part of your retina—so that the resultant single image may be well defined. Here another sense is called in; one of the many unknown to those who prattle of a "sixth sense." It is called the muscular sense, and gives you a consciousness of where the muscles concerned precisely are, for of course a muscle alters its exact position in space when, and in proportion as, it contracts. The twelve ocular muscles combine to form a stimulus of this muscular sense. This informs you to what degree, and in what direction the eyeballs have been moved in following the ball's flight. The muscular sensation is combined and co-ordinated with the visual impression, the two together actually defining for you the precise position of the ball in space. This fact determined, the volition sets a-going the motor centres in the Rolandic area. They command the spinal cord cells, which transmit the mandate to the cells of the many muscles of the back and shoulders, and arms and legs, which instantly burn the sugar stored within them, and transform its potential into kinetic energy by which they contract and propel the "right spot" of the bat to the exact part of space where the flying ball was previously determined to be—and the batsman scores a boundary, or is caught in the long field; the difference between the two being mainly determined by the nicety of his inhibition over his left shoulder-cap or deltoid muscle. And this feat, of which, if we try to conceive its chemistry, this is obviously only a ludicrously inadequate summary, is accomplished in about the time that you take to the inconceivably more wonderful feat of attaching ideas to the black marks that cover this paper.

C. W. SALEBY.

Correspondence.

Shakespeare, Bacon, and Dr. Murray.

SIR,—In your article "Diversions in O," it is stated that Dr. Murray notes in the "New English Dictionary" that "'out'-verbs . . . were much favoured by Shakespeare, but were almost eschewed by Bacon. . . . In Bacon only two have been found"—one of these being "outshoot," which he maintains had been in common use for seventy years. According to Dr. Murray's own statement, "out"-verbs were "eschewed," not "almost eschewed," by Bacon, and that "while Shakespeare uses fifty-four of these verbs . . . we cite Bacon only for two." "Dr. Murray," as you say, "throws a pebble in the troubled Shakespeare-Bacon pool." It is only a "pebble," and won't make a big splash in the water.

Now "using" or "finding" a word is one thing and "citing" its use is another. In the "New English Dictionary" I have found that invariably for the historical use of a word—even of common words like "change" and "changed"—Dr. Murray adopts Shakespeare in preference to any other author, even when a better and earlier or a contemporaneous use could be "cited" from Bacon. In fact

Dr. Murray "eschews" Bacon, confining his attention to the "Advancement of Learning," "Essays," "Henry VII.," and "Sylva Sylvarum."

For example, to give an historical use of the verb "to countenance," Dr. Murray "cites" Shakespeare in "2 Henry IV." (1597) with the words "to countenance William Visor of Wincot." Now this is a favourite word with Bacon, and a prior and equally good reference, I contend, might have been made to a letter written by Bacon to the Queen in 1593: "Your Majesty has been gracious to me both in countenancing me" (Spedding's "Letters and Life," I., 240.)

Then, again, with the word "impediment," often used by Bacon, Dr. Murray's reference is, of course, to Shakespeare, "Richard III." (1594), although in 1593 Bacon uses the word in a letter to Cecil. (Spedding, I., 237.)

Another pet word with Bacon, used frequently in his "Works and Letters," and only four times by Shakespeare, is "advertisement." For this word Dr. Murray "cites" Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing" (produced (?) 1599, published 1600), although Bacon employs the word in a letter to Essex in 1593. Then there is the word "disloyalty," used twice by Shakespeare and many times by Bacon. For his historical use Dr. Murray "cites" Shakespeare's "Much Ado" (1599-1600), and fails to "cite" the use of the word by Bacon in his "Advice to Essex" in March, 1599. Frequently in connection with Essex's rebellion, we find Bacon using the verb "barricado" in 1601, but in the same year Shakespeare uses the word in "All's Well," and this use is credited to him as being the first use in English literature. Then there is the word "fumble," which Shakespeare uses four times, and is "cited" by Dr. Murray for three different uses. Bacon uses the word in his "History of Life and Death," but Bacon is not "cited." Shakespeare uses "blab" three times, and is "cited" twice by Dr. Murray. Bacon uses the word in the same sense more than once in his "Letters" (Spedding, VI., 114), but is not "cited." The Dictionary gives no use of the word "brigue" between 1496 and 1678, but Bacon uses it in 1613 (Spedding, IV., 372). And so also with words like "coagulation," "bates," "counterfeit," "commodities," to "gravel," "goods and chattels," "curds," &c.—Shakespeare is "cited" for their use, not Bacon. I think, therefore, I have made it clear that the non-citation of a word in Bacon does not prove the non-usage of that word by Bacon.

But in many cases I have found Dr. Murray refusing Bacon credit for the first use of a word. One of these is "barricado," already instanced. Another is the noun "buzz," defined by Dr. Murray as (1) "A condition of busy activity, stir, ferment," or (2) "A busy rumour." In the former sense, Dr. Murray's example of the first use is taken from Feltham's "Resolves" (1627), and in the latter sense from Shakespeare's "King Lear" (1605). But the word is frequently used by Bacon in his "Letters," as early as 1601, where we read "to make the more buzz of the danger he stood in." (Spedding, II. 268, and also V. 40 and 43). The first use of "affrontedly" is given as 1656, although Bacon writes in 1616 "most affrontedly." (Spedding, V., 363.)

But, strangest of all, when Bacon is generously accorded and "cited" for the first use of a word, I can find instances of a prior use of the word by Bacon himself, anterior in date to that given in the Dictionary. For instance, the first use of the expression "In competition with" given in the Dictionary is ascribed to Bacon in the "Advancement of Learning" (1605), but in a letter of Bacon's to Sir Thomas Egerton, dated 1597, (Spedding II., 63), he writes: "I see no man ripened for the place of Master of the Rolls in competition with Mr. Attorney-General." And again, the first use of the word "concurrency" (common with Bacon) is also attributed to the

"Advancement of Learning" (1605), although in 1597 Bacon said, in a "Speech on the Subsidy": "So this concurrence of occurrences. . . ." (Spedding, II., 88.)

My contention is that Bacon has not received the same attention as Shakespeare at the hands of Dr. Murray, possibly because there is a Shakespeare "Concordance," which can be more readily consulted than the fourteen volumes of Spedding's "Works" and "Letters" of Bacon for any use of a word, of which works there is no similar "Concordance," although I am glad to know that Mrs. Pott has been for long engaged on what will prove a very useful and interesting volume. From the "Works" of Bacon, we are supplied with the first uses of words in the language, such as "application" (in the sense of "self-adaptation,"), "adventive" (used twice in English literature, and both times by Bacon), "allusive," "axiom" (meaning "empirical law"), and "athletic" ("art of activity"). But there are first uses of words in the "Letters" which are not "cited" in the Dictionary. Why? Because the "Letters" were never consulted for such a use. Here is a specimen. The first use of "aggregative," is ascribed by Dr. Murray to Jessop, who uses the word as an adjective, in 1644, but if he turns to Spedding, IV., 54, he will find the word "aggregative" used by Bacon in 1608 as a noun—"3 pilles of aggregative." Dr. Murray "cites" no use of the word as a noun although he has a "quasi substantive" equivalent to "aggregate." Here is a new noun actually coined by Bacon, and not "cited" in the Dictionary. Had it been found in the Shakespeare "Concordance" it would have been "cited" right enough, I have not the smallest doubt.

The "Letters" have never, to my knowledge, been "cited" in the Dictionary, and in these, "out-" verbs (in addition to "outshoot") and "out-" words are to be found, unknown to Dr. Murray. Take the verb "outface," for example, for the use of which word Shakespeare is "cited" by Dr. Murray—twice for the same meaning of the word—"2 Henry VI." (1593), "Merchant of Venice" (1596), "1 Henry IV." (1596), and "King Lear" (1605). Even Nathaniel Bacon is "cited," 1649; but Francis Bacon in 1601 (Spedding, II., 225) writes: "Outface it with impudency." Of course he is not "cited" for the use of this "out-" verb. The necessity of "citing" Shakespeare twice, in 1593 and 1596, for the use of a word with a similar signification, is not very apparent. Would the use of the word by Bacon in 1601, instead of the second example from Shakespeare in 1596 (only three years after the first), not have been an improvement in a "historical" Dictionary? Then, the "out-" verb "outlawed" is only used once by Shakespeare, but is common in Bacon ("Works," Vol. VII., and "Henry VII." *passim*). In the next Division of the Dictionary—the new section of which only goes the length of "Outing"—I expect to find Shakespeare, not Bacon, "cited" for the use of "outlawed." And so with "outstrip" (used thrice by Shakespeare) and at least twice by Bacon ("Nov. Org." II., 48; "Letters," IV., 100). Will Bacon be "cited" for "outstrip"? Then there is "outcast" used thrice by Shakespeare, and "cited," of course, by Dr. Murray, from the "Sonnets" (ascribed to 1600, but first published in 1609). Dr. Murray could not get an historical use of this "out-" verb "outcast" between 1600 and Southey's use of the word in 1795, but we have two intermediate uses of it by Bacon in 1612 (Spedding, IV., 268) and in 1623 (Spedding, VII., 549). Then we have an "outweigh" in the "De Aug." VII., 1, an "out-run" in the "Nov. Org." I., 36, and numberless nouns and adjectives compounded with "out," one of them "outlet" ("Essay," XV.) not to be found in Shakespeare! Among these words are "outline," "outrage," "outset," "outworks," &c.

It seems to me, it may not to Dr. Murray, an extraordinary circumstance that more *first* uses and *only* uses of certain words in the English language can be drawn

from the writings of Shakespeare and Bacon, two men who lived contemporaneously with each other, were not acquainted with each other (we are informed), and never referred to each other, than from any other dozen other authors combined. Take the word "barricado," the first use of which is, as I have said, by Bacon and Shakespeare in the very same year, 1601, and the word "dexteriously" used for the first time in "Twelfth Night" (1601) (first printed in 1623), used by Bacon in the "Adv. of Learning" (written 1603, printed 1605), and not used again till 1635—a curious history. If Shakespeare invented the word, Bacon must have borrowed it from "Twelfth Night," or from the stage MS. version or performance, as he had no printed copy available till 1623.

Recently Judge Willis maintained: "I do not believe that either the author of the Folio, 1623, or Lord Bacon, added a new word to the English tongue, or used for the first time an old word with a new meaning." Why, we have hundreds of such additions and first uses in Shakespeare and Bacon—newly coined words and new meanings being used by the two writers, or one or other of them, and used by no others, practically at the same time.

Who was the more likely etymologist? I would ask Dr. Murray—for it is a question of etymology—whether Emerson's "man of Stratford," who left school at the age of thirteen or fourteen and at once became a butcher's apprentice, whose father and mother could not write, and who left his "bookless" native town without an education, in English (as English, except the A.B.C. per the horn-book, formed no part of any Grammar School curriculum in the days of Elizabeth), but with a vocabulary, according to Max Müller and Stopford Brooke, of 15,000 pure English words, many of them used for the first time according to Dr. Murray—a vocabulary twice as large as the scholarly Milton's; or the great philosopher and English scholar, carefully educated, whose father was Lord-keeper and whose mother was governess to Edward VI., and spoke and wrote English, Latin, Greek, Italian and French "as her native tongue," the man who had left Cambridge, while at the age of 15, as there was nothing more they could teach him, the genius who in his youth declared "I have taken all knowledge to be my province"? (Spedding, I., 108.)

This is apart from the subject; but in conclusion I would suggest that, although the "New English Dictionary" is far advanced, it would be to its advantage, for citations of the first and other uses of English words in the forthcoming sections, if Dr. Murray would set his readers upon Spedding's "Letters and Life of Bacon."—Yours, &c.,

Edinburgh.

GEORGE STRONACH.

Parry v. Moring and Another.

SIR,—As you have quoted with approval Mr. Parry's chaffing letter which contains several misstatements of facts, may I set these right. Mr. Parry, after admitting that his book is a "rotter," asks: 1. "Why appropriate it?" I answer, Mr. Gollancz hasn't appropriated it. 2. "Why not do a better?" Mr. G. has done a better, has given us for the first time an honest text of the book, printing the 130 lines which Mr. Parry deliberately and needlessly left out, and correcting over 600 of his mistakes. 3. "Why crib its text and its arrangement and some of its worst notes?" Mr. G. hasn't crib'd its text, but has turned it into a genuine one: he hasn't crib'd its arrangement, but has independently worked that out for himself; he hasn't crib'd its worst notes, but has accidentally made two of the same blunders Mr. Parry made. 4. "Why not take your coat off, and do the work for yourself?" This is exactly what Mr. G. has done. Why, he gave a week's work to explain one difficult word which floored Mr. Parry. Mr. P. says: "I did several months' honest work at my

edition": so did Mr. Gollancz at his: he has been off and on at it for years, as an old admirer of Dorothy Osborne. In fairness to Mr. G. I hope you'll print this answer.—Yours, &c.,

F. J. FURNIVALL.

"The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman."

SIR,—"Bookworm's" note on the above delightful little book falls so far short of satisfaction, that it does not mention the fact that there is good evidence for supposing that Thackeray's hand is to be found, not only in the ballad itself, but in the even more delightful prose notes appended to it.

Indeed, I am of opinion that Dickens wrote the introduction only, and that Mr. Kitton has no right to include the Ballad amongst the "Inimitable's" Plays and Poems.

In the first edition will be found the misspelt "soubriquet" for "sobriquet," of which certainly Thackeray would not have been guilty.—Yours, &c.,

G. S. L.

A Correction.

SIR,—I must thank a correspondent for pointing out to me a stupid error of calculation on my part in my article, "The Inner Limit of Vision." In speaking of what I have called the "gap" rays, which may be postulated to intervene between ordinary light and the Röntgen rays, I referred to an interval of "hundreds of octaves." Probably I should have said "dozens"—which also may be incorrect; but the wave-length of the Röntgen rays has only been guessed. Our foremost English authority—Lord Rayleigh—spoke to me the other day of "hundreds," as a shot at the ratio between the speeds, and that is all we can say at present.

I may take this opportunity of adding that the essential identity of the Röntgen rays with sunlight is further shown by the fact that the rays do effect a very faint illumination of the retina. That is to say, though their form cannot be traced, they can be faintly seen.—Yours, &c.,

C. W. SALEEBY.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 187 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best letter describing an incident which occurred during the Easter Holidays. Twenty-seven replies have been received. We award the prize to Mr. J. C. Segrue, Thrale Hall, Streatham, S.W., for the following:—

We were at Brussels and it was Maunday Thursday. A glorious evening following an equally glorious day had tempted us to take a promenade along the Boulevards. The streets were crowded, people of all nationalities were coming to and fro, some on pleasure bent, others like ourselves enjoying an evening stroll. Wandering aimlessly on, we found ourselves opposite the Café Victoria; here the crowd was especially dense, long queues forming up outside the doors. Our curiosity being aroused, we entered; a curious sight met our eyes, for in the large *salle* seated at the numerous little tables were men and women of almost every class and condition of life. What did it all mean? Surely no ordinary programme (it was a *café chantant*) could bring together so strange and curious an audience: We were right. M. M——, the famous Belgian dramatist and author, had promised to recite his new and thrilling poem "La Belgique heureuse," which will in future take the place of the present Belgian "National Anthem." Leaning on a staff draped in the Belgian colours, he commenced his recitation; in measured tones, he told the story of their race; its birth, its infancy, its sorrows and its joys. Back to the herds of ancient Flanders he carried us, and as he spoke tears came to his eyes, whilst his audience cheered and cheered. . . . We left the café—it was raining—the streets were deserted—from the Belgium of yesterday we had passed to the Belgium of to-day.

Other replies follow :—

I joined my militia regiment on Sunday last, and have been doing real soldier's work all this week, protecting railway property from the strikers. Last night I stood sentry on the "Holfweg" bridge. Just after sunrise a group of men came towards the railway dyke about fifty yards from where I stood; they started walking on the line in the direction of Amsterdam, and away from me. Of course, the moment they did so, I challenged them. They paid no attention; I challenged again—and a third time. Then I fired in the air. Upon this one of them looked round and shouted something, which I did not hear. They kept walking on the line, however, and I had no choice then but to fire at them. I aimed low at the man who had shouted, hoping to disable without seriously wounding him; but I was nervous, and in the act of pulling the trigger I felt that it was a bad shot. The man collapsed on the spot as if his legs had been mowed away from under him! He was killed outright! It was a sickening sight, and I fear that the memory of it will haunt me all my life. And after all it turned out that the men were not strikers. They had passes, but did not know they had to show them! Surely some one has blundered. I am under arrest pending inquiry.

[K. B., Amsterdam.]

You ask what memorable incident has Easter brought to any of us? To me certainly one thing, the thought of a strange expression passing over the face of a peasant woman. She let us into her cottage for shelter from a thin rain that came sweeping across the Welsh mountains, a tall, reserved woman, haggard of face, with hair growing grey, and asked us to sit down in the inner room, a bedroom, as the other she was then washing up. It was so dark within that I did not noticed a child lying asleep on the bed, till it stirred and began to cough. My sister said it was hooping-cough. "Let's go then," I cried dismayed; "I don't want that in my holidays." My voice, raised unconsciously, caught the woman's attention perhaps, for she came in quickly, and going to the bedside, looked down at the child; looked and said nothing. But then the singular expression I have mentioned came over her face. Pity and maternal love? Yes, these, but something more. Here, for a moment, was a wise shining-faced one, full of an infinite and delicate apprehension of far-off things. Only twice before, at long intervals, have I seen that strange look; once it was a young girl with her lover (oh, the force of it as it swept over her face); once a monk. All three were very silent. Something undiscoverable to us others they had doubtless found, each of them, but they kept their secret.

[F. H., Penarth.]

I was leaning from my open window on the evening of Easter Monday. Presently three girls came swinging along the road arm in arm, talking shrilly. My ear distinguished repeatedly "e sez to me, 'e sez," and in triumphant accents, "I sez to 'im—!" Just opposite to my window they pulled up abruptly. "Ere, where's my cowslips?" cried a voice in consternation. One of the figures detached herself and began shaking her clothes, exclaiming in tones of grief (she had the most piercing voice I had ever heard) "An' I picked 'em for mother an' all, to give 'er a smell of the country!" Presently her companions became impatient. "Come along, Annie," they urged; "they'll think we're lost!" "You can just shut up!" returned Annie, hotly, "I'm going back to look for mother's cowslips." They banded rapid speech, Annie's shrill retorts coming bitterly from an increasing distance. Suddenly the other two made a rush for her and, each seizing an arm, started to hustle her down the road. She was small and ineffective, but her extraordinary voice divided the night with florid vocables. Suddenly one of the captors gave a shriek of discovery. "Wy 'ere they are, silly, stuck inside your blouse with your 'ankey!" "That's a mercy, anyway!" came in relieved tones, and then, "Well, an' so I sez to 'im—!" The voices died away and I tried to remember whether cowslips appeared so early in Spring. I decided at last that they may have meant primroses.

[E. K. L., Birkenhead.]

Competition No. 188 (New Series).

This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best criticism of any book, new or old, which our competitors may have read this year. Replies not to exceed 300 words.

RULES.

Answers addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 29 April, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

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Clifford (Rev. Cornelius), <i>Introlbo</i>(Cathedral Library Association) \$1.50	
Wellson (Rt. Rev. J. E. O.), <i>Youth and Duty</i>(Religious Tract Society) 3/6	
McCabe (Joseph), <i>Church Discipline</i>(Duckworth) net 3/0	
Carpenter (J. Estlin) and Wicksteed (P. H.), <i>Studies in Theology</i>(Dent) net 5/0	

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Cleather (Alice Leighton) and Crump (Basil), <i>The Ring of the Nibelung: An Interpretation</i>(Methuen) 2/6	
Wreaths of Song from a Course of Divinity.....(Gill) net 2/0	
Middleton (J. A.), <i>Love Songs and Little Lyrics</i>(Limpus) net 2/0	
Thomsett (Richard Gillham), <i>Thoughts in Verse</i>(Partridge) 1/0	
Platt (Agnes), <i>The Stage in 1902</i>(Richards) net 1/0	
Boynton (H. W.), <i>The Golfer's Rubāiyāt</i>(") net 3-6	
Tadema (Laurence Alma), <i>Songs of Womanhood</i>(") net 3/0	

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Buckley (Charles Burton), <i>An Anecdotal History of Old Times in Singapore</i> . 2 vols.....(Fraser and Neave, Singapore)	
Bryce (James), <i>Studies in Contemporary Biography</i>(Macmillan) net 10/6	
Woodburn (James Albert), <i>Political Parties and Party Problems in the United States</i>(Putnam's) 9/0	
Pike (G. Holden), <i>Wesley and His Preachers</i>(Unwin) 7/6	
Rushton (William Lowes), selected and arranged by, <i>Letters of a Templar, 1820-1850</i>(Simpkin)	
Mee (Arthur), edited by, <i>England's Mission by England's Statesmen</i>(Richards) 6/0	
A Report of the Facts of the Copyright Action brought by Edward Abbott Parry against Alexander Moring and Israel Gollancz.....(Sherratt and Hughes) net 0/6	

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Livingston (Burton Edward), <i>The Role of Diffusion and Osmotic Pressure in Plants</i>(University of Chicago Press)	
Dopp (Katharine Elizabeth), <i>The Place of Industries in Elementary Education</i>(University of Chicago Press)	
Bain (Alexander), <i>Dissertations on Leading Philosophical Topics</i>(Longmans) net 7/6	
Gore (J. Ellard), <i>The Stellar Heavens</i>(Chatto and Windus)	

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Shoemaker (Michael Myers), <i>The Great Siberian Railway</i>(Putnam's) net 9/0	
Beant (Sir Walter) and Mitton (G. E.), <i>The Fascination of London: Holborn and Bloomsbury</i>(Black) net 1/6	

EDUCATIONAL.

Macrae (Rev. Alexander), <i>Principles of English Grammar</i>(Relfe) 1/4	
Wyatt (G. H.), <i>Preliminary Geometry</i>(") 1/4	
Blouet (H.), <i>How to Read French</i>(") 0/9	
Carter (George), <i>Extract from Outlines of English History</i>(") 0/9	
Slade (William), <i>Preliminary Tests in Geometry. Parts I. and II.</i>(") 0/6	
Thornton (J. and F. O.), <i>The Junior Book-keeping Examiner, 1903</i>(Macmillan) 0/6	
" " <i>Key to the Junior Book-keeping Examiner, 1903</i>(Macmillan) 3/6	
Mukerji (Chintamani), <i>Elementary Geometry</i>(Indian Press)	

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Royal University of Ireland Examination Papers, 1902.....(The University)	
Catalogue of Additions to the Manuscripts in the British Museum in the Years 1894-1899.....(British Museum)	
Paul (Alexander), <i>The Vaccination Problem in 1903</i>(King) 2/6	
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The Academy and Literature.

No. 1617. Established 1869. London: 2 May 1903.

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The Literary Week.

THE two volumes of letters by Jane Welsh Carlyle referred to below, bring up to eleven volumes the total of semi-official books that have been written about the Carlyles since their death. Judging from the reviews, these letters and comments have by no means settled the controversy that has raged around the domestic relations of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. Collectors of the works of Mr. Andrew Lang must add two new volumes to their shelves. To one of them, however, a collection of seventeenth century tracts, Mr. Lang is responsible only for the introduction. Birthday or year books have received an addition in a selection from the writings of Phillips Brooks, with this quotation on the title-page: "The thought is stronger for us because he has thought it. The feeling is more vivid because he has felt it. And always he leads us to God by a way along which he has gone himself." Among the publications of the week we note the following:—

NEW LETTERS AND MEMORIALS OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE. 2 vols.

The editor of these volumes is Mr. Alexander Carlyle, the annotations are by Thomas Carlyle, and an Introduction is provided by Sir James Crichton Browne. These new letters have the qualities which are familiar to us in the old—they are brilliant, frank, and often unwise. The main object of the editor and the writer of the introduction is to vindicate Carlyle at the expense of his wife. Sir James Crichton Browne comes to the conclusion that she suffered from "cerebral neurasthenia," and hazards the assertion that Carlyle "must have been nearly flayed alive during her mental derangement."

SOCIAL ORIGINS. By Andrew Lang. PRIMAL LAW. By J. J. Atkinson.

The portion of the volume called "Primal Law" was written by the late Mr. James Jasper Atkinson. Mr. Atkinson spent most of his life in New Caledonia, where "his ingenious mind was much exercised by the singular laws and customs of the natives of the New Caledonian

Archipelago and the adjacent isles." Mr. Lang's dedication is to Annabella Alleyne, and reads thus: "Dear Annie, as you first pointed out to me the facts which are the germ of my Theory of the Origin of Totemism, you are one cause of my share in this book. The other is affection for the memory of the author of 'Primal Law.'"

ISABELLA D'ESTE. 2 vols. By Julia Cartwright.

A study of the Renaissance, 1474-1539. Mrs. Ady says in her preface: "The life of Isabella d'Este has never yet been written. After four hundred years, the greatest lady of the Renaissance still awaits her biographer." Attempts have been made before by French, German and Italian scholars, but their work was either interrupted or cut short by death. Mrs. Ady's biography does not claim to be exhaustive; it is put forth as likely to be of interest to readers who are already familiar with the writer's Life of Isabella d'Este's sister Beatrice.

MR. EGERTON CASTLE has written to the "Morning Post" complaining of a review of "The Star-Dreamer" published in that journal. After setting forth his grievance Mr. Castle says: "The question of literary criticism is one of so much importance to writers that there is a feeling among us that it is time to make a stand against the reckless, spiteful, or weary reviewer." By all means let a stand be made against reckless and spiteful reviewers; the weary reviewer, however, is bound to be always with us. His weariness, unfortunately, is usually induced by what he has to read in the way of indifferent fiction.

THERE are certain little books which, without achieving actual popularity, have a steady sale and are talked about amongst quiet people. "A Digit of the Moon" was such a book. From its author we are to have shortly another volume called "The Descent of the Sun," which is said to be translated from the original manuscript. We do not know whether the translation is real or a literary device.

Mr. D. S. MACCOLL has been writing in the "Saturday Review" concerning what he calls the "maladministration of the Chantrey Trust." The word "maladministration" appears perfectly justifiable on the facts which Mr. MacColl presents. The express stipulations laid down by Sir Francis Chantrey were as follows:—

1. The works of art might be by artists of any nationality, with the one condition that they must have been executed and completed in Great Britain.
2. The works of "deceased or living artists" were eligible.
3. There is no limit to exhibition in the year of purchase.
4. There is no limit to exhibition at the Royal Academy.

It is a matter of common knowledge that these terms have been ignored. With a very few exceptions, says Mr. MacColl, "the policy and practice has been to select pictures and sculpture from the current exhibitions of the Royal Academy, and to treat Academicians, more particularly, in the most generous spirit. Of the total of about £60,000 expended up to date, over £30,000 was paid to members of the Academy, between £17,000 and £18,000 to those who shortly after became members, between £12,000 and £13,000 to other exhibitors." Thus the wide range of choice deliberately provided by Chantrey has been narrowed to the buying of works by living artists, and those works in most cases have not been representative of the artists' best. Chantrey particularly guarded against the danger of hurried choice "by relieving the Trustees of any obligation to buy every year." The Trustees, however, have glorified in hurried choice. They have, says Mr. MacColl, "ignored this provision, with the rest; they have never given judgment a chance to mature, they have bought, except in the case of Hilton, works fresh from the artist's hand, and have only in three years out of twenty-six abstained from those hasty purchases among pictures and sculpture of the year."

This is a pretty broad indictment. It is possible, as Mr. MacColl suggests, that the present Trustees are unaware of the conditions of the Trust; Sir Charles Eastlake, who was President of the Academy in 1863, was certainly unaware of those conditions, for he asserted before the Commission that Chantrey's bequest was for the benefit of British artists only. Mr. MacColl writes:—

To bring these remarks to a point I put it to the conscience of the President and Council of the Academy as men of honour whether it is not a clear duty before they go further, to secure for the nation a picture by Mr. Whistler. No one will now dispute that the gap is inexcusable in view of Chantrey's instructions to his Trustees; and the Trustees may be reminded that if they are warned against personal sympathy, it ought to be taken for granted that personal antipathy, if it exists, should not interfere with a public duty. Generosity is often enough lost sight of among the miserable jealousies of artists; but we may at least demand of public bodies a measure of justice and decency. I will cite, for the present, one other case. The Trustees have purchased a number of watercolours, of which only Mr. Smythe's can be called in any way exemplary. The chief master of one exemplary kind since Turner is now an old man, and nearing the limit of his wonderful production. Is it not a scandal that Mr. Brabazon is ignored in this collection?

We have no doubt that both general artistic and public opinion are with Mr. MacColl. The Trust obviously should not be employed "to reward exhibitors in current Academy exhibitions"; its business is to get the best work executed in this country. We trust that Mr. MacColl's appeal will not fail of effect.

THE inaugural address of Prof. Bury, who succeeded Lord Acton at Cambridge, lies before us. Prof. Bury's view of history is in accord with his predecessor's and the general

tendency of the times. He insists "that history is not a branch of literature":—

The facts of history, like the facts of geology or astronomy, can supply material for literary art; for manifest reasons they lend themselves to artistic representation far more readily than those of the natural sciences; but to clothe the story of a human society in a literary dress is no more the part of a historian as a historian, than it is the part of an astronomer as an astronomer to present in an artistic shape the story of the stars.

It is, of course, not the historian's business, but if he can make a happy marriage between history and literature his influence will be the wider. But this, of course, can only apply in more or less broad history. It is, however, as Prof. Bury said, always the duty of the historian to get a grip of the progressive human story; a duty which is becoming clearer every day.

THE "Ancestor" cannot leave alone the unfortunate novelist who is imprudent enough to introduce heraldry, parish registers, and the like, into his pages. In the current issue Mr. Oswald Barron proves quite conclusively that Grant Allen, in his "Blood Royal," went hopelessly wrong. The novelist, in antiquarian matters, should never be explicit. Mr. Barron says:—

In dealing with all these things the novelist will remember that in vagueness, vagueness, and again in vagueness will be found ease and safety and the shadow of accuracy. And here we pause, being unable to affect any longer the belief that the novelist is looking up at us and drinking in our words. For we know very well he is doing nothing of the kind.

Mr. Barron's conclusion is fully justified by the facts.

WE are glad to hear that Mr. George Allen is to publish an English edition identical with the French edition of "The Romance of Tristan and Iseult." The English version of J. Bédier's text has been done by Mr. H. Belloc, and the whole of Robert Engel's beautiful illustrations are to be reproduced in colour.

THE latest volume in the "World's Classics" contains "Selected English Essays." The editor's choice has been wide. The first selections are from Bacon, the later ones bring us to quite modern times. We have work by Thackeray, Dr. John Brown, and Matthew Arnold; then come J. A. Symonds's "A Venetian Medley," Richard Jefferies's "Meadow Thoughts," and Stevenson's "Walking Tours." To re-read this paper of Stevenson's is to be convinced more firmly than ever that his place is assured in the small company of enduring essayists. This is writing that will find many a generation eager to read:—

We are in such haste to be doing, to be writing, to be gathering gear, to make our voice audible a moment in the derisive silence of eternity, that we forget that one thing, of which these are but the parts—namely, to live. We fall in love, we drink hard, we run to and fro upon the earth like frightened sheep. And now you are to ask yourself if, when all is done, you would not have been better to sit by the fire at home, and be happy thinking. To sit still and contemplate—to remember the faces of women without desire, to be pleased by the great deeds of men without envy, to be everything and everywhere in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are—is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness?

MR. ARTHUR SYMONS contributes to the current number of "Harper's" a vivid and well-wrought impression of Constantinople. Mr. Symons' descriptive work is always admirable, particularly when it deals with the East; we

recall an impression of Moscow which was full of life and colour. The following passage touches the squalid human element :—

Your feet slip in slushy mud, and catch on the cobbles or in the gaps of the road. A dog with a red wound behind his ear, and a long strip of mangy skin on his back, lies asleep in the middle of the pavement. You step into the road to avoid the dogs and the *hamals*, and wheels and horses are upon you. You step back into the midst of the dogs and the *hamals*; as you stand aside for a moment, a beggar with a handless arm rounded into a stump, a woman with her face eaten away in the cavity of the hood which she draws back before you, appears suddenly, filling what had seemed the only alley of escape. The sun soaks down into the narrow street; the smell of the mud rises up into your nostrils, mingled with those unknown smells which, in Constantinople, seem to ooze upwards out of the ground, and steam outwards from every door and window, and pour out of every alley, and rise like a cloud out of the breath and sweat and foulness of the people.

By way of contrast we may quote the following :—

Below, under my windows, are the cypresses of the Little Field of the Dead, vast, motionless, different every night. Last night each stood clear, tall, apart; to-night they huddle together in the mist, and seem to shudder. The sunset was brief, and the water has grown dull, like slate. Stamboul fades to a level mass of smoky purple, out of which a few minarets rise black against a gray sky with bands of orange fire. Last night, after a golden sunset, a fog of rusty iron came down, and hung poised over the jagged level of the hill. The whole mass of Stamboul was like black smoke; the water dim gray, a little flushed, and then like pure light, lucid, transparent, every ship and every boat sharply outlined in black on its surface; the boats seemed to crawl like flies on a lighted pane.

In the same magazine we find an article entitled "Recent Impressions of the English." The writer is troubled by what he considers the undue regard paid to our aristocracy. To the aristocracy, he says, go the best places in Army and Government, and he comments: "It is impossible to believe that such a Government represents the best abilities, the real energy, of the English people." "Stupid" and "aristocratic" he holds to be synonymous terms. When the writer comes to other matters, however, he is sounder. Comparing England with America, he says :—

The standard, both in literature and in the fine arts, is higher in England than it is here. It is the same in respect to oratory. The average of the speaking in the House of Commons is lower than it is in the American House of Representatives, but the best English speakers surpass the best American speakers. Even the judicial opinions of the English judges are better expressed than those of our judges—more racy and spontaneous, more literary. In learning generally, especially in theology, there can be no question of English superiority.

We may be thankful for so much, even though America beats us in applied science.

Of the seven volumes of Mr. J. S. Farmer's dictionary of "Slang and its Analogues" six have already been published. With the seventh volume will be issued a revision of the first, which the editor frankly confesses to be below the level of the later volumes.

"PUNCH" this week reports a "Sketchy Interview" with Mr. H. G. Wells :—

On our pressing the electric button the door was opened by a well-trained Martian, who in answer to our question hooted

politely that Mr. Wells was out on his *Aeroplane*, superintending the flying drill of the Sandgate Highlanders, and was for the time being an invisible man, but that he was expected in any moment.

While he was speaking a whirring noise was heard overhead, and Mr. Wells swooped to earth. Divesting himself of his celluloid cloak, studded with plasmon buttons, Mr. Wells, on demanding and receiving our assurance that we belonged to the middle classes, ushered us into his sanctum. We experienced considerable difficulty in keeping our feet, owing to the curvature of the floor—Mr. Wells adopts this system to prevent the collection of dust—but finally succeeded in anchoring ourselves to a selenite paperweight, while our host settled himself comfortably in the cushioned seats of his Time Machine and began to talk.

The reporter left the house by way of a moving staircase and came to himself "in the surgery of a Sandgate practitioner." It is all very pleasant fooling.

We like to follow the meteoric course of "Weo MacGregor," partly because we tried to read the story ourselves and failed. It has now reached America, and the "New York Times Saturday Review" devotes over a column to reviewing it. For once an author who published his own book has "got ahead" of the publishers.

We have received the first four volumes of the "Simple Life" series, to which we referred the other day. For sixpence you may buy a book of fables by Mr. Bolton Hall, or "Tolstoy and his Message" by Mr. E. H. Crosby. For half that sum you may purchase Thoreau's "On the Duty of Civil Disobedience," or Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam." The little books are nicely printed and have pleasant green paper covers.

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Spectator" has recently called attention to the excellent English spoken in Ireland; "there is nothing in Ireland," he says, "outside Ulster to resemble the English spoken by the lower classes in Yorkshire or Devonshire. This is a remarkable fact; all or most Irishmen speak with a rich mellifluous brogue, but they speak very pure, correct English." The fact is remarkable. The ordinary Irish peasant certainly speaks better English than the ordinary English peasant, though it is by no means always very pure and correct.

A WRITER in the "New York American" has been criticising what Jeffrey once said of Shakespeare. This is what we read :—

His poetical conceptions, images, and descriptions are not "given" at all; they are "turned loose." . . . They race out, as shouting children from a country school. They distract, stun, confuse. So disorderly an imagination has never itself been imagined. Shakespeare had no sense of proportion, no care for the strength of restraint, no knowledge of the art of saying just enough, no knowledge of art of any kind.

We are always learning something new about Shakespeare.

THE authors of "Wisdom while you Wait" have escaped the usual fate of writers of sequels; their "Wisdom on the Hire System" is as funny as the earlier venture, which is saying a good deal. The new testimonials are as amusing as the old ones, and the illustrations make for genuine laughter.

MR. SARGENT'S "Redemption" is now in its place in the Boston Public Library. A writer in the current "Century Magazine" says:—

As a composition the "Redemption" balances completely the scheme of the opposite wall. While treated in a like spirit, the impression it makes is radically different, although held in continuity with the first part both subjectively and artistically. Like another chapter in a book, another movement in a symphony, it introduces new themes and arouses different emotions.

The figures of Adam and Eve appear bound to the central figure of Christ on the cross, a piece of beautiful and direct symbolism indicating the trinity of the body, while above appears the Trinity of the Spirit, enveloped in one common garment, upon the golden hem of which the word "Sanctus" is incessantly repeated. Of the work in general the writer says:—

The color has a resonant depth that augments the majestic solemnity of the composition, splendid masses and accents of mellow-toned gold relieving the full, soft richness of dull reds, deeply tranquil blues, and restful grays, that in a few firmly developed, dominant chords characterize the work in the quiet breadth of its magnificent solemnity.

THE first of a series of exhibitions of "Neglected Artists" will be held early in October by John Baillie, at the gallery, 1, Prince's Terrace, Hereford Road. George Wilson, who died in 1890, has been selected to open the series, and Mr. Baillie would be grateful for particulars of any pictures and sketches which owners may be willing to lend.

Bibliographical.

A CORRESPONDENT who has been reading the new Carlyle Letters writes to me: "There are one or two points in the work on which I should like fuller information. Who, for instance, was the author of 'Cecil,' the book which Mrs. Carlyle 'liked immensely' and recommended (in 1845) to Lady Harriett Baring (i. 176)? Again, can anybody tell me anything more about the 'Madame de Winton' who is mentioned (ii. 97) as the author of 'Margaret and her Bridesmaids,' and of whom Mrs. Carlyle writes so enthusiastically (1856)? 'Perhaps,' says Mrs. Carlyle, 'I shall go this summer to visit her at her castle in Wales.' Who was this lady? I remember when 'Margaret and her Bridesmaids' was one of the most popular of novels. There is another point. In October, 1849, Mrs. Carlyle writes: 'I have taken a spree of Novel reading, too—read "Shirley" last week, by the authoress of "Jane Eyre," and one of Trollope's—having been taken one day to Mrs. Procter's to see Trollope in her own house' . . . 'and having found her a shrewd, honest woman to hear talk. But her Book is rubbishy in the extreme; and "Shirley" isn't much better.' Now what is the 'Book' by Mrs. Procter here referred to?" Perhaps some of my readers can answer that last question. The "Cecil" which Mrs. Carlyle "liked immensely" was presumably Mrs. Gore's story so-named, which came out in 1841. For "Madame de Winton," with its Frenchified air, we should read "Mrs. de Winton." The author of "Margaret and her Bridesmaids" (Miss Collinson) was married first to Mr. Walter de Winton, of Maedlwch Castle, Radnorshire. After his death, she became Mrs. R. W. Stretton. Miss Yonge wrote a pleasant sketch of her.

There is one passage in the notes to the "New Letters" on which I, and I dare say others, would like some fuller information. It will be remembered that, in the second volume of Mr. Froude's "Life of Carlyle, 1795-1835," the biographer ascribes to the pen of Mrs. Carlyle

some stanzas addressed "To a Swallow building under our Eaves." That they were written at Craigenputtock, says Mr. Froude, is certain, "for they are dated from 'The Desert.' I find them among loose fragments in her own portefeuille." On this, in the new volumes, Mr. Alexander Carlyle thus comments (I. 41): "Had he turned the sheet of paper on which the poem was written, he would have read in Carlyle's unmistakeable hand, 'Copied again by Jane.' The verses are not Jane's, but Carlyle's!" Now, is this so absolutely certain? True, there is a reference, in one of the stanzas, to

some mystic turn of thought,
Caught under German eaves and hither brought,

which suggests Carlyle; but would he have described Craigenputtock (st. 2) as "this waste," and would he have dated from "The Desert"? One likes to think of the verses as being Mrs. Carlyle's.

For the bibliographer, the main interest of the new volume of the "Library" Ruskin, devoted to the "Poems," lies in the "hitherto unpublished" pieces. Of these the most considerable (running to 42 pages) is the unfinished play called "Marcolini," which was written when Ruskin was seventeen (1836), and is referred to by him in "Praeterita." Two extracts from it appeared in Mr. Collingwood's edition of the "Poems" (1891). The other and much shorter novelties are "Verona" and "The World of the Sky," both penned in 1835; "For a Birthday in May," belonging to 1847; "The Zodiac Song," written about 1865; and "A Moment's Falter." "The World of the Sky" is only an excerpt from a rhyming letter to the author's father. "In some cases," says Mr. E. T. Cook, "where editorial excisions were made in the edition of 1891, passages have been restored from the MSS." Nevertheless, I suspect that, looking at this ponderous tome of 586 pages, those who already possess the two handy volumes of 1891 will not very greatly envy the owners of the newer publication.

In the new volume of "The Ancestor," Mr. Oswald Barron makes much sport with the views on the subject of the Jewish strain in men of genius which Lady Jeune has been attributing to James Russell Lowell. This, of course, is an old story. So long ago as 1894 Sir Leslie Stephen contributed to the "Letters of J. R. Lowell" a sort of epilogue, in the course of which he adverted to this little fad of his friend: "He was so delighted with his ingenuity in discovering that everybody was in some way descended from the Jews, because he had some Jewish feature, or a Jewish name, or a Gentile name such as the Jews were in the habit of assuming, or because he was connected with one of the departments of business or the geographical regions in which Jews are generally to be found, that it was scarcely possible to mention any distinguished man who could not be conclusively proved to be connected with the chosen race."

Concerning "The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman," to whose authorship a correspondent of the ACADEMY referred last week, it may be noted that Mr. F. G. Kitton devotes to it a short section of his "Minor Writings of Charles Dickens" (1900). Herein will be found all the pros and cons of the matter. Carefully weighed, they seem to suggest that Thackeray wrote the Ballad and Dickens the prose Notes to it. Says Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, in "Harper's" (1892): "My own impression (for which I have absolutely no foundation) is that the Notes sound like Mr. Dickens's voice, and the ballad like my own father's." And the probability is she is right.

"A. C." kindly informs me that from my list of Mr. Henry James's volumes of short stories I omitted "An International Episode" (Macmillan, 1883).

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Novelist's Verse.

BLIND CHILDREN. By Israel Zangwill. (Heinemann.)

THE verse of a master of prose is always interesting, and sometimes more. In the case of Stevenson it is more; in the case of Mr. Hardy it is much more; but in the case of Mr. Zangwill it is interesting only, although very interesting. Mr. Zangwill remains a prose writer. If a shaft of poetic inspiration alight upon him, it irradiates only his brain and not his technique. There are poetic thoughts in this slender book, but very little poetry. On the other hand, it is rich in very interesting statements such as only Mr. Zangwill could have framed, and a few Heinesque echoes which one is very glad to hear. The resemblance to Heine may have been striven for, and it may be accidental, temperamental; but whichever it is matters little. Our own feeling is that Mr. Zangwill, by perfectly natural means, reproduces much of Heine's spirit. He belongs to the same race (and we cannot too cordially express our satisfaction that he is not ashamed of it, so refreshing is it to come to the work of a Jew who exults in his religion; so tired are we of treading delicately in order to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of those Jews who masquerade as Christians and forswear their older faith). It would be enlightening to know whether the following poem could have been written just as it is if Heinrich Heine had not come first:—

ASTI SPUMANTE.

Its pop excites my fellow-diners' glances
With images of reckless revelry,
Within a broad-brimmed glass it froths and dances,
Showy as Moët and as cheap as tea.

I pass the bottle to my silent neighbour,
He smacks his lips and spouts of mother Earth,
The ripe grape's tang and Nature's tropic labour,
Her tameless travail of eternal birth.

I pass the bottle to the man loquacious,
The tragic bard of Asti he recalls,
And Pisa's Campo Santo, white and spacious,
With that quaint fresco on the ancient walls.

The Vintage—grapes and grapes in purple splendour;
Green-kirtled gleaners; feet in vats deep-sunk;
O'erbrimming baskets borne by maidens slender,
And in a corner Noah lying drunk.

Ah yes, the Asti brings them pleasant fancies,
For me alone it works a miracle,
My childhood with its glamorous romances
Lies in a drop of that cheap Muscatel.

One sip—and fled the public foreign table,
Trust, innocence and wonder, all are mine!
For Asti, though Spumante, is unable
To hide relationship to raisin-wine.

The raisin-wine of ceremonies holy,
Wherein—to fête old Pharaoh's overthrow—
We dipped unleavened bread: the East moves slowly,
'Twas only some three thousand years ago.

O witching night when Earth was near to Heaven,
O blessedness to be a little Jew!
Where lay the magic in not eating leaven,
And how was Noah aped on raisin-brew.

I know not, but by Asti re-created,
All dewy-fresh the young enchantments rise,
And I forget that I am old and sated,
Lonely, and stained of soul, and worldly-wise.

Prate on, O friends, of Nature, Art and Dante,
Nor note my tears are weakening the wine.
Your world is stale as yesterday's Spumante,
My Ghetto sparkles youthfully divine.

In some ways that is Mr. Zangwill's best poem; and it is certain that no one else could have written it. A large part of Mr. Zangwill's temperament is in it—not all, but

the best of it. If the whole book were conceived in the same vein it would be a very remarkable work. But unfortunately Mr. Zangwill has always been unable to discern the difference between best and second best. In everything that he has done this flaw has been only too perceptible, this lack of critical faculty, this tendency to the bizarre. In "The Grey Wig," for example, he can collect together such a charming piece of work as the title story and the poor pot-boiler known as the "Big Bow Mystery"; and again in the present volume he can associate "Asti Spumante" with dozens of scraps of verse that might well have been left in manuscript. "Get someone else to weed your turnips"—James Russell Lowell's advice to a poet—should have been taken by Mr. Zangwill. It is odd that so deft a literary craftsman and so shrewd an observer of life should have so faulty a power of self criticism. But the Jews are a nation of triumphs and short-comings (as Mr. Zangwill suggests in one of his poems), and Mr. Zangwill's triumphs are so satisfactory that his short-comings may be pardoned, particularly as he offers us his poems with a very deprecatory gesture. This is his first and possibly his last volume of verse: he is not going to bore us. Let us then think only of his best.

Here is a charming lyric, which we would not have altered in any syllable:—

WITH THE DEAD.

Light shadows fall across her grave,
A sweet wind stirs the flowered grass,
The song-girt branches slowly wave,
The solemn moments softly pass.

The afternoon draws quiet breath
At pause between the eve and morn,
And from the sacred place of Death
The holy thoughts of Life are born.

I fret not at the will of doom;
Her soul and mine are not apart.
Dear violets upon her tomb,
Ye blossom in my heart.

Here is another, more poignant still—a fine utterance of a reverent ironist:—

TO THE BLESSED CHRIST.

O blessed Christ, that foundest death
When life was fire and tears,
Not drawing on a sluggish breath
Through apathetic years!

Still, still about Thy forehead gleams
The light we know Thee by.
O blessed Christ, to die for dreams
Nor know that dreams would die!

And lastly we will quote this, another ironical statement, less poetical than the other, but very interesting. If an Englishman had written it he might be called a "Pro-Boer" by the thoughtless, but an Oriental like Mr. Zangwill is privileged:—

IN MENTONE.

An Afric lion in a cage,
Worn dumb with woe and futile rage,
His forest eye-sight dimmed with age.

Grim-couchant on his balcony,
He turns his back to sun and sea,
And scowls upon humanity.

Swift-thunder past his prison doors
To Monte Carlo's gala shores
The motors of his conquerors.

The flouting females throned elate
Make bitterer his kindred's fate,
He blinks and mourns his buried mate.

Oom Paul, believing over-much,
Your faith in God and man was such
You dared to put it to the touch!

And so you finish far from home,
 Your Temple split from door to dome,
 Your Empire smashed like yon white foam.
 But yet you chew no novel crust—
 Who has not staked his dreams? What trust
 Has Fate not smitten to the dust?
 One trusts in Love. Friend, keep aloof!
 Of moonbeams weave both warp and woof,
 Put nothing to the solid proof.
 One trusts in Fame. Already surge
 Oblivion's waters. What! Émerge?
 Your juniors chant your funeral dirge.
 One trusts in Truth. Ay, shout her praise,
 But march not to her Marseillaise—
 A crown of thorns her only bays!
 One trusts in Justice. Cursèd Jew
 To put our France in such a stew!
 Your champion chokes—and so may you!
 Take, Paul, a fellow exile's hand,
 I, too, have lost my fairyland,
 I, too, have waked to understand.

We have quoted enough to show Mr. Zangwill's poetical quality: too much to illustrate the quality of the book, for the bulk of it falls below the level of these four pieces. We are, however, very glad to have Mr. Zangwill's verses, for we have long nourished the belief that in default of the best poetry the poetry of good prose writers is the most desirable product. They at any rate have something to say—Mr. Zangwill always has—and probably, within certain limits, will know how best to say it. The poet who begins by being a poet has much to unlearn, and he unlearns it in verse; the prose writer has unlearned it in prose before he asks us to read his verse. Moreover, the prose writer is more modest than the poet; he makes fewer demands upon our charity; he feels for us more. In the present dearth of poetry we should like to see volumes of verse by other writers of prose. Where are Mr. Hale White's poems, Mr. Bernard Shaw's, Mr. William Archer's, Mr. Herbert Spencer's, Mr. Balfour's, Lord Rosebery's? These are the verses we want to read.

A Book of Peasants' Dreams.

POETS AND DREAMERS: STUDIES AND TRANSLATIONS FROM THE IRISH. By Lady Gregory. (Murray.)

THERE are perhaps two sets of people and two only who have, artistically speaking, a certain obvious interest. They are those who want everything and those who are tired of everything. Balzac fashioned a whole world of the former, monsters of volition determined to survive and to enjoy. Byron, the robust islander, became a European poet because he recognised that the banquet of life was not enough, and because he caught from satiety itself a craving for something that he who had run the whole gamut of emotions could never satisfy. The Human Comedy of Balzac passed into the Human Machine of Zola. The fierce rebellion of Byron was transfused into the sombre disillusion of de Musset. In each case other modifications necessarily followed, but *plus ça change plus c'est la même chose*.

But in England, the country in which the prizes of life are essentially good-conduct prizes, attention is very properly paid to the vast majority of mankind who are, figuratively or literally, neither hungry nor bored. On the Continent the ghosts of René and Obermann are doomed to eternal wanderings, but in England Manfred is at rest for ever. Something, definite and incisive, killed him once and for all. It was the spirit of English family life. And the spirit which abolished Byronism and Wertherism created something to satisfy its own supreme need—the domestic novel. Now the essence of the English domestic

novel is this: through whatever period of history its hero and heroine may amble there must be no appeal whatever to general ideas. Thoroughly understanding the sociological side of his craft, the English novelist raised, so to speak, the economic man to the 7th power. For he must not only be a good living Englishman but he must be fashionable, since conduct is apt to be prosy unless it is on the grand scale. The English novelist, recognising this important fact, has, for generations, been reproducing his two creative masterpieces, the gentleman and the snob. Powerful minds have been employed on this task with rather whimsical results. There have been rebels, too, but speaking generally, these have been driven to the wall. Mountains of volumes on both sides of the Atlantic proclaim the triumph of this peculiar cast of thought which has deliberately substituted for an analysis of life a study in behaviour. In short, so dominated are we by this attitude of thought, that a volume like Tolstoy's "Que faire?" for example, appears to us as the work of a well-meaning madman.

This education of generations has naturally made us a little rigid, a little distrustful of other points of view. The cry of "conduct" has passed into the cry of "action," and we are becoming dimly conscious of a "thinking in continents" as opposed to parishes, but surely that is change enough? Notwithstanding all this, however, a group of young Irish writers have had the audacity to thrust aside these racial traditions, and have produced work as alien from the English or American spirit as, let us say, the "Idiot" of Dostoevsky is alien from Thackeray's "Book of Snobs."

Lady Gregory has given us in this volume, as it were, the very source of this strange and truculent aberration. It is a book of peasants' dreams. At first glance that does not seem to be so very alarming after all. English fiction has made us perfectly familiar with that good fellow, the peasant. His few and simple lessons have been admirably expressed. His blasphemy, adroitly modulated by the board school and the curate, and then edited into a certain jocose decency, has been for long the legitimate jargon of fiction. Then, too, he lends himself so admirably to the elemental requirements of behaviour as elaborated in fiction. He knows his place, he knows when to and, more important still, when not to touch his hat. He has an almost animal scent for poverty in disguise. He knows a gentleman who is a gentleman, and he also knows, to a recurring decimal, the exact amount of insolence to be administered to a gentleman who isn't. He knows a dissenting minister from "the cloth" and acts accordingly; he knows the retired merchant from the squire and acts accordingly. His hand, however, closes indiscriminately on all coins, and, to do him simple justice, he is at all times ready with his fists, except when, for the rather frequent purposes of fiction, he has to be thrashed in one short round by a gentleman half his weight. But dreams? Occasionally one hears the honest fellow bawling the might of England as he drinks the squire's health in a pothouse, but "dreams" have no place in the department of behaviour. No, no, admirable as he is, this product of respectable fiction is not at all an introduction to the peasants of Lady Gregory.

They are a strange race, these peasant dreamers, and they belong neither to the class which is avid of the joy of life nor yet to the class which craves for relief from satiety. Nor yet do they belong to the great mean who seek for comfort through the medium of conduct. In want of everything, they disdain the make-shifts of reality in favour of the divine splendour of dreams. Actuality gives them the bog-land, barren and naked; imagination restores the fairyland of Ossian and Finn. They see a cabin, a disgrace to the Empire, but it is not there in which this strange inner life is passed. Apparently hopelessly beaten in the race of life, they would proclaim that their goal is aloof and far off, that they have never entered

for that other race at all. For the rest the supreme mercy of the ages has been spared to them, the consolation of mystery. Such people there are, and when one has read this book one forgets willingly the traditions of domestic fiction for the sake of this strange, new reading of life.

The chief link between these peasants and their legendary heroes is Raftery, whose "songs have gone all through the world; and he had a voice that was like the wind." This blind wandering poet saw what the people longed to see, and about him, too, legends are springing up, not without triumph, for in Ireland there is a triumph attached to "sorrow and defeat and death." Raftery is the symbolic figure that unites the present to the past, and it is [the past that these peasants are craving from the future.

This book is filled with exquisite fantasies, delicate imaginings, sombre broodings of a world remote from our world, suggestions of foam-laden waves breaking endlessly upon an enchanted coast, inviolate, impregnable to the outer world. And there are whispers, too, from forests re-echoing the hidden secrets of the Sibyl to whom no other race will listen. The real mysteries find utterance here, for in the very wildness of their dreams these peasants have preserved the supreme wisdom of putting away from them the side-issues of the soul.

To English readers "not to the manner born" many of these fantasies must appear necessarily formless, necessarily evanescent, mere survivals of the legendary cycles whose beauty they have in part preserved. But in the translation of Dr. Douglas Hyde's "The Twisting of the Rope" a direct challenge is made to the tribunal of contemporary literature. It consists of only one scene, but there is life in that scene, and poetry. It is laid in a farmer's house a hundred years ago. The characters are a wandering poet, a girl, the girl's fiancé, her mother, and some neighbours. That is all, but in this sordid setting the ideal is conquered by the real, which is the ultimate secret of tragedy from the "Antigone" of Sophocles to the "Lear" of Shakespeare. And here the old, old tragedy is played out by this wandering poet, who woos Oona by the subtle witchery of his dreams, and the girl listens to him and the wonder of new possibilities breaks in upon her soul. But the others turn upon him with the old hatred, the old malignant fear of him who has turned aside from the set path. They lure him into twisting a rope of hay, and, stepping backwards, he twists it, singing to the woman he loves. Backwards outside the open door he goes, still singing, and then they hold the girl to her destiny and shut the poet out in the night. Hanrahan calls to them:—

Open, open; let me in! Oh, my seven hundred thousand curses on you—the curse of the weak and of the strong—the curse of the poets and of the bards upon you! The curse of the priests on you, and the friars! The curse of the bishops upon you, and the Pope! The curse of the widows on you, and the children! Open!

And reality answers:—

I am thankful to ye, neighbours; and Oona will be thankful to ye to-morrow. Beat away, you vagabond! Do your dancing out there with yourself now! Isn't it a fine thing for a man to be listening to the storm outside, and himself quiet and easy beside the fire! Beat away, beat away! Where's Connach now?

Well, that is just a little Irish play, written for peasants, and loved by peasants, but many will catch a note in it which brings them away from the haberdashers of family fiction back to the days when Aeschylus first charged living lips with the mysterious messages of destiny.

Mdlle. de Lespinasse.

THE LETTERS OF MDLLE. DE LESPINASSE. With Introduction by Sainte-Beuve. Translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley. (Heinemann. 6s.)

READERS of "Lady Rose's Daughter" will welcome this new edition of Mdlle. de Lespinasse's Letters. They are as unique, as moving, and as pathetic as the diary of Marie Bashkirtseff. They divulge a similar intensity, they lay bare a capacity for agony and self-torture as immense as is found in any utterance of the other. In a certain sense they are unreadable, and nevertheless they are engrossing. So distressingly "inward" is the entire correspondence that its publicity offends as an outrage upon the right of every human being to some privacy, to some thoughts and utterances not exposed to the judgment of others.

The whole fabric of passion and of tenderness is woven before our eyes. We learn every thread that goes to the making of both. And the knowledge in the end becomes rather a pitiable possession. Illusion crumbles as one reads. With a plaintive lucidity, a heart-breaking insistence, Mdlle. de Lespinasse proves that in extremity everything goes—pride, self-possession, subtlety—everything but the helpless craving to be loved. True she had apparently an inordinate capacity that way. But the uneasy question is roused in the face of her outwardly calm and gracious life, as to how many other women, smiling and seemingly undisturbed, suffer inwardly such violence and such pain.

But the letters have a further interest, apart from their intrinsic value, as a profound expression of passion in a refined and tender woman. They are the letters of a remarkable personality. Mdlle. de Lespinasse is more interesting than her correspondence. Taken in conjunction with it she is unforgettable. To read at the beginning of the present volume Sainte-Beuve's introduction is to be instantly fascinated—and bewildered. No woman has ever been more consummately feminine. As if with a touch of genius, she made a masterpiece of her own femininity. The seduction and the appeal, the grace and the disturbance, were all mingled and incarnate in her. She moved—without actual beauty of face, without brilliant wit, or a memorable originality of intellect—among the best brains of her epoch, and became the magnet all followed spontaneously, all loved, and remained faithful to. Brought up in the provinces, and at the beginning nothing but a poor companion of the brilliant Madame Duffard, her social career is wonderful reading. For Mdlle. de Lespinasse, who will live probably by her impassioned and monotonous letters to a man unworthy to have been even her friend, ought to be remembered as among the few inspiring women who understand with a certitude and insight absolutely faultless, how to be a woman. She had in truth the ideal qualities, for her fascination was always unseizable, evading definition. Nothing stood immovably prominent, but she seemed to possess every faculty that endears, every trait that retains affection. Grimm says of her, "She possessed in an eminent degree that art so difficult and so precious of making the best of the minds of others, of interesting them, and of bringing them into play without any appearance of constraint or effort." D'Alembert says also, "What distinguishes you above all is the art of saying to each that which suits him; this art, though little common, is very simple in you; it consists in never speaking of yourself to others, but much of them." Mdlle. de Lespinasse, in fact, was charged with the essence, equally mysterious and irresistible, called charm—a force due in a measure to unfailing sympathy, to sensitive and rapid perceptions, to tenderness and grace of feeling, wrought upon continually by an infinitude of tact and self-repression. She was so distinguished and so rare—both in intellect and person—as Guibert wrote of

her after the death he had—innocently enough, however—largely contributed to bring about. She was always a woman, “natural, but not simple.” He add a little later, speaking of her appearance, “She was tall and well made. I did not know her until she was thirty-eight years old, and her figure was still noble and full of grace. But what she possessed, what distinguished her above all, was the chief charm without which beauty is but a cold perfection—expression of countenance. . . . I have seen faces animated by intellect, by passion, by pleasure, by pain, but lights and shades were all unknown to me until I knew ‘Eliza’ (Mdlle. de Lespinasse).”

Always dainty, with an exquisite elegance and simplicity of attire, she remained at forty so movingly *femme* from her head to her foot, and at the same time so unconscious of the fact, so subtly disregarding of any deliberate attempts at attraction, that once to realise her was to retain a tender madness to the end. Finally, to deepen interest in an already astounding career, there is the episode of D'Alembert. The tragic conclusion of her love story with Monsieur de Mora is easily condoned. Honestly one can allow her in it to have been largely the victim of a disastrous fate, a creature stricken through a deplorable but generous excess of emotional capacity. But in the case of D'Alembert, Mdlle. de Lespinasse does not seem to us to have been above reproach. Possibly done out of kindness, the fact remains that she lied to him more than once with considerable *verve* and plausibility. These lies D'Alembert betrays after her death—bitterly, and yet with a note of resistless forgiveness, as if, even with them, she was one of those impossible not to love acutely. “My dear Julie,” he calls her, forgiving unconsciously even while he reproaches.

Nevertheless, as late as ten months before her death, she told him, he writes, “that I was always what you treasured most, the object most necessary to your happiness,” only to leave him undeniable proof, both in her will and in the papers entrusted to him, that he was nothing of the kind, and practically never had been.

The callousness of this posthumous revelation is Mdlle. de Lespinasse's great element of mystery. The lie can be made comprehensible—with a little effort even kindly and tender-hearted, but the subsequent disregard shown by her conduct, in actually thrusting into his hands every possible means of disillusionising him, is out of harmony with the rest. It takes away from her character, but it adds to the interest of her biography.

The Iron Duke.

THE DESPATCHES OF FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. Selected and Arranged by Walter Wood. (Grant Richards. 12s.)

CORRESPONDENCE OF LADY BURGHESH WITH THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. Edited by her Daughter, Lady Rose Weigall. With Portrait. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

PERHAPS the most amusing volume, published of late years, which threw an entertaining sidelight on the Duke of Wellington's character, was “The Correspondence of Miss J. with the Duke of Wellington.” Miss J. was a beautiful and intensely bigoted young girl who early conceived it to be her mission in life to marry the great Duke, and wean him from those lusts of the world whereby the lady conceived the Duke's immortal soul was imperilled. For a score of years or more the undaunted Miss J. corresponded with the Duke till age had impaired her beauty, and the wary old warrior seemed to be even further from salvation than before. The courtesy of the Duke was shown by the fact that years after Miss J.'s communications had become absurdly gratuitous he still answered them punctiliously with his own hand. In reading Mr. Wood's admirable selection from the Duke's

Despatches, and Lady Rose Weigall's “Correspondence of Lady Burghersh,” we are struck by the fact that this wonderful grasp of detail, and amazing faculty for conducting personally a great private correspondence in the midst of harassing official duties, led finally to the Duke being buried under an increasing avalanche of letters that threatened to engulf him altogether:—

Nov. 30, 1841.

I wish that I could venture to depart from a resolution which I have formed never to apply to anybody, Minister or otherwise, for any thing whatever.

If I do in any instance I must apply to everybody for anything.

As it is I have scarcely any leisure time for repose or for meals, doing no more than writing to decline to apply. That which people will not understand is that the whole labour and business and ceremony and everything else in the world cannot be thrown upon one man, and that an old one!!

I'll do what I can. But I really think that people now and then should apply in the proper quarter, and not come to me.

Believe me,
Ever yours most affecy.

W.

(On this very morning I have received no less than fifty letters which might as well have been written to anybody else as I have really nothing to say to that to which they relate.

Answer the majority of the letters he apparently did. Whatever the Duke writes is stamped with his individuality. Much highmindedness, sagacity, great shrewdness and inflexibility of purpose, a high sense of personal dignity, together with much punctiliousness, innate courtesy, and a dry sense of humour mark all his official and private correspondence. Take, for example, the following letter on the subject of a meddling officer:—

August 2, 1803.

You will receive by this day's post, orders to carry into execution the sentence of the general court-martial on the two Sepoys.

Lieutenant Burnes' letter is a curious production, and I beg that you will do me the favour to inform him that for reasons which I thought valid, but which I do not think it necessary to communicate to him, I thought it proper to bring the prisoners, Harry Sing and Harry Rao, to trial for the crime of desertion only, and that, in future, I beg that he will do me the favour to confine his attention to his own business, and leave my duty to be done by myself and the officers appointed to assist me.

P.S.—Let your communication with Lieutenant Burnes be verbal, as I wish to avoid all future correspondence upon this subject. Indeed, that mode of communication is to be preferred upon all occasions.

The strongest impression left by a perusal of the Despatches is, however, of Wellington's humane spirit, of his high-minded detestation of all brutality, of his stern soldierly love of justice and obedience to orders. His Despatches are full of his determination to put down the excesses of his Peninsula army at any cost:—

September 29, 1813.

I am sorry to observe that robberies on the highway still continue in the neighbourhood of Beauvais, committed by the British troops. . . . This is a most disgraceful circumstance. . . . If nothing else will answer, you must have guards placed and a chain of vedettes in sight of each other, along the highroad through the whole length of your cantonments, and the rolls must be called every hour during the day and night, officers and all being present, in order to prevent the soldiers from quitting their cantonments for the purpose of highway robbery.

The Duke's contempt, as a fine old Tory for “the mob,” and for public opinion in general, as well as for the Press in particular, is well illustrated by the following letter which he addressed to an Editor:—

Nov. 24, 1815.—My name is frequently mentioned in your newspaper, and as it is a sort of privilege of modern Englishmen to read in the daily newspaper lies respecting those who

serve them, and I have been so long accustomed to be so treated, I should not have thought it necessary to trouble you on the subject, if you had not . . . I am really quite indifferent respecting what is read of me in the newspapers—

The Duke was by no means a believer in Palmerston's plan of bullying Europe in order to exalt the name of Englishman all the world over. It is as refreshing to find him castigating English conceit as it is delightful to find him urging people to marry for love without any false pride as to the keeping up of appearances.

August 30, 1852.—What we require is to be able to flatter the vanity of the sovereign people! to be cried up by their vile Press as a Government bullying the world in protection of the sole amusement and habits in foreign countries of each thirty-millionth part of the sovereign people wandering about in search of amusement. I know them well; I have had to deal with them.

July 12, 1826.—If Caroline likes this marriage she ought to make it and live upon her income whatever it may be. They talk of her having only £500 per annum. As if hundreds did not marry having less than that income.

In the half dozen extracts we have given above from the Duke's correspondence, the attentive reader will find the fundamental lines of his character, and so of his genius, clearly exhibited. He had that rare combination of gifts which makes up the perfect man of action—the sagacity which penetrates to the main issues, the prudence which makes sure of the ground, the energy which strikes with all its collective force. In the disposition of his battles he showed to an extraordinary degree the most far-reaching prudence with youthful fire. His judgment retained under practically all circumstances its perfect equilibrium, and that is why he beat the French armies from pillar to post in the Peninsula War.

An Elemental Lyrist.

SONGS OF WOMANHOOD. By Laurence Alma Tadema. (Grant Richards. 3s. net.)

THOUGH these poems are now for the first time given to the public at large, many of them (as Miss Alma Tadema states in her preface) have already appeared in the pamphlet-volumes, "Herb o' Grace" and "Songs of Childhood." The best part of the book is still to be found in these older poems rather than in the later additions now for the first time included. Her most distinctive work is undoubtedly the poems of childhood and the poems of girlhood which are strongly allied in spirit. There are poems on children which appeal not to children but to their elders, and there are poems for children which appeal primarily to children themselves. Miss Tadema's, we think, belong mainly to the latter class. It is a class very difficult to write well. Even to write a poem which a child, of average literary intelligence, shall understand and enjoy, is a far more difficult task than appears on the surface, than would be conceived from the plain and baby-forthright result. The adult mind does not readily go back to short-clothes; and a single grown-up thought or phrase will mar the performance. But to do this, and withal give it literary merit—still more, poetic inspiration—is a feat extremely few can compass, or have compassed. But Miss Tadema is of those few. To say the bulk of her work is inspired, we will not indeed venture. But it has very decided and unusual literary merit. Here and there, moreover, is a poem which, without losing the elementary quality of the others, attains absolute poetry. And that, we repeat, is a very difficult achievement indeed. The best of these is the charming first poem, "King Baby":—

King Baby on his throne
Sits reigning O, sits reigning O!
King Baby on his throne
Sits reigning all alone.

His throne is Mother's knee,
So tender O, so tender O!
His throne is Mother's knee,
Where none may sit but he.
His crown it is of gold,
So curly O, so curly O!
His crown it is of gold,
In shining tendrils rolled.
His kingdom is my heart,
So loyal O, so loyal O!
His kingdom is my heart,
His own in every part.
Divine are all his laws,
So simple O, so simple O!
Divine are all his laws,
With Love for end and cause.
King Baby on his throne
Sits reigning O, sits reigning O!
King Baby on his throne
Sits reigning all alone.

That, indeed, is rather beyond a child's understanding; and perhaps when these poems do pass over into absolute poetry, it is by the intrusion of an adult thought. But they still remain within childish compass as a whole, and in their general tenor. So with "Bath-Time":—

Baby's got no legs at all,
They're soft and pinky, crumpled things;
If he stood up, he'd only fall:
But then, you see, he's used to wings.

The "Songs of Girlhood," not handicapped by like conditions, have some true poetry, with an artistic simplicity and sense of lyric form. Such are "The Clouded Soul" and "The Open Door." The essential gift is the same. Whether the author turns the daily cheep of a mother to her babe into an authentic little lyric like "Solace," or the cry of a girl's heart into poetry, it is the gift of seeing the lyricism in elemental things, and setting it simply down—natural as the cry of birds. And that is a rare gift in our artificial and outworn day. The sonnets and other poems in which the writer is frankly complex and modern are less distinguished from the bulk of present verse; but some of these, too, have a true poetic note in them. It is a volume modest and minor, but individualised and sincere, which deserves and should gain success.

Business America.

AMERICA AT WORK. By John Foster Fraser. (Cassell.)

THE author was born with an investigating mind, and in this book he inquires, at first hand, into the great industrial concerns of the United States, with a view to giving suggestions to the British manufacturer. It cannot be said that he is an expert, but he is at least a trained journalist: equitable, and plays neither to the gallery of one country nor the other. His opinions will not always be popular, but they merit appreciation.

Maybe the American employer is tired, just tired, worn out, just living to work and making money, but all the same there will be no "America at Play." America is in business with "both hands." The industrial community is of the first generation; the working man has the spice of adventure in him. You don't hear "I've got a wife and a family, and for their sakes I put up with a great deal." The American puts up with nothing. He has no master; he is just as good as his employer, as his "boss," and may be a bigger employer in five years time. And the "boss" encourages him, sucks his brains, pushes him on, lets him make mistakes if need be because of the potential grit. And so a man changes his profession a dozen times in as many years, quickly adapting himself to new conditions, patching up his education when at fault, always with his eyes open to material advantage and personal independence.

Mr. Foster says that the American business men did not impress him as having superior business qualities, but their secret of success seemed to be their supreme confidence. He specialises, and if a man misses chances, it is because he lacks brains. The weary-eyed employee, the clock-watcher, does not exist; the atmosphere, the environment, the mixture of races, will not allow a man to crawl where every one else is running.

"Had to!" "Have to!" is the real motive power. And the pace is furious. The healthy, fresh-faced, sleek employer has not yet put in an appearance; speaking of Chicago, Mr. Fraser says the streets are crammed with flabby-faced men, Teutons most of them, and a great proportion of them corpulent to unhealthiness, but they hustle:—

You bump into a man. It is no good apologising, for he is nearly half a block away. . . .

The elevators are always packed, tossing men to the top storey and dropping like stones to the ground floor. . . .

Talking to business men it is necessary to sit close and shout for the air shivers with the clatter of type-writers.

This is a useful book, and it has its lessons. Free from exaggeration, it prevents facts, gathered in the right place and put on record with an incisiveness that British Consuls the world over might copy with enormous advantage. And the moral of it all is this, that man for man the English employee is as good if not better than the American, but the British employer himself is at fault. He is not in business "with both hands," he is suffering from the complacency which sees with pride the reddening of the map, but does not realise that his bit of empire is at his own mill, his own works, his own office, his own store:—

Young America is getting ready to wrest the world's commerce from Great Britain . . . the competition will be relentless, savage, and there will be little consideration of humanity in it. The country with the best brains, the best machinery, and the cheapest transit will win.

The effect of this book is to make one wonder if material success in America, under the conditions described by Mr. Foster, is worth the winning. To us the life that some of these makers of America lead would be a nightmare.

Other New Books.

CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN CIVILIZATION: BEING SOME CHAPTERS IN EUROPEAN HISTORY. By W. S. Lilly. (Chapman and Hall.)

THIS is not a book at all. It has abundant bias, but no thesis. Are you interested in the Inquisition, its methods of cross-examination and of torture? You will find within these boards an essay on that "fascinating" subject. Would you have an opinion on St. Paul's style, or the authenticity of the various letters ascribed to him? These also are here. But you may reasonably urge that we are in the twentieth century, that the nineteenth has been, and you will turn the pages for something upon modern civilisation. And you will find it. From the chapter on the Inquisition you will pass, over a gulf of centuries, to the final essay, that upon marriage. Here, then, is an instant theme. Mr. Lilly has given us an account of the institution by the Church of the sacrament of holy matrimony. "We owe, then," he says, "to the severe teaching of the Catholic Church that institution of indissoluble monogamy which, more than anything else, marks off our modern civilisation from all other civilisations." Which is, having begged the question, to state the questioned truth. For does "indissoluble monogamy" express the entire relation between the sexes to-day? We fear not. Mr. Lilly calls in Prof. Karl Pearson and Mr. H. G. Wells to prophecy, which they do to his displeasure—and there he leaves us.

But this volume might yet be a book, for it might demonstrate Christianity to have been a weighty force in the production of modern society. True, this has been done already, but now-a-days it were well worth doing again. Unfortunately, however, it cannot be done by an aggregation of dis coherent essays, without organic unity, even though each, as we doubt not, has its own value. The sum is informed by enthusiasm, but the whole (if we can call it a whole) is a contribution, we fear we must say, to nothing.

THE SPIRIT AND ORIGIN OF CHRISTIAN MONASTICISM. By James O. Hannay. (Methuen. 6s.)

WE have read Mr. Hannay's book with a good deal of interest. He has studied his matter with a thoroughness born of genuine enthusiasm, and in presenting the reader with a purview of a great historical subject, has worked up a vast amount of particular detail into the woof of his narrative without overloading it with irrelevant ornament. He is neither dry nor prolix. He knows very clearly the conclusions towards which he is driving, and rarely, if ever, wanders from the direct path of his historical survey.

His sympathies are wholly with the ascetic ideal—the germ of which he has no hesitation in assigning to apostolic times, and indeed to the distinction between Counsels and Precepts by which the hard sayings of the Sermon on the Mount are traditionally interpreted. The place that the ascetic occupies in ecclesiastical polity he illustrates happily by a modern example:—

In the physical evolution of the higher forms of animal life from the protozoan, certain portions of the protoplasm set themselves apart for specialisation into the organs which possess the senses of sight and hearing. Sensitiveness to light, which was in some degree common to the whole body of the protozoan, got lost in process of development to all parts of the organism except those which had specialised into organs of sight, but in these organs was immensely intensified. Just so, in the development of the Christian Church, the vague asceticism which was once common to all believers specialised for the production of a certain kind of life, deliberately ascetic, sometimes very severely ascetic, tending always to become more clearly differentiated from ordinary Christianity.

It is curious that, having worked his way from the desert of Egypt into the West and lavished praise on the Benedictines, even this sympathetic observer of the Roman Catholic Church cannot part from his subject without a little preachment for the Society of Jesus. The Benedictine rule, we are told, "aimed at making good men, and left the question of their usefulness to God. The Jesuit discipline aimed at making men parts of a great machine . . . for the service of the Pope." Well, and what, since the world went ahead of the Church and began to think and act for itself, has the Benedictine Order done? It has written a little history, mainly about itself and its past grandeur, and it has discovered, it thinks, an ancient and more excellent way of rendering Plain Song. The Jesuits—but that is too long a story.

REPUBLICS VERSUS WOMAN. By Mrs. Woolsey. (Gay and Bird. 3s. 6d.)

THIS is a strange book. The author is a lady who—as we are informed in a biographical note—comes of a stock that has done the American State some service, but she is apparently seeking to do it the service of fostering discontent, by showing how badly off are the millions of women living under the rule of the great republics compared with those other millions who bloom under the benign influences of European monarchies. While travelling in Europe several years ago she was invited to give an address to a gathering of women anarchists—it being

assumed that as an American she must be in sympathy with all forms of revolt against European social conventions—but her “extemporaneous address” must have come as a surprise to her listeners, for it went to show how much better off women are under the old rule than the new. Looking upon republicanism, anarchism, and socialism as “triplets,” Mrs. Woolsey thought that by showing how worthless was the eldest she could alienate her audience from the others: “two of the women especially would have been serious dangers to any government, and I am proud to relate that I changed their views and disbanded their organisation.” Rarely indeed is it given to an orator to achieve so prompt an end. Fortunately—and especially fortunate for those women living in their fool’s paradise in the West—there was a stenographer present, and the extemporaneous address thus becomes, with introduction and appendix, a book. Reading it, we are amazed to find from this transcription of a shorthand writer’s notes (“with about 50 added lines”) that the speaker could quote spontaneously definitions from many sources and pages of extracts from authorities in support of her case. We have here an extreme view which is not uninteresting, but which from the manner of its presentation is also somewhat more entertaining and less convincing than it is intended to be. If Mrs. Woolsey is so convinced of the wrong done to women by the republic, she might have prepared a careful, and perhaps convincing, statement of the position; the reproduction of stenographic notes of an extemporaneous address delivered to a gathering of foreign extremists may be curious, but it really carries little weight as argument. In one paragraph we seem to read the secret of the marriage of so many American women into the European peerages. “The greatest misfortune that ever befel American women was that their colonies broke away from English rule, for they must always desert their native land, kith and kin, and live under a foreign flag in order to gain the superior sex-recognition which a republic denies them.”

THE ROMANCE OF THE COLORADO RIVER. By F. S. Dellenbaugh. (Putnams.)

In spite of its alluring title, this book will be read for instruction rather than for delight. Mr. Dellenbaugh was a member of Major Powell’s second expedition in 1871–2 for the exploration of the Colorado Canyons. His personal narrative occupies four chapters out of fourteen, and is his excuse for the volume, which covers the whole known history of the experiences of white men in that remarkable region. The conquerors of Mexico, dazzled by rumours of seven yet more opulent cities, sent out expeditions by sea and land. The existence of the Colorado was discovered, but the seven cities declined into myth. Until the close of the eighteenth century patient Spanish missionaries maintained amongst the tribes of that fearsome wilderness the most unfruitful mission in the history of Christianity. Then came the trappers, by whom the grandeur and the terror of the Canyons were spread abroad. Not until 1869, however, was the work of exploration scientifically undertaken, though attempts to navigate the river from its mouth had been made without success. No great river in the world is so unfriendly to the purposes of man; sawing its cleft, sometimes 3,000 feet deep, through the great plateaus and mountain ranges, it descends in a series of six hundred rapids. These were passed by Major Powell in his two expeditions without loss of life.

The general effect of Mr. Dellenbaugh’s book is monotonous, and the human interest slight. The most interesting part of it is the sketch of Major Powell’s life and character. The volume is fully and excellently illustrated; it lacks, however, a good clear map of the whole district.

Fiction.

THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY REVEL. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Cassell. 6s.)

MR. QUILLER-COUCH has shown himself again and again to be a master of the short story; we doubt, indeed, whether we have an English writer able to surpass him in the art of brief and delicate suggestion. But we still wait for the novel which is to prove to us that Mr. Quiller-Couch’s talent can adapt itself to the wider field. The author’s earlier novels have had dramatic quality, invention, beauty, and a fine sense of romance; but these rare and admirable ingredients have never been perfectly blended. They are present in “The Adventures of Harry Revel,” but here again they are not blended into a compelling whole. The story lacks proportion; the first third is deliberate, detailed, and lovingly handled. The Foundling Hospital, Harry, and the delightful Miss Plinlimmon are presented with the assured simplicity and knowledge of real art. The remarkable incident of the sailor’s funeral, too, though it is told at too great length, we would not be without; it is a bit of the past made living and authentic. But after that the story seems to go to pieces; it is hurried without being cumulative in interest, and the conclusion is rather a compromise than a natural finish. Yet the book is one to be read and remembered. Miss Plinlimmon, that simple and kindly soul, is a piece of easy and finished portraiture; so, too, are Major Brooks and the seaman Joep. The style of the story has all Mr. Quiller-Couch’s quiet and controlled distinction; here at least we have clear and beautiful English. The author never strains after effects, yet he achieves them; he never forces a metaphor, yet the impression springs instant from the page. We shall not quote, because the author’s work does not lend itself to detached illustration.

We believe that some day Mr. Quiller-Couch will write a fine novel; but as yet he has not quite found himself.

REPROBATE SILVER. By Roy Devereux. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

IF we say that this story is in part a study in heredity we do not mean to imply that it is dull. But underneath the often flippant and generally amusing descriptions of a society which has reverted to the morals of the poultry yard, and even says such things as “How duckie of you to come!” there is a really strong idea, lending as it were a body to justify the froth. Lora is the adored daughter of Lord Orpington, for she is the living image of the mother she cannot remember, the mother who after a short and brilliant reign as a beauty was “reconciled” to the Catholic church by Monsignore Ferroni and retired to a convent to die. One night Lora, searching in an old cabinet of her mother’s, finds in a secret drawer some letters which prove that she is not the daughter of the fond and rather foolish Lord Orpington, but of some nameless lover of her dead mother. Such a secret—for, of course, it must remain a secret—necessarily colours the life of Lora. She instantly accepts an offer of marriage from an elderly American millionaire, who lifts Lord Orpington out of debt, builds his wife a palace on the Embankment, and never asks for greater reward than a kiss upon her cheek. For five years and more Lady Lora Kean keeps herself unspotted in a world of mud tempered by nuggets. Then, after the first act of “Tristan”—

“So always,” she said, “should love be born in one terrible lightning flash, obliterating the past and the future alike. If ever love comes to me, which is unlikely, it will come that way.”

It came within a few minutes—with Cyril Burdon. We will not disclose further the working out of a story of peculiar poignancy set in a framework of frivolous and

sordid immorality. But behind all is the background of the mother's sin, unknown to anybody but her daughter and that daughter's father, and dominating the fortunes of many who are unwitting, more especially of the daughter, who is horribly conscious. Mrs. Devereux has built an airy structure—of the debased “tween-cent” order, as Lady Harborough might say—on a very solid foundation.

LOVEY MARY. By Alice Hegan Rice. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.)

Mrs. Rice has achieved something of a triumph, and has come into the kingdom she pegged out for herself. It is not a large kingdom; it is a mere “Cabbage Patch” on the edge of a big American city, where the trains go thundering by. But she has peopled that kingdom with real subjects, and in this succeeding volume Mrs. Wiggs appears once more, in the capacity, as it were, of chorus. Lovey Mary is a little derelict in a Home, and is put in charge of Tommy (an unauthorised baby). She is so fond of Tommy that when his mother threatens to take him away she elopes with Tommy, now able to walk with credit. She finds the Cabbage Patch. There is no story to describe, or rather what there is has no relation to the merits of the book, which lie solely in the delightful study of the colonists of this settlement, within din of the trains, and yet so apart, and so real. Miss Hazy, the incompetent, who accepts Lovey Mary as a boarder, and is straightened up by her; Billy, who will yet grow up to marry Lovey Mary if he knows what he is about, all are punched out clearly enough by the author of their being, but Mrs. Wiggs remains the queen of the patch. One might quote many instances of her cheerful facing of difficulties. But here is an example of her philosophy. Lovey Mary was a little anxious about her position as the abductor of Tommy:—

Mrs. Wiggs eyed her keenly. “Pesterin’ about somethin’?” she asked.

“Yes’m,” said Lovey Mary, in a low tone.

“Somethin’ that’s already did?”

“Yes’m”—still lower.

“Did you think you was actin’ fer the best?”

The girl lifted a pair of grey eyes shining with honesty.

“Yes, ma’am, I did,” she said, earnestly.

“I bet you did!” said Mrs. Wiggs, heartily. “You ain’t got a deceivin’ bone in yer body. Now what you want to do is to brace up yer sperrits. The decidin’ time was the time fer worryin’. You’ve did what you thought was best; now you want to stop thinkin’ ’bout it. You don’t want to go round turnin’ folks’ thoughts sour jes to look at you. Most girls that had white teeth like you would be smilin’ to show ’em, if fer nothin’ else.”

This philosophy of Mrs. Wiggs pervades the Cabbage Patch, and the humour of it pervades Mrs. Rice’s book.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week’s Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

PARK LANE.

By PERCY WHITE.

The narrator of the story is described as “the sort of fellow a small competency ruins.” He is a familiar figure in contemporary fiction, garrulous, light-hearted, a keen observer of the trivialities of life, and entertaining in youth a vague aspiration towards journalism because of its “didactic opportunities.” He lost his illusions, but became secretary to the Society for Promoting Rational Knowledge, and the rest is just what we have learned to expect from Mr. Percy White. (Constable. 6s.)

GEORGE GORING’S DAUGHTERS.

By M. E. CARR.

“Combe Chace lies above the valley of the Swift, in the very heart of the moor.” There the two girls grew up, alone, but for the occasional visits of their father, a man of fashion intimate with the Count D’Orsay. About their mother, whom they never see, there hangs a mystery. Their early influences, the books in the library, the moor and the old servants are carefully described, but we are nearly half way through the book before the girls are sent to school, and the movement of the story is deliberate throughout. Miss Carr is the author of “Love and Honour.” (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

ANGEL JIM.

By A. G. HALES.

A story of farm life in California. Mr. Hales’ sympathetic portraiture of quiet pastoral scenes, of the Zionist population, the Indians, and the old Spanish monastery, makes us forget that he was ever a war correspondent and the author of “Campaign Pictures.” Angel Jim became a jockey, and for a time the scene changes to London, where we get the note of Imperialism, and hear of “the historic waters of the mighty Thames.” But happily we are soon back in California among the Zionists. (Treherne. 6s.)

THE SUBSTITUTE.

By WILL N. HARBEN.

A story of middle-class life in America. In the first chapter we have a quaint picture of a provincial court of law in which the father of the hero is convicted of stealing a bale of cotton from a neighbour’s barn. The crime of the father becomes an obsession to the son, and the story is occupied with his struggles. Mr. Harben manages the dialect well and displays a considerable appreciation of American life and character. (Harper. 6s.)

THE DUKE DECIDES.

By HEADON HILL.

The Duke, before he became a duke, was an impecunious gentleman engaged in adding up columns of figures in a draper’s shop in New York. He had been in a cavalry regiment, and “extravagance beyond his means had brought swift ruin in its train,” so that he fell an easy prey to the gang of swindlers who lured him to take part in a daring enterprise. But no sooner had he joined the criminal classes than he became the Duke of Beaumanoir. That is Mr. Headon Hill’s latest notion for a plot, and he develops it with all his accustomed resource. (Cassell. 6s.)

FRANCEZKA.

By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

A spirited romance of the eighteenth century. It opens in Paris in the year 1726, where we first meet the heroine, a niece of the Countess Riano, playing a leading part in one of the open-air theatres. The prank is discovered, and in the course of a buoyant description of Parisian life we are introduced to Voltaire, who alights from a coach in company with Mademoiselle Lecouvreur for whom he has written the part of “Marianne.” (Richards. 6s.)

A BONNIE SAXON.

By SILAS K. HOCKING.

One [of Mr. Hocking’s pretty sentimental love stories. The Bonnie Saxon was the squire’s daughter. The Celt was a disillusioned young man of seventeen who hated the squire and all his race. (Warne. 3s. 6d.)

BENEATH THE VEIL.

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

The story of a good woman, a bad woman, and “a very straightforward young man.” The women were half-sisters. The elder became a professional singer, but in the fifth chapter we meet her as Madame Zaresco, engaged in luring young men to a “little gamble” in which they invariably lost. A study of some of the seamy sides of modern life. (Long. 6s.)

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A Poet's Table Talk.

THE words "Poetry, Vol. VI.," on the back of Mr. Murray's new edition of "Don Juan," have more arithmetical than literary importance, for if all the poems in the preceding volumes were to perish to-morrow, Byron's reputation would stand unshaken on "Vol. VI." It is become a commonplace that "Don Juan" embraces all that he could do in literature. It conveys his best in his aptest manner. It is large, various and headstrong as himself, throbbing with those energies of love, hate, contempt, analysis, and worship to which his unsteady genius could give no perfect separate expression. He could fuse these inimitably after one fashion, the fashion of "Don Juan." This poem is not more alone among his works than it is alone among all English books. Many poets have given life and spiritual unity to a story, some have built up an argument with Orphean grace, but only Byron has maintained the warmth and tension of a giant through sixteen cantos of miscellaneous remarks. Well was that friend inspired who wrote to him: "Stick to 'Don Juan,' it is the only sincere thing you have written, and it will live after all your 'Harolds' have ceased to be 'a schoolgirl's tale, the wonder of an hour.' It is the best of all your works—the most spirited, the most straightforward, the most interesting, the most poetical." This far-seeing reader did not need to be told that Byron's fame would cease to rest on his poems and dramas of dark-souled loneliness, and would be firmly re-established on his dashed-off letters and his poetic table-talk.

For Don Juan is table-talk: the finest in the language. It has neither story nor purpose. Its integral form never troubled Byron. He finished its first canto in Venice in 1818, and wrote to Moore: "It is called 'Don Juan,' and is meant to be a little quietly facetious upon everything." Type-writing was not, and what with his rides on the Lido, his love-making to Margarita Cogni, and his chance intrigues at opera and ridotto, he found the copying of his rough draft an intolerable bore. The poem struggled into being by fits and bits, and was regarded by him with mixed feelings of indifference and jealousy. "The poem will please, if it is lively," he wrote Murray with the second canto, "if it is stupid it will fail: but I will have none of your damned cutting and slashing." Three months later it is: "You ask me if I mean to continue D.J., &c. How should I know? What encouragement do you give me, all of you, with your nonsensical prudery? publish the two Cantos, and then you will see."

The one purpose that grew in him was to write his mind into "Don Juan." "Come what may I never will flatter the million's canting in any shape." Later still, he will let Murray suppress the cantos he has in hand, aye, and burn them if he is afraid of the growing outcry, but patch and palliate he will not; he will either "make a spoon or spoil a horn," and there's an end." Almost three years pass before he is on the fifth canto, but this is "hardly the beginning," and he does not know how

he will go on or whether, if he lives, he will go on at all. Three months later he has promised the Countess Guiccioli to drop the work; Murray is to look upon the finished cantos as the last; the Countess's objection, he explains, "arises from the wish of all women to exalt the sentiment of the passions. . . . Now Don Juan strips off this illusion, and laughs at that and most other things." And so the see-saw of work and neglect continued. The first canto was of 1818, the sixteenth was of 1823. The length and shapelessness of the work became his own jest:—

I rattle on exactly as I'd talk
 With anybody in a ride or walk,

a statement in which there is no affectation. "His conversation," says Stanhope, "was a mixture of philosophy and slang, of everything, like his 'Don Juan.'"

We save much unprofitable discussion by accepting "Don Juan" as the metrical table-talk of a man full of fire, sensibility, and experience. It bursts into poetry, as such talk will; it is wilfully and abundantly changeful; the white-hot outburst is cooled by a gibe; the expected climax is delayed by a caprice; and the torrent rushes headlong or whirls idly, but always with the strength or restraint of a great and whimsical whole. The one persisting poetic character is the measure. Never was verse so managed and moulded. Impassioned poetry, trivial badinage, tersest narrative, lightest reflection—all find in Byron's ottava rima an easy vehicle. Compare:—

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
 The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
 Have felt that moment in its fullest power
 Sink o'er the earth—so beautiful and soft—
 While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
 On the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
 And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
 And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer,

with the death of the highwayman on Shooter's Hill:—

But ere they could perform this pious duty,
 The dying man cried, "Hold! I've got my gruel!
 Oh! for a glass of max! We've missed our booty;
 Let me die where I am!" And as the fuel
 Of life shrunk in his heart, and thick and sooty
 The drops fell from his death-wound, and he drew ill
 His breath,—he from his swelling throat untied
 A kerchief, crying, "Give Sal that!"—and died.

And then compare both with the description of the picture gallery at Newstead Abbey:—

But ever and anon, to soothe your vision,
 Fatigued with these hereditary glories,
 There rose a Carlo Dolce or a Titian,
 Or wilder group of savage Salvatore's:
 Here danced Albano's boys, and here the sea shone
 In Vernet's ocean lights; and there the stories
 Of martyrs awed, as Spagnoletto tainted
 His brush with all the blood of all the sainted.
 Here sweetly spread a landscape of Lorraine;
 There Rembrandt made his darkness equal light,
 Or gloomy Caravaggio's gloomier stain
 Bronzed o'er some lean and stoic anchorite:—
 But, lo! a Teniers woos, and not in vain,
 Your eyes to revel in a livelier sight:
 His bell-mouth'd goblet makes me feel quite Danish
 Or Dutch with thirst—What, ho! a flask of Rhenish.

But the secret of "Don Juan's" appeal lies deeper. Why will men not willingly let die a poem so charged with irreverence for things above and contempt for things below? Is it not because we all savour Byron's opinions in moments and crises of our lives, and are pleased to find them finely phrased, and linked to a splendid personality? It must be remembered that "Don Juan" produces no impression of world-weariness. It is not a sigh, but a shout. Open it where you will it flashes life. The negations and nihilisms with which it abounds are uttered as roundly as other men's faiths; there is no

miserable infection of the utterance; no miasma or helpless ranting. Every line reveals the cheerful yet implacable fighter. Naturally, the poem offers no regular inspiration or guidance. It is rather an armoury, to be visited on occasion.

Indeed, its mission to the individual now is not different from its mission to society eighty years ago. The collapse of Napoleon had brought every government to its feet, resolved to shut those fateful swinging doors through which men had for twenty-five years caught maddening glimpses of a new social order, wider institutions, a sunnier freedom. It was Byron's aim to keep alive these visions and the formative discontent they produced, to explode the closing mine, to probe the healing wounds. He attempted this in the only way possible to himself; he flung his own picturesque denials, his own passionate protests, broad-cast over Europe. He gave a form and a human reference to all these hesitant geyser-like aspirations, these smouldering thoughts of destruction and reconstruction; he gave them the embodiment of his own heart and career. While kingship and the old institutions and the old banalities were returning to their seats he remained convinced that their day was over, and that, though he would not like to live to see it, the breath of republicanism must soon fill the nation's lungs and bring new light to their eyes. There has been no rapid or striking fulfilment of his dream, and where the fulfilment has been greatest—in England, in France, in America—there has been re-action. The world will mend at its own pace, and largely in deviation from programmes. Yet Byron sowed the spirit of questioning, and the courage of denial, deep in the hearts of men; and without these nothing can be done. His scorn of social selfishness has made such scorn easier of attainment, and more to be dreaded. His independence has had the same result.

Nor is the appeal of "Don Juan" weakened because for a hundred years Europe has seen no upheaval of earth-shaking magnitude. The poem is not a gospel or a propaganda: it is an armoury of opinions and phrases to which men will have recourse according to their needs. Few men shape their lives by a steady compass. Faith they must have, but a secret loyalty to truth forbids them ever to lose touch of doubt. Ease they seek, but deep down in their hearts there is a response to a noble discontent. Morality they all preserve, but with a haunting conviction that the rules must be altered. Woman they worship, yet with memories of the Apple which will still be uttered. Knowledge they amass, but ever they will go behind it and say "We know nothing." Thus it is that though Byron is no man's guide, he will always have a hearing. The mere stimulus of his opinions and ejaculations is of value. He is our deputy-rebel, and he has this advantage, that he speaks not as a croaker in a corner, but, with incomparable strength of utterance, as a man who had seen the kingdoms of the world and their glory.

The permanence of "Don Juan," then, is accounted for by its almost unparalleled display of reckless intelligence warmed by poetic fervour. In it Byron meets us on no practicable plane of social or individual aspiration: he has none for his own feet; but he does help us by the abundance and courage of his ideas on man and his turbid feelings, on the world and its welter of affairs.

Is English Literature Dying?

Is English literature dying? Mr. W. M. Lightbody, by the title of his article in the April number of the "Westminster Review," implies that it is, though he does not directly assert it. We have our own views on the point; but if we substitute, "Is English literature at present languishing?" we shall remove the question from the range of serious controversy, and perhaps represent better Mr.

Lightbody's meaning. For no man of fine taste can doubt that English letters are just now in a bad way, despite individual writers who maintain the high tradition—at what cost to themselves perhaps they best know. Mr. Lightbody's comments on the causes of this decadence are in the main just; but they are not complete, and are accompanied with some extravagance. To say that posterity will look back upon the last decades of the nineteenth century (which is a polite way of saying our own day) as a blank in English literature is rashness. The ranks, he says, are too full, owing to lenient critics; and there are no prominent names to mark the period in the eyes of posterity. But the truth is, there are reviewers and reviewers. The few who discern are perhaps more numerous than they ever were. The many half-competent are certainly more numerous than ever they were. It is the half-competent who praise mediocrities with hyperbolic and guilty verbiage. But they have a saving quality—they fasten instinctively and savagely on anything original which appears. For the old truculence is not extinct, nor ever will be while man is man. So, also, we have a great fecundity of writers of eminent talent: among whom it is doubtless difficult to single forth the few of actual genius. But was it not so in the earlier part of the nineteenth century? Their names stand clear now, but they did not stand clear then. Any cyclopædia of English literature will show what thronging mediocrities then obscured the recognition of the true stars.

Mr. Lightbody, however, is surely right when he recognises a main cause of our declension in the democratizing (if we may use the phrase) of modern literature. The small but educated audience of previous ages is replaced by a great scarce-educated audience. Mr. Lightbody hopes that the education of this democracy will gradually broaden and deepen, till they replace the old select audience. This is one of those pathetic beliefs which fill us with despairing pity. When we shall have attained universal perfectibility; when we shall have acclimatized Heaven in England; when men cross-breed with angels, evolving a progeny that has lost its wings, but is yet capable of passing through brick walls and living on theories supplemented by mild ginger-ale; then we look for this enlightened democracy which shall trifle with Meredith and toy—between working-shifts—with the novels of Mr. Henry James. Undoubtedly, as things stand, the majority of writers drift towards the best paid market, and write for the democracy which is our new patron of letters. And undoubtedly this does much to sap the integrity of literature. But this is not all. The small but cultivated circle of readers which made the audience of former writers is ceasing to exist. The aristocracy formed an influential element in that audience. It was part of a nobleman's character to have a taste for and patronage of letters, in the days of our ancestors: now, the aristocracy is the last quarter to which one looks for literary cultivation. And the circle of those who love letters grows smaller year by year. That, at least, cannot be ascribed to the advent of the democracy. If every year adds to the readers of scraps and snippets, while it takes away from the narrowing number of intellectual readers, if an unlettered democracy is balanced by an unlettered aristocracy, the cause lies in the deepening materialism of the age, the race for wealth, the struggle to live. Men who will not take time to digest their food, are not likely to take time to digest their books. Quick-lunching and hasty reading go together. To read properly is to think; and to think requires leisure. Something, again, is perhaps due to declining energy. Numbers find leisure for foolish reading, who would faint at the notion of concentrating their minds on a book. A tired and *blasé* generation has lost the sap for mental effort. Finally, the thirst for gold and pleasure is contagious, more contagious than the thirst for knowledge. It must increase, while the other decreases.

Impressions.

XXX.—Fear and Joy.

THE man's nervousness communicated itself to me. That heavy motionless air heralding the thunderstorm affected him painfully, as if he feared the something that threatened him; when the lightning forked across the night sky he threw up his head and chewed his lips. In appearance he was not an apprehensive man. Big made, burly, bearded, he looked like one who could hold his own in any combat, real or imaginary. His hands were hard and huge as a blacksmith's; but they were always, as it were, working, trying to grasp, handle, knead, and polish something that was not there.

It was those agitated hands that first told me the man was suffering acutely from the oppression of the night. He was away from his right environment, that was plain. Inaction tormented him; thought or reflection could not ease the internal disquietude that the portentous atmospheric conditions of the night had kindled in him. He needed his own accustomed method of alleviation, but what it was I could not guess. And his hands continued to grasp and knead impalpable things. Suddenly he turned to me and said, "We go home the same way, I hope." There was fear in his eyes.

The night was black when we started, but the right-of-way path across the slushy fields had been newly gravelled, and it was not hard to follow that spectral, yellow, upward climbing trail. This man, burly and big-chested, clung to my arm like a child, muttering, "The corner, the corner, it will be all right when we have passed the corner." "Why?" I asked at length. "You can see the light in my room when we have passed the corner," he answered. "I always keep the lamp burning. It shines through the holland blind across the common."

At the corner the wind blew us off the yellow path. We stumbled together, he dragging so heavily on my arm, and the wind contesting every attempt to stagger from the mire, that I thought we should never recover the yellow ribbon of path. But once on it again we set ourselves at the corner, turned it panting, nearly spent, and there, right before us, across the common, shone the lighted window.

The man ran; I in pursuit. He vaulted the gate, and disappeared within the cottage. For some seconds I fumbled with the lock, then followed him indoors. He was not in the parlour where the lamp stood, but I heard him singing somewhere at the back. I sought the voice across a paved yard to a large outhouse, brilliantly illuminated. It was the studio of a sculptor, craftsman, worker in metal. On a deal table stood a great, gleaming centre-piece. The base was a wide silver bowl, the sides fashioned like breaking waves, cresting outwards: the bed of the bowl was rippled like the shore-reaching sea. From the middle of the bowl sprang a slender tree-like erection of bright silver, broken halfway by the figures of four ragged mariners listening, and at the summit was a figure of Pan—goat-footed, smiling, exultant—protected by a group of symbolical woodland creatures half concealed, half-emerging from foliage.

The man broke off in his song, and cried to me over his shoulder: "You know the legend—in Plutarch—ah!" Then he sang again, and all the while his hands were polishing the silver. Over the shiny surfaces, over every nook and cranny, passed the palms of his hands with swift, affectionate movements, polishing and re-polishing. Those nimble, nervous movements on the gleaming metal hypnotised me, and I watched him till dawn broke into the room, and fought silently for mastery with the lamp-light. He was a changed man. Activity, the occupation of his hands, had exorcised the fear that brooding through the night had wrought in him. When

his arms dropped with fatigue, he would dip a brush into a bottle of benzine, and wash the faces of marble busts with the liquid. Then, singing again, he would return impetuously to the polishing, a vision of joy in work, in life, in himself, and above his head shone the figure of Pan—goat-footed, smiling, exultant.

Drama.

A Play of Good Hope.

THE Stage Society have really triumphed with their fourth production for the present season. In "The Good Hope," written by the Dutch playwright Hermann Heijermans, and translated for the Society by Christopher St. John, we have, for once, no make-believe or travesty of emotion, but honest, profound and purifying emotion itself. The piece is by no means without its technical faults. It is not what you would call a well-made play. It has its *longueurs*. It labours and repeats some of its points. But it succeeds, because it keeps close to life itself, and to the essentially tragic in life. Hermann Heijermans writes of what he knows, of what he has observed closely, and felt pitifully. His theme is of the eternal sorrow of the fisher-folk, which has been theirs since first the neolithic ancestor contrived his coracle of skins, and trusted his well-being, and that of his mate and his children, to the most treacherous and remorseless of the deities. Day by day, or month by month, as the case may be, the fisherman sets out, with the thin plank between himself and eternity, and at the bottom of his heart he knows well that one such voyage will be his last. Custom and the stress of work, and the goad of hunger, are his narcotics. But the women sit at home and tremble through every storm, waiting for the inevitable day which shall add them and theirs to the number of the widows and the orphans. For them the terrible realities of life never cease to be real and imminent. Their existence is profoundly human, for it is constantly attuned to the expectation of disaster. It is this sense of humanity, with its brooding atmosphere of tragedy, that has passed into Heijerman's play and made of it a genuine and touching work of art. "The Good Hope" goes out to sea and half the village, all the audience, know that she will never come back again. The men in her are sons and lovers. She bears the livelihood of ancient parents, the hope of children yet unborn. There is drinking and singing, and the fear of the heart is silent. The lasses troop to the quay with their lads, and return to bear the burden alone. One boy is afraid to go. His father and two of his brothers have been drowned before him. But he has signed on, and go he must, and his mother looses the hands that cling to the door-posts. It is his body that will be washed ashore, in an advanced state of decomposition, and will give the first definite tidings of the wreck. The finest part of the play is probably the third act. It is the night of the storm. The winds and waves buffet each other outside the poor cottage where the women are huddled together for company. The smack-owner's daughter is there, and the elder women, in whom the sense of tragedy has been partly deadened by use and want, tell her tales of former storms which have left them, one after another, widows. On the outskirts of the group are two girls, for whom the tension is intolerable. They are with child by two of the fishermen, and each of them knows that, if the ship does not come back, the child that is to be born to her will be a child of shame.

Heijermans has complicated his story with another motive. The play is not only an expression of the inevitable tragedy of them that go down to the sea in ships. It is also an indictment of a human wrong. "The

"Good Hope" is unseaworthy, a coffin ship. She is not meant to come back, and behind the picture of the natural sorrow you have that of the hypocrisy of the smack-owner, and the distress of the daughter who has surprised his secret. I do not feel sure that the play would not have been finer if this element had been omitted. I am not in the least one who desires to hold a brief for capital. On the contrary, the shipping trade, like every other branch of the great system, whereby human lives and human souls are daily exploited for individual profit, seems to me admirable game for the drama. The indictment of the capitalist is a legitimate and pressing duty of literature. But I rather feel that Heijermans has mixed up two things, both of which would have been more effective if they had been kept apart. The tragic theme is big enough and absorbing enough to stand by itself. By juxtaposing the human perversity you only detract from its dignity. On the other hand, I am sure that when drama sets out to right human wrongs, its proper weapon is comedy and not tragedy. Mr. Bernard Shaw is on the right track in "Widowers' Houses." Tragedy moves and comedy teaches. It is by a clearance of the brain, not by a purging of the heart, that the coffin ship and the other abominations of an industrial civilisation are to be got rid of. For obviously it is not the smack-owner himself, whom the dramatic exposition of his wickedness is to affect, but the community as a whole. And that the community as a whole lets the accursed thing stand where it ought not is a fact rather to be expressed, one hopes, in terms of mental blindness, than in those of original sin.

The play is my business, rather than the players. But one hardly likes to let the performance of "The Good Hope" pass without taking notice of the extraordinary merit of the representation. Fortunately neither the funds nor the principles of the Stage Society, nor the structure of Heijerman's play, encourage the "star" system. But I have rarely seen a piece to which so many comparatively young actors brought so much intelligence, sincerity, and talent. Miss Rosina Filippi, Miss Margaret Halstan, Miss Beryl Faber, Miss Edith Craig, Miss Irene Rooke, Mr. Lyall Swete, Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. C. B. Clarence—all these, to name no others, struck me as, in their various ways, astonishingly good. And it is certainly a hopeful augury that the unconventional and unremunerative opportunities offered by the Stage Society should appeal as strongly as they appear to do to precisely those actors and actresses with whom the future of the stage as a profession will probably rest. Shall I be thought hypercritical if I say that, in spite of its individual merits, the acting of "The Good Hope" seemed to me, as a whole, to lack repose? I am convinced that the acting of tragedy should be as little restless and as far rhythmical as possible; and, though I am not concerned for realism in the matter, I do not think that, in the present instance, a nearer approach to my ideal would have been in any way untrue to the actual facts of the life depicted.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

From Watts to Boldini.

QUARTER of a century ago the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery added to the influence of the artist and to the gaiety of the amateur. Burne Jones was the protagonist of the new movement, and around him gathered many artists of individual vision, who were antipathetic to the methods of Burlington House. To-day the Grosvenor Gallery is being converted into a sale room for a new kind

of musical instrument. With the opening of the New Gallery some fifteen years ago another pebble of protestation was thrown into the Art stream. Painters sympathetic to the new movement (there is always a new movement) were invited to contribute. Last Monday at the hour of 10 a.m. the sixteenth summer exhibition of the New Gallery began.

Its period of protestation is over. Many of the protestors have sunk into the everlasting arms of the Royal Academy, and the protestors of the hour must be sought at the new English Art Club, and in little, grave galleries in quiet West-end streets. The New Gallery is now as Catholic as the Royal Academy: it offers hospitality to Mr. Watts's embracive idealism, and to Signor Boldini's last word in modernity. Away from the Italian master there is little that is novel or original about the present exhibition. It is a Royal Academy in miniature: on the walls are pictures quite as bad as some at Burlington House, and I do not think that the most indulgent critic would assert that the average is higher. In subject pictures the tendency of British art to-day, as exemplified by this exhibition, is towards symbolical, allegorical, and religious themes. They range from the large works of Mr. G. F. Watts to the small works of Mr. Bernard Sleight, who is, I believe, a member of the Birmingham group of neo-PreRaphaelites. He has succeeded perfectly in eliminating every trace of religious or mystical suggestion from his "Annunciation." It contains a piece of furniture that might have been copied from a model at the recent Arts and Crafts Exhibition.

Mr. Watts's chief contribution is a large blue arrangement, his favourite blue which it is always a pleasure to see, called "The Sower of the Systems." The Eternal, comets flaming above his concealed head, strides across the sky scattering embryonic worlds into the blue void. One hand and one foot, ancient and ardent, are visible. Possibly there are some who will be impressed by Mr. Watts's sincere desire to portray on canvas the figure of an anthropomorphic deity. I was not. There are some subjects left that are beyond painting, and surely this is one. Stupendous themes expressed in paint or words do not necessarily incite awe or reverence in the beholder, else the late John Martin, whose colossal works have now found a refuge at the Alexandra Palace, would still be hailed as one of the masters of the last century. Such a picture as Mr. Watts's "For He Had Great Possessions" at the Tate Gallery, which has the right note of simplicity, impresses me much more than his "Sower of the Systems." Few if any of the religious or allegorical pictures at the New Gallery have the rare note of simplicity of treatment. Mr. Byam Shaw's "Here We Have No Continuing City, But We Seek One To Come" conveys nothing but a sense of sombrely decorative confusion. Sir James Linton's "Washing the Beggar's Feet on Maundy Thursday" is memorably painstaking. It has eighteen figures, each figure is as important as its companions, and each is devotedly occupied with its own incidental business. The jester playing with a bladder is quite as prominent as the central figure. Similarly in Sir James Linton's "Madonna and Child" it is the painting of the velvets that arrests the attention, and not the figures of the Mother and Child to whom all the accessories should minister. Some of the other religious pictures, ambitious and futile, are better left unnoticed. After these would-be religious works it was a relief to pause before Mr. Ralph Peacock's "All's Right With The World," a domestic picture if you will, a mother tossing her baby in the air, but full of life and movement. Pleasant, too, was it to meet Mr. George Wetherbee's fresh nude with the streaming hair, poised on the crest of a wave, onrushing through the spray, and the honest workmanship of Mrs. Stokes's "Melisande." Imagination and invention are excellent qualities in art as in literature, but discipline, control, and the determination to be guided by the eye, to master the modest subject rather than to grapple in the

dark with the superhuman, is for most of us the wiser course.

Portrait painters have not this temptation to overreach themselves, and it is the portraits that give distinction to the present exhibition at the New Gallery. The sensation is Signor Boldini's presentment of Mr. Whistler. An eminent critic has said that "if we except Mr. Whistler's own pictures this is the most extraordinary example of portraiture exhibited in this country during recent years." The portrait is not new. Paris and other continental cities have seen it, but this typical example of modernity in portraiture has not been seen before in London. Seated sideways in a grey chair placed in an empty room, the slight, alert figure of Mr. Whistler, with a claw-like hand thrust into his ruffled hair, peers, a little malicious, a little amused, shrewdly, out upon the world. An architectural silk hat rests on his knee, a decoration, a tiny point of red, gleams from his button hole. You look at it and say: "How clever! how brilliant! how very modern! how restless!" True, but a great portrait demands something more—dignity and suavity; a great portrait does not hover so near to the border of caricature.

Between the demoniacal cleverness of this portrait, and the ideal visions of Mr. Watts, the contributions to this very various collection range. Close to the Boldini hangs Mr. Lavery's "Spring," well named. It is a portrait picture of a girl in a white dress, carrying a branch of white blossom; in her straw hat is a note of blue. This delightful figure in easy movement is touched with a lightness so virginal and spring-like that the wall is brightened by her presence. Mr. Lavery's other portrait of "Miss Idonia La Primaudaye," equally imaginative, is a study in repose. The blue stone hanging from the wrist, the shimmer of blue in the front of the dress, the grey background, the gilt chair, all give point to the dark distinguished figure so naturally posed. Accomplished, too, is Mr. Shannon's rich but austere treatment of his decorative portrait of "Baron de Meyer," and his sympathetic rendering of Miss Penelope Lawrence, one of his many admirable portraits of pensive, intellectual women. All these have imagination. There are other portraits which no doubt are excellent likenesses, but unless the painter can add that something over and above the capacity of the camera, the critic does not feel compelled to make any commendatory comment. Many of them would gain by a little of Mr. Watts's idealism, or a little of Signor Boldini's cleverness.

It is impossible to overlook Mr. Austen Brown's "A Peasant Idyll," which shines out from a wall in the north room, as conspicuous an object as the reflection of a big fire in a night sky. An ardent painter of sunlight always predisposes me to offer a ringing welcome, but there are limits even to the presentation of sunshine, and this picture of two peasants seated at their evening meal, under trees, in a glow of light that I cannot imagine could emanate from the most powerful of southern suns, is keyed up so high above even exhibition pitch, that their near neighbours must wish the peasants had chosen a less garishly illuminated spot for their evening meal. But the blue of the dishes is beautifully rendered. By way of contrast, and as a reminder how differently painters select their subjects, look at Mr. Peppercorn's "Evening," a view of a wide, faintly luminous sky above an arm of sea. There is quality and truth in this still, grey-green seascape. I should never tire of it, but the "Peasant Idyll" would make me start as regularly as the postman's knock. Mr. Moffat Lindner has treated light with respect in his beautiful "The Flowing Tide," letting it gleam out from the foam on the crest of the waves, and linger delicately in the purple of the shallows.

Among the other pictures that gave me more than a passing pleasure were Mr. Padgett's wet marshes of Winchelsea, Mr. Edward Stott's cottage garden with the dim flower-beds disappearing in the illumination from the

lighted window, Mr. Bernard Priestman's pastoral with the very feeling of early morning, and Mr. Adrian Stokes's vivid picture of mountains. But when I went a second time to the gallery it was primarily to look again at the "Mr. Whistler" and the "Spring," and to try if I could persuade myself into liking "The Sower of the Systems" by Mr. Watts.

C. L. H.

Science.

Song.

PERHAPS there is some irony in the insinuation that this is an appropriate season to discuss the physiology of singing, when the past week has been occupied with valiant attempts on the part of many vocalists to sing the almost unsingable music of the later Wagner; but Mozart and the earlier Verdi are to follow, wherein to sing one must be a singer.

Over the human larynx itself, the mere motor machine, I am not going into raptures. Delicate though its construction be, man's voice-box or "Adam's apple" is not the finest musical instrument we know. The entire arrangement, including the left half of the cerebrum of the brain (with which all right-handed people sing), is not to be paralleled anywhere; but the human larynx itself is surpassed in many of the lower animals. The birds, for instance, have an admirably contrived larynx that is quite as good as ours; but to this stringed or reeded instrument they add the syrinx, which is simply an organ-pipe. They have wind and strings in one. Nor am I going to discuss at length the evolution of the larynx, nor question why the "wise thrush" of April is always of the sterner sex. Suffice it that our organ of voice is the homologue of one of the gill arches of the fish, as our organ of hearing is a homologue of another. It is so; but we will wonder not less but more, at the larynx of a Santley or a Jenny Lind, and the ear of a Hallé or a Richter, if we remember the base degrees by which they did ascend.

The vocal cords are made of fine elastic tissue covered with a single layer of flattened but living cells. They are attached and fixed in front to the cartilage the projection of which is known as the "thrapple" or "Adam's apple." Passing backwards they slightly diverge, each being attached to a movable nodule of cartilage behind. These posterior cartilages can be rotated by muscular action around a vertical axis, so that the glottis or chink between the chords may be obliterated or widened. This widening is the preliminary to every breath we draw, from the cradle to the grave. The singer takes such a breath. He then apposes his cords so that only a tiny chink is left. Thereupon he makes a forced expiration and drives a column of air against the resisting cords, which are thereby thrown into vibration. Now the pitch of the note produced depends upon the rate at which the cord vibrates. This, in its turn, depends upon the tension, length, and mass of the cords. The two latter factors vary in each of us. A man's larynx is larger than a woman's, his cords are longer and heavier, and therefore his voice is of lower pitch. But, excepting the falsetto, which I fear I have not space to discuss, each singer must accept his cords as they are. He can only affect their tension. This is done by tilting forwards the front attachment of the cords—which raises the tension and therefore the pitch of the note; or by tilting backwards the posterior attachment—which makes the cords slacker and the note more grave.

The simple unmodified laryngeal note—called by the teachers of singing the "naked tone"—is a hideous thing. It is utterly without resonance or emotional quality or beauty. It varies hardly at all in different

people. The distinction between a note of given pitch, sounded on Caruso's larynx or mine, on a violin or a Jew's harp, on the superb new organ at York Minster or a penny whistle, is a question of harmonics, "partials," or overtones. It is by these that we recognise which of our friends is speaking to us. All these overtones are contained in the laryngeal note. No sound is produced elsewhere. But we use certain resonators which pick out and reinforce certain overtones and thereby give the voice its individual quality. If these overtones be numerous and well-selected, so as to form definite musical intervals (such as the octave and the fifth), with the fundamental note, the voice is made rich and full and sweet. The teacher of singing is mainly concerned with the use of these resonators; but I believe the difference between voices to depend not so much on the anatomical form of the resonators (which shows little variation) as upon a difference in the ear—that is, in brain. Your strident singer likes strident tone, and produces it. Your de Reszke likes velvet tone and produces that—even at the cost of effect or ignorant applause. The resonators are the chest—which mainly reinforces the lower notes—and the cavities of the mouth and throat. To these we must add the air-containing spaces in the familiar bony projections behind the external ear and above the eyes. Everyone knows that a child has no such frontal bosses, and that they are more prominent in a man than in a woman. All these cavities communicate with the mouth and throat, and so with the column of air which the larynx has already thrown into complex vibration.

Now all this is mere triviality beside the nervous action involved in singing. The pitch of every note depends upon muscular contraction which is determined by nervous impulses. Exactly in proportion to the strength of the nervous impulse the muscular contraction—and therefore the pitch of the resulting note—will be. Some idea of the fineness of gradation possible may be obtained by remembering the singer of last century who could sound eleven distinct notes between two consecutive notes on the piano; within a semitone, that is. And so we come to the *crux* of the matter, which is this. How is a singer enabled to strike a desired note? How is it that some are able to send exactly the right degree of nervous force to the laryngeal muscles, whilst others are doomed for ever to send "the little less and what worlds away"—or, in other words, to sing flat? How is it that, as George Eliot has put it in "Adam Bede," one may never sing in tune, and another, utterly untrained, may be "as true to his intervals as a lark"? (As a matter of fact a lark has no real sense of intervals, but that does not matter. Browning alone was right—

We shall have the word
In a minor third
There is none but the Cuckoo knows.)

And for the answer to this question we are thrown back upon "ear."

Now, "ear," in this sense, is in a well-defined area of the *Cortex cerebri*, on the left side of the brain. We hear, of course, as we also see, on both sides; but sense of pitch is probably confined to the music centre on the left or "leading" side in right-handed people, just as the sense of colour is probably confined to the left side in such people; the facts, in each case, being reversed in left-handed people. The music centre is just in front of the hearing centre; by which I mean the centre for sound. That which understands the meanings of words is in another and distant part of the cortex, though also, of course, on the left side. Now, to be quite candid, I believe the music centre is non-existent in some of us. Nor can it necessarily be developed as, in everyone but an idiot, the word-hearing centre can. And it is the music centre which controls and informs the whole act of singing; aided by the muscular sense. A recent Italian author has maintained—and I think he is right—that, in

order to achieve a definite interval, as, for instance, from the dominant to the key-note, the brain must receive an impression from the laryngeal muscles, which it couples with the sound received by the singer's own ear. These form an image of the desired interval in the music centre which determines the degree of nervous force necessary to cause precisely the degree of muscular contraction that will enable the singer to strike his high note true.

Of course it is impossible to do more than outline the subject here. Beside the falsetto, which is an impertinence with most of us, but a delight when used by such singers as Mr. Hedmondt, there is the effect of varying emotion upon the laryngeal tone. Again, we might consider the various shades of tone which lie within the possibility of one voice; or that vain topic of the "vocal registers"; or the production of the vowels by modifying the overtones, or the formation of the consonants, or the phenomena of vocal compass, or of mere vocal power. To attack these questions one must first obtain some accurate ideas as to the nature of sound and the distinctions between a musical note and a noise, besides considering that microscopic replica of a piano in the inner ear, our knowledge of which, as of the "heat o' the sun," we owe to the omnivorous genius of Helmholtz.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

"The Grammarian's Coarse Analysis."

SIR,—In the interesting and strikingly able essay on "Living History" published in a recent number of the *ACADEMY* there is a surprising remark. Speaking of Carlyle's method of expression, the writer says: "Germanic that style may be, in main features of its mechanical structure or defect of structure; but inwardly and substantially, in those features which cannot be squared by the grammarian's coarse analysis, it is Carlyle and reducible to no precedent beloved of the live-and-level critic." Will you quote a passage in illustration? I rather think you will find it difficult to recite one which cannot be construed. Carlyle's individualities of expression are not originalities in grammar, which are inconceivable; they are originalities in style, which are quite another thing. There may be grammar without good style; but there cannot be good style without grammar. Science can live without art; art cannot live without science. Grammar is science, intelligent knowledge; style is art, intelligent action. Carlyle's individualities, which are attributes of his art, are justifiable because they are in accord with syntax, which is a mode of logic. I am startled at finding your penetrating essayist speaking of "the grammarian's coarse analysis." A few months ago, in a *Science* article, one of your contributors actually anticipated and elaborated the theme suggested by that astonishing phrase. Hitherto I believed that grammar was "coarse" only to those who did not understand it.—Yours, &c.,

Monachyle, Perthshire, N.B.

J. M. S. M.

[There was no thought of assailing Carlyle's grammar. The word was used (somewhat hastily, doubtless) in the larger and older sense, according to which all matters of style come within a grammarian's province. When Browning wrote of "A Grammarian's Funeral" he did not mean a teacher of grammar. The inner spirit of style is not to be captured by the relatively coarse methods of the student of its externals—that was all which was meant. Your correspondent's assertions are, of course, indisputable—and never by me disputed.—YOUR REVIEWER.]

Canning's "Elegant Sapphics."

SIR,—Reference is made in your last week's issue to Canning's "elegant Sapphics"—to wit, "The needy knife-grinder." "Elegant" may pass as the stereotyped "*epitheton ornans*" of "Sapphics": but surely the verses are not Sapphics at all.

There are two theories of the way in which English Sapphics should be constructed: (1) Calverley's theory is that the scansion should not declare itself, but be latent in the lines. But there is no trace of the Sapphic scansion in (for instance):—

I give thee sixpence? I will see thee damned first!

(2) The other theory is that, apart from scansion, the rhythm must be the trochaic rhythm of the Sapphic line, which consisted of two pairs of trochees with a dactyl in the middle; though later the second trochee became a spondee. But Canning's verses are pure iambs—"trimeters catalectic" is, I suppose, the technical description. Thus the lines:—

I should be glad to drink your Honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you would give me sixpence,

correspond exactly with—

Is this a dagger which I see before me?

The nearest approach to a trochaic line in the poem is—

Custody. They took me before the justice

which, however, stands quite alone.

The average schoolboy's idea of the Sapphic rhythm is represented by the line—

Saturday fortnight, Fébruary fourteenth.

Canning's verses may be read either in conformity with that model, or as simple iambs. How they can pass for Sapphics I am at a loss to understand.—Yours, &c.,

ARCTURUS.

Letters of the 12th Duke of Somerset.

SIR,—Will you allow me to turn to pleasure a little slip made by a recent reviewer of yours? As an admirer of the volume of Letters of the 12th Duke of Somerset, edited by Mr. Mallock, I often regret having no relevant opportunity of speaking in its praise. Your reviewer of Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy's "Sailor King" seems to afford me one where he singles out as the only new matter in Mr. Molloy's book the letters of the Duchess there quoted. These have, however, been already published in the collection of Mr. Mallock's editing. I am glad to be able to put your able reviewer, and perhaps others besides, on the track of those very interesting, and very much neglected, records of "the proud Duke."—Yours, &c.,

BOOKMAN.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 188 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best criticism of any book, old or new, which our competitors had read this year. Thirty-five replies have been received. We award the prize to Mr. A. E. Coppard, 27, Gladstone Place, Brighton, for the following:—

"CLARA HOPGOOD," BY MARK RUTHERFORD.

Good scholarly work is this, with many admirable passages to be marked and placed among the treasures. The completest figure in the tale is Madge Hopgood, a young sweet woman who, in the circumstance which generally wrecks the woman's history, adhered steadily to the extreme phases of her own impulsive principles. "She was destitute of that power, which her sister possessed, of

surveying herself from a distance. On the contrary, her emotion enveloped her, and the safeguard of reflection on it was impossible to her." That is finely put, though imperfectly true, and may be compared with Thomas Hardy's introduction of Elfride Swancourt. The immediate consequence to her of her sudden sensual fault committed with Frank Palmer, her betrothed, was, curiously, a strengthening of her previous misgiving as to her own love's depth and honesty. Her persistent refusal thereafter to marry the father of her child is the imperfectly gripped "motive" of the book. The character drawing is thin, unhandy, and at times the psychology is overstated—I can't believe in Clara Hopgood on the evening when Baruch Cohen was hers for a look, a touch, and that "divinely beautiful but divinely terrible" moment of prevision came to her, and stayed her half-spoken gracious words; and so Baruch Cohen in the after days married her sister Madge. Most of the people, too, talk "Mark Rutherford." This is, perhaps, the book's condemnation as a work of art, the fault of a man who thinks and sees, who thinks out his way to the ultimate vision, working by a reversal of the greater process of first seeing, and then thinking back to the springs of impulse; but as a volume of earnest human aim it holds much of the good and true. These things being so one overlooks its aesthetic limitations.

Other replies follow:—

NEWMAN'S "CALLISTA."

One wonders how many of the rising generation are under the potent influence of the great Tractarian leader; yet few names of the 19th century will rank higher than Newman's as masters of English prose. If one wishes to experience his peculiar vivifying influence one cannot do better than read "Callista." His "exquisite tenderness," his spirituality, his poetic imagination, combine to give this little book a wonderful fascination. The impression is that of a keen, original thinker, endowed with a powerful imagination, a supreme power over the harmonies of language, and an unerring instinct as to the power of language over the human heart. Narrative, analysis, dialogue, landscape, are all used with masterly power to produce the desired effect. And over the whole work hangs an air of self-restraint, of fierce intellectual activity controlled by vivid spiritual insight. Though the story deals mainly with religious influences, the artist is everywhere apparent in light touches that reveal the lover of nature or the kindly critic of human foibles. Agellius' condition agitated between human love for Callista and divine love for his Master is vividly drawn, and what wonderful power and tender insight does not the final interview between them disclose! What intense realization is shown alike in the delineation of the awful ravages of the locusts, and in the career of that terrible mob in Sicca, whose cry "Christianos ad leones" led Callista to seek Agellius to warn him, and led herself to that fateful meeting with Bishop Cyprian. Then Juba's mad career of demoniacal possession is outlined with weird power forming a striking contrast to the self-possession and constancy of Callista, whose girlish beauty is tenderly depicted and whose intellectual grasp betrays Newman's keenness of dialectic. Her martyrdom is a fitting climax to a beautiful and pathetic career.

[T. G. G., Wealdstone.]

SIR ALEXANDER BURNES' "TRAVELS IN BOKHARA."

It was published by Murray in '34, and so far as the travel's go is of course of little interest to-day: the places visited with so much danger and trouble are now almost familiar to many. But what should redeem it from the limbo of "forgotten books" is the remarkable personality of the author, his essential modernity as one who lived before his time and scarcely knew it; one of the keen souls who have made Britain what she is, only half from sense of duty, the other half a restless necessity to do and see, to cram the years full with experience. "Bokhara Burnes" grasped his brimming share of that. He was murdered in Kabul before he was forty, but every minute of his life had been lived, and a jolly and momentous life it must have been. At the time of the famous journey he was but twenty-six.

No author, but remote cousin to the great Robert of Ayrshire, one of his race could turn his hand to nothing and achieve it wholly ill. Through studied phrase and measured word, held appropriate to all literature in such pre-Victorian days; glimpses of the man's self, his marvellous common-sense, his delightful humour, his innate courtesy and intelligent tolerance; spring like sunshine through the chinks of some great old ruined wall; stretch hands across the intervening years till we can scarce believe this all took place so long ago. It is with something of a shock we find allusion to the recent conflagration of Moscow. Surely he is one of ourselves! And yet—Queen Victoria was but a schoolgirl when Ranjut Singh showed him the Koh-i-Noor in the city of Lahore; when he adopted the Uzbek garb and threaded perilous deserts to become an honoured guest in sinister Bokhara.

The names of our pioneers should not be allowed to die.

[B. C. H., London.]

ALEXANDER SMITH'S POEMS.

Alexander Smith took himself too seriously, and fifty years ago the public followed his lead; but a recent re-perusal of his work suggests that there was much to excuse this too lofty estimate. He certainly lacks both humour and discretion, two of the most essential components of good taste, whether in literature or other walks of life. His serious ballads are almost as funny as Ingoldsbay, and he abounds in such incongruous metaphors as a more genial self-appreciation would have surely corrected. Yet his work is imbued with such fundamental ardour as cannot fail to appeal—not the unsullied poetic ardour of a Keats, but marred by his native Calvinism and blundering taste.

Thus, while still fettered to effete poetic formula, his tense poetic power degenerates too often into sheer violence.

As to his message, he did very little more than reduce to commoner terms the moral threads already woven into Tennyson's more serious works, replacing their finer poetic subtlety with a cheap irony of a kind which appeals to earnest people impervious to the higher æsthetic qualities of verse; while over his earlier work there is a vague glamour and hopeless confusion of unchastened images which is too readily mistaken for poetic depth.

The real capacity of emotional vehemence, which led him to copy the less commendable extravagances of Keats, gained him an audience among people of like tendencies; while he displayed none of that absolute literary sufficiency which always bores the unliterary.

But that fine Titanic insolence, tamed only by what it holds intransitory in nature, flames out in spite of his depraved artistry, as may be seen in the lines entitled "The Change," with which the volume closes.

[W. C. T., Hencham.]

"FIELD AND HEDGEROW."

The secret and open ways of wild things, the changing subtleties of sky and wood, the voice and sweep of onrushing winds—these are part of the open-air freedom which Jefferies knew, loved, and enjoyed. But there is an undercurrent of almost defiant sadness, which reveals his peculiar temperament, and shows that while his gifts of vision and of knowledge are supreme, he has not the joy of the entire acceptance of Nature's order which we find in White of Selbourne. The imagination of Jefferies every now and then shies at reality, and he turns abruptly aside from those pleasant ways along which, for the most part, we pass with a sense of wonder and delight. Like Hamlet, he sometimes considers too curiously, and so we come across thoughts like these:—"The earth is all in all to me, but I am nothing to the earth: it is bitter to know this before you are dead." This may be true, but it is a truth which need not have been set down in the place where it is to be found. The brighter "woodnotes" of Jefferies jar in those subjective moods and frequently unprofitable moralisings, which break the even flow of refined enjoyment which he has the power of exciting. We must accept so instructive and adequate a writer with all his limitations. If he erred at all it was in his passionate devotion to truth. He could not rest content with external beauty, but he sought to wrest from Nature her deeper meanings; and, as happens with all who ask questions which are unanswerable, he leaves an impression of unrest and defective happiness which saddens, while it cannot lessen the value of, his contributions to the mystery and poetry of Nature.

[A. E. W., Greerock.]

Competition No. 189 (New Series).

This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best set of verses in Praise of Walking. Not to exceed 20 lines.

RULES.

Answers addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 6 May, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

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The Literary Week.

NOVELS and new editions have been the feature of the week's publishing. Among the new editions are a re-issue of George Herbert's "Temple" with the late Mr. Shorthouse's preface, and a second edition of Mr. Barber's fascinating compilation on the origin and meaning of British family names. Two new stories of exceptional interest will begin in an early number of the "Pall Mall Magazine": "The Vineyard" by Mrs. Craigie, a story of modern life, and Mr. Maurice Hewlett's romance based upon the life of Mary Queen of Scots. The new books of the week include:—

THE ODYSSEY. Books I.—VIII. Translated by J. W. Mackail.

Mr. Mackail does not overwhelm us with books, but, having his life of William Morris in mind, we expect sterling work from him. This venture is ambitious. To translate the Odyssey at all demands courage, but Mr. Mackail has chosen to cast his rendering into the difficult form of the FitzGerald Omar quatrain. We quote the opening stanza of the third book:—

And the sun left the lovely lake and clomb
Upward across the sky's brass-paven dome,
To light the deathless gods, and mortal men
That have the acres of the corn for home.

The volume is dedicated "To the memory of Evelyn Abbott, Fellow of Balliol, A Man, brave, wise, much enduring."

BABEL AND BIBLE. By Friedrich Delitzsch.

The volume consists of the two lectures delivered before the members of the Deutsche Orient-Gesellschaft in the presence of the German Emperor. Mr. C. H. W. Johns says in his introduction: "The announcement that Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch, the great Assyriologist, had been granted leave to deliver a lecture upon the relations between the Bible and the recent results of cuneiform research . . . naturally caused a great sensation; in

Germany first, and, as a wider circle, wherever men feel interest in the progress of science." The preliminary sensation was fully justified by the results. Mr. Johns deals with some of the violent criticism which was directed against Prof. Delitzsch's conclusions.

ANTHOLOGY OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE. Part II. By Leo Wiener.

This part of Prof. Wiener's work covers the nineteenth century. In his introductory sketch the compiler says: "Compared with its humble beginnings in 1800, Russian literature has made a wonderful record in the nineteenth century. The Russian language has been moulded into an instrument of great perfection; it is melodious, and capable of all shades of expression and literary forms. The great authors of its literature have become the possession of all nations. Intellectual Russia no longer stands aloof. . . . It has well learned its lessons from the West: it may yet become its teacher." The volume has for frontispiece a portrait of Turgenev.

THE other day "Jean Lorrain," novelist and manager of the Paris "Journal," was sentenced to two months' imprisonment and ordered to pay a considerable fine for a libel on a lady contained in a short story. The sentence, apparently, was just, for the libel appears to have been particularly gross and ill-bred. The case, however, revives the old question of how far a novelist is justified in drawing from the life. Some writers always make composite portraits, but others have not the faculty for such combination. These, therefore, must draw either upon knowledge or mere imagination; in the one case they run the risk of offending their friends, in the other they hopelessly weaken their work. The ethical rights of the subject are difficult to define, but it would seem to be perfectly legitimate to use the human material at hand so long as the delineation and comment are reasonably unbiassed. After all, a writer does not as a rule select his villain from amongst his acquaintances. But novelists are certain to be suspected of making copy out of their friends to the end of time.

MR. UNWIN'S facsimile reprint of George Herbert's "The Temple," with an introduction by the late Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, has been long unobtainable. It is now reissued with a short introductory note. No man was better qualified than Mr. Shorthouse to appreciate the value of Herbert's work, and more particularly of Herbert's place and influence in the Church of England. Donne, Henry Vaughan, Wotton, Wither, Quarles, John Vaughan, Ferrer, and Herbert, "these men," said Mr. Shorthouse, "were the true founders of the Church of England." We quote the opening paragraph of this beautiful and characteristic piece of writing:—

The invitation to write this introduction came to me, with a surprising appropriateness, upon Easter Day—upon an Easter morning such as even an English spring can sometimes afford, a morning bright with sunshine and cherry-blossom and flowers. The primrose, the daffodil, and polyanthus were around the windows, and the fresh green of the woodlands tinted the distance, from which the church bells were faintly heard;—a season chosen by God for festival, who knows how many thousand years ago!

The particular mission of Herbert and his fellows was to show the English people "what a fine gentleman, who was also a Christian and a Churchman, might be."

THE "New York Times Saturday Review" is very angry with the "Author," which it describes as a London "class" magazine. The "Author" recently stated that the American book shops were large, but that there were few of them. "How long," asks our incensed contemporary, "must a man have stayed in any American city to reach that conclusion, and in what state of development must his powers of observation be?" The United States, we are told, is notably a land of many well-ordered and intelligently-managed book stores, whereas, out of London, bookshops are comparatively scarce, and so stupidly managed that London publishers have a reasonable grievance against them. Three London booksellers are named as good, and we are asked, "Are there any other bookshops in all that vast metropolis fit to compare even with the book departments of our great general stores?" Our acquaintance with the book departments of American general stores is not large, but we could name a round dozen of London booksellers who have never failed us.

A WRITER in the Philadelphia "Conservator," that remarkable journal whose Collects we have sometimes quoted with wonder, has been thinking about "The Reality of Joy." We read:—

As a young man I promised myself to write a full and fervent booklet of Joy. A few connected sketches were made—and then the project awaited further time. Later, in a grayer mood, I wrote two essays bearing on the subject. These in turn were put aside. At last, gathering up these fragments, it struck me suddenly that the booklet was done. Here let it tell its own tale.

There follow outbursts on Color, the Beauty of Nature, The Religion of Two Lovers, The Awe of Love, and a Marriage Hymn. The writer says: "How full the world is of color, glorious color, color everywhere! The air, night and day, is one perfume of color. . . ." We should have supposed that the "Reality of Joy," implied an instinct which would have rejected such a terrible phrase as "perfume of color." Evidently this booklet needs revision.

MR. LEWIS MELVILLE, in the current issue of "Temple Bar," discusses Bulwer Lytton as a novelist. Mr. Melville is surprised by the fact that since the late fifties Lytton

has not been seriously discussed as a novelist in any considerable review. We cannot, ourselves, share this surprise. Lytton, at his best, was a good story-teller; at his worst, and his worst was pretty frequent, he was full of the most meretricious kind of sentiment and banality. Of course he took himself seriously; his portentous seriousness was one of the things which Thackeray so delighted to parody. Mr. Melville compares him with Dickens in respect of popularity, and in other ways as well. Says Mr. Melville:—

Like him he often sought for strong effects in pathos, and worked in strong light or deep shadow. He was far more literate than his greater brother of the pen, but he was excelled as a delineator of character. He could not tell a story so well as Wilkie Collins; he did not possess the vivid imagination or the graphic descriptive powers of Charles Reade; or the satire of Disraeli; or the brightness of Lever; neither is his humour to be likened to that of Thackeray, or his style to be compared with that of the master-stylist of the century. Because he was not pre-eminent among the giants, it has become the custom for "superior" people to speak slightly of his work.

We should like to know what Mr. Melville means when he says that Lytton was "far more literate than his greater brother of the pen." Certainly Lytton did not write such good English as Dickens. As to his pathos, it is of the kind which we nowadays call cheap. No doubt Lytton's novels will continue to be read for a generation or so, and we have no quarrel with his readers. But do not let us try to revive a reputation on literary grounds whose successes, such as they were, had small concern with true literature.

QUITE the latest novelty in the way of book-making reaches us in the form of a tiny edition of FitzGerald's "Omar Khayyam." It is small enough to go into the smallest waistcoat pocket. We shall soon expect to see the quatrains being furtively read in omnibuses and in evening trains.

MR. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT has been interviewing Mr. Aylmer Maude for "Great Thoughts" on the subject of the "Doctrines of Tolstoy." The doctrines of the great Russian, we confess, do not greatly interest us. He goes to the Bible and writes a "Criticism of Dogmatic Theology," which sets out to prove that dogmatic theology is fraudulent, and designed to bolster up the Church. But this fine disregard of tradition and interpretation, although it may be heroic, is not logical. It is when Tolstoy sets himself to interpret human life and destiny that we accept him. Then he becomes a great writer and a great artist. More of the world's time has been wasted over abstract theorising than over any other activity.

APROPPOS of our review in this issue of the new letters of Mrs. Carlyle, we may quote the following extract from a letter of Carlyle's to a friend who had been disappointed in a love affair with a literary lady. We take the passage from a communication of Mr. Thomas Henderson's to the "Westminster Gazette":—

She was a person of genius, if I mistake not: and much as I admire, not to say idolise, that characteristic in a mistress (a *sweetheart*, as we call it), I confess I should pause before recommending it to any honest man in a wife. These women of genius, sir, are the very d—l, when you take them on a wrong tack. I know very well that I myself—if ever I marry, which seems possible at best—am to have one of them for my helpmate; and I expect nothing but that our life will be the most turbulent, incongruous thing on earth—a mixture of honey and wormwood, the sweetest and the bitterest—or, as it were, at one time the clearest sunshiny weather in nature, then whirlwinds and sleet and frost; the thunder and

lightning and furious storms—all mingled together into the same season—and the sunshine always in the *smallest* quantity! Judge how you would have relished this: and sing with a cheerful heart, *E'en let the bonny lass gang!*

Here, at any rate, the prophet spoke truth.

VERSE with thought in it and a distinct human idea is so rare that we cannot pass without recognition a poem in "Macmillan's Magazine" by Mr. W. H. Chesson. It is entitled "The Youth of Fear"; we quote three of the four succinct stanzas:—

I saw a scoundrel impotently base
Whose mask had fallen between us on the ground,
And in the pride of judgement saw our race
File past him with contempt too felt for sound.
He did not speak; a sudden scorching wind
Dried up an eloquence of fair repute.
His lips pulsated, hinting "I have sinned,"
While all the alphabets in him were mute.
And then I saw him human, and his past,
Blown like a bubble from his puckered mouth,
Burst in the air. Almost I was aghast
For fear had made him younger than a youth.

THE Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce are offering a gold medal, or twenty pounds, for a Dust-arresting Respirator for use in dusty processes, or in dangerous trades. This is sensible and practical, though we may perhaps be forgiven an involuntary smile.

"THE TIMES" printed on Wednesday an article by M. Emile Faguet on the King's visit to Paris called "Impressions Parisiennes." M. Faguet is jerkily picturesque; he dashes short sentences down in the manner which so often distinguished Victor Hugo, and the Hugo tradition still lives. We quote the two opening and the concluding paragraphs:—

Le Roi descend de wagon. Il est tranquille et souriant. On sent l'homme fort et solidement assis sur une constitution robuste, habitué aux voyages, à la fatigue et aux "corvées de majesté," et qui sait depuis très longtemps son "métier de roi."

Il s'avance avec une bonhomie tranquille vers M. le Président de la République française et lui dit, "Nous avons une belle journée."

Une heure et demie.—Ciel lavé. Orage disparu. Temps splendide. Le ciel voulait seulement tirer quelques coups de canon pour le départ du Roi. C'est un départ dans la tempête, à la Lohengrin. Mais cela ne dure pas. Simple épisode. Tout rentre dans l'ordre. "Nous avons une belle journée."

THERE seems to be some doubt in America as to the value of travelling libraries. Our general idea of a travelling library is confined to boxes from Mudie's, but in America it means a very different thing. The institution exists in twenty-six states; some are supported by State grants and others by women's clubs. These libraries, says a writer in "Scribner's Magazine," "justify lurking suspicions—we all have at times entertained them—as to the possible survival of traditional reading habits and book attitudes." The main idea of the supporters of the travelling library appears to be quite up to date; they want new books and are tired of the classics. "An Indianapolis 'club woman' wrote: 'Those who do not care for books or reading will not send for travelling libraries. Those who do send have read nearly, if not quite, all the books they contain. People in the smaller cities and towns, I venture to say, are better

acquainted with standard books than the average resident of a large city.' That, we should have thought, was a very good thing for the people in the smaller cities and towns, but the 'club woman' will have none of it. She yearns for facts; her fellow-women 'wear themselves out to find material for a given subject that is snugly compiled in some book that is as far beyond their reach as if it were in the moon.' Upon which the 'Scribner' commentator remarks: 'What a picture this is of the place the book is coming to fill in the modern life, that of an authority for reference, not of a solace for refreshment; in particular in the life of 'up-to-date' women of eclectic interest in all things.' On the whole we are glad that the travelling library does not yet exist in England.

THE New York "Bookman" publishes a tabulated list of "successful authors" in America from 1895 to 1902. The list is compiled from the record of all their books quoted in the "Bookman," and goes in to all manner of details as to "times quoted," "relative rank," and so forth. The first six names are these: Winston Churchill, Gilbert Parker, Rev. John Watson, James Lane Allen, H. Sienkiewicz, Charles Major. A considerable way down come the names of Rudyard Kipling and J. M. Barrie. There is a moral in all this which we do not propose to drive home. The editor of the "Bookman" was also asked to give a list of the ten worst books in the English language. These are the ten which he named, confining himself to "books whose authors might have been expected to do better": Thackeray's "Philip"; Mark Twain's "Joan of Arc"; Kingsley's "Alton Locke"; Miss Porter's "Scottish Chiefs"; Mr. Watts-Dunton's "Aylwin"; George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda"; Disraeli's "Lothair"; Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe"; Hawthorne's "The Blithedale Romance"; Longfellow's "Hyperion." We cannot congratulate the editor of the "Bookman" on his discrimination.

WE are glad to get a humorous light upon the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, and Mr. A. R. Atkinson gives it in the "Monthly Review." He touches the question lightly and with a kind of disguised hilarity. He also makes good practical points. Thus:—

Honour in its higher senses was as foreign to Bacon's thoughts as to his practise. There is not a single word about real honour in the essay "Of Honour and reputation," as published in 1597; a single sentence was devoted to it in the edition of 1625. If the man who drew Hotspur in 1597 and Henry V. in the following year—the two finest incarnations of honour in our literature—had been putting his name to a prose treatise on the same subject at the same time, he would not have waited till his third edition, published nearly thirty years later, before announcing the belated discovery that "There is an Honour likewise, which may be ranked amongst the Greatest, which happeneth rarely: That is of such as *Sacrifice themselves to Death or Danger, for the Good of their Country.* As was *M. Regulus*, and the *Two Decij.*" Nine years before the Essayist made his first appearance a certain Invincible Armada, which set sail from Spain for England but failed to reach it, discovered that there were men in England of that rare degree of honour to "sacrifice themselves to death or danger for the good of their country," and even enough of them to conquer the invincible. The lesson was not lost upon the Spanish King, but it made no impression upon the cold heart of Bacon. Within ten years, at any rate, he had forgotten that there was such a virtue as that which had saved England; and when at the age of sixty-five he reminded himself of its existence among men, it was as of a thing "which happeneth rarely," and of which he had to go all the way back to Roman history to find examples.

Mr. Atkinson scores many other points which will appeal to the unprejudiced, and after all the "many-sided Bacon" cry will not suffice to refute them.

A CORRESPONDENCE has been going on in the "Daily Chronicle" for some time concerning the cheerfully-named universal language Esperanto. We have had much talk from time to time about such a language, but nothing came of it. Esperanto, however, seems to be making way. A correspondent of the "Chronicle" states that business men are already using it for their commercial communications with such countries as Russia, China, and Turkey. Esperanto may be acquired by a few hours' study, and it possesses, according to the "Chronicle's" informant, "celestial simplicity and inherent elasticity." Also, Esperanto has a soul—a composite soul, made up of English, French, and German parts. We wish Esperanto success—for commercial correspondence.

We notice that the guests at the "John Bull" dinner each week have the honour of seeing their names under the "Court Circular" heading of the "Times." This week we find, in addition to the staff, the names of two M.P.'s, a distinguished editor, and also that of the "eminent physician" who contributed the fighting introduction to the new Mrs. Carlyle Letters.

Bibliographical.

Will the works of Bulwer Lytton ever form the subject of a bibliography? When that volume appears (if it ever appears) the compiler will have to relate that in (or a little before) May, 1903, three writers and three magazine editors woke up to the fact that the centenary of Bulwer's birth might be, with more or less advantage, celebrated in a critical disquisition. Hence the articles in "The Bookman" (by Mr. Lewis Melville), in "Blackwood" (by Mr. Charles Whibley, it is understood), and in the "Fortnightly" (by Mr. Francis Gribble). I place them in this order, because Mr. Melville's seems to me the broadest-minded, and therefore the fairest of the three. There is internal evidence that Mr. Melville has read his author, largely if not fully; I am not so sure about Mr. Whibley or Mr. Gribble. But I must not myself stray into criticism. I am concerned here only with the bibliographical aspect of the case, and, in that connection, I cannot but regret—for the sake of a writer who appears to me to be, though faulty, unduly depreciated nowadays—that, apparently, for twenty years or more, no effort has been made by his publishers to put before the public anew his "Student," his "Caxtoniana," his "Quarterly Essays," his "St. Stephens," and his "New Timon"—his essays and his satiric verse being among the best of his literary products. Bulwer's fictions—his "Caxtons," his "Harold," his "Strange Story," and his "Coming Race," quite as frequently as his "Pelham," his "Alice," his "Eugene Aram"—have been reproduced over and over again; and there is therefore no excuse for judging him only by his more affected and more melodramatic inventions. Messrs. Routledge would do a good service both to Bulwer and to the reading public if they would reprint the "Birthday Book" (made up of the usual prose and verse selections) which they published in 1879. This was much more favourably representative than the volume of "Wit and Wisdom" compiled by Mr. Charles Kent in 1885.

The desiderated bibliography of Bulwer would show, with other things, that he suffered much from the humorous antagonism of Thackeray. He had also to bear as well as he could the contemptuous sarcasm of Tennyson's "New Timon and the Poets." For some reason or other he did not greatly interest the critics, and in that department the bibliographer would not have

much to record. I know of only three literary censors who thought it worth their while to write at all elaborately and judiciously about Bulwer—Nassau W. Senior, W. Caldwell Roscoe, and George Brimley; and who reads them nowadays? On the other hand, one remembers that Lander thought "The Caxtons" a "delightful book"; that Macaulay found something to commend in "Pelham," "Alice," and "The Last Days of Pompeii"; that "My Novel" was praised both by Robertson of Brighton and by Matthew Arnold; that Dickens considered "The Strange Story" "most masterly and most admirable," and that Ruskin admired "Night and Morning" "excessively." This may console Bulwer in the shades.

There will now, of course, be a certain measure of demand for the extant works of Mr. Paul Belloni du Chaillu, who, about forty years ago, was one of the most discussed of travellers. It was in 1861 that he came to the fore with his "Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa; with accounts of the manners and customs of the people and of the chase of the gorilla . . . and other animals." This was followed in 1867 by his "Journey to Ashango-Land, with further penetration into Equatorial Africa." After this came, in succession, "Stories of the Gorilla Country" (1868), "Wild Life under the Equator" (for the young, 1869), "Lost in the Jungle" (also for the young, 1870), "My Apingi Kingdom" (1871), "The Country of the Dwarfs" (1872), "The Land of the Midnight Sun: summer and winter journeys through Sweden, Norway, Lapland, and Northern Finland" (1881, new edition 1899), "The Viking Age: the early history, manners, and customs of the ancestors of the English-speaking nations" (1889), "Ivar the Viking: a romantic history based upon authentic facts" (1893), "The Land of the Long Night" (1900), "The World of the Great Forest" (1901), and "King Mombo" (1902).

In 1901 some of us read with a fair amount of amusement a book, obviously American, called "A Journey to Nature," purporting to be by "J. P. Mowbray"; and this was followed in 1902 by two more books from the same hand, called "The Making of a Country Home" and "Tangled Up in Beulah-Land." We are now told that "J. P. Mowbray" was really the American writer Andrew Carpenter Wheeler, who, over the nom-de-guerre of "Nym Crinkle," had been writing about the New York stage for many years. It seems that either as Wheeler or as Crinkle he published in America "Chronicles of Milwaukee," "The Primrose Path of Dalliance," and some other books. Over here, however, he has been represented only by the "Mowbray" books.

All the way from the Gold Coast Colony there comes to me a request that I should "give a complete list of Edith Wharton's works." "I know," says my correspondent, "of 'Crucial Instances, &c.,' and 'The Valley of Decision.' Are there any more?" Well, there are not many. Apart from the two books named, Mrs. Wharton has published in this country only "The Greater Inclination, and Other Stories" (1899) and "A Gift from the Grave" (1900). The volume on "The Decoration of Houses," in which she seems to have collaborated in 1898, hardly counts, perhaps, among "works." Meanwhile, my correspondent asks, concerning her, "Is she not a second Henry James in the making, with, perhaps, a dash of Harland?" Readers are enthusiastic on the Gold Coast!

In reply to a correspondent at Glasgow, I may mention that Maguire's "Lectures on Philosophy" were published by Messrs. Kegan Paul in 1885 at the price of nine shillings.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Carlyle Pair.

NEW LETTERS AND MEMORIALS OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE.
Annotated by Thomas Carlyle, and Edited by Alexander
Carlyle, with an Introduction by Sir James Crichton
Browne. 2 vols. (John Lane. 25s. net.)

HERE, edited by one of Carlyle's family, annotated by another, and introduced by a distinguished physician, we have the letters of Mrs. Carlyle which Froude rejected from his edition of her correspondence. Remainder-viands, therefore. And yet they fill two volumes, and yet they are quick and interesting as the chosen letters of few other men or women would be. Unfortunately (to our thinking) these volumes are published with a controversial purpose, and the controversy is managed in no judicious spirit. The controversy is, inevitably, the old quarrel as to Carlyle's treatment of his wife. We have long had our opinion concerning the ungracious and indiscriminate obloquy which—like the bag of a cuttlefish—darkened the literary waters on the publication of Froude's biography. Doubtless that wrong to Carlyle's memory needed righting, and has waited to be righted. We have long, also, had our own opinion concerning the character of Mrs. Carlyle. Doubtless it had become needful to say the truth on this matter: doubtless her unwise partisans had made it necessary. But the associated compilers of this book were not content with a moderate and judicial rectification of the sentence which had gone forth against Carlyle: they have swung back the whole length of the pendulum, and given us a Carlyle fit to hang beside Froude's Mrs. Carlyle—a hero blameless and long-suffering as the Tennysonian Arthur. So it was, and is, and will be: mankind journeys toward truth as a horse accomplishes a hill—by progression from side to side, and extreme still answers to extreme; till finally the mean is struck, and truth attained, in somewhat the tardiest and clumsiest way. In fifty years, perhaps, the public will strike a mean between these extreme contentions concerning the Carlyle pair. Opening its slow mouth, it will say: "Six of one and half-a-dozen of the other"—and shut it again. And it will have done rough justice, after its wont. Individuals may nicely allot the proportionate blame between the two. But for working purposes that rough verdict will stand, and our subtleties shall not avail against it.

Dr. Crichton Browne (in his Introduction) charges it home against Mrs. Carlyle, and whittles away everything which might tell against her husband. Many of the notes pursue with perfect one-sidedness the guerilla-war against Mr. Froude and against her. We do not dispute that their view of Mrs. Carlyle is mainly correct. We think she was more ill to live with than her husband. Doubtless she was sharp of tongue and exacting, doubtless her angles grew sharper with nervous illness, doubtless that illness developed "preternatural suspicion." Very likely she exaggerated the Ashburnham affair; very likely she brooked ill Lady Ashburnham's conversational ascendancy, which poached on her own preserves. But that Carlyle's self-reproaches after her death were baseless and causeless, that he was virtually free of fault towards her—this we do not credit. The character of the man—in friction with the character of the woman—makes it almost impossible. That he blamed himself for airy trifles is like enough. It is a way men have, when their mind is troubled by matters they do not care to dwell on: as they "take out" in trifles their irritation against a woman for something which is no trifle. She may have been the more blameworthy of the two: it seems to us quite probable. But beyond that we think it impossible to go, in judging this couple of unquiet ones. They none

the less loved each other to the last, and it was really a much more successful match than one had any right to expect. Let it drop.

This was a woman born for her own unhappiness, and scarce the happiness of others. Quite capable of passionate love (her letters to her husband have warmth and tenderness enough), she had a mordant wit which might have tempted a saint from charity. It scintillates over her letters, and darkened her life; it is a meteor from a morass. Well may she write: "I might have known by myself that the excitability of nerves which makes amusing letters is very compatible with serious ailment." That satiric power settled on everyone, like a mosquito. "Creosote" (spirit of soot) her husband called her, for this diabolic cleverness. Here it leaves its mark:—

What is that quality in the skins of some women, both in pictures and real life, which always suggests nakedness, *striptness*? Mrs. G., for instance, reminds one always of a servant girl who has pulled off her gown to scrub herself at the pump!

Her description has the same blood-drawing quality, as when she narrates the jealous outbreak of "Geraldine" (Miss Jewsbury):—

All yesterday . . . her vagaries exceeded my reminiscences of Mrs. Jordan in the *Jealous Wife*. Nothing but outbursts of impertinence and hysterics from morning till night, which finished off with a grand *scene* in my room after I had gone up to bed. . . . Such mad *lover-like* jealousy on the part of one woman towards another, it had never entered into my heart to conceive. . . . I got her to laugh over her own absurdity, and, with her hair all dishevelled, and her face all bewept, she thereupon sat down at my feet and—smoked a cigaret!! with all the placidity in life.

For this annoyance she revenged herself by a characteristic epigram:—

I set the whole company into fits of laughter, the other day, by publicly saying to her after she had been flirting with a certain Mr. --- that "I wondered she should expect me to behave decently to her after she had for a whole evening been making love before my very face to *another man*!"

Audacity she dearly loved, and was tempted to the shocking of highly respectable people—as a laugh is peculiarly irresistible in church. Thus she records during her Liverpool tour, how at dinner—

I found . . . the Clergyman who had preached to me in the morning, and three other men. . . . If you had heard me "putting down virtue and all that sort of thing," in opposition to the sermon I had been forced to listen to in the morning, you would have wondered where I had found the *impudence*. As for the arguments, I got them, of course, all out of you. But the best of all was to hear James Martineau backing me out in all that,—almost as emphatically as yourself could have done. In taking me down to supper he said, with a heavy sigh, "that it was to be hoped the world would soon have heard the last of all that *botheration* about *Virtue and Happiness*." He is anything but happy, I am sure: a more concentrated expression of melancholy I never saw in a human face. I fancy him to be the *victim* of conscience, which is the next thing to being the victim of green tea!

Though under pressure of illness she in later life developed a certain religious tendency, it is clear that even her childhood made for religious indifference. She records how in a childish crisis she "prayed to Minerva." "I had got converted to Paganism in the course of learning Latin, and Minerva was my chosen goddess." A characteristic choice; and characteristic is another story: "My mother once, after lecturing me on the impropriety of crying when I hurt myself, nearly fell into fits on hearing me fall downstairs and utter no cry after it." An unchildlike strength of will was there; the same which maintained her fiery energy under suffering in after-life. The like independence was in her judgments of men and books, which (despite what she says concerning the

dispute with the clergyman) were no mere echo of Carlyle's. Herself a brilliant person, she had but a chastened love for brilliant people. "One brilliant person at a time is a charming thing," she says; "but a whole houseful of brilliant people, shining all day and every day, makes one of George Sand's opinion, that good, honest stupidity is the best thing to associate with." Well, we should most of us find it trying to live on champagne: and for a clever nervous woman it would be killing—she would find no repose, which is the central need of nervous people. Though she makes an exception in favour of brilliant individuals, she would scarce have lived well with them (was not Carlyle a brilliant individual?); and her husband's choice among them was not always to her savour. Browning, for instance, she loved not. Hear her:—

Oh, what a fuss the Brownings made over Mazzini this day! My private opinion of Browning is, in spite of Mr. C.'s favour for him, that he is "nothing," or very little more, "but fluff and feathers!" *She is true and good, and the most womanly creature.*

Browning reciprocated these benevolent sentiments by pronouncing her hard and unloving. Truly she wrote: "I might well tell Mr. Ross when he spoke of his first 'remarkably disagreeable' impression of myself: 'of course, these things you know are always mutual!'" But Browning stands not alone. The young Rossetti carried with him into after life (as he told Hall Caine) the memory of "a bitter little woman," and doubtless such was the effect Carlyle's soured and ailing wife had on men in her later years. She can scarce have been more favoured by women; yet Miss Jewsbury's behaviour shows that she was capable of being greatly loved by her own sex, as does the behaviour of some among her servants—though she quotes with disbelief the common phrase "affectionate of heart as a woman." Whether she included Mrs. Browning's poems in her admiration of Mrs. Browning does not appear: but she disliked "Shirley" when that novel appeared (its author still a mystery, as her inquiries show):—

Do not trouble to send me "Shirley": I have just finished that not-masterly production. Now that this Authoress has left off *corning and schwearing* (as my German master used to call it) one finds her neither very lively nor very original. . . . If she have not kept *company* with me in this life, we must have been much together in some previous state of existence. I perceive in her book so many things I have said myself, printed without alteration of a word.

Perhaps that last sentence explains the matter: Charlotte and Jane were too much of rival prophetesses—and Jane had not got her prophecies into print. It is a very bitter thing to be out-propheesied with one's own prophecies. But the prophet Kingsley gets worse measure for "Alton Locke" in a letter to Carlyle:—

A mere—not very well-boiled—broth of *Morning-chronicle-ism*, in which you play the part of the *tasting-bone* of *Poverty Row*. An oppressive, painful book! . . . And then, all the indignation against existing things strikes somehow so numbly! Like your Father whipping the bad children under the bedclothes!

In other ways, indeed, besides this, the book conveys a sorry impression—the prophets, and the wives of the prophets, snarling on each other and giving back snarl for snarl, like beasts from their neighbouring cages. Our Jane of the venom-dipped tongue would seem to have borne out Shakespeare's impulsive dictum regarding those that have no music in their souls. While her first Oratorio (in her girlhood) ravished her, she confesses that her second, in maturer years, left her "cold and critical on her rather hard bench"; alive to the conventional surroundings, dead to the music of the "Messiah." Something had changed in her for the worse.

But when all is said, let us pardon the woman who fought so strenuous a battle with life and her own frail body; who, racked by nervous pain, sent forth letters still vivid with unconquerable personality. What a picture, for instance, is this of Count d'Orsay's Olympian descent on Carlyle!

There stooped, with a prancing of steeds and footman thunder at the door, an equipage all resplendent with sky-blue and silver, . . . from whence emanated Count d'Orsay! ushered in by the small Chorley. Chorley looked "so much alarmed that he was quite alarming;" his face was all the colours of the rainbow, the under-jaw of him went zig-zag; indeed, from head to foot he was all over one universal quaver, partly, I suppose, from the soul-bewildering honour of having been borne hither in that chariot of the Sun; partly from apprehension of the effect which his man of Genius and his man of Fashion were about to produce on one another.

A sight it was to make one think the millennium actually at hand, when the lion and the lamb, and all incompatible things should consort together. Carlyle in his grey plaid suit, and his tub-chair, looking blandly at the Prince of Dandies; and the Prince of Dandies on an opposite chair, all resplendent as a diamond beetle, looking blandly at him. D'Orsay is a really handsome man, after one has heard him speak and found that he has both wit and sense; but at first sight his beauty is of that rather disgusting sort which seems to be like genius, "of no sex." And this impression is greatly helped by the fantastical finery of his dress: sky-blue satin cravat, yards of gold chain, white French gloves, light drab great-coat lined with velvet of the same colour, invisible inexpressibles, skin-coloured and fitting like a glove, &c., &c. All this, as John says, is "very absurd"; but his manners are manly and unaffected, and he convinces one shortly that in the face of all probability he is a devilish clever fellow. Looking at Shelley's bust, he said, "I dislike it very much; there is a sort of faces *who* seem to wish to swallow their chins, and this is one of them." He went to Macready after the first performance of "Richelieu," and Macready asked him, "What would you suggest?" "A little more fulness in your petticoat!" answered D'Orsay. Could contempt for the piece have been more politely expressed?

The Last of the Dandies, often portrayed, never lived before. He lives here, set down once for all by the hand of a master (terms of sex would be an injustice in this connection). For such things, and the brilliancy of them, let Mrs. Carlyle be remembered. The glimpses of her husband, touched with character, we have not quoted, since our eye was rather on herself than her well-known husband. But we have quoted enough to show how vivid are even the gleanings of this remarkable and strangely-fortuned woman, who would have stood to the front had she married a sweep.

Sane, Sensible, and Cautious.

STUDIES IN CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHY. By James Bryce. (Macmillan. 10s.)

MR. BRYCE's merits as an historian are admitted and secure; but he hardly displays brilliant qualities as a biographical essayist. These studies are in one sense ambitious, since they range over personalities of very various kind, whose distinction was obtained in widely different fields. Statesmen like Beaconsfield and Gladstone, novelists like Trollope, historians like John Richard Green—such are but a few of the heterogeneous eminences which Mr. Bryce has elected to study. To exercise judgment indifferently in regions thus diverse presupposes a combination of faculties certainly not common, and considerable literary courage. Yet it is not judgment which these studies lack: we can pay Mr. Bryce that compliment. What he has to say about each of his subjects is sane, sensible, dispassionate, and judicial. He has carried into those various fields the tone and mental habit acquired in historical study: you listen to a man who is above all cautious of excess, of anything unbalanced, who is resolute to treat everything with a temperate gravity and a due

weighing of the best authorities. But among the excesses which Mr. Bryce successfully avoids is novelty: his caution of the undue includes undue originality. The essays are sober with a Quakerish sobriety, which eschews the immoderation of anything but the gentlest and most tentative originality. Nor does Mr. Bryce evince the biographical gift. You have a little skirmishing introduction, a somewhat arid and formal biographical "sketch," recalling a work of reference, and then the study. On this trite model most of the essays are framed.

In such a purely literary subject as Trollope the absence of brilliancy and the decorous correctness are specially apparent. Anthony Trollope is an eminently decorous subject, hard to treat with brilliancy, and giving scant room for obtrusive originality of criticism at this time of day. Singularly Britannic, rendering with placid and equable success the drab surfaces of English middle-class life (itself the very formulation of correct and bovine mediocrity), he was the apotheosis of talent, almost challenging you to distinguish it from genius. His special merit Mr. Bryce states carefully and clearly:—

The conspicuous merit of Trollope's novels is their value as pictures of contemporary manners. . . . If even his best-drawn characters are not far removed from the commonplace, this helps to make them fairly represent the current habits and notions of their time. They are the same people we meet in the street or at a dinner-party; and they are mostly seen under no more exciting conditions than those of a hunting-meet, or a lawn-tennis match, or an afternoon tea. They are flirting or talking for effect, or scheming for some petty temporary end; they are not under the influence of strong passions, or forced into striking situations. . . . For this reason again they represent faithfully the ordinary surface of English upper and upper middle-class society. . . . Nor, again, has anyone more skilfully noted and set down those transient tastes and fashions which are, so to speak, the trimmings of the dress . . . and which will have an interest for one who, a century or two hence, feels the same curiosity about our manners as we feel about those of the subjects of King George the Third.

That is not only true, but *the* truth; and equally impossible is it to dissent from Mr. Bryce's comparison with Jane Austen. The following passage, indeed, reminds us of Macaulay's remarks concerning Jane Austen's discrimination of common-place characters:—

His range was not wide. His wings never raised him far above the level floor of earth. But within that limited range he had surprising fertility. His clerical portrait gallery is the most complete that any English novelist has given us. No two faces are exactly alike, and yet all are such people as one might see any day in the pulpit. So again there is scarcely one of his stories in which a young lady is not engaged formally or practically, to two men at the same time, or one man more or less committed to two women; yet no story repeats exactly the situation, or raises the problem of honour and duty in quite the same form as it appears in the stories that went before.

But all this, if undeniably true, is undeniably trite: we have heard it all before, nor does the author redeem the familiarity of matter by any novelty of presentment. Neither does he convey to us any very intimate impressions concerning the character of the novelist, so like Thackeray in his great stature and John Bullism, so different in his art. There is, perhaps, somewhat more of novelty in the concluding passage, which sums Trollope's structural defects:—

He crowded his canvas with figures; he pursued the fortunes of three or four sets of people at the same time, caring little how the fate of the one set affected that of the others; he made his novel a sort of chronicle, which you might open anywhere and close anywhere, instead of a drama animated by one idea and converging towards one centre. He neglected the art which uses incidents small in themselves to lead up to the *dénouement* and make it more striking. He took little pains with his diction, seeming not to care how he said what he had to say.

The last sentence applies very much to the writer himself. In the passages we have quoted, for example, the language has as little freshness as the criticism. "Wings never raised him far above the level floor of earth," "crowded his canvas with figures," "led up to the *dénouement*"; this *ragoût* of stale imagery and juiceless phrase serves nowise to brighten a common-sensible and judicious but unoriginal essay.

Mr. Bryce, however, can do better than this. When he deals with an historian like J. R. Green he is on his own ground, and even the style seems to undergo a perceptible quickening. If not striking or nervous, it is no longer weary, half-hearted, and slovenly. The biographical portion is fleshless and unattractive; but his study of Green is alert, discriminating, and sympathetic: it adds to one's understanding of the man and his work. Mr. Bryce has here the additional advantage of personal acquaintance with Green, and gives us some real picture of his personality:—

Such talk has rarely been heard in our time, so gay was it, so vivid, so various, so full of anecdote and illustration, so acute in criticism, so candid in consideration, so graphic in description, so abundant in sympathy, so flashing of insight, so full of colour and emotion as well as of knowledge and thought. One had to forbid oneself to visit him in the evening, because it was impossible to get away before two o'clock in the morning. . . . His appreciation of whatever had any worth in it, his comments and replies, so stimulated the interlocutor's mind, that it moved faster and could hit upon apter expressions than at any other time.

That is well; but better is this which follows: it realises for us essential and characteristic traits:—

When he went out to dinner, he noted every person present whom he had not known before, and could tell you afterwards something about them. He had a theory, so to speak, about each of them, and indeed about everyone with whom he exchanged a dozen words. When he read the newspaper, he seemed to squeeze all the juice out of it in a few minutes. Nor was it merely the large events which fixed his mind; he drew from stray notices of minor current matters evidence of principles or tendencies which escaped other peoples' eyes. . . . He had the Herodotean quality of reckoning nothing, however small or apparently remote from the main studies of his life, to be trivial or unfruitful. His imagination vitalised the small things, and found a place for them in the pictures he was always sketching out. To give literary form to everything was a necessity of his intellect. He could not tell an anecdote or repeat a conversation without unconsciously dramatizing it, putting into people's mouths better phrases than they would have themselves employed, and giving a finer point to the moral which the incident expressed. Verbal accuracy suffered, but what he thought the inner truth came out the more fully.

That is a vital and salient bit of portraiture; and Mr. Bryce's discussion of Green's work is on a level with it. Indeed, the character and the work are one, and are made reciprocally to illustrate each other. In proportion, in fact, as these essays approach or recede from Mr. Bryce's proper domain of history, they approach or recede from excellence. Had he narrowed his scope, and eliminated the biographical element, we might have praised the whole as we can only praise a part.

Totemism and Primaeval Marriage.

SOCIAL ORIGINS. By Andrew Lang. PRIMAL LAW. By J. J. Atkinson. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.)

THE late Mr. Atkinson's essay comes second in this volume, but its subject-matter places it first in order of time. It deals, to use the author's own words, with "man in the brutal stage," or, rather, with the anthropoid ancestor of man. That distant fellow whom Stevenson calls "probably arboreal" has come down to earth, however, when Mr. Atkinson takes up the tale. His studies of native

manners and customs, during the thirty years and more which he spent in New Caledonia, led him to form an hypothesis, presented in this essay, as to the evolution of Primal Law, which he conceives to have been concerned with the relations between the sexes. His attention has been mainly directed to the curious custom of "brother and sister avoidance," which obtained amongst the natives who surrounded him:—

The rigorous severity of this particular law in daily action is almost incredible. In New Caledonia, for instance, all intercourse between brother and sister by speech or sign is absolutely forbidden from a very early age. . . . They cannot mention each other's names, and if the sister's name is mentioned publicly before the brother, he will show much embarrassment, and if it is repeated he will retire precipitately. She can eat nothing he has carried or cooked. . . . They remain interested in each other's welfare.

Mr. Atkinson's theory attempts to explain the origin of this custom in anthropoid times, when he assumes a sort of patriarchal system, which yielded to a stage in which a son was permitted to dwell within the paternal band but was compelled to seek a mate from without that band. The argument is very complete and interesting, but its details are hardly of a nature to be discussed here; indeed, we scarcely understand for what readers this essay is intended. We can only say that this remarkable custom of "avoidance"—now entirely extinct under European influence—appears to us to have been explained in sound and logical fashion, without the assumption of anything incompatible with the somewhat scanty data—resting mainly on the accounts of native observers—which we possess concerning the habits of the anthropoid apes.

Mr. Lang's essay deals with a much later period. That its value is hardly scientific may be gathered from his remarks upon the "creature, half-ape, half-human . . . on which I venture to express no opinion: as not being persuaded that man ever had such a direct ancestor." This sentence puts us out of temper with Mr. Lang at once. What meaning has the word "direct"? Does he mean that man had such an indirect ancestor, and, if so, what was his direct ancestor? Or does he wish us to understand that he prefaces a supposed scientific essay by questioning the established and central fact upon which its only value can depend?

Let us pass on, then, to Mr. Lang's Theory of the Origin of Totemism, for the subject is an interesting one, and has been discussed by many previous writers. For a definition we will quote Mr. Lang's own words: "The tribe contains a number of totem kindreds, that is, of sets of kins deriving their names from *totems*, plants, animals, or other objects in nature." Mr. Lang gives an admirable account of the various theories which have been propounded to explain this custom. Their name is legion. Mr. Jevons suggested that a primæval human group jointly and deliberately selected and retained a totem, under the belief that animals were powerful and gifted personalities, whose friendship was worth the having; that "men made a covenant with Bear, or Wolf, as Israel did with Jehovah." There are also many savage speculations as to the origin of totemism. "The most common savage myth is of the Darwinian variety, each totem kin is descended from, or evolved out of, the plant or animal type which supplies its totem." In 1884 Mr. Lang himself guessed that "People united by contiguity, and by the blind sentiment of kinship not yet brought into explicit consciousness, might mark themselves by a badge, and might thence derive a name, and, later, might invent a myth of their descent from the object which the badge represented." That guess does not now appear satisfactory to Mr. Lang. His present theory is that the small primæval groups, at first anonymous, had to be identified by a local habitation and a name. This was accomplished by utilising the name of some plant or animal to which they were thought to bear

a resemblance or which was suggested to them or to their neighbours by some fancied trait or character. Totemism arose subsequently as an effort to explain the name of the clan.

Long ago, Mr. Herbert Spencer—as every reader of his "Principles of Sociology" knows—advanced the theory that totemism originated in the familiar custom of giving "animal nicknames." This theory, like those of Lord Avebury and some half-dozen other writers, derives from individuals, in one way or other, the most archaic names of human groups. Mr. Lang's theory maintains that the name was that of a group from the first. He disposes most curtly and unconvincingly of Mr. Spencer by saying, "No theory which starts from an individual male ancestor, and his name bequeathed to his descendants, can be correct." Then it seems to us a pity to have bound Mr. Atkinson's "Primal Law" between the same boards. Mr. Spencer may quite well be wrong, but such a serious thinker needs much more controverting than Mr. Lang has seen fit to employ. For ourselves, we would incline to a theory which fitted in more closely than Mr. Lang's with the probable biological facts. He has begged the question of the period at which totemism arose. If he can demonstrate that there was a stage when women ruled, and that totemism arose so early as that, then well and good. On the contrary, he expressly says, "We are presuming that the jealousy of the elder males drove the younger males out of the group, or at least compelled them to bring in females from other groups, which would mean war." This seems to us practically to invalidate the author's arguments against such scientific writers as Mr. Spencer and Lord Avebury.

However, Mr. Lang is always interesting and always amusing. And if you are interested in Totemism, you will certainly find the subject very completely discussed here, and abundance of varying opinion, of varying weight, on which to decide. But you must take a rest and gain a different mood before donning your thinking-cap, and going on to "Primal Law."

Minor and Modest.

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS. By Alice Herbert. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

HEPHAÏSTUS AND OTHER POEMS. By Arthur Stringer. (Grant Richards.)

THE flight of poems which has of late alighted on our desk is not brilliant, and suggests that poetry more than shares the general eclipse which seems to have obscured literature. Much of it belongs to that absolutely feeble kind which makes one marvel how any publisher should incur responsibility for it; and some is without elementary sense or knowledge of technique, in its simplest meaning. Yet we are happy to note at least one quite truthful voice among the crowd of imitators, or those without even the originality to imitate. Mrs. Herbert's "Between the Lights" is quite minor and modest; it has no great technical accomplishment, sense of form, or gift of diction; it is written in language sometimes over-near to the domestic language of a cultivated woman—the language of serious and thoughtful letters and so forth. Yet the plain sincerity of it lifts it into line with poetry. It bears the impress of a woman who has felt, thought, and suffered—felt and suffered with dignity and intelligence. "The Widow" has dramatic point and a feeling which at times is not far short of intensity. These are some of its stanzas:—

While you lived, while you lived, did I often turn and
leave you?
Did I hold the sunshine lightly till it faded from the
sky?
It has left a bitter darkness. Come again, and if I
grieve you,
You may take your great revenge again, beloved,—
you may die.

I have sinned against the light, for I have always
understood.
I have known the mean and sullied from the lovely
and the good.
Heart and soul of me could read you: and I read and
turned away,
But I never turned so far or lay so cold as you to-day.

Nay, I know—laugh to know—that you never can go
free!
There is no heaven sweet enough to drown your need
of me.
Under the very smile of God you listen for my voice.
Will they let you hear its breaking when they bid you
to rejoice?
For me with all my folly, and for me with all my sin,
You would wait with heaven before you, and refuse to
enter in.
And I, for just one hour of you, to feel your touch
again,
Would give—O words, O dreams, how late! how utterly
in vain!

That is a fine close to the first of our quoted stanzas. A kindred, if less concentrated touch, is in other of the lyrics, longer or shorter, such as "Unremembering Spring," for example. Nor can we part from the volume without quoting a sonnet with much beauty of feeling and expression, "Love":—

What can I sing of you, last, dearest, best?
You, not my lover as the world counts love,
You, whose rare touch is such a sweet unrest,
That, fearing, it grows rarer. You who prove
In spite of all the world's sad wisdom told,
That Love can live, with all its earthly fire,
Yet unfulfilled. Not cold the lips—not cold,
That will not dare to drink of their desire.
Beloved, if the sword that guards the door
Fell from our angel's hand and left it wide,
Should we dare enter? Is it less or more
Of Paradise that lies the other side?
More than I give you could I hardly give:
More than I have I could not bear and live.

There is a reticence and dignity of utterance in this which fitly matches the substance.

Mr. Arthur Stringer, whose work we have also singled out from the rest, is in precise antithesis to Mrs. Herbert. He is a careful student of form, and his diction is elaborately rich. It is all, however, in the fashionable manner of the day—half Tennyson, half Swinburne; and there is a lack of central substance, of any authentic originality of feeling or idea, when we pierce the veil of artistically woven language. Of Mr. Stringer's style this is a specimen:—

Then did your body seem a temple white
And I a worshipper who found therein
No god beyond the gracious marble, yet
Most meekly kneeled, and learned that I must love.
The bloom of youth was on your sunburnt cheek,
The streams of life sang through your violet veins,
The midnight velvet of your tangled hair
Lured, as a twilight rill, my passionate hands;
The muscles ran and rippled on your back
Like wind on evening waters, and your arm
Seemed one to cherish, or as sweetly crush.
The odour of your body sinuous
And saturate with sun and sea-air was
As Lesbian wine to me, and all your voice
A pain that took one back to times unknown.

That has colour, and a certain imagination; its merit is evident; yet we feel that we have heard a like strain from many modern harps. That is the drawback of Mr. Stringer's craftsmanlike book, "Hephæstus": it is an exercise in a familiar kind, it is imitative. But admitting this, in its kind it is good.

Oxford and Change.

OXFORD AT THE CROSS ROADS. By Percy Gardner.
(A. & C. Black. 2s. 6d. nett.)

THE reader of "Oxford at the Cross Roads" will naturally ask himself the question—Where do the diverging paths lead? A possible reply would be that one leads to the inclusion of archaeology in the final honour school of *litterae humaniores*, and the other doesn't. The answer is unfair, but it is not altogether unnatural. Prof. Gardner is an archaeologist of distinction who has made not a few valuable contributions to our knowledge of classical antiquity. Naturally he sees with disappointment the branch of study in which he is particularly interested comparatively neglected in the University; he sees an irresistible attraction drawing the majority of the best men of every year towards "greats"; now and then one of them warms into a St. Martin's summer of polite learning, discovers the Discourses of Christ or the Hymns of Boethylides, or the Palace of Minos, and satisfies Prof. Gardner's severest requirements; but too often they forsake the skirts of *alma mater*, forget all about the idol Besas and the astrologer Petosiris, provoke the contempt of Prof. Ubrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff, and become Viceroy of India like Lord Curzon, or High Commissioner of South Africa like Lord Milner, or write "Dolly Dialogues" like Mr. Anthony Hope. Pity the sorrows of an archaeologist! The above is something of a parody of Prof. Gardner's attitude. He admits it to be both necessary and desirable that "greats" should be something more than a training for the scholar, and that it is the function of a university to educate the man of affairs and the man of letters as well as the man of research. He believes it to be possible so to modify the Oxford system as to adapt it to the requirements of each of the three. He takes a broad and liberal view of the place of a University in the life of the nation, and in advocating the claims of research he befriends other studies besides those in which he is primarily interested. The main feature in his scheme is the institution in the Final School of a system of alternatives among which each student should take his choice; he would give greater inducements to research by making it more profitable for examination purposes; and he would attach more importance to the achievement of solid and original work than is possible under the present system. It is impossible not to feel a good deal of sympathy with his object. But he does not seem to us fully to appreciate the danger of altering a course which, though open to criticism from many sides, has been upon the whole an admitted success. It may be granted that original work finds scant recognition in the University. But ought such recognition to be found for it in an ordinary degree examination? We are familiar with the theses turned out by the score from American universities. Their intrinsic value as a rule is little enough, for they are the work of immature craftsmen, who are not yet masters of their tools. And it appears to us to be of the utmost importance that the man who proposes to carry on any branch of original research should first be trained by a course which aims solely at educating the mental faculties, and not at all at producing tangible achievements of learning. We would reserve for post-graduate study what Prof. Gardner would include in the preparation for a degree. Encourage research in Oxford by all means, but let it be carried on by men who have received such a training and equipment as the "greats" course can give them. No doubt there are men who go down from Oxford believing that they have taken all knowledge to be their province, and ready to write essays, as the typical Balliol man was once supposed to be, on "The world; its past history and future prospects." But the training which will eradicate vanity and folly from the minds of the vain and foolish has yet to be invented. We do not believe that the "greats" course encourages

superficiality; we do believe that it discourages that worst of mental vices, the pedantry of the half-learned. In calling attention to the neglect of research in Oxford, Prof. Gardner has performed a public service. He has pointed to a great and conspicuous defect, of which Oxford herself began some years ago to be conscious, and to the significance of which she is not yet fully awakened. In proposing to remedy it by altering "greats," he appears to us to be adopting mistaken means to a desirable end; and we venture to suggest that if he had himself had his preliminary training in that school, he would have learned to take a less extreme view of its deficiencies, and would have discovered that it is not incompatible with the methods and ideals of true scholarship.

Shakespeare's Portrait.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE. By John Corbin. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

THIS book raises a very interesting discussion. The "new portrait" of the title is the Ely Palace Portrait, now in the Stratford Museum; and the book considers the respective claims of this and of another portrait in that collection (the alleged original of the Droeshout engraving) to be original paintings of Shakespeare. Shakespeare portraits are perilous things. In the later eighteenth century "originals" were manufactured wholesale, generally by painting a new head on an old picture of anyone the forger came across. One of these men, Holder, after describing an "original" made out of a Dutch admiral, says: "I afterwards made another Shakespeare worth a score such as the above." As Mr. Corbin observes, this "other" Shakespeare of Holder (which has not been traced) is a lurking terror to all who have to do with supposed original portraits of Shakespeare. The only portraits which certainly belong to the poet's time are the engraving by Droeshout prefixed to the Folio, and the Stratford bust. They agree in general features, such as the contour of the face, the moustache, the domed forehead; but differ in details, such as the nose, which is so much shorter in the bust that it is suggested it may be due to a fracture of the stone in carving the bust.

The Ely portrait was discovered by a Bishop of Ely in 1846, in a second-hand dealer's shop. It was found to have an inscription, giving the date 1603, at 39, which agrees with Shakespeare's age in that year. The inscription is in the block characters usually employed in paintings of the early seventeenth century; and the portrait has an evident resemblance to the Droeshout engraving. Many good critics (including the Director of the National Portrait Gallery) believe it to be a genuine painting of the seventeenth century, whether or not it be a portrait of Shakespeare. The colours are too thin for any picture underneath, nor is there any such trace where they have been removed by scrubbing. For the picture has been scrubbed, and restored in parts, though the upper portion of the face is luckily pretty safe. The inscription bears trace of repainting only in one minute portion—enough, however, to make it insecure evidence. The hair and moustache are auburn, as they are said to have been in the Stratford bust; but the eyes are greenish-gray, while the Stratford eyes were hazel. The dress has a general resemblance to that in Droeshout's engraving.

The painting which is claimed as the original of Droeshout's engraving has practically no history. It belonged to a private person, and is on a panel. It exactly resembles the engraving, save that the face is painted with somewhat more skill. Setting aside the opinions of judges, which vary greatly, Mr. Corbin's arguments against it are these. The inscription is not in block letters, but in freehand characters, which are seldom found in paintings of the supposed time. There is clearly another picture underneath—a suspicious thing, seeing

the habits of forgers. The moustache corresponds with that in the later prints of Droeshout's engraving, not with that in the original state, before the engraving had been tampered with (as it has very largely). Now the original painting should correspond in this point with the original engraving. It looks as if it had been made after the engraving, and from a late state of it. Finally, the points of bad drawing in the dress, which the engraving shows, are exaggerated in the painting. We should expect an original painting rather to correct this bad drawing. These are certainly points against the picture. In the Ely painting, on the other hand, we find just such improvement in the drawing of the dress as seems to suggest how Droeshout's mistakes came about; while the moustache corresponds with that in the first state of the engraving. Without following the matter into more subtle and artistic details, it must be said that Mr. Corbin makes it plausible that the Ely picture is an original portrait of the poet, though not perhaps the original of the engraving; while he certainly shows a case against the supposed Droeshout original. And there the thing must for the present stand.

Other New Books.

THE HISTORY OF THE HAWTREY FAMILY. By Florence Molesworth Hawtreay. 2 Vols. (Allen. 21s. net.)

"HAVE regard to thy name: for that shall continue with thee above a thousand great treasures of gold." This text from "Ecclesiasticus" appears on the title page of this work, and it accurately indicates its inspiration and limitations. Miss Hawtreay has had regard to her family name, but very little regard for the outside reader. Her preface does nothing for him; it promises him no reward for his toil in reading nearly a thousand pages. The Hawtreay family is a very old one, and according to a note in its pedigree preserved at the Bodleian Library, was "of a noble estimation in Normandy before the Norman Conquest." However, four-fifths of Miss Hawtreay's pages are concerned with the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and with family comings and goings. The lack of index makes the book difficult to explore.

RAMBLES IN WOMANLAND. By Max O'Rell. (Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d. net.)

MAX O'RELL has rambled a good deal over all manner of subjects; he has generally been amusing, always superficially observant, and occasionally witty. In the present volume he combines epigrams (divided into labelled sections) with more or less serious matter. We find neither the epigrams nor the serious matter greatly to our taste. The epigrams are of the obvious order and the seriousness appears to be inspired by an amiable but undiscerning sentiment. As a champion of women Max O'Rell reminds us of the astute lecturer who states a onesided case to an appreciative audience, and states it without distinction; as a critic of women he merely indulges in generalizations which are practically valueless. We do not find this kind of thing in the least stimulating:—

Passion excites vanity, noise, envy: it plays to the gallery.
Love seeks retirement, and prefers a moss bank against some wall covered with ivy, some solitude where silence is so perfect that two hearts can hear each other beat, where space is so small that lips must forcibly meet.

As for the epigrams, we must quote to show their quality:—

Many virtues, when carried too far, become vices.
In love it is better to be a creditor than a debtor.

All the efforts that an old woman makes to hide her age only help to advertise it louder.

If a man is not to a certain extent ill at ease in the presence of a woman, you may be quite sure that he does not really love her.

These sayings illustrate fairly the quality of Max O'Rell's work in the present volume. We have no doubt a great many people will enjoy the book, and the enjoyment will be innocent and wholesome. For ourselves, we prefer stronger meat.

TWENTY-SIX HISTORIC SHIPS. By Frederick Stanhope Hill. (Putnams.)

THIS volume contains the story of certain famous vessels of war in the navies of the United States and of the Confederate States of America. We are not, therefore, carried back to the fighting days about which romance has so gloriously gathered, though in this record there is no lack of romance. Says the author, proudly, in his preface: "From colonial days to this the doings of our men of the sea have been of resplendent character." The passion for the sea was in the blood, and necessity found material ready. The earliest colonial life demanded water-traffic, and with expansion of commerce the ships of the New World sailed into the waters of the Old. The history of the founding of the American Navy is astonishingly concrete; it sprang into being at a bound, and its hero was the splendid and immortal Paul Jones. The fight between the "Bon Homme Richard" and the "Serapis" was as fine a piece of work as any on record, and the dramatic conclusion, when the conquerors had to leave their sinking ship for the surrendered "Serapis," remains, in its way, unapproached. The author's account of this great fight is necessarily brief, as are also his other records, but they are succinct and clearly stated. The book covers the period 1775-1902, and naturally concludes with the recent Spanish War. Amongst the ships dealt with are the "Laurence," the "Monitor," the "Kearsage," the "Alabama," and the "Tennessee," and the volume contains many interesting portraits and illustrations. The author naturally has enthusiasm and believes in the future of his country's fighting fleet. Of the present officers and men he says: "Happily in them is still found—even as when Paul Jones hoisted the rattlesnake flag at the mast-head of the 'Alfred' a century and a quarter ago . . . the true strength of the Navy of the Republic."

THE HUDSON RIVER. By Edgar Mayhew Bacon. (Putman's Sons.)

THE author presents in this work the gist of many volumes dealing with the traditions and history and manners of the Valley of the Hudson River; he has also added some hitherto unpublished material: but the result is a pot-pourri, disjointed, satisfying neither on the historical, legendary, nor picturesque side. There is the usual implied consciousness of the impossibility of exhaustively treating so vast a subject in a single volume: but is the subject really so vast? The river, no doubt, is rich in legends and historic associations, and every mile of it from ocean to source crowded with reminders of the early explorers, of the Indian wars, of the Colonies' struggles. Mr. Bacon knows his subject well, but the book for all that is largely for American readers.

It is a history, perhaps complete, perhaps glorified, and suffering from the usual faults when the subject is treated topically instead of consecutively. The historical part is snatchy and the legendary rather sparse; unless it be contained in the abundance of small type introduced by way of quotation. But the fascinating feature of the book is the ten-foot map showing the valley of this great river with its twin rail of steel on either bank stretching endlessly. On

this map are indicated the riverside residences of moneyed America, but there is no gossip about these millionaires, no hint as to what their mansions cost, or who laid out their Italian gardens; but there are patches of the War of Independence, suggestive of American magazines, and patches of Aaron Burr; there are comparisons between the early Dutch settlers and their prototypes in the Transvaal: such things do not make desperately interesting reading to the average English reader. The volume is splendidly produced, and weighs four pounds five ounces. No light task.

Fiction.

THE HILL OF TROUBLE. By Arthur C. Benson. (Isbister. 6s.)

THIS volume consists of twelve short studies, or, to be more accurate, of twelve studies in the phases of a single emotion. That emotion is fear. Sometimes it is the brute, unreasoning fear that makes a man cower beneath the terror of his own thoughts. Sometimes it is the fear of one conscious of an intangible something lurking in the midst of the most harmless external phenomena. Sometimes it is the soul's terror before the certitude of a tribunal other than that of one's fellow men. But always the atmosphere is one of dread. But with this atmosphere of dread there is the consolation of spiritual courage arriving ultimately at the tranquil and steadfast recognition of the soul's freedom through death.

Perhaps "The Gray Cat" is the most typical of these stories, because in it we have the combination of physical and spiritual fear culminating in absolute spiritual peace. In it, too, is the fear of place which very few authors—Edgar Allen Poe is, of course, one of them—can interpret more convincingly than can Mr. Benson. A knight, Sir James Leigh, lived with his wife and his only child Roderick in a lonely valley of the Welsh hills. Now on the summit of a neighbouring mountain, shadowed by a cruel peak, was a certain dark pool which had an evil name and which the boy discovered for himself by accident. He is forbidden to go there again, but in spite of his promise he revisits the place and there he finds the gray cat. The cat is glad to see him and purrs with pleasure, and he returns and visits it again. And little by little the idea of the gray cat banishes all other thoughts from his mind. It becomes the secret sin. At first the cat had refused to leave the vicinity of the pool, but afterwards it visited him at all times and places. And once he awoke suddenly and found the cat watching him with a gleam of hatred in its eyes, and though it came wheeling up to him on the instant he could not forget that look. The idea of the cat haunts his dreams. He falls ill, and a priest watches at his bedside, knowing well that it is the boy's soul as well as his life that is at stake. And "a small and shadowy thing, like a wren, only white with dusky spots upon it," came from the boy's mouth, and the priest knew that it was a human soul:—

Then the priest was aware of a strange and horrible thing; there sprang softly on to the bed the form of the great gray cat, very lean and angry, which stood there, as though ready to spring upon the bird, which hopped hither and thither, as though careless of what might be . . . Then the priest signed the cross and said "In Nomine"; and as the holy words fell on the air, the cat looked fiercely at the bird, but seemed to shrink into itself; and then it slipped away.

At last, after a terrible ordeal of watching and prayer, and in spite of "a creeping blackness" that had overshadowed the bird, it returns to the boy, and he lives and his soul is saved.

The black form shrank and slipped aside, and seemed to fall on the ground; and outside there was a shrill and bitter cry which echoed horribly on the air.

And that is how the secret sin, which is also the secret terror, was finally mastered. The restraint and almost archaic simplicity of Mr. Benson's style are admirably suitable to these tales of mediæval mysticism.

WHAT BEFELL A BRISTOL TRADER. By J. Johnson. (Henry J. Drane. 6s.)

We think that Mr. J. Johnson may possibly "find himself" in his next novel. A French writer has said aptly that young writers give their minds much exercise and little food, and the saying certainly applies with justice to "What Befell a Bristol Trader," which we take to be the first essay at novel writing by an unpractised hand. The defect of the story is that it is full of hurried incidents, and that the unresting author never develops his situation adequately. Mr. Johnson brings together a mixed company on the deck of a merchant barque of the eighteenth century, and unfolds scene after scene with a prodigality that ends by leaving the reader a little sceptical and a little indifferent. The artistic strength of the novel is, that, despite its somewhat crude local colour and amateurish plot, the characters are living individual people, who seem to have strayed by chance into naively make-believe surroundings. Should the author make a second attempt we advise him to write a novel of character study and eschew incident. Incident and action are not artistically ends in themselves, but must be treated as inevitable steps in the development of the whole theme. If we are to consider "What Befell a Bristol Trader" simply as an imitative narrative of the eighteenth century we must pronounce it to be a failure, but a failure which offers hopes of Mr. Johnson's success in the field of the novel of character.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

CATHERINE STERLING.

By NORMA LORIMER.

The story opens in Yokohama. "'A marriage in the sight of God, but without benefit of clergy?' the girl asked." She consented, and that is the initial situation. The man died, and the girl unexpectedly came into a fortune through a gold find in Klondyke. Then the story moves westward. We have pictures of Italy, and at last, London. The problem is worked out in "Society." (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE HEBREW.

By JOHN A. STEUART.

"A story of the time." The Hebrew on the cover wears a frockcoat, and appears to be counting out gold coins on a table. But the story opens in Cherry Tree Court, a typical slum, and is largely concerned with Whitechapel poverty. The central figure is an Irish clergyman, the vicar of an East-end parish. Mr. Steuart, who is the author of "The Minister of State," has made a laborious study of his subject. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

PIGS IN CLOVER.

By FRANK DANBY.

A long story of modern political and social life. The father of the heroine was a rising politician whose career is described with frequent reference to recent political events. Aline makes a tragic marriage in the third chapter, and then we are in the whirlpool. There are Jews, millionaires, politicians, dukes, South African speculators, and all the familiar figures of this school of contemporary romance. Part of the action takes place at the Cape. (Heinemann. 6s.)

STAY-AT-HOMES.

By L. B. WALFORD.

A domestic story. Most of the action passes at an English country house, in which there are three daughters, one of whom has become imbued with the modern passion for self-realization. There are visits to London for the season, but the story has a quiet atmosphere. It originally appeared in the weekly edition of "The Times." (Longmans. 6s.)

No HERO.

By E. W. HORNUNG.

A story, told in the first person, which opens with a letter and the question: "Has no writer ever dealt with the dramatic aspect of an unopened envelope?" The letter results in an interview with the lady of the narrator's aforetime affection, and his departure on a mission to save her son from certain foolish complications. The unravelment is ingenious, and the story is well-written and high-spirited. (Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d.)

A BURGHIER QUIXOTE.

By DOUGLAS BLACKBURN.

A Boer story by the author of "Prinsloo of Prinslooedorp." The narrative has reality and a point of view. "The mistakes I have made—and I admit they are many—will help the world to know the real character of many of my countrymen, among whom I have been as a Don Quixote, fighting on behalf of Great Britain against the folly and ignorance that have caused such loss and suffering." The book is inscribed to Robert Douglas Clark, "whose culture, wit, and humour have established a literary standard in South Africa." (Blackwood. 6s.)

THE MAN OF LETTERS.

By SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BART.

A slow-moving story of two friendships, one of which, beginning with great promise, ended badly, the other, beginning indifferently, ended well. The Man of Letters tells the story in the first person, though literature does not appear to be very vitally concerned in the narrative. The note of the book is a naïve simplicity. (Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.)

SOUL MUSIC.

By J. N. CARLYLE.

A modern love story with the atmosphere of conventional romance. Of the two men who love the heroine, one is her godfather, and the other the worthless son of a farmer in the village who is sent to Edinburgh to study medicine, but prefers marriage with the heiress in order that he may live on her money. She chooses the wrong man, and justifies the title, which is taken from Shakespeare. (Black. 6s.)

RONALD CARNAQUAY.

By BRADLEY GILMAN.

An American novel with a purpose. The sub-title is "A Commercial Clergyman." "The aim of this book," says the author, "is to 'hold the mirror up to nature' as manifested in certain phases of the church-life of our time." The story opens with a vestry meeting and develops into a serious criticism of parochial life in the United States. Mr. Gilman is himself a clergyman, and is the author of "The Parsonage Porch." (Macmillan. 6s.)

We have also received: "The Death Whistle," by Richard Marsh (Treherne); "Shapes of Clay," by Undine Dixon (Treherne); "At Noon," by "Maisey" (Elliot Stock); "Near of Kin," by Leslie Keith (Hurst and Blackett); "Haviland's Chum," by Bertram Mitford (Chatto and Windus); "The Secret Way," by J. S. Fletcher (Digby, Long); "The League of Twelve," by Guy Boothby (White); "Thoroughbreds," by W. A. Fraser (Heinemann).

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Mr. Conrad's Way.

Of the many orders of romance perhaps the romance of the sea is the most constant in its appeal, and this, primarily, because it touches so nearly the uncertainty of human life and brings men face to face with a force mysterious, alluring, and unconquerable. It represents the unknown, and demands a humble affection and something of a shuddering worship. In our time the cult of the sea has changed the tone of its interpreters; the old rollicking sea-story has still its representatives, but writers have arisen who have brought to the old subject a different outlook and a different method. They have seen with a more subjective eye and realised the inner meanings of power in relation to individual temperament. The first of the new school, perhaps, was Herman Melville, who is still, in his particular way, unapproached; but he did not bring to his subject the creative imagination which we find, say, in the work of Mr. Kipling and Mr. Conrad.

Two books largely concerned with the sea lie before us: Mr. Conrad's "Typhoon" (Heinemann) and Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's "Captain Kettle, K.C.B." (Pearson). Mr. Hyne treats the sea jovially, objectively, in a way vividly; he understands the handling of a ship and he gives us characters reasonably in keeping with their environment. Captain Kettle is something of a creation; he has stood the strain of several volumes, and in this latest volume we are glad to meet him again. But Captain Kettle is, after all, a convention; he occupies a stage and appeals to the suffrages of a popular audience. He is presented from the outside; we never approach to any intimacy with the soul of the man. This does not detract from the excellence of Mr. Hyne's work; it merely marks its limitations; limitations, no doubt, deliberately accepted by the author as necessary to a popular scheme. Mr. Conrad, on the other hand, has no idea of popular appeal; he is a writer who is so possessed with the terror and wonder and beauty of the sea that he brings to his work a sense, as it were, of profound responsibility, a consciousness of vastness and of wide and sinister horizons. And against this background move his characters—characters most faithfully observed, alive, full of nerve, or smitten down by the fear of sudden and awful death. We never question the truth of Mr. Conrad's characters. We may sometimes dislike his method, we may find fault with his construction, but the essential human element of his dramas stands beyond cavil. In a word, his psychology has the accuracy of brilliant diagnosis.

Many critics have complained of Mr. Conrad's indirectness; he leaves his main theme to go off on a side issue, to introduce the point of view of a minor character into his narrative, to pick up a thread apparently dropped with something of the carelessness of a child. There is reason in the complaint; though, for ourselves, we are willing to accept Mr. Conrad's work just as it stands. For this indirectness, this returning upon himself, this effect, often disconcerting, of an abruptly introduced outside comment, are inherent parts of the extraordinary subjectivity of Mr. Conrad's method. When Jukes, in

the "Typhoon," is writing to his friend in the Western Ocean trade we feel that Mr. Conrad is endeavouring to correct his own conception of Captain MacWhirr by the commonplace conception of the first mate; the result is to heighten the effect of MacWhirr's simplicity, stolidity, and sublimely unimaginative pluck. The course of the terrific storm is followed with a cumulative and crashing power; it is, indeed, the typhoon itself which is the vital personality of the story; it is against that implacable monster that the battle is waged in turmoil and darkness. Mr. Conrad has the rare faculty of investing with a kind of savage personality the forces which are themselves subject to the unknown and invisible force which is at the heart of the world. His winds move upon the clamorous waters like driven and helpless deities. We must quote a passage from "Typhoon." The storm has not yet reached its climax, but the boats are going. Jukes sees "two pairs of davits leaping black and empty out of the solid blackness":—

He poked his head forward, groping for the ear of his commander. His lips touched it—big, fleshy, very wet. He cried in an agitated tone, "Our boats are going now, sir."

And again he heard that voice, forced and ringing feebly, but with a penetrating effect of quietness in the enormous discord of noises, as if sent out from some remote spot of peace beyond the black wastes of the gale; again he heard a man's voice—the frail and indomitable sound that can be made to carry an infinity of thought, resolution and purpose, that shall be pronouncing confident words on the last day, when heavens fall, and justice is done—again he heard it, and it was crying to him, as if from very, very far—"All right."

Captain MacWhirr had never turned his face, but Jukes caught some more words on the wind.

"What can—expect—when hammering through—such—Bound to leave—something behind—stands to reason."

The main incident of "Typhoon" is the fight amongst the battened-down Chinamen when their boxes break loose and the hoarded dollars get adrift; it is an admirably told incident, but just in that place we hardly need it, it is not one of Mr. Conrad's characteristic digressions. It strikes us, indeed, as an interpolation, a concession to those who insist on incident. Mr. Conrad, in our view, should make no concessions.

The remaining stories in the volume deal less directly with the sea, though through all of them runs the note of it, and over all of them broods the spirit of it. "Falk" is a most remarkable study; it illustrates Mr. Conrad's way in Mr. Conrad's most elaborate manner. It is as certain that no other living author could have written it as that no other living author would have attempted it. In its way, the thing is architectural, or rather, like a mosaic, built up out of infinite fragments. The heart or secret of it is almost unimportant; we should have been content to let Falk's misfortune remain undiscovered. We are almost inclined to resent anything in the nature of a plot in Mr. Conrad's work; he has no need of adventitious aids. He is an interpreter not of incidents mechanically contrived, but of moods and the human spirit. At times we seem to hear a cry of revolt, the first breathings of a passionate protest against the pain and mystery of the world; again, we are carried away by the splendid energy of action and the insurgence of immortal youth. Mr. Conrad is one of the few writers who think intently and express lucidly; the apparent diffuseness of his method indicates the eager searching of a masterful mind.

The story in this volume called "Amy Foster" is a piece of true tragedy—the tragedy of attraction and misunderstanding. But the misunderstanding is not of that sort which is the current coin of fiction, it is rather an absolute lack of understanding which reaches to the depths of essential and inevitable tragedy. The simplicity of it leaves no room for side issues; from first to last we are engrossed by the narrative as by a dream made actual

Here is bare life, handled with extraordinary skill—life free from any kind of sentimentality, bare to the nerve. The concluding story is more commonplace both in idea and treatment, yet one of the characters raises it far above the level of ordinary fiction. Mr. Conrad can give us in a few strong touches the history of a quiet, half-developed and baffled soul.

There is no secret about Mr. Conrad's power: he who runs may read and understand. It lies in an intense reality of observation, a profound sense of the mystery of all creation, a deep pity for the human tragedy, and an unshakable belief in the joyous possibilities of life. This, of course, should be the full equipment of every writer who essays to interpret life; we know how seldom any writer has a real grip of even one of these necessary qualities. Mr. Conrad, of course, has faults; it would be easy to criticise certain points in any one of these stories. But before such distinct achievement criticism may well lay down its arms. To recall in quietness the massed impressions which this volume leaves with us is to be convinced that in Mr. Conrad we have a writer whose work is worthy of a time which, though great in a hundred ways, is still not great in literary expression. Mr. Conrad is great in literary expression; but he is greater in a breadth of outlook which takes into account the actual forces which move and console the world.

The True Traveller.

It is surely strange when we consider the number of travellers that our country boasts, the ever-growing mass of travel books and the immense curiosity of all sorts and conditions of persons concerning unknown lands, and every kind of possible adventure, that the ideal book of travel should be so rare. And indeed in our day it is becoming rarer than ever. Innumerable books are published that deal certainly with countries known and unknown, but they are as far from our ideal book of travel as is Baedeker. And they are as far from literature too. In Hakluyt's Voyages, quite apart from the wonder of the new discoveries and the adventures to be met with on the infinite seas of that world, there is a spirit that in some way or other touches reality and our hearts too as but very few modern books are able to do. It is as though—

The road calls and the sea calls
And Day and Night is enough—

for every one of those old adventurers, as though indeed in some wholly ingenuous but still subtle way they touched the absolute, and apprehended God, while our modern writers knowing all things have dreamed that they have comprehended Him, viewing the world that was "very good" from a first-class carriage on the railway or the hearts of men whose language too often they fail to understand, vulgarly; boasting of their science while they denounce superstition; believing in their scientific contrivances as though they were indeed civilisation. Mr. Gissing, in a delightful volume "By the Ionian Sea," has shown us in a slight but almost perfect book how reverently and with what care even the sorriest and oldest things should be dealt with. He tells us of Magna Gracia with more love and understanding than many a Christian writer has expended upon Palestine, and he revives for us the ancient books that go to make so scholarly a pilgrimage sweet indeed. And Mr. Hilaire Belloc too, in a volume as refreshing as the south-west wind, has told us of a journey on foot to Rome. Such books are, however, rare. Far more common are the excellent and informative volumes without any real sense of literature, offering us no spiritual glimpse of the people with whom they deal, and yet useful, wise even in a narrow way, interesting the average sensual man by reason of the practical information which

they display. Such a volume lies before us in Mr. Wirt Gerrare's "Greater Russia" (Heinemann). Within its limits it is an excellent piece of work, but it is not literature, and it is not our ideal book of travel. While reading it we are never sufficiently carried away to forget our immediate surroundings, or to whisper "to-morrow" to ourselves in sympathy with the author with whom we too shall set out in the morning for a long day of adventure, into the unknown; knowing only that sleep will come with evening. It is perhaps too much to expect of one so concerned with the railway that he should note the dawn or the sunset. In comparison, however, with the usual travel book, Mr. Wirt Gerrare's "Greater Russia" is far from being commonplace. It is in comparing it with a real book of travel that it fails. The same, however, cannot be said for a book ridiculous and futile, that in a vain imitation of Mark Twain is called "Anglican Innocents in Spain" (Simpkin). It is almost needless to say that this amateur volume fails in comparison with any sort of book that is literature, whatsoever. It is the supreme example of what a travel-book should not be. Vulgar and insular, it is inaccurate and feebly humorous in the manner which characterises Mark Twain in his worst moments. It is the experiences of a "High" Anglican in Spain at Easter time, and the result, in the form of a book, is rather blatant than anything else. It is dedicated to the Rev. A. H. Stanton, of St. Alban's, Holborn, but whether with or without his permission we are not told. This, for instance, is the kind of thing we are given as the result of observation:—

Now I was going into a real Catholic country—for all Spain is Catholic. . . . I naturally wanted to know what a Spanish clergyman was like. Well, I saw him at one of the first stations on entering Spain. Dressed after the usual manner of clergymen abroad, but in rags as far as his trousers were concerned, poor man! at least what portion of them I was privileged to see. He didn't wash, looked decidedly "high" church, and was blessed with an awful squint. Between ourselves, I wouldn't trust him with a shilling. Now I don't say that all clergymen in Spain are like this, but I am simply describing the first one I saw, and a fair sample of a Spanish rural clergyman: in fact, I came, I saw, I smelt him.

Quite apart from the good or bad taste of that extract, it gives a wholly false impression. The priest Mr. Sidney saw was not "a fair sample of a Spanish rural clergyman."

Again, in speaking of the change of gauge at Hendaye (should it not be Irun?), Mr. Sidney says, "this annoys people, which is what he (the Spaniard) wants." The which is as untrue as it is discourteous. For of all peoples we ever heard of, the Spaniards are the most courteous, and, indeed, it is not the tourist from Great Britain who should complain of the annoyance to be met with abroad. Mr. Sidney speaks of the badness of the Madrid streets. Some of the streets are certainly bad, but the greater thoroughfares are as good as, and much cleaner than, the streets of London. The Puerta del Sol he calls the Trafalgar Square of Madrid, an unhappy comparison; it is rather the Piccadilly Circus.

Again, the author speaks of Spanish painting as being wholly religious, which it was not, and adds: "There, secular subjects were rarely produced during the best periods of Art," which surely a very large part of the whole of the work of Velasquez would refute. He then proceeds to explain why this which is not, is. He says the proverbial owl was stupid, which no true traveller could assert. Mr. Sidney then proceeds, why we cannot imagine, seeing that it is almost impossible he can have had time or opportunity to study them during his short tour:—

The picture of the middle and upper classes is reversed [from that of the poor], bad low cunning wicked faces predominate. Spaniards as a rule are honest individually but dishonest collectively. In fact they are subject to the usual failings of the Latin race.

The italics are, of course, our own. The poor Latins, with whom after all we, the splendid and virtuous Anglo-Saxons, share the world, get but a short shrift from this redoubtable Anglican tourist.

But enough. It is such a book as this that should be passed by as an unusually discourteous outbreak of the inevitable co-operative tourist. And the tourist is by no means a traveller. The writer of an ideal book of travel will love the Latins for certain things which happened long ago, and it will be difficult to persuade him that in some way, not wholly material, they are not the salt of the earth. Take them and their achievements away and but little is left in the world that is very beautiful. But love is not to be hired, neither can you buy knowledge with anything but love. That is the real secret of your true traveller: having seen the world he has loved it, and written of it with joy.

Impressions.

XXXI.—The Pause.

SOMETHING had happened. What had happened one man alone knew—the Conductor. Five minutes before he had emerged from beneath the stage and taken his seat amid tumultuous plaudits. Then, silence and expectancy. The orchestra was ready, the first page of "The Valkyrie" score was open before the Conductor; each musician eyed him: to him the interminable faces of the audience were turned. He waited—the baton was rigid in his raised hand. A minute passed. The tension was almost unbearable. Another minute passed. The raised baton did not move. In those age-long minutes it seemed as if the whole world paused in sympathy with us waiting for relief from that silence. Would that baton never descend and release the music?

I looked around. Every cranny of the auditorium was filled; in the gallery, where I sat, you could not have squeezed a flute between the enthusiasts, and this gigantic audience had been willing, nay eager, to devote four nights of a week to "The Ring of the Nibelung"; had been willing to leave the sunshine at five in the afternoon for the sake of "my Nibelung poem." This amazing Tone-Poet, who had worked for twenty-five years on "The Ring," at one period leaving "Siegfried" unfinished because he was "tired of heaping one silent score upon another," had actually changed the habits that generations had engrained in us. He had pushed back the clock for three hours. From his grave he had spoken, and thousands, at the tea-hour, were dressing themselves for the evening. Parliament would not dare so much.

Still that baton remained poised in the air. Would it never descend and relieve this tension? It was as if the whole account of our spiritual and emotional life was garnered into that building awaiting the movement of that baton. Beyond, and around, the agitated world revolved, but on us had fallen the pause between two eternities. Here, in London, Wagner nearly half a century ago stayed, working in his spare time on the score of "The Valkyrie," and complaining that the fret and noise caused him to lose "the inner memory."

"The inner memory!" Down there, far below, open before the rigid figure of the Conductor was the silent score. A light shone upon it, but from where I sat no notes were visible. To my eyesight, in accordance with what we proudly call our experience, it was nothing but a sheet of white paper. Yet by faith I knew, poor maligned faith! that in this book was written the great duet of love and spring when the high doors sweep open inwards, revealing the loveliness of the forest by moonlight; that in this book was recorded the wild ride of the Valkyries.

By faith I knew that; to my experience there was no scrap of notation on the open page. The key to those harmonies the Conductor held—still motionless, still with the baton upraised. Would that white wand never descend?

What vicissitudes of reverie two minutes can hold! Upsprang, to my imagination, above that white wand, the figure of Wagner, velvet-capped, velvet-coated, strong-jawed, deep-eyed, inspirer of wild enthusiasm and wilder hatred, exile, windlestraw of fortune, to whom was sent in his darkest hour that momentous message from Ludwig of Bavaria—"Come here and finish your work." Upsprang the turrets of Neuschwanstein, that fairy palace of art and music where King and Subject forgot the world in the mazes of melody. In my ears sounded that passage in one of Wagner's letters to Roeckel: "If one wishes to express the highest knowledge in popular images, one cannot do it otherwise than in the pure original teaching of the Buddha. . . . For that last result of Knowledge, for Fellow-suffering, there remains but one possible redemption—conscious denial of the will."

Then, just then, the lights in the auditorium were lowered. For that, the Conductor's wand, poised in the air, had been waiting. Twilight descended, the baton started, the musicians swayed to the signal, the lamps on their desks gleamed out, and into the darkness surged the opening of the overture.

Drama.

The Experiments of Mr. Yeats.

SIR HENRY IRVING has never shown himself curious about the literary quality of the modern plays which he has chosen for production. If one may judge by "Dante," his indifference has grown into an absolute cynicism. It is a most catch-penny piece. The liberties which it takes with Florentine history and Dantesque biography find no possible justification in the incoherent and unmoving melodrama which is the result. Even as spectacle the only scene which seemed to me in any way especially attractive was the May-day revel in the streets of Florence. I can imagine nothing more unconvincing than the pyrotechnics of the "Inferno." One is a little sorry to find Miss Lena Ashwell in this galley. Her very genuine histrionic power has its dangers on the side of stridency: and melodrama is its worst possible discipline.

I turn gladly to matters which concern the healthier side of modern drama. By the courtesy of the Irish Literary Society, I had the opportunity of witnessing the performances of Anglo-Hibernian plays given by the Irish National Theatre Society, under the direction of Mr. Yeats, at the Queen's Gate Hall. It was an interesting experiment. The best hope for the future of the drama lies in its seeming to writers like Mr. Yeats a possible means of expression for the truth that is in them. And the plays which I saw had the advantage of being produced by a company of clever amateurs who, if they lack something of technical training, have also escaped many of the irritating conventions which technical training is only too apt to bring with it. They are able, for instance, to stand still, and do not think it necessary to wriggle in the background when they have nothing to do or to say. I was sorry to miss Mr. Yeats' "The Hour-Glass," which I understand to be on the lines of a fifteenth-century morality. Of his other two plays, the least ambitious and the most completely successful was a delightful little bit of fooling called "A Pot of Broth." This was admirably acted, and displayed unexpected reaches of humorous observation and high spirits in the writer. "Kathleen ni Houlihan" is probably known to many readers of the ACADEMY in book form, as it

was published last autumn by Mr. A. H. Bullen, and also in the last number of "Samhain." It has great merit. It is simple, direct, and charged with genuine national feeling. But the criticism which I am going to make seems to me rather a fundamental one, and it is that the dramatic illusion of the presence of an unearthly or allegorical personage amongst human beings is almost an impossible one to secure upon the stage, where all the parts have to be played by obviously living and breathing men and women. The difficulty can be got over to some extent, although not, I think, wholly, by the use of mystical lighting and the devices of the machinist, which do not enter into Mr. Yeats's scheme. And, of course, it does not arise in the same way when, as in a morality or a legendary play, all the characters are more or less removed from the ordinary human level.

The mysterious visitant in "Kathleen ni Houlihan" is none other than an impersonation of Ireland, one of the poetic names for whom gives the title to the play. This brings me to the point of the "national" character of this Irish theatre, which was further illustrated by Mr. T. E. Ryan's "The Laying of the Foundations," a play that, in spite of its excellent intentions, is not constructed with quite the literary felicity of Mr. Yeats. I understand Mr. Yeats to conceive of his theatre as only one expression of the growing and widening national consciousness. It is to speak to the people, to mirror the national life and voice the national ideals. This is a feature of the enterprise with which one cannot but have the greatest sympathy, provided that it is not forgotten that in one sense art must always be cosmopolitan; that it is the law of its being to stand in a perilously unstable equilibrium between the here and now and the universal; that it takes its impulse from local and momentary causes only on the condition of seeing these *sub specie æternitatis* and of realising that even so vital and fruitful a conception as that of nationality is, to the purged outlook, at most a manifestation of the mutable and the transitory.

I gather it to be part of Mr. Yeats's theories that the drama of the future, for Ireland at least, will not only be founded on national sentiment, but will also be a folk-art, making its appeal to a society which has either never attained to or has discarded the printed book. Herein it is to take rank with Mr. Yeats's other "new art," that of spoken poetry, about which he lectured in Clifford's Inn on Tuesday, while Miss Florence Farr illustrated the lecture by speaking and chanting beautiful ditties to the accompaniment of one of Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch's psalteries. It was a very charming performance, and if the dramatic recitation would give way to the musical recitation one would have reason to be grateful, even if one did not altogether give up the printed book. In insisting that the musical accompaniment of verse must bring out and not obscure the expressiveness of the words Mr. Yeats is on thoroughly firm ground. He will, of course, be the first to admit that his so-called "new art" is a very old art indeed. Thus and no otherwise did the mediæval minstrel use his singing voice and his *vielle*, to support the interminable *laissez* of his *romans* and *dits* and *contes*. If Mr. Yeats will look at the musical notation printed in Mr. Bourdillon's edition of "Aucassin et Nicolette," he will find that the *viel caitif* who tells that story did precisely the sort of thing which Miss Farr does. He chanted his metrical passages to two simple musical phrases, which he repeated over and over again, and brought in a third phrase, slightly more cadenced, for the concluding line of each passage, before he went back to his prose. I should rather like to demur to Mr. Yeats's description of this particular way of speaking poetry as a folk-art. He admits that it only comes to the folk by inheritance from the bards, who are minstrels. But the folk had its own poetry long before the development of the chieftain and the imperative desire of this over-weening person to have his praises sung

amongst his followers led to the development of the minstrel. And I think it is clear—shall I be thought pedantic if I refer to Bücher's "Arbeit und Rhythmus"?—that primitive folk-song was accompanied, not by the rhythms of a musical instrument, but either by those of labour itself—the pull of the oar, the sweep of the scythe, the flash of the shuttle—or, more characteristically still, when the pulses of labour momentarily sank, to the rise and fall of the feet of women in the festival dance. Take Rossetti's "Sister Helen," which Miss Farr recited with such exquisite feeling and subtle art. "Sister Helen" is based on the ballad with its refrain. And the ballad goes straight back to the *ballatio* of the dancing ring, whose leader sings couplet after couplet, while the rest of the company strike in after each with their burden. Merely to listen to the song and lute is a strictly heroic deed and unworthy of the free folk.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

A Choice Among Many.

IN the first room of the Royal Academy exhibition I met a critic who was smiling, not at a joke, but from quiet pleasure in a picture. The cause of his gratification was Mr. Wetherbee's "The Music of Pipe and Brook," a pastoral fantasy, sheep, grass and a sky, unobtrusive and in perfect tone. "It put me in a good temper," he said, as we seated ourselves to absorb in comfort the other pictures on the facing wall. But my companion's eyes did not rove: they focussed on Mr. Sargent's portrait of "Lady Evelyn Cavendish." There they remained, and the inward smile persisted. "No one else," he said, pleasurably purring the words, "could paint that sleeved arm, or give such tenderness to a background; and the dress—what quality!"

I did not remain long on the bench with this gentle appreciator of the best, for there were 1,880 exhibits to consider, but the encounter was fortunate: it italicised for me the little band who seek, before all else, quality in painting. That quest simplifies picture-seeing. You may still be interested in the anecdote, the illustration, the architectural landscape, the domestic interior, or the classical reconstruction, but he who seeks quality has a clue that should save him from false admirations.

I can imagine such a wight lingering before two pictures that flank the entrance to the second room—"A Provençal Winter" by Mr. La Thangue, and "Dusk" by Mr. Clausen. In his brilliant landscape Mr. La Thangue has expressed every facet of his talent for direct observation and all his acquired knowledge. The sun shines on the rose shrub, on the old wall, on the woman's pink gown, on the white cloth laid on the ground upon which she is tumbling the oranges, and you feel the quality of the paint in all the various passages of this little masterpiece. There is quality, too, in the crepuscular light that lingers on the haystack in Mr. Clausen's picture, fading light that sweeps across the bending trees to the pool in the foreground. The slumbering orange and blue in the lower sky is blacked out by the tree, but shimmers on the edges of the trunk; on the waters of the pool it falls palely. These two pictures with, let me say, Mr. Fred Hall's lyrical "Duck Pond," Mr. Stanhope Forbes's brilliant "Hay-cart," purple shadows and movement, Mr. Adrian Stokes's vivid study of slender yellow birches, blue hills and snow-capped mountains—are typical of that *luministe* movement that has brought sunshine to the walls of the Academy, as some years ago the Newlyn painters brought the grey light of their Cornish coast. But these painters of the sun, of poetical

visions of vibrating light, are apt to repeat and worry their formula till it loses the impulse that gave it birth. Mr. Stott and Mr. Clausen both stumble before this danger, but Mr. La Thangue, by some fusion of character with his temperament, escapes. Not one of his four pictures of figures and flowers in sunlight and shadow but looks as if it had been seen for the first time; not one but attracts instantly by its gay vigour. I do not call them great pictures. They have not the unity, or the fundamental sweep of comprehension of the Barbison masters, but they stand forth to-day as typical of the sun-loving movement.

The sea, too, is being painted in a way that might have surprised even Mr. Henry Moore. In Room VII. are three marines that would do honour to any exhibition. Mr. William T. Richards, a new name to me, has in "After the Gale" given to his hollow-curving translucent waves the true sullen storm-following movement. There is nothing painty about this desolate sea, arched by a sky gleaming with fitful lights. It gives the illusion of the ocean as does Mr. Julius Olsson's "The White Squall," with its portentous cloud, world-high, uprising over the waves. Seaweed encrusted stakes rise from the sand on Mr. Arthur Meade's "Wind-Swept Shore," through which a river lighted by a blue sky crawls to the sea. A notable landscape is Mr. Joseph Farquharson's snow picture on the line in the large room, called "The Shortening Winter's Day is near a Close." It has not the impulse of the pictures of the La Thangue school: it is, if I may say so, a constructed landscape, but for ingenuity of painting, and for the power to convey the illusion of sunlight on snow, darkened by the shadows of the leafless trees behind which the winter sun is setting, this landscape is a *tour de force*. Mr. Farquharson's vision of nature is always interesting, and he is one of the few members of the Academy who resist the shackles of conventionalism. His "Dawn," a heron flying over a sea lighted by the opalescent mists of daybreak, is an original attempt to portray an effect not because it is untoward or sensational, but because it is beautiful.

Of Mr. Sargent's six portraits there is not one but will repay minute examination by the student of painting; but the visitor seeking for the stirring Sargent of former years may be disappointed. The "demoniac frenzy" is quiet in him this year: he is painting men and women as they might seem to themselves or to their friends, not with that swift revelation of dormant characteristics that once gave a psychological interest to his portraits. Neither has he produced any groups of brilliantly-gowned sisters. The healthy optimism of his "Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain," the spirituality of his "Mrs. Julius Wernher," the smart accomplishment of his "Mrs. Philip Agnew," the grace of his "Lady Evelyn Cavendish" are characteristics of the sitters, not hidden attributes revealed by the "inly glancing" eye of the artist. Best I like his "G. McCorquodale, Esq." There is character and quality in the intent head, and how fine is the painting of the velvet coat and vest. Note the skill with which the watch-chain is indicated, and the touch of paint that makes the eyeglasses in Lord Cromer's portrait. Mr. Furze has essayed, with much success, the decorative portrait group. He sends two, both large, and both, for some reason known to the Hanging Committee, placed high above the line. In each there is a noble horse. The figure of Lieut.-Col. Sir John Jervis standing beside his steed in the group in the large room has an air of martial dignity rare in these days; in the other picture the easy grouping of the two figures, and the bold treatment of the landscape, proclaim that Mr. Furze is an adept in the large manner. It is one of the mysteries of the artistic temperament that one man in the same year should produce these two fine compositions and also the flashy portrait group at the New English Art Club. It is good to see so distinguished an artist as Mr. Greiffenhagen exhibiting again. His little,

reticent, well-wrought portrait is of course placed in an inconspicuous place. Four of them would not cover some of the sprawling pictures on the line.

The popular subject picture of which Mr. Fildes's "Doctor" was a type is no longer in fashion. Is this because the Old Masters, and not six-foot modern pictures, are attracting the attention of merchants and Americans? "Why do you never paint a large picture now?" I asked a popular painter. "Because," he answered, sadly, "I have no more room in my house." There are some large narrative pictures in the present exhibition, but neither the quality of the painting, nor the interest of the subject, tempts my pen. The President's Storm Nymph picture is but an enlargement of a smaller version; Sir Alma Tadema repeats himself with no loss of skill: Mr. Orchardson's "Mrs. Siddons in the Studio of Sir Joshua Reynolds" is delicate, but not imposing. And I find it hard to take any pleasure in the fanciful imaginings of Sir W. B. Richmond and Mr. W. L. Wyllie; or in the Dante picture of Mr. Goodwin, who can paint so sympathetically at times that it seems a pity he should pit himself against the Inferno scenes at Drury Lane.

But to the majority of visitors to the Royal Academy the painted anecdote, the real or imaginary historical episode, will always be metal infinitely more attractive than the picture that some effect of light or colour, some rhythm of line, has instigated. This was always so: it will always be so. At the private view the crowd was densest before Mr. Bacon's Coronation picture; you might have gazed the whole afternoon at Mr. Aumonier's fine Herefordshire landscape without being jostled. A morning paper which knows the public mind, as an actor knows the Strand, chooses for illustration Mr. John Collier's "Prodigal Daughter" and Mr. Lomax's "The Bitterness of Dawn." So it will always be. Occasionally it is a painter's good fortune to please both publics—the few and the many. In this category I should place Mr. Napier Henry. There is vigorous drawing and a fine sea in his picture of a yacht race. It is a pæan of joy in mere living. The boat rushes through the sea. Supreme moments in the lives of these sailors in the pink and pearl of virility are vivid before us. This joyous realisation of physical well-being at its zenith is rightly called "Youth."

C. L. H.

Science.

The Impassable Barrier.

THE thinker who does not recognise that there is, in the nature of the case, an impassable barrier to our knowledge of the universe and ourselves, will soon follow Haeckel and the other unscientific dogmatists who claim to have found the solutions to the "world-riddle." It is well, therefore, before venturing on any opinions as to ultimate facts, that we should do what these hasty reasoners have never done, and ask whether there be any necessary limitation to human knowledge, or, indeed, whether there be any possibility of human knowledge at all. The Greek sceptics said that science was impossible, and, in a sense, they were right. The modern "sceptic" is entitled to the name only in so far that he doubts the dogmas of theology. Elsewhere this doubter will dogmatise with the loudest. For he knows neither his Locke nor his limitations.

When, more than two centuries ago, John Locke, sanest and most pious of philosophers, proved the non-existence of "innate ideas," he defined the impassable barrier. He showed that we have no ideas save what come by sensation and by reflection on previously gained sensations. *Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu*:

nothing is in the mind that was not first in the senses. Our senses are the gateway of knowledge, but a gateway implies a barrier. Recognising that our eyes appreciate only a narrow portion of the compass of a certain type of ethereal waves; that our ears appreciate only a few octaves of those waves which, if audible, we term sound; that our sense of touch appreciates only the outsides of tangible things, and never the true inwardness even of these; that our senses of taste and smell appreciate only a few chemical compounds—we acknowledge at once that the range of sensation is limited. But the imperfection of our knowledge is far more evident if we consider the nature of sensation. It becomes necessary, therefore, to ask how valid a sensory impression is, and in what it really consists.

The source of all our ideas and of all our knowledge is to be found in changes in our own consciousness. When I see this paper I am aware of a change in my consciousness—a change in myself—and no more. Bishop Berkeley therefore argued, in his system of Idealism, that there is no such thing as matter or substance, in the ordinary sense; that material things have no objective existence, no existence outside ourselves; and that the external world, which other people postulate as the substance (or “thing standing under”) the attributes which we recognise, is a figment of the imagination. We put together certain attributes, as form, colour and tangibility, and the result of our synthesis we call matter. Berkeley said that the synthesis was mental, and mental only.

The universal belief of mankind is against Berkeley; but he has never been answered, for his arguments are irrefutable, save by the denial of his right to assume that his knowledge was the absolute measure of things. But if we abandon idealism and accept realism, we must face the consequences of our recognition that our knowledge is only relative. We must admit that our belief in the objective reality of matter is an unproven and unprovable assumption.

And, having made this assumption—that matter really exists—we must consider what we really know of it. We know it, then, only by its appearances or its attributes. The thing—in itself—we can never know, for we are only aware of the changes which its attributes produce in our consciousness. Our knowledge is only of phenomena or appearances. Absolute truth is unattainable by us; there can never be such a thing as a science of being; but only a science of appearances; only of phenomenal knowledge.

Against certain fallacies we can be on our guard. Knowing that, in the ultimate analysis, all our knowledge comes through our senses, we also know that the untrustworthy evidence of these senses needs the constant criticism of reason and experience. If I were to see a “ghost,” I should mutter “hallucination.” If I saw a delirious patient catching at an imaginary insect in the air, I should not rub my eyes because I could not see that insect. Again we can forestall the fallacy that what is not appreciable to our senses is therefore non-existent. The Quaker had a pertinent retort for the young fool who said he believed in nothing he could not see. “How dost thou know thou hast a brain?” But, however rigidly supervised, the evidence of our senses informs us only of the attributes of things, never of the things in themselves.

We will do well, then, to be humble. Last week Lord Kelvin affirmed that science proves the existence of God. Haeckel says that science proves the non-existence of God. Neither assertion is postulated from absolute knowledge. Haeckel and his followers assume, first, that Berkeley is wrong, and that matter really exists. This assumption they can only make, as I have shown, by asserting that our knowledge is relative, not absolute. Thereupon they abandon this position, assume that their tiny perceptions of phenomena have positive and absolute truth, and

therefrom deny a First Cause. Yet all Haeckel's knowledge is derived from certain changes in his consciousness, for he was born, like the rest of us, without an idea in his head, and has since acquired nothing more than certain partial recognitions of certain attributes of a “Substance” of which he asserts that it is “self-existent” (whatever that means) without having any proof that it exists at all. He can assert as positive actuality only his recognition of his own consciousness: “*cogito; ergo sum*,” as Descartes has it.

In “Positive Science,” so-called, is therefore to be found no key to the world-riddle. No one admires science more than I do. I find in her not merely a source of intellectual interest but a force making for individual and general happiness. But I recognise the basis on which she rests and to which she is confined. Ultimate questions can never receive from her a positive answer, an answer positive in the sense that two and two are positively four. These can be answered for each only by the faith of each. And if you ask me what business have I to talk of faith I answer that science is built upon faith. Even Haeckel's dogmas are built upon faith,—faith that what he sees exists and that he sees all that there is to see; faith that his data are absolute and his logic sound.

And, similarly, the justifiable dogmas of science are built upon faith. Take a great induction like the law of gravitation. It asserts that every body in the universe attracts every other body with a force which varies directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance. But Newton had not tested every body in the universe: nor have we. We believe that the law obtains everywhere. So if Dr. A. R. Wallace, in support of his reassertion of the Ptolemaic or geocentric cosmogony, which makes our earth the centre of a supposed finite universe, cares to suggest, as he does, that at the supposed confines of the universe the law of gravitation will probably not hold, and that consequently life could not be developed there—well, we cannot contradict him. He has no facts in his favour, it is true, but our assertion of the universal applicability of Newton's law depends on faith; which Dr. Wallace need not share unless he likes. We who are not committed to untenable hypotheses have one fundamental article of faith—for it is no more—from which we always argue. We cannot prove it or disprove it, but we believe it. It is that causation is universal. When Hume and Kant have had their say, it resolves itself into a question of faith. I cannot prove to you that causation exists on the moon. I can only argue that effect has always followed cause in my experience, and so I make the induction that causation is universal. But it is only a belief. Science is a splendid edifice, but it has only the imperfect evidence of our senses—changes in our own consciousness, that is to say—on which to rest, and upon these we can only build by faith. Each of us has his own philosophy, therefore: nor do we question your right to yours. And there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the philosophy of any of us—can you doubt?

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

The Browns.

SIR,—With reference to the mistake in the Index of the “Encyclopædia Britannica,” ascribing the authorship of “*Horae Subsecivae*” to the late John Taylor Brown, LL.D., your correspondent is of course correct in pointing out that the book was written by Dr. John Brown, not by John Taylor Brown; but he falls into error when he states that there was no connection between the genial author of “*Rab*” and the great book collector whose

library was recently sold by Messrs. Sotheby. Dr. John Brown was a great grandson and John Taylor was the last surviving grandson of that famous divine, John Brown of Haddington. They were therefore cousins, though not first cousins.

Nor did either of them consider it "an inexplicable misfortune" to live in Edinburgh.—Yours, &c.,

Edinburgh.

SCOTUS.

"The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman" and "The Blacksmith."

SIR,—I have only just read the Bibliographical comments (in the ACADEMY of April 18) upon "The Poems and Verses of Charles Dickens," which I recently edited for Messrs. Chapman and Hall. The writer observes that "it would be interesting to know" whether or no I accept the two pieces—viz., "The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman" and "The Blacksmith"—included in Shepherd's "Plays and Poems of Charles Dickens," as by the author of "Pickwick," and, in the event of my so regarding them, why they are excluded from my little volume.

In the following issue of the ACADEMY it is pointed out by "G. S. L." (? Mr. Layard) that, in his opinion, I had no right to include it, and I agree with him. The version of the old ballad, which Cruikshank illustrated, is far more likely to have been composed by Thackeray, and it is still a moot question whether Dickens was responsible even for the Introduction or Notes.

With regard to the verses entitled "The Blacksmith" (published in the first number of "All the Year Round"), it is evident that Shepherd's authority for attributing them to Dickens is based upon Forster's statement, this originating in information supplied to the biographer by the late Sir John Lawes, of Rothamsted. That Sir John's assumption was incorrect is satisfactorily proved by a manuscript entry in an "office" set of "All the Year Round" in my possession, in which the names of the authors are written against their respective contributions. To the verses on "The Blacksmith" the name of Bryan Procter (i.e., Barry Cornwall) is appended, and they constituted the beginning of a series of "Trade Songs" furnished by him to the pages of "All the Year Round."

—Yours, &c.,

Pré Mill House,
St. Albans, Herts.

F. G. KITTON.

"Like a Forked Radish."

SIR,—A good many years ago I was reading the late Dr. Farrar's excellent little treatise on "Language." In Chapter V. I came across a clerical error to the effect that Thomas Carlyle had originally compared man to a "forked radish with a head fantastically carved." (I am quoting from memory.) Being a very particular and exact youth in those days, I ventured to write a polite letter to Dr. Farrar pointing out the error; and in a brief note, which I still preserve, Dr. Farrar acknowledged the stern impeachment. Curiously enough, in reading an article the other day on Mr. Andrew Carnegie, by Mr. W. T. Stead in the "Harmsworth Magazine," I found a similar error. "George Stephenson's famous aphorism," says Mr. Stead,—"'take their clothes off, and all men are but forked radishes with nothing to show the difference between them'—applies to millionaires as well as to other men." The persistence of error in matters literary is surely one of the most amazing things in life. I was astonished that Mr. Carlyle should have been saddled with the origin of this very questionable compliment, but my astonishment knows no bounds that George Stephenson

the Practical should be credited with such a violent phantasy. The fact is that Stephenson had as much to do with it as Carlyle. It was Shakespeare who originated the remark, and to Shakespeare must be given all the credit or discredit that the image deserves. The passage occurs in the Second Part of King Henry IV., Act III., Scene 2. It is Falstaff who is speaking, and he is passing some very uncomplimentary remarks on Justice Shallow. He says: "I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife."—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD FREE.

St. Cuthbert's Lodge, Millwall, London, E.

Wanted, an Author.

SIR,—Will you or any of your readers kindly let me know where I may find the following lines?—

Eternal Hope! When yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began, but not to fade.
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou, undismayed, shall o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

—Yours, &c.,

I. H.

Poe or Chivers?

SIR,—In the Bibliographical notes of a recent issue, there is a stanza printed which, the writer states, is by Mr. F. B. Doveton believed to be part of a lost poem of Poe. In a letter which I sent you about a year ago on the subject of Poe, it chanced that I had to mention the discovery of an alleged lost poem of Poe by the "New York Sun," and I then gave my reasons for believing that poem to be false. Between the "New York Sun" poem and the stanza Mr. Doveton gives us there is a strange family likeness; I don't mean that they are verbally the same, but rather that they have the same tone and the sameness of look and inflection which may often be perceived in two brothers who yet are not twins. There is to be found in both a mixture of all Poe's moods and a jumbling together of all those phrases peculiar to him which, however, in his own work lie pretty far apart from each other. It is worthy of note that Poe in his chief poems never repeated any verbal or metrical peculiarities: he brought them to bear once and did not recur to them. "Ulalume" is the great arsenal of the Poe vocabulary, but as a matter of fact the distinguishing words and phrases of "Ulalume" do not appear elsewhere in his own work, though they are the very ear-marks of his imitators. I would say, moreover, that each of the principal poems of Poe springs from some separate emotion, and is different essentially and technically from all the others; so that there would be no trouble in believing that the man who wrote "The Bells" did not write "The Raven," and that "Israfel" and "The Haunted Palace" were the work of a poet other than he who composed "The Raven" or "The Bells" or either one of the two indicated. Certainly in Poe we do not find the continuity of sentiment, of impression, even of sight which generally underlies the various forms of a great poet. The only undertone which may be said to glide through all the poems is that of sadness; but sadness is shared by many poets. And as for sadness, it cannot even be said that there is any relation between the sadness of each poem—that you get from Poe's poems, as a whole, the impression of one soul and one heart suffering: there is no continuous insistence upon the mood of sadness as affecting the poet himself, like the

acid defiant sadness of Baudelaire, or the timid drooping sadness of Ernest Dowson. I once remarked this lack of mental resemblance, so to speak, in Poe's poems to Mallarmé, and he was able to agree with me: I mention this here because Mallarmé had, besides his own great genius to help, a special insight into the mental processes of Poe's poems, for he had made (as some of your readers may know) an admirable translation of them all. In what I have written I shall not be taken, of course, as speaking of Poe's juvenile poems which he afterwards reworked, preserving in the revised versions the lines which pleased him best.

If the verses sent by Mr. Doveton really do belong to the Poe period, they might be put down to Dr. Thomas Holly Chivers with more likelihood than to Poe, though Chivers, it is true, rarely wrote such mediocre stuff: he was generally either much more barbarous, more raw, or infinitely better. Indeed, whenever a poem with strong marks of Poe's method, which can be securely traced to the Poe period, turns up, it is critical, I think, to attribute it not to Poe, but to Chivers. Chivers wrote a great deal more verse than Poe, and from his habit of inflicting his MS. poems on all sorts of people these poems drifted into all sorts of unlikely places. If the poem in question was actually found among Poe's papers, as your correspondent states, it is odd that it should have been overlooked by Griswold and also by the editor of the recently edited Griswold papers. But even if it were so found, that would be very far from a proof that Poe was the author, for Chivers used to send his poems in MS. and in type to Poe, and Poe was careless about sending them back.—Yours, &c.,

VINCENT O'SULLIVAN.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 189 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best set of verses in Praise of Walking. Thirty-two replies have been received. We award the prize to Miss May Doney, 18 Foley Street, Lougham Place, W., for the following:—

What of the conquerors that be,—
Of conquered seas and isles?
Mine is a bloodless victory,—
The mastery of miles;
The land, as far as I can see,
Stoops down and smiles.
Behind the marching of my feet
The wide horizons fall;
A hundred vales and hills retreat,
A hundred vistas call;
I tread a triumph brave and sweet,
And take my ducats from all.
Betwixt the dawn fires and the flame
Of sunset burning red,
I trudge free ways that bear no name,
And strike grim humours dead;
And all the road by which I came
With happy thoughts is spread.

Other replies follow:—

BY A PAIR OF OLD BOOTS.

Used to stride o'er moors, sir; jaunty, strong and free;
Trod the King's highways, sir; sometimes by the sea;
Paths beside the waters, fern and flower grown;
Idly traversed meadows—meadows newly mown!
Noon, or starlit eve, sir; miles and miles on end;
Every step a joy, sir; every road a friend;
Always sweet, fresh country—towns we ever shunned—
Country gives so freely to the Great Health Fund.

Now I shuffle streets, sir,—Gutters of the Earth!
Warehouse-bound each day, sir,—Owner's City berth!
For the dear old Owner, plansman of the jaunts,
Cast me off to perish in these blackened haunts.

All those dear old walks, sir, thrill me to the seams;
Joyous mem'ries those, sir, welcome back in dreams;
Tramping in the Open, keen on Pleasure's scent:
Spent my life in walking; what life better spent?
[R. P., Sheffield.]

Take now thy staff and shoes
For furthest travelling,
And bring thy lass with thee
Unto the shining day,
Into the sting of winds,
And pride of topping cloud.
The roads are very white,
The waters very clear,
That slip and wander thro'
The green lands and the red,
Towards the fronting hill
Whose brows are bright with day.
Wherefore God's praise be given
For the far travelling,
And all the blue in the sky,
And the untiring feet.

[A. E. C., Brighton.]

Who will may sing the joys of speed
And chase them headlong through the land,
When spring comes smiling o'er the mead
Be mine to join the humbler band.

And pace afoot, as paced of yore
The happy nomads of our race;
To find their subtle fairy lore
Has peopled every silent place.

Each common bush is still aglow
For those who turn aside to scan;
And vales sequestered seem to show
The footsteps of the Mighty Pan.

The glad "mechanic Exercise"
Stirs brain and heart to saner beat;
All Nature's music underlies
The simple rhythm of the feet.

The retrospect of joyous miles—
That nerve and muscle still confess—
Brings Sleep, who fastens with her wiles
The golden thread of happiness.

[S. C., Hove.]

It passes. Wondrous whirling wheels!
A Ghost that comes by day,
Silently, verily, it steals,
Flashes—and far away!
Oh, swift and bright—but for delight
Give me a walk in May.
Put out your hand: 'twill touch the year!
Feel how these leaves are new:
Now hold this blossom to your ear,
And let it speak to you.
What does it tell? We know so well,
Yet no one ever knew.
Let some go driving in the dust,
And some go whizzing—see!
Oh, while they pass, they surely must
Envy great You and Me,
Standing, with May for host, to-day,
Under the first May-tree!

[E. C. M., Cork.]

Gi'e me a road that winds about
Past kirk an' clachan, burn an' moor;
On Shankum's naigie I set oot—
Ye wadna see my heels for stoor.
Along the road frae morn to nicht
I see the ferlies o' the warl',
An' whiles my seasoned cutty licht
An' crack wi' some auld canty carl.

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The rain comes doon; I skelp alang
Through glaur that's thick as pea-meal brose;
I carena, I but croon a sang
An' dicht the rain-clraps frae my nose.

The sun comes oot; my claes sune dry,
Wi' neives in pooches buried deep
I snoove on 'neth the glintin' sky,
Or lie amang the gress an' sleep.

Syne, when the nicht is comin' doon
An' sunset lows up in the west,
I reach a howff kent a' aroon'
An' cawp my dram aff wi' the rest.

[T. E., Belfast.]

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The Literary Week.

WHAT are the ethics of dedication? Mr. Abbott's volume on Macedonian Folklore is, we observe, dedicated "without permission" to the author of "The Golden Bough"! Mr. Fraser will probably not have any objection to this reference to himself in a volume where "many a nursery rhyme, shorn of all its familiar simplicity, has been—

Started at home and hunted in the dark
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark."

Mr. Osborne's life of Father Dolling is dedicated to "the Sisters, whose untiring labours lightened the labour of his toil." From other publications of the week we select two significant volumes:—

IDEAS OF GOOD AND EVIL. By W. B. Yeats.

A volume containing nineteen essays full of thought and beauty. Some of the titles run: "Magic," "William Blake and the Imagination," "Symbolism in Painting," "The Symbolism of Poetry," "The Autumn of the Body." Mr. Yeats turns to his favourite subject of symbolism, and illustrates it from the work of Blake and Shelley, Maeterlinck and Morris. The opening essay deals with the question "What is 'Popular Poetry'?" Are there many more "than the ten thousand the prophet saw," asks Mr. Yeats, who speak the English tongue, who can tell good verses from bad ones? Those ten thousand must preach their faith that "the imagination is the man himself." It is a real delight to see a book such as this, a book of pure literature, insight, and atmosphere.

HAMPSHIRE DAYS. By W. H. Hudson.

A true country book by the author of "Nature in Downland." The greater part of the matter is new, but a few magazine articles have been drawn upon. Mr. Hudson writes in his characteristic way of nature in the broad as well as in infinite detail. The first chapter touches on small mammals, squirrels, the cuckoo controversy, and concludes with a "Discourse on mistaken kindness, pain and death in nature, the annual destruction

of bird life, and the young cuckoo's instinct." The volume is dedicated to "Sir Edward and Lady Grey, Northumbrians, with Hampshire written in their hearts."

We have often had occasion to comment on the number of unnecessary books which are published. Amongst such unnecessary books we should place a volume just issued, entitled "Arthur James Balfour: the Man and his Work." We cannot but think that this stout compilation of three hundred and sixty-seven pages might have waited. In his preface the author says: "It may appear somewhat singular that no biography of Mr. Balfour has hitherto been published. . . ." We see nothing singular in this at all. We hardly suppose that a small portrait of Mr. Balfour as an Eton boy, set in a large white margin, can be of particular interest, even to his many admirers. This kind of contemporary biography is little to our liking.

LITERATURE seems to be getting a footing again in the House of Commons. Mr. Yoxall published a novel recently, and next week Mr. Lowther's play, "The Gordian Knot," is to be produced by Mr. Tree. The association of Mr. George Wyndham with literature has been a long and close one. We find in a volume of letters, to which we shall return, addressed by Ruskin to two ladies who bear well-known names, a preface by the Chief Secretary for Ireland which concludes thus: "In Ruskin . . . in his life and in these letters, there is a special note of courage. His despair over all that is known of human politics, and all that may be guessed of their future development, throws up in a higher light the gracious courage with which, whilst treading a *via dolorosa*, he placed a posy before every shrine of Beauty and Gentleness and Love."

THE announcement of the engagement of Mr. Sidney Colvin and Mrs. Sitwell is of particular interest to all Stevensonians. R. L. S., as readers of his correspondence know, had a deep affection for both Mr. Colvin and Mrs. Sitwell.

WHEN "A Journey to Nature" was published, its author was hailed as a new and original writer. But the "J. P. M." of the title-page was Mr. Andrew C. Wheeler, whose death was recently recorded. Mr. Wheeler was an active American journalist who, at the age of sixty, cut himself adrift from his old literary associations and disappeared, so far as the reading public knew. But he disappeared to do his own work in his own way, and some interesting particulars of his later years are given by Mr. E. W. Bacon in the American "World's Work." To start upon a new track at an age when most men feel that their best has been accomplished required a rare strength of purpose and a determined outlook. "J. P. M." was quite conscious of the risks which he ran. Mr. Bacon writes:—

One very important question involved in this change will be appreciated by every man of letters who lives by his pen. To give up his journalistic work meant to give up his emoluments with his market; in other words, to commence life afresh. For possibly the first time in his life this man must become acquainted with the keen disappointment and self-distrust that are so frequently enclosed with rejected manuscripts. The re-adjustment could not be accomplished in a day or a year. That it was accomplished at all seems little short of the miraculous.

Some of the letters written to Mr. Bacon by "J. P. M." have the self-revelation and charm of a real personality. When the country experiment was in full swing, there came that feeling of remoteness and isolation which comes to all men who have known the rush and fever of packed cities:—

Hibernation is played out. I have chewed more or less on my own vitals this winter. Solitude may make a man a philosopher, but it puts too high a premium on the grave. There is such a thing as erecting meditations into a mausoleum. I may go out this spring better equipped with reflections, but they are not negotiable—I have got to that intellectual point where I want to hit somebody with a pen, and not a fountain pen either. I have piled up a lot of "copy" this winter, and I am beginning to suspect that I have piled it up where moths do not corrupt and thieves break not through and steal—that is to say, the thieves do not want it. However, the sap is running in the maple trees—why not in the hibernating scribbler?

The sap ran to good purpose in the "hibernating scribbler"; he came into closer touch with nature, and at the same time his interest in men and the best in literature deepened. One of his latest sayings was this: "It must be an awfully lonesome world to those men who outgrow everybody in it, and I honestly think that when a man reaches that distressing point of development he ought to be looking for a leasehold in some other world." In a copy of "Amiel's Journal" he wrote:—

Here was a great soul lowering buckets into his own consciousness all his life. They came up brimming and sparkling, but the man never got away from the winch. You will hear its little squeak occasionally. Sometimes his faith gets tires of trying to lift itself in this way and he wants to lie down and rest himself.

Instances are rare in our time of such writers as "J. P. M." His work was good, but one feels that better still was the vital and alluring personality behind it.

ALL the hawking on Salisbury Plain this year has been done with "haggards." It is a change from Shakespeare's time. A haggard is a wild hawk taken for use when in its adult plumage, a bird of much superior flight to the hand-reared eyas or nestling which mostly served Elizabethan falconers. Shakespeare uses the word in "Much Ado" in its simple noun-sense:—

I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

The modern falconer, more skilled than the mediæval, does not much consider, it seems, the word's adjectival sense of "intractable." In Shakespeare's mind that sense was inherent in it, and when Othello says, "If I do prove her haggard," he is thinking back to the dread possibility suggested by Iago's first unspoken hint, that Desdemona was "wild" before he married her. We miss the full, clear meaning of that bitter imagery:—

If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune.

To get the full force of that passage it is almost necessary to see the sport and mark that the jesses go with the bird.

THE taming and use of adult falcons has long been known, however, in India, a fact which can surprise nobody who saw the little collection of birds and beasts shown by some Indian jugglers at Earl's Court last year—the health and good temper of those wild creatures were so remarkable. What he saw in India may well have given Mr. Kipling his supreme idea of a kind of familiarity between man and all things *feræ naturæ*, realised in the wonderful "Jungle Book." Mowgli is after all a type. Mr. Ozer, the falconer of the Old Hawking Club at Lyndhurst, has a touch of Mowgli's skill, and some of the most successful flights on Salisbury Plain this spring have been accomplished with a falcon that was wild two months ago. She came from Holland, where they know how the hawk may be captured. Holland sends us most of the hawks employed in English falconry. With hand-reared birds it would be almost impossible to hawk the sea-gull, a sport for which rook-hawking in the spring is only a preparation and weeding-out process, training the strongest falcons.

THE following inscription for a sword of honour has been sent to us by Mr. Herbert Trench:—

Draw me not! Let your laurels round me wreath,
You that have borne, since you began to breathe,
The soul within you ready to unsheathe.

It was anticipated by most reasonable and clear-thinking people that Mr. Justice Ridley's judgment in the case of *McQuire v. The "Western Morning News,"* would be reversed, and that anticipation has been realised. The question was of much greater importance than the £100 originally awarded to the plaintiff involved, and the "Western Morning News" is to be congratulated on the result of its appeal, and thanked for carrying the matter through. Its criticism of Mr. McQuire's play was severe, but no personal malice was alleged; it came within the bounds of perfectly fair criticism. If actions could be taken successfully against newspapers for severe criticisms of plays or books, there would, at once, be an end to all honest critical work. The matter was not one for the personal opinion of the jury, and in that point the jury was misdirected. The conclusion of the judgment by the Master of the Rolls was as follows:—

Further, as to misdirection, I think that, though at the outset of his summing-up the learned Judge correctly laid down the law as to the extent of the defendants' right of criticism, the later part of his summing-up may have helped the jury to apply the standard of their own taste to the appreciation of the thing criticized, and to measure the rights of the critic accordingly. We have had excerpts from the play, including the songs and the stage directions, read to us; and I think it right to say that, in my opinion, it would be

matter of regret for all well-wishers of the stage if an honest critic were debarred from commenting in the sense of this criticism on such a production.

Newspapers have often suffered at the hands of juries. This judgment should go far to save them in future from irritating and unnecessary attack.

THERE are advantages, no doubt, of various kinds, in being a President. If he happens to be an author, for instance, his books will sell. President Roosevelt has written some fourteen books, and there is an increasing demand for them in America. They are now being published in a new and limited edition.

By the death of Mr. W. T. Maud, the correspondent and artist of the "Daily Graphic," another name has to be struck off the narrowing list of war correspondents. Mr. Maud had seen much of war during the past eight years; he was in Armenia at the time of the 1895 massacres, in the following year he was in Cuba, and later was in Thessaly and the Soudan. He was in Ladysmith during the siege, and when G. W. Steevens died he was at his side. Concerning that tragic incident the war correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle" says: "From first to last Maud nursed him with the patience and gentleness of a woman, and the skill of a trained nurse. It was to him that Steevens said his last conscious words about this being a 'rather sideways ending,' and I have never known grief more prostrating than was Maud's after we had carried our friend—our man of genius—to the grave." Mr. Maud escaped the dangers of flying bullets; he died of syncope. But he died in harness.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE the other day had an article in the "Daily Chronicle" on "The Irony of Anatole France," *apropos* of M. France's latest novel, "Histoire Comique." Irony in England, as Mr. Gosse very pertinently pointed out, is suspect:—

No one who has endeavoured for the last hundred years to use irony in England as an imaginative medium has escaped failure. However popular he has been until that moment, his admirers then slip away from him, silently, as Tennyson's did when he wrote the later sections of "Maud," and still more strikingly as Matthew Arnold's did when he published "Friendship's Garland." The result of the employment of irony in this country is that people steal noiselessly away from the ironist as if he had been guilty in their presence of a social incongruity.

The fact is that our national temperament does not lend itself to irony—certainly not to such delicate and elusive irony as that of M. Anatole France. There is no more subtle mind at work to-day than that which created the inimitable volumes of the "Histoire Contemporaine." But the irony of M. France is, as Mr. Gosse said, "a tender and consolatory railleury, based upon compassion." There are few European reputations to-day of which it may so confidently be asserted that they will live as the reputation of M. Anatole France.

OUR correspondent "I. H." should be fully satisfied by the response to his letter printed in our last issue. We have received over a dozen communications pointing out that the lines occur in Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope." One of our correspondents says: "I am afraid 'I. H.' is a bit of a wag. The lines about which he inquires terminate Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope.' Campbell, if my memory has not grown too avid of the picturesque, is the poet who would walk three miles to change a comma into a semicolon. How many miles would he not have walked to reclaim the whole line lost in your correspondent's quotation?"

APROPOS of a recent comment in these columns concerning "Wee MacGregor," a correspondent asks us in "what way" we do not like the book. Our statement was not that we did not like it, but that we tried, unsuccessfully, to read it. Our correspondent adds: "If I may say so, I myself, after some hearty laughs, had to put the book aside, as my room seemed to fill with these 'Glesca' folk, and I felt inclined to open the window. But to May, 1903, Realism which recognises Truth as Beauty, even when she wields a dung-fork, that should be a recommendation." Since our correspondent's letter reached us we have been looking at the book again. Perhaps our primary difficulty is that we know little more of the Scots dialect, and particularly of the Glasgow dialect, than we do of Erse; we get tired of the perpetual "speirin'" of Wee MacGregor and his parents and relations, and also of Wee MacGregor's passion for eating sweets. Also, we are convinced that dialect may be run to death. This, however, is more a generalisation than a remark applicable to "Wee MacGregor," which was a book frankly written for a particular public. What has surprised us is its success outside that particular public. Our reading of it has convinced us that the book has both humour and reality, however, and for that we are ready to forgive certain touches of sentimentality which have shaken our nerves. There is always a market for humour, even outside Scotland. We notice that Mr. Barry Pain's "De Omnibus" is in its ninety-eighth thousand.

THE Newdigate Prize for English verse was not awarded this year; it is over fifty years since such a lapse has occurred. The subject was "Charles I. at Oxford." Perhaps the subject suggested too much romance, and possibly the judges were afraid of Jacobite enthusiasm. It strikes us as being the most hopeful subject-set for many years.

THE uncertainties of literature are being continually discussed, particularly in American literary journals. There is an article on the subject in the current New York "Critic." The writer had access to a book kept by an unnamed author in which he entered the titles of all his articles and stories and the magazines to which they were sent. From such a record nothing, after all, is to be learned: some manuscripts were sent out a dozen times before acceptance, others only two or three times. That kind of thing is inevitable: we ourselves know of cases where manuscripts have been sent out a score of times, and finally have found a home in unexpectedly high places. The point that strikes us in this article, however, is the curiously commercial attitude of this unnamed author. He is reported to have said:—

In my own case—and I am making a fairly good living by my literary work, although I do not claim the right to be classed among the "well-known writers" as yet—I never destroy anything that I have written. I used to do it, and I do not think I exaggerate when I say I never destroyed anything that I did not have cause to regret it later. The time always has come when that story or that article could have been used to advantage. So now, when anything has "gone the limit," I carefully file it away and wait.

We really have nothing to say to the man who never destroys anything he has written. He may be an admirable mechanic, but literature is not a question of mechanics. We think of Guy de Maupassant, and are satisfied.

THE Toirac prize of four thousand francs, founded in favour of the author of the best play presented at the Comédie-Française in the course of the year, has been awarded by the French Academy to M. Maurice Donnay, the author of "L'Autre Danger."

On Tuesday Mr. Israel Zangwill presided at a dinner of the Maccabees at the St. James's Restaurant. Herr Joseph Israels was the guest, and in proposing the toast of the evening, Mr. Zangwill named, as examples of Dutch art, Spinoza and Joseph Israels, and indicated how a nation's art is influenced by physical surroundings. Dutch art, said Mr. Zangwill, was the expression of the joy of life and a "perpetual grace to God for the beauty of common things." That was well said. Mr. Zangwill suggested that it was Herr Israel's Jewish nature which had enabled him to make so great a contribution to Dutch art, for the predominant note of his work was the pathos and tragedy of life.

* THE front of the house known to postmen and directories as No. 6, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, has been condemned as unsafe, and will shortly be removed. Goldsmith lived there, after leaving Green Arbour Court, from 1760 to 1764, and it is possible that there he wrote "The Vicar of Wakefield." Our literary landmarks are fast disappearing, but when a house-front begins to bulge there is nothing else for it, we suppose, but removal. The pity is that remedies are not applied in time.

THE authors of "Wisdom while you Wait" suggested various uses for the Insidecomplectuar Britanniaware, one of which was practically demonstrated the other day at Southampton. Lord Avebury was to open the new art gallery, and just before the proceedings commenced it was ascertained that he proposed to read his address. A kind of lectern was improvised by piling books upon a table, and those books were part of Southampton's set of the "indispensable work."

Bibliographical.

MR. ANDREW LANG kindly reminds me that he contributed to the "Cornhill" for February 1900, a paper called "The Mystery of Lord Bateman," in the course of which he dealt with the "Loving Ballad" and its history. In regard to the versions illustrated by Thackeray and Cruikshank, the conclusion at which he arrived was this: that "Cruikshank and Thackeray used a text with merely verbal differences, which was popular among the least educated classes early in this century. Again, Thackeray contributed the notes and critical apparatus to Cruikshank's version. For this the internal evidence of style is overpowering: no other man wrote in the manner and with the peculiar humour of Mr. Titmarsh." In opposition to this, a correspondent of Mr. Lang's wrote in 1900 as follows: "Somewhere about 1840 there was a frequent visitor at our house named Burnett, who had married a sister of Charles Dickens. He said, as you state, that Cruikshank had got the words from a pot-house singer. He added that Cruikshank sang or hummed the tune to him, and he gave it the musical notation which follows the preface. He also said that Charles Dickens wrote the notes."

Nevertheless, Mr. Lang finds it "impossible," he tells me, "to believe that anyone but Thackeray wrote the notes to Cruikshank's version." That version came out originally in 1839, being published by one Charles Tilt of Fleet Street. There was an edition, issued by Bogue, in 1851; another in 1870, brought out by Bell and Daldy; another, by Bell and Sons, in 1883; and yet another, by David Bryce and Sons, Glasgow, in 1886. This last had a preface from the pen of Blanchard Jerrold, including a note from Frederick Locker-Lampson in which he mentions

that he possesses a copy of the 1851 edition. The Bryce text of 1886 is reproduced, it seems, in the thirteenth volume of the Biographical Edition of Thackeray's Works, of course with Thackeray's illustrations, which were first published in 1892. It may be mentioned that the British Museum possesses two texts of the "Loving Ballad," in broadsheet form, dated conjecturally 1830 and 1835. They are practically identical, and represent, no doubt, what Cruikshank derived from the pot-house singer.

Talking of the big book-place in Bloomsbury, I see that a lady novelist is to give us a story which she (or her publisher) describes as "a romance of the British Museum." I doubt not that many a romance has had its origin or its consummation within that stately pile; I doubt if even in the solemn Reading Room the voice of flirtation is wholly unheard. The literary class ought to celebrate the Museum; it is its duty. And I remember some pretty verses by Mr. Ernest Radford (you will find them in "Chambers Twain," 1890, and also in "Old and New," 1895) which tell how two young people took their modest luncheons together in "the dim Egyptian room":—

Love spreads the feast; their lips have met!
So grace is said, and lingered o'er!
Grey gods, ye smiled! Nor look ye yet
All grimly serious as before.

Mr. Radford has further poetised over a "Fragment in the British Museum"—

a stone, no common stone,
"A fragment"—of a woman's breast.

A correspondent of my Editor's blithely suggests that I should supply a bibliography of the vers-de-société of the nineteenth century. I should not object, if some person, or body of persons, having authority, would kindly decide what vers-de-société is, or is not. There have been three anthologies on the subject—"Lyra Elegantiarum" (1867), "Muses of Mayfair" (1874), and "Songs of Society" (1881)—and in each case the editorial point of view is different from that in the others. Is vers-de-société the poetry of the "beau monde" and "fashion," or is it simply all verse which is light in tone and easy in style?

The announcement in "The Bookman" that Sir Leslie Stephen is to write a volume on Thomas Hobbes for the "English Men of Letters" series is surely belated. "Man of Letters," I suppose, Hobbes was, if only because of his translations from Homer, Aristotle, and Thucydides, and of his "poem" on "The Wonders of the Peak." But it is as a "philosopher" that he is famous and remembered, and very properly he found a place in the "Philosophical Classics" of Messrs. Blackwood, for whom Dr. G. Croom Robertson wrote a monograph, biographical and expository, which was admittedly excellent.

Apparently not much of the late Mr. R. H. Stoddard's literary work found its way across the Atlantic. The American editions of his "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: a Medley of Prose and Verse" (1882) and of his "Life of Washington Irving" (1886) had some circulation over here; but of late years only two of his books have had English publishers—"The Lion's Cub and Other Verse" (1891) and "Under the Evening Lamp" (1893).

Altogether to be welcomed is the new edition of Arthur Golding's Ovid which Mr. Moring promises us. This version of the Metamorphoses came out (in its complete form) in 1567, and was reprinted in 1575, 1584, 1587, 1593, 1612, and 1675. This shows how popular this version was for a century and more, but during the intervening centuries it has been neglected.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Modernity of Homer.

THE ODYSSEY. Translated by J. W. Mackail. Books I.—VIII. (Murray. 5s. net.)

FOUR or five years ago Mr. Mackail printed—we are not sure if it was ever published—an experimental version of the seventh book of the "Odyssey," which was at once recognised by all who saw it as being of quite exceptional quality. That delightful little pamphlet has grown into the present volume, and doubtless, having gone so far, Mr. Mackail will not pause until he has completed his task. This is a translation of the very highest order. A learned scholar, a fastidious critic, and a poet of considerable accomplishment have combined to produce it. Alike for the student familiar with the original and for the unlettered reader anxious to catch as much as possible of the large Homeric utterance, it will at once take rank as the English Homer of our day. And a day which can produce almost at the same moment Mr. Mackail's "Odyssey" and Prof. Gilbert Murray's "Euripides" may claim at least, so far as the minor art of translation is concerned, to hold up its head with the best. Every age may be known by its translations. Chapman's Homer is fully as characteristic of the sixteenth century, Pope's Homer of the eighteenth century, as any original poem which the England of Elizabeth or the England of Anne produced. And Mr. Mackail's work, too, could only have been written in a generation which has taken its conceptions of narrative poetry from the genius of William Morris. It will not be forgotten that Morris himself translated the "Odyssey," translated it with a spilt of archaism and in the saga manner of "Sigurd the Volsung." Mr. Mackail goes for his inspiration to the earlier Morris. His rendering recalls the "Earthly Paradise," with its delight in external beauty, its limpid atmosphere and its pure translucency of colouring. As a sample we will quote one or two of the more famous descriptive passages. Here is that which Mr. Stephen Phillips has made familiar to modern readers, the visit of Hermes to Calypso's isle:—

And now that island far amid the foam
Reaching, from out the violet sea he clomb
Over the mainland, to the cavern great
Wherein the fair-tressed nymph had made her home.

Within he found her in the cavern-cell:
Where from a brazier by her, burning well,
A fire of cloven cedar-wood and pine
Far through the island sent a goodly smell.

And in it she with voice melodious sang,
While through the warp her golden shuttle rang
As to and fro before the loom she went.
But round the cave a verdurous forest sprang

Of poplars and sweet-scented cypresses,
And alders: and long-pinioned birds in these
Nested, owls, falcons, chattering cormorants,
And all that ply their business in the seas.

But round the hollow cavern trailing went
A garden-vine with heavy clusters bent:
And rising all arow, four springs abroad
This way and that their shining water sent.

And on both sides fair-flowering meads were set,
Soft-clad with parsley and with violet.
Even an immortal, if he came, that sight
Marvelling might view and joy thereof might get.

Here again are the halls and gardens of Alcinoüs in the pleasant land of Phæacia:—

Withindoors fifty serving-women sit:
Some turn the mill and grind bright corn in it;
And others weave at looms or twist the yarn,
While, like the leaves of a tall poplar, flit

The glancing shuttles through their finger-tips,
As from the warp-threads down the thin oil drips;
For far as the Phæacians pass all men
In skill to sweep the sea in racing ships,

No far their women in the weaver's art
Excel all others, since to them apart
Athena skill in lovely workmanship
Has granted, and an understanding heart.

Without the courtyard of the house of state
An orchard of four acres nigh the gate
Is planted, with a fence all round it drawn;
And there grow fruit-trees flourishing and great:

Pear-trees and pomegranates, and apple-trees
Laden with shining apples, and by these,
Sweet-juiced figs and olives burgeoning,
Whose fruiting ceases not nor perishes

Winter or summer, all the year: for there
The western breezes ever soft and fair
Ripen one crop and bring another on.
Apple on apple growing, pear on pear.

Grape-bunch on grape-bunch, fig on fig they lie
Mellowing to age: and trenched deep thereby
The many-fruited vineyard of the king
Is set: one side of it lies warm and dry,

Where raisins in the heat of the sun are spread,
And on one side they gather grapes, and tread
The vintage in the wine-press: while in front
The clusters newly set their blossom shed,

And midway some the first faint colour show.
There likewise, by the vineyard's utmost row,
Are set trim garden-beds of every sort,
Full-flowering while the seasons come and go

And there two springs gush forth, and of the two
One is divided all the garden through,
And one beneath the courtyard gateway runs
Toward the high house: from it the townsfolk drew.

Evidently Mr. Mackail enjoys these descriptive passages, delighting to set the threads in his arras, which make the delicate landscape pattern of foliage, and fruit, and streams. But he is no less happy in the humanity of other parts of the story. The whole of the sixth book, perhaps the finest thing in Homer, with its fascinating picture of Nausicaa carrying her woful of dirty clothes to the washing pool in the simple patriarchal life, is admirably done. The ripple of underlying humour is caught, and the *ethos* of the scene between the unkempt sea-married castaway and the high-hearted daughter of a king. How extraordinarily modern it is:—

So saying, bright Odysseus from his bed
'Crept, and from off the bushy thicket shred
A leafy bough to hide his nakedness,
And like a lion on the mountains bred

Strode forth, that, in his might of none in awe,
With eyes afire, through rain and gusty flaw
Goes hunting after the wild woodland deer,
Or sheep or oxen; for his hungry maw

Even the fenced yard where the flocks are pent
Bids him adventure: So Odysseus went
Among the fair-tressed maids to cast himself,
Though naked: for his need was imminent.

Dreadful to them the sea-stained man drew nigh:
And up and down they ran dispersedly
Along the jutting beaches: only then
The daughter of Alcinoüs did not fly:

Such courage put Athena in her breast:
Unfaltering she stood up and undistressed,
And faced him: and Odysseus held debate,
Whether to clasp her knees in prayer were best.

Or where he stood with supplicating speech
From far away her mercy to beseech:
Till thus debating best he thought from far
The lovely maiden with soft words to reach.

Mr. Mackail's diction strikes us again and again as curiously and exactly right. In the main straightforward and transparent, it has just the faint touch of archaism

which, without ever becoming an affectation or a mannerism, is needed to preserve the atmosphere of a fairy-tale which hangs all about the "Odyssey." His rhythm also runs very delicately. And of course he deserves the very highest praise for the insight which discovered the adaptability of the Fitzgerald quatrain to the purposes of continuous narrative and for the fine sense of metre which enabled him to carry out the adaptation. To preserve the interest of the rhyme-arrangement and at the same time to break down the barriers between quatrain and quatrain so as to make them not independent units, but merely, as it were, single waves in the flow of a tide, required some subtlety. Mr. Mackail has accomplished it by the skilful use of what technical metrists call "light endings" and "unstopped lines" at the close of his quatrains, and to our mind with a remarkable success.

An Unconventional Handbook.

THE AGE OF SHAKESPEARE (1579-1631). By Thomas Seccombe and J. W. Allen. (Bell.)

THIS is the age of handbooks, of little guides, of manuals, of text-books, in all of which well-equipped scholars will intrepidly boil you down an age and offer you its intellectual quintessence in three or four hundred neatly packed pages. It is said by the faculty that meat extract will keep no one alive, but the convenience of the handbook as a stimulant to weak literary digestions is not to be gainsaid. Here, in "The Age of Shakespeare," Messrs. Seccombe and Allen have prepared an admirable critical digest of the leading and minor Elizabethan poets, critics, novelists, satirists, controversialists, historians, travellers, and a conspectus of the Elizabethan drama. The amount of research required, of miscellaneous reading, of checking of facts and figures, of comparison of bibliographical details, of acquaintance with the latest researches of modern scholarship, not to speak of the actual critical judgments delivered on the chief works of over a hundred authors, all this is so formidable a labour that one scarcely expects to find, in a literary handbook, a fresh and piquant style of literary judgments in addition to soundness of scholarship. Most text-books, in fact, are dry and sapless because their learned authors have been over-burdened by the prodigious accumulation of literary facts they have been forced to sift and classify, and their works consequently breathe back to us the exhausted air of lecture rooms and museums. Whether Messrs. Seccombe and Allen are scholars with special recuperative powers, or whether it be that "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" have quickened their vital spirits and purged them of drowsy humours, we know not, but "The Age of Shakespeare" is fresh and unconventional in its brisk outlook and shows not a trace of pedantry in its critical dicta. The book's aim is to give us a quick but comprehensive view of the main body of Elizabethan literature and to assess its documentary and æsthetic value in a running critical commentary, and in both these respects "The Age of Shakespeare" is an achievement quite out of the common. We cannot, indeed, believe that the authors have deliberately read through all the literature they pass in review—they are far too intelligent for that; but they have evidently the faculty of getting at the pith and marrow of a book without waste of time, and have fruitful memories of the salient features of the folios and quartos they have browsed amongst. Of course, the critical dicta the joint authors deliver themselves of are often matters of taste. But the majority of literary judgments in the book are distinguished by an effective boldness in expression which seems to us far preferable to the attitude of so many critics who fear to speak their own minds lest they be thought not to be "judicial." The great advantage of a critic's boldly speaking out his mind is that the question

sub judice is much more likely to be exposed in all aspects by the conflict of opinions generated in the reader's mind than by any mere cautious summary. The following passage on Bacon is an illustration in point:—

Bacon completed his services on behalf of the Crown against his old patron by penning an official declaration of the treason of Essex, 1601. Three years later he drew up a palinode, or an apology, for his behaviour with regard to the noble but unfortunate Earl, in whose interests, he now declared, he had neglected the Queen's service, and his own fortune. The whole incident illustrates but too plainly Bacon's extraordinary power of interested self-persuasion and his faculty for concentrating his attention less upon his actual deeds and utterances than upon the general rectitude of his intentions. He was paid £1,200 for his efforts in proving his friend a traitor, but he failed to secure the Mastership of the Rolls, or other definite preferment.

The essays are representative throughout of Bacon's shrewd and sententious humour, his almost incomparable power of generalizing and of crystallizing the utterances of sage men of all periods. Their author was, in very truth, "a discloser of lights the most overwhelming in flashes of wit." Yet Bacon's gift for transmitting his personality is so great that they reveal with equal distinctness his too clear apprehension of the base side of human nature, his poverty in respect of genial humours, emotion and the higher imaginative qualities, his total lack of what Milton describes as the three prime elements of poetry—the simple the sensuous, and the passionate.

Now this is excellent criticism. It is of course open to the counsel for the defence to say that Bacon's motives were intellectually loftier than our authors have construed them, but the passage cited has the great merit of throwing the onus on the adversary of proving that the quality of Bacon's intellect can be divorced from the quality of his moral character. This being impossible, the critic will have to go afresh to the essays for evidence that Bacon was not lacking in the higher imaginative qualities, and genial humour and emotion. For ourselves, we are in agreement with our authors, and hold that their analysis of Bacon's mental characteristics is very near the mark.

The general criticism advanced on the minor Elizabethan dramatists is also refreshingly to the point. The authors point out that Lamb, who wrote with the enthusiasm of a lover and a discoverer, was "merely the instrument of the romantic movement in literature." The eulogies of Lamb, enthusiastically expanded by Mr. Swinburne, have been echoed by a crowd of lesser critics. The lyrical school of criticism has almost exhausted the language of eulogy in the Elizabethans praise:—

No one nowadays would deny that, even putting aside Shakespeare and Jonson, the later Elizabethan or strictly Jacobean drama is remarkable for its variety and its strength. It has the splendid vitality, the joy and carelessness, the freedom and audacity and idealism of youth. It is strewn with jewels of imagination, it is full of the mystery and horror of unrestrained passion. There is something in it for all tastes; brilliant or striking character, sketches and pictures of manner, wide reaching thought, piercing aphorism, lyrical flights, cynicism, rhetoric passion, farce.

But it is a drama of passages, of passionate or joyous moments, of inspirational flashes. It is amazingly unequal, crude, careless, and wayward. Putting Shakespeare and Ben Jonson aside, we doubt if there be a single play of any serious pretensions which is not disfigured by faults so gross as to be almost damning. We must not allow ourselves to be blinded by its scattered excellences to its fundamental defects, or to be hypnotised by the chorus of praise which has arisen from its later critics. . . . Shakespeare's creative power combines incongruous elements; in the minor dramatists these elements mix. . . . The foundations of drama must be laid deep in human nature; for drama is the interaction of character. . . . But in the minor Elizabethan dramatists without exception, in Beaumont, Fletcher, Webster, Middleton, Tourneur, Ford, Chapman, Dekker, the power of characterization is small.

Their work is too grossly disfigured and too lacking in essentials ever to be more than the playground of a few scholars, the pleasure of a few adepts.

We should prefer to phrase the last criticism thus: 'their work was too lacking in the essentials of great art to last: for nothing can last except really great or most exquisite art. Eighteenth century society required a drama reflecting its own moods, conventions and worldly outlook, and that drama is now a dead letter. So with the novels of our own day: only a few great pieces will survive. "Coherence and reality in drama" would not, as our authors in one passage seem to imply, have saved the Elizabethan drama. Middleton's "A Chaste Maid in Cheapside" has reality and coherence enough, but is deficient in those essentials that only great genius can give. Messrs. Seccombe and Allen, however, sum up their argument with a frank force that wins our respect: "The eighteenth century was not so far wrong. It is a case of Shakespeare first, Ben Jonson a bad second, and the rest nowhere."

The eighty-four pages of Volume II. devoted to Shakespeare are a masterly *précis* of the whole subject. The amount of biographical information, Shakespeariana, critical notes on Shakespeare's editors, and Shakespearian problems comprised in this section, is quite astonishing, and we should like to see this portion of the book issued separately in cheap form, and used as a text book for colleges. The criticisms of the plays are fresh and stimulating, and the authors are not afraid of being a little uncompromising at times. Of course, the finest shades of æsthetic criticism are not to be found, but only a criticism of outlines and details, and naturally the authors succeed better with the plays of Shakespeare's early period than with the great tragedies. However, there is more sound original criticism contained in the eighty-four pages than in many more pretentious works.

With the Best of Intentions.

THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH: ITS RISE AND PROGRESS AND A SKETCH OF ITS WORK. By Edward T. Bennett. (Brimley Johnson. 1s.)

As a sign of our times, a bye product, an epiphenomenon, the S. P. R. is easy prey, no doubt, for those who can compel laughter at will, but the Society possesses an interest of its own, for it has no predecessors in history, and, in a scientific age, it boldly claims, by scientific methods, to prove the existence of that which science either denies, or of which, shrugging her shoulders, she says, "Nescio." We may outline, therefore, its rise and continuance, if not, as our title-page says, its "rise and progress."

The Society has recently attained its majority, its active founder having been Prof. Barrett, of Dublin, and its first President the late Prof. Sidgwick, of Cambridge. Subsequent Presidents furnish a most interesting list of names: Prof. Balfour Stewart, a distinguished physicist; Mr. Balfour, Prof. William James, Sir William Crookes, Mr. Fred. W. H. Myers, and Sir Oliver Lodge. Upon which list we would make only these comments, that Prof. James alone can claim any acquaintance with nervous physiology and its branch psychology, that he must have been greatly interested by the fascinating psychological studies which the members of the Society afforded, and that none of these gentlemen had or has studied morbid mental phenomena. They have, so to speak, attempted a commentary upon Shakespeare before learning to read or to see. That by the way.

As to this matter of progress, says Mr. Bennett, "The attitude of the public mind towards Psychical Research has so changed during the twenty years that it is difficult now to realise the feelings of contempt which were almost universal among educated people, in regard to some branches of the enquiry." We had not noticed this change, nor can we conceive how it could have been effected; but the public attitude to any scientific work matters little if work has been done. What, then, is the

Society's record of achievement? First, as to its own account. These are its claims:—

(1.) That proof is afforded that there are other means than the "five senses" by which knowledge can be acquired by the human mind; in other words, that Telepathy is a Fact.

(2.) That one human mind has the power of influencing other human minds in ways not heretofore recognised by science; in other words, that the effects of Suggestion, Hypnotism, and Psychic Healing represent groups of actual Phenomena.

(3.) That there is a realm of undeveloped and unrecognised Faculty in Man, provisionally termed the Subliminal Self.

(4.) That there is a basis of fact in many stories of Hauntings and Apparitions of various kinds.

(5.) That in Psychical Research the enquirer does meet with Intelligences other than human beings in the flesh. And that there is evidence—small though it be in amount—which is sufficient to prove the Continuity of individual life after death, and that communication does take place between those in this and in another condition of life.

Now these are great claims. The last is stupendous. All are profoundly important. What, then, is the verdict of the scientific world, which has been wise enough to begin at the beginning, upon those who claim to be their co-workers in this field? That "Telepathy is a Fact" is denied by those competent to judge. Suggestion, hypnotism and psychic healing are commonplaces. They were not discovered by the Society, nor has its work added to our knowledge of them. The discussion of psychic healing in this volume is not only puerile and worthy of the advertisements in a Transatlantic journal, but much worse. We must make a quotation, which, if generally credited, would cost countless lives and hours of misery:—

An attempt has been made to draw a line between nervous cases, or cases due more or less to the imagination, [a most ignorant comment] and actual physical or organic cases. It has been alleged that only the former class are amenable to psychic treatment. But experience does not justify this conclusion. Physical and organic effects, even diseases, can be caused simply by mental impression. It seems, therefore, unreasonable to reject the idea that mental treatment may be efficacious as a remedial agent, not only in nervous disorders and in what may be called imaginary ailments, but also in cases of organic disease, even in cases which, under ordinary circumstances, require surgical treatment.

This is beneath comment. To the third proposition, vague and obvious, everyone would assent, as to more important platitudes; whilst no one's belief or disbelief in the remaining clauses could be affected by anything we might say here, or the S. P. R. might say or do elsewhere. Pity 'tis that people who seek reality of one sort or another, do not as certainly find what they wish to find as our well-intentioned friends of the S. P. R.

We are aware that our remarks must cause pain to many people whose aims and motives are beyond praise. But we nevertheless feel it necessary to record the conviction, based on some considerable experience of the "phenomena" which concern the Society, that its existence is a necessary evil, fortunately ephemeral, at which we need not cavil. In this early age of science it was inevitable that such a quasi-scientific body should be formed. But we believe its influence to make for the efflorescence of superstition, for the blasting of many hopes, and for the discredit of many things which we, like the S. P. R., hold to be truth, and its credulous and exploded expositions of which we therefore the more deeply deplore.

Real Country.

THINGS ABOUT OUR NEIGHBOURHOOD. By Ménie Muriel Dowie. (Richards. 6s.)

THESE four and thirty chapters make up a book which is neither dull nor gaudy, neither foolish nor perverse. It is a book written quite clearly by one born, as Miss Dowie puts it, to "the freedom of the country"—a phrase which means a great deal. For it is a freedom which may by no means be

purchased with a country estate; as often as not the true freedom is found in the cottage tumbling to insanitary decay outside the lodge-gates. "To work faithfully with and for Nature," says Miss Dowie, "should leave one both strong and humble; that I am conscious of my limitations may therefore be believed. But in my love I am strong, and so to all fellow-lovers of plants, trees, and beasts I offer hopefully what is, inside its thin envelope of fiction, my Country Book." No reader is likely to be disappointed with a volume so full of acuteness, humour, knowledge, and friendly charm.

Miss Dowie gives us the round of country life both in its human and natural aspects; some of the character sketches, slight though they are, are excellently touched in; the Countess, and the Admiral, and the Martindales are all very much alive, particularly the Admiral. The chapter called "An Old Labourer," too, is full of quiet observation. There are not many men left who have old Christian's firm love for the soil and knowledge of its ways, just as there are very few men left who can do sound and honest spade-work. The art of digging, as anyone with experience knows, is almost a lost art. Yet the land responds to honest spade culture with a kind of understanding gladness.

The humours of poultry-rearing, and cow-keeping, and pig-raising are treated by Miss Dowie with exhilarating freshness; not many people are born with the selective instinct, it has generally to be acquired at the expense of both spirit and pocket. Incubators are well enough when you get the right one and know how to use it, and pig-raising is all right when you have got over the initial obstacles. Betty, fortunately, had a genius for acquiring knowledge through humorous failure, and in the end her ventures were justified. Betty is an altogether charming little person, whom we cheerfully forgive for her slangy tendencies.

Miss Dowie's style in this volume is frankly colloquial, but occasionally it fits itself to a deeper theme. Here is a delicately felt passage concerning an aspect of autumn:—

Nature may be sad—Man must revel. It is Man's moment: he is face to face with what he has made; potent; beneath his foot is the bared earth, in his hand the increase he has compelled from her. It is not in spring, summer, or winter that the peasant dances—it is in autumn. It is in autumn he gets the crick out of his back, and stands erect to look over the wide fields. There where the pale reek rises from the little dung-heaps on the stubble, there where the blue smoke draws along the ground from the rubbish fires on the fallow, and quaint Belgian cows marbled in black and white, crop soothly after the fourth cutting of alfalfa—there, in those fields, Man has won his battle, he has come into his own.

A great deal of practical value may be learnt from these engaging pages, though it must always be remembered that what suits one county may not suit another, and also that individual idiosyncrasy is a powerful factor in the raising of fruit and flowers. Given what appear to be exactly similar soil and conditions, and with the same seeds or cuttings, two people may obtain very different results. It is the loving hand that in some unaccountable way induces the response of growth. We particularly commend to readers what Miss Dowie has to say on the apparently uninspiring subject of potatoes.

One of the chapters, "A Sporting Girl to Her Hunter," is in verse—swinging, vigorous verse, too. But we like better the verses in a later paper called "The Moon-Dogs." We quote two stanzas:—

On the moors in Moon-land,
The dead dogs range,
Where the bracken's always ruddy
And the seasons never change;
Where the gorse has ne'er a prickle,
And the Moon-heather's sweet,
And they gallop all the year through
And never hurt their feet.

* * * * *

For when we're growing weary,
And our days down here run low;
When our eyes are rather bleary,
And our paws are stiff and slow;
We can see Them tireless, running,
We can dream Their sweet repose,
In a sandy warm Moon-burrow
With a feather on Their nose.

For these delightful verses all true dog lovers will be indebted to Miss Dowie. We have not, for some time, come across a volume so bright and sound and free from sentimentality.

A Japanese Story.

FOR HIS PEOPLE. By Viscount Hayashi. (Harpers. 5s.)

WE have seen much of Japan during recent years through European eyes, from the cynically amorous "Madame Chrysanthème" of Pierre Loti, to the notes of the latest tourist who has scampered over the beaten track. But these give us not the slightest glimpse into the soul of a people mainly made up of toiling peasantry, with legends, stories, feeling, ideals of their own. Viscount Hayashi is the Japanese Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. He has rightly regarded his functions as including the establishment of some sort of understanding between the people of Japan and the people of Great Britain, and to that end—if we may impute an obvious motive—he has rendered into English, simple and vivid English, the story of Sogoro and his great sacrifice, a story which is attested by official documents, and for two centuries and a half has been an inspiration to Japan. The story, which the Japanese call "The Cherry Blossoms of a Spring Morn," has been dramatised, it is known throughout the country, and the tomb of Sogoro is an honoured shrine. But for the English reader the interest lies in the curious revelations of Japanese life and thought in the days when a Stuart still sat on the English throne. Like all stories that reach the heart of a people, the story of Sogoro is simple. About forty miles east of the capital, which was then called Yedo, stood, and still stands, the hamlet of Kodzu. Here, two hundred and fifty years ago, the peasants were terribly oppressed by Sugiyama, the dishonest steward of the Baron Hotta, feudal lord of the province. No access could be obtained to the absentee lord; and as a last resource it was determined by the villagers to present a petition to the Shogun. Now the Shogun always acted on a petition, with good reason; for the petitioner's penalty was death, and it was not likely that the penalty would be faced without serious cause. As headman of the village Sogoro claimed his right to sacrifice himself. And the story is mainly of Sogoro's preparations and his journey to the capital. Before he started, remembering that his wife and children might be involved in his punishment, he thus addressed his wife; and under the formality of the scene one finds humanity:—

"Accordingly I am prepared, my dear Tsuta, to dissolve our marriage tie, by giving to you in writing a formal divorce. But think not that this act of mine implies any diminution of affectionate regard for you and our little ones, for it is, in truth, a proof to the contrary."

Sogoro, with these words, placed on his wife's lap the document he alluded to, and which, by a set phraseology and close adherence to a time-honoured method of framing it, has come to be generally spoken of as a "three-lines-and-a-half" letter.

Tsuta started as though stabbed to the heart at this new phase of calamity, and it seemed to be the culminating point of her many sorrows. But she rose to the occasion, and, in a tone of remonstrance, said:—

"It is absolutely cruel of you to pretend that in me you have a wife who would cling despicably to mere existence after witnessing her husband's noble sacrifice of his own life for others' good. Do you forget that I am the daughter of Kinzhi Soyemon?"

Sogoro departed for Yedo with his petition; hid himself under the bridge over which the Shogun must pass, and at the right moment, thrust the document, held in a cleft bamboo, within the screened window of the palanquin:—

The Shogun, who was in no way disturbed, quietly grasped the folded paper, and nodded in a kindly way to the bold petitioner, who caught the glance, and felt that his mission had been fulfilled. Prostrating himself instantly, with his forehead to the boards of the bridge, in token of profound respect, Sogoro allowed himself to be bound, with his arms at his back, and was immediately carried off to prison.

Sogoro was executed, as were his wife and children; but he had accomplished his purpose, and on the tomb of the man who died for his people fresh flowers are still laid. The unjust steward and his accomplices voluntarily committed "seppuku," falling upon their swords whilst their best friends stood by in readiness to decapitate them, and so end their sufferings. And the ghosts of Sogoro and his family still haunted the Baron Hotta. It is a simple story of self-sacrifice such as is common to East and West; but the charm lies in the quaint mixture of simplicity, courtesy, and cruelty of which the details are composed.

A Cheerful War-Book.

THE LAND OF THE BOXERS. By Captain Gordon Casserly. With 15 Illustrations and a Plan. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

As an officer in the Indian Army, Captain Gordon Casserly took part in the recent military action in China of the Allied Powers, and now he publishes his reflections on that highly important campaign. The book bears traces of hasty production. Perhaps it was hurriedly put together in the belief that an association of England with Germany in the matter of the Bagdad Railway would lead to trouble between England and Russia. That prospect has been dimmed by a statement from the Prime Minister; but Mars, in his course amid the constellations, has been favourable to Captain Casserly. Recent events in relation to Manchuria were ominous. Russia has disowned the designs which a fortnight ago raised a scare throughout Europe and the United States; but those who are acquainted with her methods of policy will not be surprised if ere long the crisis again arises, and that in earnest. What then? We have only to recall the terms of our Alliance with Japan in order to perceive that the situation will be grave. In the event of either Ally finding itself at war in the Far East with a single Power, the other is to be neutral, and to endeavour to impose general neutrality; but should the enemy be not single-handed the other Ally is to take the field, and the seas as well. It is not impossible that this contingency may become actual. The interests in vindication of which Japan went to war with China lie largely in Manchuria, and they are incompatible with the well-known though dissembled ambitions of Russia. Sooner or later, then, it seems clear, there must be war between the Tsar and the Mikado. It is doubtful whether Russia would have found help had she not withdrawn the demands which, if we may judge from the statements by Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Cranbourne, she undoubtedly, in some tentative manner, made last month. There are two strong influences making for the dissolution of her alliance with France, the only Power from whom succour could be expected. France having paused in the increase of her Navy, the relations between St. Petersburg and Paris are already cold; and, from causes which cannot with propriety be discussed at present, France and England are arriving at friendly understanding.

Still, even apart from our Treaty of Alliance with Japan, it is difficult to perceive how England could have remained neutral had war over Manchuria been declared. She, too,

has interests in that vast region, and she could not have left them in neglect. She could not have stood non-combatant between Russia and Japan as the humble Kaffirs stood while Boers and Britons were between them making South Africa a waste. Thus, it is with keen concern that we read what Captain Casserly has to tell about the troops of the various Powers that joined in the subjugation of the Boxers. His disclosures are reassuring. It was only when they came into contact with detachments of our Army that the soldiery of the Great Powers got over a general contempt for the military forces of England.

The Misterie of Pewter.

HISTORY OF THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF PEWTERERS OF THE CITY OF LONDON, BASED UPON THEIR OWN RECORDS. By Charles Welch. 2 Vols. (Blades, East and Blades.)

THE first and obvious thing that strikes the reader taking up these volumes is the beauty of their type and illustrations. We have never seen finer reproductions in colour of old illuminated charters and documents. The next thing that comes home is the continuity of pewter in London's history. Down all the crowded centuries since 1348, this industrial thread is visible through the dense fabric of English life. Men have changed their clothes and their religion, but the honest pewter has kept its state in Rome. The pewterers, worthy men, have from the thirteenth year of Edward IV. been a recognised and chartered band of men, intent on making "pots, salt-cellars, equelettes, platters, and other things by good folks bespoken." They never had a motto of their own, but cheerfully shared the Brewers': "In God is all my Trust." We did not know that the alliance between beer and pewter was so absolute.

All the usual burdens of taxation, whether in money or blood, which fell on the old City companies were endured by the Pewterers. A store of armour was kept in the Hall in Lime Street for war service, and an armourer was employed to keep it in condition. The settling of internal disputes and the correction of misdemeanours occupied much time and produced many hundreds of records. That the Elizabethan pewterers contended with something of the vigour of men used to the hammer may be gathered from the rule made in 1558 that—

no parson of the sayde fellowship shall interrupt one another in telling of his tale before the maister and wardens setting in their Courtes, or presume to speak in another man's tale till he hath tolde his tale to an end.

Sometimes a quarrel was too hot and serious to be settled domestically. Thus, in 1562 one Robert West complained bitterly of a man who had openly slandered him in Westminster Palace, pointing him out to the bystanders as a "false maker of measuer pottes; for where they should be a quart he makith them a pynt and a half, and goith abowt to deceyve you of yo^r drink." Both men appeared before the wardens, and it was resolved to refer their dispute to trial before the Lord Mayor. A more excellent way was adopted in a quarrel which temporarily disturbed the relations between Thomas Wansworth and John Boulting in 1572. They were ordered to invite each other to dinner, each invitation to include the guest's wife:—

not omyttinge therein there good mother-in-lawe, and so to contynue thencfurthe lovers.

Here and there in the records the eye alights on the awful moment when "Othello's occupation's gone"—when a pewterer ceased, for his sins, to be a pewterer. One sentence runs: "Wherefore the sayde Ellis ys quyte dismayssed for occupying in the crafte of pewterers for ever."

On every page of these records some curious fact or word leaps to light. Thus in a seventeenth century list of vessels made in pewter we find such objects as children's beakⁿ, greate duble bells, greate sawcers, cawdle potts, longe hooped Winchester pints, and Great Coffin saultes. Very striking, too, is the unbroken list of masters and wardens of the company from 1450 to 1902. Chronological sequence, indeed, is the note of the book. Mr. Welch has been supplied so abundantly with material that he has found it best to arrange it in order of date, with a minimum of comment. Nor has he been able, within the space at his disposal, to bring his story up to a later date than 1760, in which year occurs the first mention of punch bowls. But the Pewterers can now see themselves as in a mirror of polished pewter.

Other New Books.

THE CHATELAINE OF VERGI. Translated by Alice Kemp-Welch. (Nutt. 2s. net.)

A PROSE version of the familiar thirteenth century romance, with an introduction by M. Brandin. M. Brandin writes: "At the Court of the Dukes of Burgundy, as well as that of the Count of Flanders, and amongst the *entourage* of Queen Margaret of Navarre, the dainty story of the Chatelaine of Vergi caused many tears to be shed. It made the hearts of many lords and ladies beat, and excited the pity of many a poet." The story has been referred to and used by many writers, from Froissart to M. Gaston Raynaud, whose text is reproduced at the end of this volume. The origin of the story is not of much importance, though we think that M. Brandin's reasons for rejecting M. Raynaud's theory that it deals with the scandal in which Hugo IV., Beatrice of Champagne and Laura of Lorraine are not sufficiently conclusive. However, the story is the thing, and a graceful and touching story it is. It tells of how a certain knight loved the Lady of Vergi, who made it a condition, that if he should ever discover their love to another, that love should cease. Then comes in the lady of the Duke "who ruled in Burgundy," with a plot to ruin the Knight who declined her advances. The catastrophe is quite simple and, in the spirit of the time, inevitable. The ending in this English rendering is thus summed up:—

Ah, God! All the distress and trouble of the Knight came to him because he so mischanced as to make known that which he ought to have kept secret, and which his Love had forbidden him to speak of so long as he would have her love.

Miss Kemp-Welch's version is on the whole poetical and simple; she does not strive too assiduously after effect, though now and then she falls into rather unhappy phrases. But we are glad to have so pleasant a translation of so delightful a story.

THE LAST DAYS OF GREAT MEN: CROMWELL, NAPOLEON, MAHOMET. By W. Quartermaine East. (Sampson Low. 6s. net.)

MR. EAST has at least the virtue of modesty. He does not claim to have made any new discoveries concerning these three great men, he merely claims that his studies are "inspired by a genuine love of their subject, and though falling far short of what the writer could desire, may yet throw fresh light on the lives and characters of these remarkable men." Mr. East is a frank hero worshipper, with the hero worshipper's limitations. The main object of his essay on Cromwell is to prove Cromwell's sincerity as a Christian: a question too metaphysical for proof at

this time of day. The author's general attitude in the matter of the Civil War may be judged by this comment concerning Charles I.'s execution: "An act of justice had to be done, the feelings of an outraged nation had to be liquidated." We have never been able to discover how the feelings of an outraged nation were "liquidated" by that piece of unnecessary folly: the nation, indeed, was very little concerned in it. We cannot enter fully into Mr. East's estimate of Napoleon and Mahomet; his enthusiasm we respect, his conclusions, to say the least, are open to grave dispute. But the volume has distinct interest, though it has not much literary distinction. There is included in it a translation of the Diary of Napoleon's Journey from Smorgoni to Paris.

IN THE LAND OF THE BLACK MOUNTAIN. By R. Wyon and C. Prance. (Methuen.)

A QUARTER of a century ago the travellers who had visited Montenegro might have been counted on the fingers, and though nowadays Montenegro is becoming better known, it is too far off and too difficult of access to be really one of the holiday places of Europe. Messrs. Wyon and Prance did not content themselves with merely visiting the capital, Cettigne, but penetrated into the mountains, to Kolashin, Moraca, Ostrog, and Niksic, where the old life of these primitive mountaineers is to be seen in all its simplicity. Like most men who go to Montenegro, but do not push on to the interior of Albania, the writers became thoroughly Slav in their sympathies, and look at all questions with Montenegrin eyes. But that the Montenegrins are not exactly easy neighbours to get on with may be judged from the following conversation which took place when the travellers visited the prison in Cettigne. Mr. Wyon asked what most of the prisoners had done, and received the reply: "Oh, they have mostly quarrelled among themselves. They are not criminals. We have very few thieves and robbers in Montenegro. This youth," went on our informant, pointing to a young man with a pleasant face, and (sic) who grinned with joy as he noticed the attention with which we favoured him, "has a ten years' sentence for quarrelling." "But quarrelling," we repeated, "is it punishable to quarrel?" "Yes, too many lives are lost," was the laconic reply. "Oh," we exclaimed, a light breaking in upon us, "you mean murder. They are all murderers?" "We have no murderers," came the indignant response. "Our land is as safe from murder as any other in the world. No one kills to rob or steal in Montenegro. But we just quarrel among ourselves. We are hot-blooded, and shoot quickly, that is all." The book is capably illustrated with photographs taken by the authors.

A useful little pamphlet reaches us from Messrs. Limpus Baker called "The Fraud of the Label." The object of the publication needs no explanation; it simply warns buyers against the substitution by dishonest tradesmen of inferior goods for those which are asked for. The imitation of labels by unscrupulous manufacturers has long been a grievance with which the law does not yet adequately deal.

The third and fourth volumes of the "Woman's Library" (Chapman and Hall) consist of "Nursery and Sick Room" and "Some Arts and Crafts." In the former the "Ethical Training of Children" is discussed by Lady Isabel Margesson, while the "Practical Care of Children" and "Nursing in and out of Hospital" are dealt with by Dr. Ethel Lamport and Miss H. F. Gethen. The subjects are treated practically and clearly. "Some Arts and Crafts" contains six sections, each treated by a different writer.

Fiction.

Mr. Moore's Ireland.

THE UNTILLED FIELD. By George Moore. (Unwin. 6s.)

IRELAND, as seen by Mr. George Moore, is, it seems to us, not so much an "untilled field" as a field incapable of crop on account of the huge weight of ecclesiastical masonry with which it is encumbered. That impression of a people "who live in a dreamy submissiveness," which we recorded in reviewing (2 August 1902) this volume in Irish containing six of the tales in the present publication, is only enhanced by reading Mr. Moore at greater length in our own tongue. Against this submissiveness we have the logic of facts driven home with calm force, if we may speak of driving in connection with a book that is for the most part *drawn*. The facts we get are, that the priest is a killjoy in Ireland, a menace to a meagre population, and an absorber to a startling degree of the industry and wealth of the land. In the end our ears are full of two priests arguing that "bad statues were more likely to excite devotional feelings than good ones, bad statues being further removed from perilous Nature," while our eyes are riveted on three Irishmen—"one seeking a country with a future, one seeking a country with a past, and one thinking of going back to a country without past or future."

The book, as now rounded off, considerably strengthens our regard for Mr. Moore as a creative artist. It is so frankly and unlaboriously Irish that it should pass as a genuine product of the soil. The stories are nearly all memorable, though perhaps none is quite so good as the story of Biddy and the church-window, from which we have already quoted. Our quotation, compared with the corresponding passage on page 103 of Mr. Unwin's volume, shows that Mr. Moore has been as busy as usual in recasting his thought. Formerly, if Mr. O'Sullivan (from whom we translated) was to be trusted, the "chickens" broke in anonymously upon Biddy's meditations about her Virgin's cloaks. The chickens are now Minorcas, Buff Orpingtons, and Plymouth Rocks! "Let knowledge grow from more to more."

Perhaps the best of the new stories is "A Play-House in the Waste." Here the priest, against whom, as an individual, Mr. Moore displays little or no animus, has had an inspiration for the enlivening of his peasant flock. "The prettiest girl in all the parish was to play Good Deeds." It was a parish of hovels with green water in front of each, and the bailiff for bogie-man. Its one bastard had been strangled by the indignant grandmother: it was not a place likely to develop Mænads on the strength of a mystery-play. But a storm came and punished the fabric of the theatre before any performance had been given in it, and the priest, half seeing the hand of God in the accident, discontinued his enterprise, and knitted to pass the time, because "there wasn't a woman in the parish that could turn a heel properly," and because "if one is absorbed in a book, one experiences a certain reluctance in putting it aside."

There is less in "The Untilled Field" of that sagacious sensuality which has heretofore given a rather waxen complexion to Mr. Moore's art. One meets it here, it is true, in a certain chilly isolation, as of the leg on a Manx coat of arms (if we may borrow a simile from Robert Buchanan), but the book presents several women with sympathy, and one even with spiritual admiration. The priest-ridden woman of fortune, whose religious instinct separates her from her husband, whom she at once loves and emancipates, is a touching embodiment of an ideal which every really selfish man of brains creates when he is fast asleep. But there must be no suspicion

of satire in our concluding sentence, which recommends all who have a taste for the significant in literary art to read Mr. Moore's admirable volume.

PARK LANE. By Percy White. (Constable. 6s.)

SEMI-SOCIETY. By Frank Richardson. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

MR. PERCY WHITE and Mr. Frank Richardson belong to that class of novelists best described by the epithet Entertaining. They write stories that the lazy man may take up after dinner, and finish by midnight, conscious as he lights his candle that he has spent a pleasant, self-forgetful evening, and made the acquaintance of certain men and women, amusing enough, and about as near to his own life as the strangers he meets in a railway carriage. We have no intention of decrying such novels. We read them, we enjoy them, and we are well aware that a deal of intelligence and observation go to the making of them, as well as that mixture of humour and cynicism that the man of the world acquires in his journey through life. But what has criticism to say to such books, except that they are entertaining and readable, and quite near enough to human nature to be credible.

Of these two amusement providers Mr. Richardson is the fresher: his characters are bitten a little more deeply into the plate, and the action of his story is brisker. Compared with "Mr. Bailey-Martin" and "The West-End," Mr. White's new story flags just a little. The elderly bachelor, "a quiet man, successful rather as a philosophic listener than an amusing talker," who tells the story, is a little too much inclined to be prolix, and his digressions verge too near the commonplace; but it a good enough yarn about a successful business man who merged into a company promoter, with a house in Park Lane; of a lady's maid who became Lady Oxley, and on that altitude behaved beautifully. But Mr. White must beware of dullness, the unpardonable sin of the novel of Entertainment.

Mr. Richardson's story of "Semi-Society" is never dull. It is melodramatic, often epigrammatic, occasionally witty, and not in the least edifying. In all the characters there are sparks of life, particularly in the Jew financier, and his pretty fairy-like wife who takes morphia to assuage the pangs of love aroused in her bosom by the hero, a masterful man, who at the beginning of the story has just emerged from prison. This man, Vincent Skrene, is no ordinary gaol-bird: essentially he is the Ouidaesque hero, reincarnated into a world of fashionable restaurants and mammon worship. Mr. Richardson has set out boldly, with considerable equipment, to amuse the idle hours of our busy days, and we see no reason why he should not find his journey pleasant and profitable. He knows well enough that problems and psychology are not his métier. Let him continue to be entertaining, and we are quite agreeable that he should produce and multiply.

GEORGE GORING'S DAUGHTERS. By M. E. Carr. (Smith Elder. 6s.)

THIS is a singularly dull book. It is dull in its conception, and dull in the way it is carried out; indeed, it is difficult to see why anybody took the trouble to write so very many words without making sure first of having something to write about. The opening chapters are the least uninteresting in the book, for there is no reason why they should not lead to something later on; and if we quibble at the obvious influence of the Brontës in Miss Carr's descriptions of the two girls in their lonely moorland home, it is only because we have not gone far enough into the book to realize how much more readable it is when it reminds us of some one else's book than when it is only

like itself. The quotation from "Villette" on the title page—"Life is still life, whatever its pangs"—seems to promise a human drama of some sort, though this kind of quotation when torn from its context really does not mean very much; but the human drama, as played by three women and one man, never thrills us for an instant, and finally fizzles out in a sentimental effusion that lingers over many pages. There is one moment in the book when we expect an interesting development: it is when the sisters, having reached the age of twenty and twenty-two, go to school for the first time, and are thrown among ordinary schoolgirls who have had an ordinary up-bringing. But the situation, original though it is, is slurred over in a single chapter; and that chapter is as lifeless as the rest. If "George Goring's Daughters" could be judged as an immature work, we should say that it contained promise; for imitativeness is always a promising fault in a beginner, and the dullness that is produced by a conscientious avoidance of sensationalism is not wholly to be condemned in a young writer. But Miss Carr is not a beginner, and we suppose her work ranks as finished work. As such, we cannot possibly praise it.

HE FOR GOD ONLY. By Kathleen Caffyn. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

THE title is somewhat obscure and suggests a novel of a sombre religious disposition. It turns out to be, on the contrary, if anything, a plea on the side of worldliness and a certain amount of earthly enjoyment. There is a good deal of idealism in the story. Human nature is rather played with for the purpose of accentuating its attractive and adaptable qualities. Circumstances also are freely twisted in order to heighten the picturesque side of the situations. In reading it is necessary to realize that neither the saints nor the sinners are the ordinary flesh and blood creatures of genuine existence. Those of real life are different—less persuasive—less effectual, as a rule, in fact, considerably less dramatic and convenient.

At the same time Mrs. Caffyn's new novel has distinct charm. In spite of the conviction that the authoress is playing fast and loose with the unfortunate limitations of personality, all her characters hold attention. More or less they all possess—except the saintly George—the elements of fascination. The impossible looking Rebecca, the delightful villain Jaspas, the cynic Heron, and especially the ardent little creature Joan, seize a temporary attention. The book could be shortened with benefit, but even the minor character sketches are clearly outlined, and in the case of Mrs. Worrall suggest a faint suspicion of humour. The style is good, with a grace of phrasing and a discretion in the choice of adjectives, that makes it a welcome change from the average slipshod novel. Mrs. Caffyn's danger is a little tendency to affectation.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE MACHINATIONS OF JANET. BY SARAH TYTLER.

A domestic novel. Janet was an orphan of humble origin, who unexpectedly came into a fortune. Her machinations consist of kindly endeavours to be useful to her less fortunate neighbours in spite of the embarrassments of her wealth. An unpretentious and carefully written story, distinguished by unusual simplicity of narration. (Long. 6s.)

HIS HEART'S DESIRE.

BY KATHERINE S. MACQUOID.

An historical romance. The scene is laid in France in the seventeenth century, and the central figure is Richelieu, whom we first meet as a young man taking part in a brilliant cavalcade at a Parisian riding school. "I believe," says the author in a prefatory note, "the evolution of Richelieu's character from early youth will be new to most readers." The book is dedicated to Mr. Weyman, "master in historical fiction." (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

THE PINCH OF PROSPERITY. BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

"A study of some twisted lives." The book presents strongly contrasted scenes of poverty and riches, and is intended to point the moral, "The prosperity of fools shall destroy them." The hero is a cadet of the house of Wyndquest, who, declining through unsuccessful authorship and journalism, is at length found selling matches on Waterloo Bridge. Then he becomes a famous novelist. The story appeared serially under the title of "The House of Quest." (Murray. 6s.)

THE FLAME AND THE FLOOD. BY ROSAMOND LANGBRIDGE.

A new volume in "The First Novel Library." We first meet Susette in a theatre, where she makes the acquaintance of the musician. As he came on the stage "his presence was like a flame; its effulgence spread flickering over the sea of faces." And in the last chapter she is to choose between the love of this man, and the child of the man who is her husband. An ambitious study of passion in conflict with duty. The title comes from some lines by Mr. Yeats. (Unwin. 6s.)

THE GHOST.

BY MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED.

The story opens in the Australian Bush, and the plot turns on the authorship of a novel, the manuscript of which was presented to Adela by "a hanger-on at a shanty near the station," in the belief that she had inspired it. The scene changes to London, where Adela, hearing that the author has been "turned out of a public house to die of delirium tremens in the Bush," solves her pecuniary difficulties by publishing the novel as her own. Then in the plenitude of her success appears "The Ghost," with a claim upon the royalties. (Everett. 3s.6d.)

THE ABSURD REPENTANCE.

BY ST. JOHN LUCAS.

Another story about a novel and its author. The action passes in the Cotswolds, where we find a Bohemian artist, a curate, the lord of the manor, and the anonymous author, who, while on a walking tour, is detained in the village by a storm. The conversation of these young men is in the scintillating manner. Max confesses that he is wet,—"I am a male Niobe, a tear on the cheek of eternity Take me away and wrap me tenderly in soft apparel,"—and he quotes the Odyssey in the original Greek. There is much of this, and some love. (Arnold. 6s.)

THE PAVILIONS OF LOVE.

BY MILDRED SHENSTONE.

A curious and rather formless story alternating between love and the supernatural. In the Prologue we make the acquaintance of two young men at Rackstraw Court who had been friends at Oxford. "'My mother has become an Esoteric Buddhist,' said Jack savagely. 'I told you that matters on this plane no longer affect her!'"—and the rest is a series of romantic adventures ending on a note of tragedy. (Arnold. 6s.)

We have also received "A Girl Soldier" by Kathleen P. Emmett (White) and "William de Winton" by Rev. A. Charles Highton (Drane).

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Ancient Tragedy in English Verse.

QUITE recently Sir Charles Dilke, in the course of a speech, referred to the persistent influence of Greek thought upon modern civilisation. In some respects, however, we appear to be always and hopelessly antagonistic to the Greek conception of life. "Few things in the history of speculation," says Sir Henry Maine in his "Ancient Law," "are more impressive than the fact that no Greek-speaking people has ever felt itself seriously perplexed by the great question of Free-will and Necessity." And because of this "it does not seem an irrelevant suggestion" that the Greeks never "showed the smallest capacity for producing a philosophy of law." None the less it was the Greek, as Sir Henry Maine himself points out, who, from a very early period in his history, evolved the idea of an inherited curse. This inheritance was not one of punishment, but rather of fresh offence evoking its own punishment, so that "the responsibility of the family was reconciled with the newer phase of thought which limited the consequences of crime to the person of the actual delinquent." This, indeed, was the Greek notion of Necessity, and nowhere is it more forcibly expressed than in the treatment of the legends which grouped themselves around the house of Pelops.

In his masterly introduction to "The Electra," Sir Richard Jebb has outlined the development of the Pelopid tradition. Briefly, in the "Iliad" there is no ancestral curse attached to the descendants of Atreus. It is in the "Odyssey" that the hint of fate is first suggested, when it is held in the council of the gods that Ægisthus has acted "beyond his destiny," and that punishment is due to him from Orestes, son of Agamemnon. Later on the idea of the inherited curse becomes definite, and Clytæmnestra, and not Ægisthus, is represented as the chief criminal. At this stage, too, the avenging furies are introduced. Pindar throws into the already complicated myth the idea that Clytæmnestra's crime is prompted by revenge for Iphigeneia's sacrifice at Aulis. The story commenced with a son's just vengeance on his father's murderer, but it was developed until it became a *motif* for the most profound drama. Here Æschylus takes up the theme and weaves it into a trilogy in which the individual destiny is finally subordinate to the supreme necessity, the higher law of Zeus. Sophocles, on the other hand, reverts to the simple Homeric legend, and for him there is no balancing of motives, no analysis of the greater and lesser guilt. For him Orestes stands as the just performer of a just action. With Euripides the tragic legend enters into contact with common life.

Elsewhere, in his introduction to "Œdipus Tyrannus," Sir Richard Jebb traces the modern treatment of the Sophoclean Œdipus from Corneille to Voltaire, showing the overwhelming modern tendency to depart from the simplicity of the central Greek notions: "the irresistible power of destiny, and the sacredness of the primary

natural ties, as measured by the horror of an unconscious sin against it." The fascination of these two ideas is witnessed by continual efforts to reproduce them in modern poetry, and at the same time to preserve the ancient form. The very fact that these dramatists one and all depart from the spirit proves the permanent hold which the Greek idea of form has, to a certain extent, always preserved upon the modern mind. This has accounted for what we like to call the "pseudo-classicism" of the French stage, and it explains why Milton originally intended that "Paradise Lost" should have the outward appearance of the "Samson Agonistes." That play, indeed, is consciously Greek in form, and obeys in all outward respects, not excepting—as Prof. Butcher has pointed out—the Æschylean conception of suffering in place of action. But how different is the spirit! Let us glance at one passage, the chorus commencing at line 1268 and ending at line 1307. In the first eighteen lines we have an Hebraic psalm, then come ten lines which might have been translated almost word for word from Euripides, while the chorus closes with all the outward objectivity which belonged to the Greek looker-on, blended with the Hebraic hint of prophecy.

Again, how impossible it was for Voltaire to restore a lost drama of Euripides, in spite of all his calculated frigidity and the difficult suppression of romantic love. Imagine the proverbial:—

Le premier qui fut roi fut un soldat heureux;
Qui sert bien son pays n'a pas besoin d'aïeux,

spoken through a tragic mask. We moderns are occasionally haunted by a sensation that there is a certain truth in the saying that the ancients alone have been artists.

In "La Faustin" Edmond de Goncourt admirably interprets this involuntary respect when he brings the great French actress to M. Athanassiadis to learn from Greek lips the heart of Phædra before she interprets Phædre. For, Athanassiadis, modern as he is, has preserved the secret of the ancient source:—

Et Athanassiadis, arrivé à l'accusation posthume de Phèdre contre son beau-fils, se mettait à expliquer aux deux femmes, avec une intelligence qui surprit la Faustin, cette figure de fatalité bien autrement grande, bien autrement humaine, bien autrement *nature* dans son ressentiment amoureux, que la femme conventionnelle et théâtralement *sympathique*, peinte par le poète de la cour de Louis XIV.

But to return to the legend of Pelops. Prof. Tyrrell, in his preface to Mr. Arnold Graves's "Clytæmnestra" (Longmans), writes:—

I have already pointed to the fact that he deals with the story from the standpoint of the modern dramatist. By this, I do not mean to suggest that he has followed the example of Voltaire, Alfieri, or Thompson, and made his characters modern, complex, neurotic, hysterical. On the contrary, he has kept them simple, strong, restrained, archaic.

These words written by a scholar who is impregnated with the spirit of Greek tragedy are conclusive evidence that Mr. Graves's drama is a genuine exception to what we have ventured to call the overwhelming modern tendency. This fact, apart from all other literary considerations, makes this drama worthy of serious study.

To Prof. Tyrrell the note of Greek tragedy is near and actual, but the general reader is not easily convinced of the illusion of Hellas. How far is this modern interpretation likely to produce for him the lost charm, so cold, so inexplicably remote from the gush and strain of modern sentiment? On the surface he will recognise some obvious differentiations from Greek tragedy. He will recognise that the chorus is neither the expression of "ideal" nor average opinion, nor yet merely ornate and detached from the action. He will recognise that the unities of time and place are not observed, and that one is irresistibly reminded of a

double motif of action in following the fortunes of Electra. He will see at work the psychology of the human will rather than the overhanging necessity of Zeus. These things, apart altogether from variations from any Greek legend and the introduction of fresh characters, the general reader will recognise. But he will also see that a trilogy has been treated as an organic whole, and that the unities have been observed in regard to each subordinate part. Moreover, he will recognise a genuine tendency towards the acceptance of certain theories, essentially Greek. He will see a tendency towards avoiding violence before the curtain, the use of the messenger, and above all the haunting repetition of the actual words of the soothsayer. These things are so, and if in deference to modern taste the author has in this or that particular departed from the ancient legend, he has none the less infused into English verse something of the atmosphere of Greek tragedy. Here is a passage in which Cassandra describes the murder of Agamemnon:—

He casts aside
His coat of mail, and drops his trusty sword.
She takes a goblet, fills it full with wine,
He takes it from her hand, and drains the bowl,
And lays him down to rest. [Pauses.] See how his lids
Already droop, half closed; his limbs relax;
She wraps a robe around him, croons a stave
To soothe the slumberer; then rises soft,
Seizes a twisted net, and in its toils
Makes fast the drowsing victim to the altar. [Pauses.]
All is made ready for the sacrifice.
The axe is raised: now through the yielding air
The swift steel flashes in its lightning sweep.

Now, it is submitted that this is not at all a metrical adaptation, but rather a genuine interpretation, after the Greek manner, of Greek thought.

Above all, Mr. Graves has the supreme fidelity of simplicity, the simplicity of the dignified but immediate expression of the immediate emotion which drew from *Edipus*, as he listened to the herdsman's tale, that appalling utterance of despair; the simplicity which caused that same *Edipus*, no longer "*Tyrannus*," to cry out to "the all-seeing *Eumenides*": "Pity this poor wraith of *Edipus*—for verily 'tis the man of old no more." This simplicity is the keynote to swiftness of action, and Mr. Graves has caught something of its spirit. The deepest note in Greek tragedy on its human side is the farewell to light. From the royal appeal of *Antigone*, as she prepares to face the terrible darkness, to the mournful acquiescence of *Polyxena* awaiting a swifter death, there is always the infinite regret at leaving the sunlight. This note, also, Mr. Graves has caught, and there is a genuine and restrained dignity in the passage commencing "Good-bye, dear *Argos*," which *Electra* utters, already, as she imagines, upon the threshold of death.

Greek tragedy may almost be considered as the touchstone of modern nations so inevitably do they read their own racial characteristics into its severe harmony. And because he has kept his characters "simple, strong, restrained, archaic," Mr. Graves's work is a profoundly interesting anomaly.

A Bewildered Poet.

LITERATURE has had many spectres, and by this we mean not men who had outlived the common meed of their fame, but rather men who had exhausted their own emotions. Of these spectres Alfred de Musset was perhaps the most significant, because he was the most pitied and the most loved. But de Musset lived his hour, and could always remember that once the wine of life had tasted sweet, that once the rhythm of hope and youth had rung true, that

once a woman's smile had reflected destiny. But there are other spectres to whom there is no consolation, for whom there is no appeal from the stale verdict of the world. And of these condemned ones the most pathetic figure of all is James Clarence Mangan, the centenary of whose birth is being celebrated this month.

Others have turned consciously aside from the mental grooves of their generation, and sought from art not the healing consolation which should be common to all, but rather a personal enjoyment, exclusive, exotic, dangerous. Such were Charles Baudelaire and Edgar Allen Poe. But there is no just parallel between either of these and the unfortunate Irish poet. For each of these, after his manner, obtained the reward of his sacrifice. The Frenchman who had exchanged, as it were, his store of human life blood for strange artistic vibrations, fashioned from these poisoned dreams masterpieces of form, permanent manifestations of what he had purchased from art at the expense of life. The American, abandoning the main currents of the national life around him, none the less drew, from his very loneliness, his suffering, his despair, the joy of the artist. Neither of these could ever have regretted their strange barter. Such as they were, in spite of external circumstances, these men were masters of their destinies and did the thing they willed in the way they willed. But it was quite otherwise with Mangan.

The Irish poet was not at all a rebel in any sense of the word. He came into the world incongruous and alien, and he lived and died incongruous and alien. Sensitive, imaginative, beautiful, he was the son of a Dublin grocer. Then, after a few years of study under an erudite Irish priest, necessity turned him into a bread-winner for his family. He worked at a scrivener's for seven and at an attorney's for three years. They were long years for Mangan. They were long years and bitter years, for his fellow-clerks knew well that this strange figure was such as no other clerk had ever been or could ever be. And their subtle intelligences resented the incongruity, and for ten years it was driven home to Mangan that it is a hard world for those who do not fit into the settled niches. But Mangan never fitted in, could not fit in after any fashion. It was as though one were to initiate the Faun of *Praxiteles* into the mysteries of Wall Street, this moulding of a dreamer to the mental standpoint of a scrivener's office. It may have been discipline in realities, but Mangan was incapable of learning from realities—that was the secret of his temperament. But he was very sensitive, and between them all they knew well how to handle him: he was their butt for ten difficult years. Mangan came out of it all more confused by actuality than ever. It was still necessary, apparently, to remain in this odd world, and so, after trying two or three other phases of employment, he took definitely to journalism. His past, incidentally, had not driven him mad, but it had driven him to the hopeless relief of alcohol. Mangan the poet-dreamer, who sought vaguely from life the fleeting illusions of a lost poetry, had become a "case" for well-meaning philanthropists. It was certainly an odd world, but they never drove him mad—he died at forty-six.

Mangan was probably no more a journalist in the accepted sense than he had been an attorney's clerk. But even he had at one time some glimpses of the actual wonder of life. We need not recall the poor faded romance of the lady who had once the power to woo Mangan from his dreams. It is enough to say that the memory of this futile little tragedy blended easily with such sombre impressions as had been stamped upon the poet's heart.

As a man he seems to have been not so much miserable as dazed. He could not suffer from life quite as his companions intended that he should suffer, because he was bewildered. But sometimes the poet in him, so much greater than the man, burst out. Then he spoke as one who had peered into the depths of life. But these

were only glimpses, for Mangan the poet, as well as the man, was baffled by reality.

He adhered always with curious tenacity to the two sources of his inspiration. Everybody knows that he "translated" foreign languages of which he was completely ignorant, but he did learn German, and he did appreciate that detachment from actuality which is to be obtained from German philosophy. That, together with the legends of the past—Eastern and Celtic—was the woof out of which Mangan's fantasies were woven.

It is well that we should remember him, for he was a poet, and a poet, moreover, who, not consciously like Baudelaire and Poe, was yet true to the divine suffering within him. This was a suffering of which attorneys' clerks and well-meaning philanthropists never dreamed. And he gave it out in song, too bewildered to recognise that the artist's fire and the poet's rapture were really his. Pathetically noble in an ignoble setting, revealing the dreams of the centuries without interpreting his own, giving gold and having, as it were, alms thrust upon him, he stands for ever a symbolic figure of his race.

Swift's Famous Joke.

THE "Critical Essays and Literary Fragments" which Messrs. Constable have reprinted, in an arranged and chronological form, from Mr. Arber's well-known "English Garner," present a very interesting bird's-eye view of the lanes and alleys in English prose, from the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century. They are taken from the pamphlets—the journalism of the past; and rescue for us all manner of curious and valuable writings long vanished from the public eye. Amidst such various riches, we are disposed to fasten on one series of pamphlets, which not only are from a great and "vanished hand," but preserve a once celebrated jest, unknown to the present day.

Did the volume contain nothing but the Partridge pamphlets, it would be justified, for they are the record of the most whimsical and amusing hoax ever perpetrated. To take the full flavour of it, let us conceive that Mr. Stead (for example) were the victim; and that Mr. G. B. Shaw, not content with predicting and afterwards publishing an account of his death, proceeded earnestly to demonstrate to Mr. Stead that he was under a delusion in imagining himself to be alive. That is a fair image of Swift's famous joke. Partridge played helplessly into Swift's hands. Partridge, let us add, resembled Mr. Stead only in his public connection with occult matters. He was a well-known maker of almanacs, after the fashion of Old Moore, Zadkiel, and other modern prophets. Swift, under the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, published an ironical attack on these men; in which he put forth a string of predictions on his own account. One prediction was the death of the Duke of Noailles; but the first was the death of the prophet Partridge himself, which was fixed for eleven at night on the 29th of March, 1708. The date past, out came a letter from a Revenue Officer to a Noble Lord, giving a minute account of Partridge's death—in the realistic style which Defoe afterwards made his own. Partridge engaged a writer to defend him; but the writer wickedly upheld the jest, and Partridge put forth the defence in all good faith. The Portuguese Inquisition actually burned the pamphlet predicting the Duke of Noailles' death; and our own Stationers' Hall, not to be behindhand, struck Partridge's name off the rolls, as defunct. Verses on his death, written by Swift, were hawked through the street, tradesmen called to arrange for his funeral. Poor bewildered Partridge published in his almanack a solemn declaration that he was still alive, and as well as ever he was in his

life: "as I was also at that 29th of March"—the date of his alleged death. Up to this point Swift's pamphlets, apart from the hoax itself, are not very humorous. But now he saw his chance, and joyously seized it. Partridge had called him (or the supposed Bickerstaff) "fool," "villain," and "impudent fellow," for asserting Partridge to be dead, whereas he was alive. Swift declares these very improper terms to apply to anyone, "only for differing from him in a point merely speculative." "A point merely speculative" is delicious; and one feels that Swift has at last recovered his trick of fence, is "in form," as we should say. So it proves, throughout this final pamphlet. He contends to Partridge's face that he is mistaken in supposing himself to be alive. And dealing with the poor astrologer's asseveration that the prediction of his death has not come true, Swift rejoins—with delightful effrontery—that Partridge himself is the only person to maintain this!

He has been indeed so wise as to make no objection against the truth of my predictions, except in one single point, relating to himself. And to demonstrate how much men are blinded by their own partiality, I do solemnly assure the reader, that he is the *only* person from whom I ever heard that objection offered! which consideration alone, I think, will take off its weight.

With my utmost endeavours, I have not been able to trace above two objections ever made against the truth of my last year's *Predictions*. The first was of a Frenchman, who was pleased to publish to the world, that the Cardinal de Noailles was still alive, notwithstanding the pretended prophecy of Monsieur Bickerstaffe. But how far a Frenchman, a Papist, and an enemy, is to be believed, in his own cause, against an English Protestant, who is true to the Government, I shall leave to the candid and impartial reader.

The other objection is the unhappy occasion of this discourse, and relateth to an article in my *Predictions*, which foretold the death of Mr. Partridge to happen on March 29th, 1708. This, he is pleased to contradict absolutely, in the *Almanack* he has published for the present year. . . . In that work, he very roundly asserts that he is not only now alive, but was likewise alive upon that very 29th of March, when I had foretold he should die. This is the subject of the present controversy between us, which I design to handle with all brevity, perspicuity, and calmness. In this dispute I am sensible the eyes, not only of England, but of all Europe will be upon us: and the Learned in every country will, I doubt not, take part on that side where they find most appearance of truth and reason. Without entering into criticisms of Chronology about the hour of his death, I shall only prove that Mr. Partridge is not alive.

Even at this distance of time, one must lay down the book and laugh. Swift then proceeds gravely to advance arguments worthy of the dispute:—

My first argument is thus. Above a thousand Gentlemen having bought his *Almanack* for this year, merely to find what he said against me: at every line they read, they would lift up their eyes, and cry out, between rage and laughter, *They were sure, no man alive ever wrote such stuff as this!* Neither did I ever hear that opinion disputed. So that Mr. Partridge lieth under a dilemma, either of disowning his *Almanack*, or allowing himself to be *no man alive*.

Death is defined by all philosophers a separation of the soul and body. Now it is certain that the poor woman [Mrs. Partridge], who has best reason to know, has gone about for some time to every alley in the neighbourhood, and swore to her gossips that *her husband had neither life nor soul in him*. Therefore, if an uninformed carcass walks still about, and is pleased to call itself Partridge, Mr. Bickerstaff doth not think himself any way answerable for that! Neither had the said carcass any right to beat the poor boy who happened to pass by in the street, crying, *A full and true account of Dr. Partridge's death, &c.*

Secondly, Mr. Partridge pretendeth to tell fortunes and recover stolen goods, which all the parish says he must do by conversing with the Devil and other evil spirits: and no wise man will ever allow, he could converse personally with either, until after he was dead.

Thirdly, I will plainly prove him to be dead out of his own *Almanack* for this year; and from the very passage which he produceth to make us think him alive. He there

sayeth, *He is not only now alive, but was also alive upon that very 29th of March, which I foretold he should die on.* By this, he declareth his opinion a man may be alive now, who was not alive a twelvemonth ago. And indeed, here lies the sophistry of his argument. He dareth not assert, he was alive *ever since the 29th of March!* but that he is *now alive, and was so on that day.* I grant the latter, for he did not die until night, as appeareth in a printed account of his death, in a *Letter to a Lord*; and whether he be since revived, I leave the world to judge! This indeed is perfect cavilling, and I am ashamed to dwell any longer upon it.

There is one objection against Mr. Partridge's death, which I have sometimes met with . . . that he continueth to write Almanacks. But this is no more than what is common to all of that profession. Gadbury, Poor Robin, Dove, Wing, and several others, do yearly publish their Almanacks, though several of them have been dead since before the Revolution.

It is the talent of our age and nation to turn things of the greatest importance into ridicule. When the end of the year had verified all my *Predictions*, out cometh Mr. Partridge's Almanack, disputing the point of his death. So that I am employed, like the General who was forced to kill his enemies twice over, whom a necromancer had raised to life.

All this is in Swift's true vein of profound seriousness in setting forth and sustaining the absurdest contentions, which yet have a perverse ingenuity irresistibly comic. Partridge's helpless rage, and the growing mirth of the town as the malicious effrontery of the plot unfolded, can readily be imagined, and are an integral part of the humour of the thing. Another effort in the ironic vein is Bishop Copleston's "Advice to a Young Reviewer." It is still in large measure applicable to our own day; for though the proportion of honest and intelligent reviewing has happily increased, the ignorant and dull reviewer, confident in the direct ratio of his ignorance, is always with us. But though clever, Copleston is not brilliant, and reads tamely after Swift. The best part of his skit is the mock-review of Milton's "*L'Allegro*"—a satire on the cheap word-catching criticism that still crops up at times. But further we may not be tempted to follow a book full of curious by-ways in literature.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. PIERRE LOTI's new book "*L'Inde*" is a superb *tour de force*. Here is an entire volume of description without a single incident, without wit or humour to brighten it, without even a lively page from first to last, and which is beautiful in its monotonous way. Do not try to read it at a sitting, and for this reason it gained by its fortnightly appearance in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," when each part, read separately, left the impression of a masterpiece. Loti's exquisite style in gaining maturity has added solidity to its charm. There are less lovely passages to quote, but a rarer harmony, and it is astonishing that a writer who has so abundantly abused description should continue it ever with an inexhaustible witchery of expression, an unwearied observation of nature, with all the reverie and delicate delight of youth. Whatever else may happen to M. Loti, it is evident he cannot grow old. To-day he writes: "The intimate charm of a new zone, into which I penetrate at the fall of day, resides for me in its delicate soil, somewhat dry, somewhat sandy, covered with a short, fine herbage as was the soil of the woods familiar to me in childhood. And as if to strengthen the illusion of my native country scenes, see the pathways traced by shepherds and their flocks; see these trees of slender sombre foliage, of grey fibres, like the green oaks of home; but for the big red lilies which afar, and further still, surprise my eye, it is quite homelike, the same pastoral calm, and the same melancholy of evening."

M. Loti's originality lies in the way exterior and audible things around him affect him. It is purely a question of temperament, for his imagination is slight,

and he has not a grain of wit. His books of travel are nothing of a precise or instructive account of the lands and races he has known. They are records of the state of soul of M. Loti, of the particular bent of his sentimental attitude while voyaging in those far-off mysterious Eastern lands of his predilection. The state of his soul is varied in its monotony, for he is lastingly plunged in melancholy, and in contemplating nature, which is his chief mission in life, he can never disentangle his own individuality from the immense and eternal objects around him. But what surprising limpidity of vision! What an exquisite sense of atmosphere! Coming across the Indian Ocean outside the coast of Travancore, he writes charmingly: "I found myself in a solitude of sand amidst downs over which lingered the wavering rays of an enormous blood-hued sun ready to drop behind the horizon. A few scant palms, dishevelled and weather-stained, bent here and there in the same sense, having yielded as the trees of our coast do to the continued effort of the marine breeze. All this sand heaped up for centuries and centuries, all this prodigious crumbling of stones, madrepore, shells, all this pulverisation of myriad existences, went to announce the terrible neighbourhood. And then the great eternal voice made itself heard. And suddenly, at a bend of the road in those sandhills the moving infinite appeared."

Elsewhere the life of men is instinctively carried to the sea, here on the contrary they turn from it as from the void and from death. Here the sea is but the insuperable abyss, which serves for nought and terrifies. The sea is almost inaccessible, and no one ventures upon it. Along the unending line of breakers, along the unending line of sand, I see scarce other human trace than an old granite temple, rough and heavy, with defaced columns, half eaten away with spray and salt; it is there to conjure and quiet the devouring nothingness that imprisons Travancore and which, this evening calm, will, in a little while, as soon as the summer monsoon begins, break out in a season's fury."

The most impressive part of the book is that devoted to "Famished India." The sentiment of pity is almost as strong in Loti as the sentiment of nature. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that he revels in the one quite as much as in the other; but in the last part, "Towards Benares," he leads us out of almost immitigable misery into what he calls the "glory of morning" into the matchless magic and mystery of the East, and these pages are impregnated with all its enchantment and its charm. Dissatisfied with worn-out Christianity, Loti has gone to refresh his jaded spirit at the fount of mysticism and soothe his unquiet soul in the cradle of all religions. "From the depths of the plains where flows the old Ganges, from the depths of the miasmatic plain of mire and herbage misted still with the vapours of night, the eternal sun rises and encounters day after day for the past three thousand years, arresting its first rosy ray, the granite of Benares, the red pyramids, the golden points, the entire sacred town raised in amphitheatre as if to seize avidly the initial light and array itself in the glory of morning." Here he meets Mrs. Besant, who initiates him in the mysteries of Oriental wisdom, and he sits with the sages in the House of Silence, seeking to reach complete detachment from all earthly things. "I know this renouncement will pass, and that little by little, escaped from this sphere of influence, I shall return to life, but never as before. The new germ which has been deposited in my soul is destined to invade it, and will guide me back to Benares. And how pitiable and vain is revealed to me what was till now my life in this world: wild as I was about form and colour, passionately enamoured of terrestrial life, ravenous to seize all that is ephemeral, to retain all that passes!" "*L'Inde*" is a book full of pages of an indescribable beauty. H. L.

Impressions.

XXXII.—The Sage.

HE was Retired Leisure; and he, like the superannuated man, was to be met with in a trim garden. A low, white fencing, overgrown by a green creeper, divided his garden from the road, and I never saw him elsewhere than in his garden. I passed down the road twice a day, on my way to and from the station, and when he was not there, which was rarely, the savour of the walk went. Always was he either working with spade and trowel, or sitting in the porch gazing blandly at his vegetables and herbaceous borders. Fresh-complexioned, grey but hearty, this was a man at one with the world, and in harmony with his environment. Youth had gone, leaving no regrets. The future had no terror; by virtue of some interior wisdom, inherited or acquired, he was able to live happily in the present. Here, I said to myself, quoting Maeterlinck, has he built his refuge, "being a little weary; not disgusted, for the large aversions are unknown to the sage, but a little weary of interrogating men, whose answers to the only interesting questions one can put concerning nature and her veritable laws are far less simple than those that are given by animals and plants."

I reflected on the answers that this sage might win from his companions—from the row of symmetrical rose trees, each with its name inscribed on a flapping tag; the asparagus and beans; the lilac tree; the somnolent collie; the cat, black and ear-bitten; or the blackbird, wicker-caged. I contrasted the satisfactory answers he might receive with those I vainly tried to distill from books, "but evermore came out from the same door as in I went." Would it help him, as it had helped me for a morning, to believe in the truth of that maxim of Indian wisdom which affirms that "a man is born into the world which he has made"? The four walls of my chamber could not contain my thought; yet the air that blew above his rose trees, the rain that washed his creeper, did not tempt his thought from that tilled plot where flowers and vegetables groped into sentient life. What to this gardener, to this sage who had discovered the secret of living, profited such wisdom as this: "To be happy is only to have freed one's soul from the unrest of happiness"; or this: "To the soul that is slowly awakening all appears sacrifice"; or this: "To have known how to change the past into a few saddened smiles—is this not to master the future?"; or this: "Our thoughts and emotions are often but spray flung up from hidden tides that follow a moon no eye can see." He had his answer to all the riddles, present, past, and future.

This sage, who never gave me good-morning or good-night, seemed, in his calm detachment from the world, to be the tutelary genius of that grass-green valley. Often I thought of him through the vicissitudes and vexations of the day, and the thought brought peace. To him had come that wisdom of the world which is the wisdom of the ages. Shocks and chances passed him by: he had his garden.

One evening, when hardly a tree but had its small brown thrush filling the rain-washed air with melody, I came down the hill towards his garden, where from afar off I had spied his figure seated in the porch. It was a quiet evening: there were cloud mountains in the sky: the poplars stood straight and still, and from the monastery on the adjoining ridge floated the choric voices of the monks. It was the hour when we may have communications with each other without the intermediary of speech, and so when I came to his garden I leaned upon his gate and looked comprehendingly on his share in God's handiwork. Our eyes pursued the same direction, and presently he spoke, saying with gusto: "I do like to smell the beans cooking. I always leave the kitchen-door open."

Drama.

Dramatic Hedging.

"THE LITTLE COUNTESS" at the Avenue, although in itself by no means unentertaining, thanks mainly to the mimicry of Miss Annie Hughes, is perhaps of most interest as an object-lesson in the construction of a dramatic plot. It is a case of dramatic hedging. The whole intention hangs upon the last act. In this an irate husband pursues his wife to the chambers of the man whom he knows to have been her lover; and the fun comes from the ingenuity with which he is persuaded into the belief that she is not there, while as a matter of fact she is lying rolled up in a carpet in a corner of the room. There are hairbreadth 'scapes. A rosette, fallen from the fancy dress which the lady is wearing, nearly gives away the show. But by good fortune a precisely similar dress worn by her in earlier days is sentimentally preserved in a chest, and this is hastily mutilated and triumphantly produced in evidence. The position is further complicated by the fact that not only the wife but also the sister of the irate husband is in the chambers, and she also has to be manœuvred away without a recognition. The theme, you will observe, is a very ancient one. It recalls the *fabliaux*, Boccaccio, Chaucer. The capital example is of course Falstaff in his buck-basket. The joke lies in the blinding and befooling of the silly husband. This is precisely in the spirit of the *fabliaux*. To the unsophisticated audiences of the middle ages, it was not a matter of concern that the husband should be wronged. Such, indeed, was rather the preferable solution. But Mr. Bancroft had to present his play before an audience that was neither mediæval nor unsophisticated, and that, in particular, was wholly unable to disentangle its dramatic from its ethical sympathies. His problem was to preserve the ingenuity of the intrigue, and at the same time to keep the audience on the side of the lady in the carpet. To this end—and also to that of building up a four-act play upon a one-act motive—dramatic hedging became imperative. Otherwise Mr. Wakley might not, without some justice, have described the play as that unmentionable thing, a *comédie rose*. For the matter of that, even Shakespeare had to hedge. Falstaff must be fooled just as much as Ford, and Ford's own unreasonable jealousy must excuse his discomfiture. Three of Mr. Bancroft's four acts are devoted to proving that after all, in spite of the compromising situation in which she escapes being discovered, the Countess of Budleigh is a woman more sinned against than sinning. As Sadie Woodbine, Lady Budleigh had been a well-known singer and the mistress of Jack Scarlett. He had pensioned her off, but in Act I. she has heard of his wife's death, and is expecting him to return and propose to marry her. He does return, and proposes—something short of marriage. Passionate and piqued, Miss Woodbine accepts the coronet laid at her feet the same afternoon by Lord Budleigh. In Act II. Lady Budleigh is found in the somewhat uncongenial surroundings of Franklyn Hall. She has learnt to love her husband, but her frank and natural manners—in the first scene she throws a potato at a waiter—expose her to the snubbing and petty spite of her husband's aristocratic female relatives. Moreover, she is still persecuted by Mr. Jack Scarlett, who has succeeded in installing himself in the house in Lord Budleigh's absence. Fortunately Mr. Scarlett is comprehensive in his attachments, and is at the same time carrying on a subsidiary intrigue with the insolent and immaculate Lady Hermione Browne. Herein Lady Budleigh discerns an excellent opportunity for paying off old scores against her sister-in-law. She very ingeniously succeeds in ascertaining that an appointment has been made at Mr. Scarlett's flat at an unreasonably late hour after a fancy-dress ball, and determines to follow Lady Hermione there and expose her. This was indiscreet, for

in the meantime Lord Budleigh returns home, hears such gossip as his family have collected about his wife, and learns accidentally for the first time that she has been Scarlett's mistress. Previously he had only known, from her own lips, that she had been *somebody's* mistress. He also sets off for Scarlett's flat, intending to break off the friendship between them, and arrives just as the ladies are engaged in a row royal, while Scarlett has discreetly retired to smoke a cigarette in the courtyard. Thus the famous scene is introduced.

This arrangement appears fully to satisfy the susceptibilities of the audience. Lady Budleigh means her husband no wrong, and therefore we are glad that she is not discovered in the carpet. It is true that she has come to the flat with the somewhat spiteful intention of bringing another woman, whose correspondence she has surreptitiously opened, to her knees. But this does not offend our susceptibilities. Everything, dramatically speaking, is permitted to the woman who intends her husband no wrong, and the audience cleave to her through thick and thin. I must admit that my own sympathies were rather doubtful, but this was less because she had opened the letter than because of the extremely hideous scarlet Pierrot costume in which she had gone to the fancy dress ball. The merit of such a play naturally depends mainly upon its handling by author and actors. Miss Annie Hughes is extremely well worth seeing in a *rosse* part. Mr. Bancroft contributes some effective situations, of which the best is that in the first act, when Jack Scarlett fails to make his former mistress precisely the proposal which she expects from him. But Mr. Bancroft's conceptions of humour and of epigram are not mine, and he does not attain the verbal felicity that is essential to my private enjoyment of a modern comedy. It is natural that Lady Budleigh should talk slang; but why should she talk the chastened and, in fact, obsolete slang which you hear from proper little shop-girls in the Twopenny Tube? I do not believe that even her mother-in-law would have been shocked by it.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

The Royal Academy Re-Visited.

HAVING made a choice among the pictures at the Royal Academy last week, it may be as well to reassert that this heterogeneous collection is not representative of the best art of the country. One could mention the names of twenty painters, intriguing themselves quietly with art, but not pursuing her into the market-place, whose names on the beadroll of Burlington House are worthy to be filed. Most have ceased to submit pictures; some have never made the hazard; a few offer their works furtively; but nobody now, like Mr. Sickert in merrier days, announces by advertisement that he has had the honour of having a picture declined. Probably no corporate body has been so riddled with criticism as the Royal Academy, criticism which has culminated this year in Mr. MacColl's trenchant exposure of the administration of the Chantrey Bequest; and no corporate body is so popular with the public. Other picture exhibitions have their dwindling share of visitors: the Academy is always crowded. It is one of the few annual sights of London that the British public insists on seeing. Every morning for three months in the year the suburban trains shoot Royal Academy sightseers into London. The women always wear their brightest dresses: you cannot mistake them, and you can verify your opinion by the gleam of the blue catalogue they carry on their return journey. Art, in the form of the summer exhibition at Burlington

House, is as popular as a football match. Its popularity increases every year, and shows no sign of waning. The exhibition, like musical comedies, newspaper competitions, and "Home Chat" suits the public: it is always in fashion, and the Royal Academy is the very worst place in London to look at pictures. Last Saturday afternoon you could not see the stairs for the people: they passed up at snail's pace, and in the rooms themselves the bright dresses of the women fought with the brighter colours of the pictures; the individual was pushed here and there, and could only approach a picture after a rude and dishevelled scrimmage. Such are the conditions under which we study an art which demands isolated repose and calm contemplation. What would be the feelings of a party of grave Dutchmen, of a past day, set down in this hurly-burly on a May afternoon? They painted life, direct and simple, low in key and grey in tone as life is for most of us—pictures on which the imagination can play. The majority of the Academy pictures stultify the imagination. Orgies of colour, wildly invented historical or mythical scenes, packed frame to frame, do not stimulate: they tire.

And yet the Royal Academy is an interesting place in which to spend an afternoon, especially with a loquacious painter as cicerone. A painter does not as a rule seek for unity in a picture (that is the province of the higher criticism), but, with roaming thumb, he will indicate pleasing passages in a picture in a rushing climax of appreciation. One such, an acquaintance, was unable, like myself, to discover any unknown painter of outstanding merit. The Academy is not the place for new reputations. The tyro is too timid to be himself: he paints something that will suit, something that will stand the rivalry of the typical, vivid summer exhibition picture. How the younger reputations start up and disappear! There was a time not long ago when the name of Mr. Somerscales was in everybody's mouth. He still exhibits. Mr. Dudley Hardy also still exhibits. Humourously philosophical, he shows two tiny pictures in the manner of Monticelli. Mr. Bramley has one portrait. Mr. Brangwyn, like a score of other artists whose names are honoured in the studios, and on the Continent, shows nothing.

In spite of such abstentions, and the modesty of certain painters, the critic is each year face to face with an enormous collection of pictures. How shall he treat them? Most of the works show capacity and intelligence, but almost all have been painted for exhibition, and the only way, apparently, to treat an exhibition picture is to describe it, enlarging upon the sentimental, emotional, or didactic "message" that it conveys to the imagination of the critic. Thus, in one journal, apropos of Mr. Collier's "The Prodigal Daughter," I read: "This Magda may return once again, worn, marred, in rags like the prodigal, her prototype—all her pride, all her rebellion beaten down, all her love of life trampled out. What then?" Another critic finds Mr. Goodwin's "The Gate of the Inferno" so "inexpressibly impressive," that he regrets it was not bought by the Chantrey trustees. "What next?" I can hear Mr. MacColl saying. A third has had the happy idea of forming an inner Academy from the larger one. These critics are all attached to the daily papers which, following their traditions, describe the pictures in detail, usually ending with a sigh, intended to be regretful, that they have not space to notice the water-colours and sculpture. The weekly journals apparently vie with each other as to which can mention the fewest number of pictures. One of them passes over all the established reputations and selects three small, obscure canvases for commendation. The numbers of these I pencilled on my shirt-cuff, and made a special discipleship journey to the exhibition on their account, but without the anticipated thrills. The critic of another weekly journal devotes his first article to trying to find out "the real cause which makes each annual exhibition so disappointing." I,

having already discussed the collection as a whole, proposed to consider in this article the drawings, etchings, and sculpture. But there is not much to be said about the water-colours and etchings. Here, owing partly to the exigences of space, we are at a great disadvantage compared with the Salon, where one wanders through endless, twilight rooms on the ground floor, spending a day before colour-prints, lithographs, drawings, etchings, and engravings instinct with originality and vitality. At the Academy the patchwork quilt look of the walls given up to water-colours and black and white, the feeling of circumscription, and the humid odour of tea are against connoisseurship. One water-colour stands out from the rest—Mr. H. R. Oddy's brilliant study of "A Shearing: Duddon Dale."

The sculpture also suffers from want of space. You could drop our show into a corner of the enormous glass-roofed caravansary where the French sculptors scatter their white ingenuities. If Mr. Colton's pretty, finished "Springtide of Life," which has been purchased by the Chantrey Bequest, is typical of the style of work that the Council admire, the Selecting Committee showed their catholicity by admitting Miss Pownall's vigorous, horrible "The Harpy Celeno." The way her talons dig into her breast is powerful, to say the least. Mr. Frampton's work is always accomplished. His bust of "Chaucer," the eyes in his shrewd, wise, kindly face momentarily raised from the book he holds, is realistically detailed without being finical. Good, and well-planned, is Mr. Frampton's bust of "Sir Walter Besant," but the signification of his "Part of a Memorial to a Hero" in low relief, is too obscure. It promised well at first glance, but on closer examination is confused and troublesome to the eye. The highest type of the memorial effigy is the recumbent figure, and I submit that all memorials should suggest the simplicity and quietude of death, or some attitude of introspective solitariness like Michaelangelo's immortal monuments to the Medici. Mr. Alexander Fisher's "Commemorative Gift to C. E. Schwann, Esq.," in silver and enamel, although it bears every sign of ingenuity and continuous labour, is the antithesis of simplicity. It would take an hour to explain the meaning of this example of "the new art" in silversmithy. Perhaps that was the intention of the donors. If so, all is well.

I pass to the case of beautiful caskets, &c., in silver, wrought steel, translucent and champlevé enamels by Mr. Nelson Dawson and Mrs. Dawson at the New Gallery. There are fourteen specimens. I was examining these gifts to kings, princes and warriors with growing pleasure when an elderly, overdressed woman approached. Her eyes swept over the caskets: then turning to her companion she said, "Ow much are they?" That is the English way.

C. L. H.

Science.

The Source of Life.

THAT there was, as there will be, a time when our earth was uninhabited by living things, everyone must needs admit. She was then too hot, as one day she will be too cold, for life to be supportable. It is also recognised that only a relatively brief period in the history of a world fulfils the conditions necessary for the presence of living forms, a fact which has recently been used by Sir Oliver Lodge to support the contention that our planet is probably at the present time the only inhabited member of the solar system, despite the apparent though very doubtful evidence from Mars. And, knowing as we now do, that other worlds are such stuff as ours is made of, here is no further value in the speculation that life might

exist in other planets under conditions which would be inadequate for its support upon ours.

As to our "rotatory island, crowded with predatory life and more drenched with blood than was ever mutinied ship," we have long inquired when and under what conditions life began. And physiologists assert that the temperature of the surface of the earth must have been "somewhat above the freezing point, and somewhat less than halfway to the boiling point of water." Omitting for the moment the question of Creative Design which Lord Kelvin, the greatest living scientist, has just again brought before us, we may follow Buffon and argue that life probably began in the polar area, which would be the earliest to cool, and probably, also, in the sea, where liquid water would first be present. Lord Kelvin himself was the foremost worker in the prolonged and somewhat controversial inquiry as to the time when such conditions were first established. Taking into account the rate at which the earth parts with her store of heat, the increase in the length of the day—due to the tides, mainly under lunar influence, acting as a brake upon the globe's rotation—and the probable age of the sun, "some such period of time as one hundred million years ago" was given by Lord Kelvin as an approximate estimate. The matter is very doubtful, and afforded Lord Salisbury the opportunity for many gibes in his presidential address to the British Association in 1894. Not seeing that geological time was mainly speculative, and was always alterable if the physicists made such alterations necessary, he said that "the jellyfish would have been dissipated in steam long before he had had a chance of displaying that advantageous variation which was to make him the ancestor of the human race." He therefore returned a verdict of "not proven" upon Darwinism: and this only nine years ago! Prof. Perry, agreeing with everyone else that it was "hopeless to expect that Lord Kelvin had made an error in calculation," challenged some of his data and thereby set back the geological clock. Recently, however, the age of the earth's crust has been calculated by estimating the salt in the ocean and calculating the rate of its carriage there by rivers, and something like ninety millions of years, I believe, was arrived at. There we may let the matter rest for the nonce. Already there are definite, though wide, limits with which we may be content.

Having answered, as well as we may, the question, when? we ask the further question, how? This is infinitely more difficult, but child's play compared with the ultimate question, why? First, then, can we manufacture life now? Is there spontaneous generation? If we bring the necessary elements and compounds together at the necessary temperature, can we manufacture protoplasm? Is the living cell less distinct than formerly from inorganic matter? Do tales of cells of gelatine all but alive bear any criticism? The answer to all these questions is as emphatic a negative as language will convey. I confess, for myself, that I can scarcely believe it will always be so. That the gap would some day be bridged by chemistry was Darwin's opinion, expressed in a letter dated 1882. Last week there was opened at Liverpool the first laboratory in this country for the study of bio-chemistry. This subject, the chemistry of life, lies at the root of all these problems, and we are only at the beginning of it. As to the present time, however, we all follow Harvey and Virchow, and maintain the dogma, "Omnis cellula e cellula"; every living unit, in this epoch, at least, is from a pre-existent living unit. Whence, then, the first speck of protoplasm? Lord Kelvin, whom the problem has always fascinated, ventured the guess that life had been brought to our planet by a meteorite or a comet from one of our neighbours. That merely transferred the site of the problem, and was, even then, untenable. The only other theory, not invoking supernatural aid, with which I am acquainted, is the so-called

carbon-theory of Haeckel, a distinguished zoologist. Proposed because it would not suit his purpose to confess ignorance, and formulated without special physiological or chemical knowledge, that theory only obtains amongst those amateur followers of Haeckel who boast a scientific pantheism, who desire a scientific basis for their belief, and who, being ignorant of scientific facts or methods, are not in a position to criticise unscientific dogmas. Suffice it that that theory makes carbon God, accredits it with the power of gathering to itself three other elements—oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen—and therewith forming protoplasm. There is no foundation for the theory. Phosphorus, not to mention sulphur, is an essential constituent of the most central and complex substance in protoplasm. Of the importance of these two elements Haeckel was not aware. If any element be more characteristic of protoplasm than another it is not carbon but nitrogen, upon which are built the essential components of living matter. Omit all these difficulties; postulate any compounds you please, even including the phosphorus-holding proteids of the cell-nucleus, and you are not one whit nearer living *structure*. The carbon theory is not heard of outside popular "rationalist" publications. It has, of course, been ignored by the distinguished correspondents of "The Times." In a word, biology at this hour knows nothing of the source of life.

Lord Kelvin, then, has recently asserted that biology demands and demonstrates Creative Design. Some few biologists are with him in this assertion: the great majority are not. Certainly there is no violation of the old dramatic axiom, "*nec Deus interit, nisi dignus vindice nodus*," but I believe such a "worthy occasion" to have been present far further back. Nor do I support the ill-conditioned letters of a distinguished botanist to "The Times." His latest letter, still unrepentant, goes far to prove him unqualified for argument with Lord Kelvin; and while writing I await with interest the great man's reply. But surely Lord Kelvin's position is intelligible. Here you have a man of intellect probably unequalled at this hour, who for sixty years has dealt with and solved problems the mere formulation of which would paralyse thought in you or me. He will measure for you the curvature and weight of a drop of water under any conditions you care to name, the breadth of an atom, or the age of a world.

But before an *amoeba* or a sprig of moss he, like us, is helpless. We are so accustomed to riddles that we take them for granted. He has only once been beaten, and that when he faced living matter. We have been content, all along, with guesses and approximations and hazardous results. He has dealt with page-long formulæ and found the value of x each time; but he questions the secret of a spore of yeast, and his formulæ are unformulable. Is it surprising, therefore, that he should call in Creative Design; even "here, where men sit and hear each other groan"?

One more thing must I add. The assumption of Almighty interposition as the immediate source of life may be unnecessary. Some day it will probably be proved to have been unnecessary. But Creative Design "before all worlds" will not thereby be disproved. And even if it be admitted in our present dilemma, it does not—as Sir W. T. Thiselton-Dyer asserts—"wipe out the whole position won for us by Darwin." Indeed, I cannot imagine where Lord Kelvin's antagonist got his ideas as to what Darwin accomplished or as to what he thought on these matters. That erroneous assertion, however, has been several times refuted elsewhere. Nor, obviously, is it more than a mere defacement of good paper to assert that, for the consideration of these questions, Lord Kelvin is "not better equipped than any person of average intelligence." But, since these words were written, Prof. Burdon-Sanderson and "The Times" itself, in a wholly admirable leading

article, has taken up the cudgels on behalf of Lord Kelvin's "transcendent ability," and I need say no more. Probably the discussion will still be raging when these words are in print. I merely wish to insist that, though Lord Kelvin is in all probability wrong in invoking *special* Divine aid for the production of the first speck of protoplasm, yet the biologists can furnish no other explanation at present, and neither argument nor discourtesy, neither the discovery of the secret in days to come, nor any other possibility, can, in the nature of the case, disprove the belief that the Almighty did consciously interpose for the origin of life. And if not, have the atheists or pantheists yet told us whence came the atoms of which that primordial speck was formed? With only one sentence of "The Times" editorial do I disagree: "At all events the phenomena of the origin of life are even more perplexing than those of the origin of atoms." Not at all, for living matter is made of atoms. The greater problem, that of the origin of all atoms, includes the less, that of the origin of organised and living atoms. And for the origin of atoms—these "manufactured articles" as Sir John Herschel put it—the atheists may refer us to the solar nebula, or the nebula before, or any farthest nebula they care to conceive; they cannot escape a First Cause. And if a Cause of your intelligence, why not Intelligent?

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

Totemism.

SIR,—The reviewer of my "Social Origins" writes, as to my guess at the Origin of Totemism:—

He has begged the question of the period at which totemism arose. If he can demonstrate that there was a stage when women ruled, and that totemism arose so early as that, then well and good. On the contrary, he expressly says, "We are presuming that the jealousy of the elder males drove the younger males out of the group, or at least compelled them to bring in females from other groups, which would mean war." This seems to us practically to invalidate the author's arguments against such scientific writers as Mr. Spencer and Lord Avebury.

I have nothing to do with "a stage when women ruled," if ever there was such a stage. That the reckoning of descent through females is prior to the reckoning through males is as much the opinion of Lord Avebury as of Mr. E. B. Taylor, and of the late Mr. J. F. McLennan. I have cited these authors, and adopted their view. If they are right, as Totemism exists, in its strict and typical form, where reckoning through *females* prevails, how can the totem have been there derived and inherited from *male* ancestors? Mr. J. F. McLennan pointed out this objection to me many years ago. Why the question of "a stage when women ruled" is introduced I am unable to imagine. The reviewer "can scarcely understand for what class of readers" Mr. Atkinson's "essay is intended." It was intended for specialists.—Yours, &c.,

1, Marloes Road, W.

A. LANG.

[Our reviewer—as he indicated—was much interested in Mr. Atkinson's essay; but he cannot understand why a somewhat unsavoury and purely scientific essay, of value only to "specialists," should have been bound up with "Social Origins"—the more so as Mr. Atkinson's postulates seemed to him incompatible with those of Mr. Lang in his "Theory of the Origin of Totemism." This led him to suppose that possibly Mr. Lang had had in his mind an hypothetical, but nevertheless not improbable, gynocratic stage of society.]

Irish Plays and Players.

SIR,—Your sympathetic notice of our Irish plays and players has it that they were produced under my direction. They were produced under the direction of Mr. W. Fay our stage manager, and Mr. F. Fay our teacher of speech, and by the committee of our dramatic society. Mr. W. Fay is the founder of the society, and from the outset he and I were so agreed about first principles that no written or spoken word of mine is likely to have influenced him much. I, on the other hand, have learned much from him and from his brother, who knows more than any man I have ever known about the history of speech upon the stage.—Yours, &c.,
W. B. YEATS.

Bulwer Lytton.

SIR,—Your very well-informed contributor, "The Bookworm," in your issue of 9 May, is struck with wonder that Bulwer Lytton's "The New Timon," "St. Stephen's," and "Quarterly Essays" have not been reprinted for twenty years. The reason is very simple. Our editions have never been out of print. The first two works, together with his "Lost Tales of Miletus," are on sale with us in one volume at 2s., at which price we also publish his "Quarterly Essays."—Yours, &c.,
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LIMITED.

Broadway House, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Mrs. Wharton's Works.

SIR,—In your issue of May 9, in the column signed by "The Bookworm," you mention Mrs. Wharton's works.

We shall be obliged if you will add her translation of Sudermann's "Es Lebe das Leben" under the title of "The Joy of Living," which we published a short time ago.—Yours, &c.,
DUCKWORTH & Co.

3, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

"Mediocre Stuff."

SIR,—I do not agree with Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan as to the alleged poem of Poe's being "mediocre stuff"—as far as it was quoted, that is to say. I have the whole poem at home, which I can send to your correspondent on my return, if he cares to see it. Some of it is very striking and bizarre, and very like Poe's style.

I have the original cutting with the poem from some American paper (I think) about the year 1870. The editor certainly believed it to be Poe's, and stated that it was found among his papers, signed by him, after his death.—Yours, &c.,
Chagford, Devon.

F. B. DOVETON.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 190 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best appreciation of "My Favourite Poem." Thirty-seven replies have been received. We award the prize to Mr. Godwin Bulger, 21, Roxburgh Avenue Liverpool, S., for the following:—

"THE HOUND OF HEAVEN."

If comparisons be odious the most odious surely are comparisons with each other of things we love. Each beloved should stand alone. Only the pain which would come from placing another higher tells me that Mr. Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven" is my favourite poem. How wonderful and beautiful it is! But one may not tell in a few words the appreciation which is wonder, fear, worship,

consolation, and sheer delight. To one who has or ever has had, Faith, the poem is surely an epitome of all things. Weak, warm, human nature, "sore adread, lest having Him it must have naught beside," flying from the claims of Divine Love; the subject is personal to most of us; but the treatment is the poet's. The magnificence of the flight, the splendour of the pursuit, leave one breathless or force one to his knees, while the recurring line "Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue," leaves him with a new light before his eyes and a new gladness bubbling up in his heart. To fly through time and space, across worlds, through the gold gateways of the stars, to the homes of men and the hearts of children; to find fellowship in everything yet be alien from all, until the gloom which lies so often over life is rightly seen as but the shade of a Hand outstretched caressingly: this it is to read "The Hound of Heaven." And apart from the lesson and the upliftingness of the poem, how delightful to share by appreciation the poet's power, in linked fantasies, blossomy twist, "to swing the earth a trinket at one's wrist," to hear "the red throb of the sunset-heart," to rise or droop with all that's born or dies; or at least to thrill at wonderful images and conceptions, and the lordly lines which hold them for us.

Other replies follow:—

"LOVE IN THE VALLEY."

I think I must name as my favourite poem George Meredith's "Love in the Valley," a piece of lyrical work richer in emotional value than anything else he has written. Sometimes when I feel out of love with life, I take up that poem, and instantly the lilting rhythm works its magic; one is a boy again, thrilled in every vein by the mystery of an almost transcendent passion. One cannot write a really critical appreciation, for the emotions aroused seem to defy expression. It is a poem of the heart, and only a man with the heart of a boy could have written it.

Other poems of Mr. Meredith's might be named that evolve a deeper philosophy—"Modern Love," for instance—but in "Love in the Valley" thought and feeling are perfectly wedded. The poet sang because he was inspired and impelled to sing, and had the story of boyish love to unfold. Radiant humanity glows through the lines, and yet everywhere the emotion is ideal; his passion dreams of the closest intimacy, but is always reverent. To enter into the soul of the verses is to feel morally and spiritually cleansed.

I am almost inclined to think it also Mr. Meredith's finest nature-poem. No eyes interpret nature like the eyes of a lover, and this pure-hearted boy sees things "hidden from the wise and prudent." Her beauty and the beauty of the world are one, and can only be thought of together—

"When from bed she rises clothed from neck to ankle
In her long nightgown sweet as boughs of May,
Beautiful she looks, like a tall garden lily,
Pure from the night and splendid for the day."

Surely passion of that peculiarly sanctified quality has never been expressed in lovelier verse!

[H. J., Hadley Wood.]

"SAUL."

My favourite poem? How many "Cynthias of the minute," pet odes, cherished elegies, treasured sonnets have been displaced in the course of years, either by the ruthless paw of the parodist, or by the discovery of that "better" which is the traditional foe of "the good"! I recall a friendly competition years ago among poetry-loving readers as to the favourite poem of each. The preponderance of votes given (without collusion) to Browning's "Saul" was remarkable. And why not? Think of the romantic yet reverent atmosphere in which the trite scriptural record is steeped; of the pliant and appropriate metre, the unflagging speed, the bright vistas, the horizon of the larger hope, the tranquillising scenery of its close, those eleven marvellous lines beginning—

"Anon at the dawn all that trouble had withered from earth."

Browning in composing "Saul" must have been haunted by Smart's "Song of David," which he often recited to friends. Yet how distinctly original is his David's utterance! "Saul" can be read through leisurely in half an hour, but its charm is inexhaustible, whether we read it in its comparative brevity of 1849, or in its expansion. What an eloquent critic has written of another great poem, is surely true of "Saul." "Here is not the elaborate finish which shows everywhere the fresh rasp of the file on its smooth and spruce excellence; this is faultless after the fashion of a flower or tree. Thus it has grown; not thus has it been carved."

[R. F. Mc., Whitby.]

"APT TUGLER."

For those of us who are not literary critics, it is hard, indeed, to temper admiration with discretion in the appreciation of a favourite poem. It is such a dear friend—a silent comforter, a beautiful

memory, something that can never be lost, never grow wearisome to us.

Such a poem as this to many of us is Browning's "Abt Vogler." The ardent worshippers of the poet repeat the lines again and again with bated breath, quote and misquote on every possible occasion, but cannot spoil their beauty, cannot render even one line "backneyed."

Browning has been called "unmusical," yet nowhere is the spirit of music more evident than in this poem. We see the soul of the musician striving for expression; he is maddened, intoxicated, as it were, with the glory of the structure of melody which his keys have helped to raise. The musician is in the world of his own music—for a moment he seems to see his ideal clearly, he beholds—

"... in the glare and glow
Presences plain in the place..."

He stands upon the heights of genius; it is the hour of his life's triumph.... And then the wondrous palace of music is gone, never to be again, and the musician turns to Him who changes not—"builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands!" He turns to Him because he has penetrated one of the greatest of life's secrets; he realises that good and not evil shall endure, and this is the keystone of the temple of Faith.

"There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall
live as before;
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound...
On the earth the broken arcs, in the heaven a perfect
round."

The genius that has reached the pinnacle of success has gone down at times into the depths of failure, and understands in part why sorrow comes to us.

"Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?"

And what earth sees not, Heaven beholds and appreciates—this is the lesson "Abt Vogler" would teach to those who have ears to hear. We find in the poem not the ethereal loveliness of Shelley, not the exuberance of Keats, nor the music of Tennyson; but, which is surely greater, an attempt at the solution of the problems of success and failure in the life of man.

[V. I. L., London.]

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"Poor soul the centre of my sinful earth."

This sonnet sums up the world-without-end conflict between body and spirit; the last quatrain contains the germ of all religious and philosophical systems of life, while the final couplet (echoing St. Paul's triumphant "O Grave, where is thy victory?") slays once and for all the terror of death. There are other sonnets of Shakespeare which are more "sugred" and have more beauty of poetic thought, but there is none (except only the immortal 116th) which so becomes part of a man's life: and literature, except it help a man to live, is but dust and ashes.

[E. W. H., W. Didsbury.]

"PIPPA PASSES."

If you were placed in a garden—a garden blooming with the most beautiful flowers, gathered together from every part of the world, and there told to choose from amongst the bewildering mass the flower which appealed to you most, the flower which to your eyes seemed the sweetest and fairest, would you not hesitate a little before the final decision? Would not *all* appeal to you in their several ways? Some by their subtle perfume, some by their perfection of form and colour, and some by the undefinable, irresistible charm of association, and when at last the choice was made (since it was inevitable) would there not lie hidden in your heart a secret regret for the almost equal beauty of the discarded ones? So it is with me—who am bidden to choose—proclaim to the world my favourite poem. Well? I have chosen and am listening with all the old wonder, with all the old joy and ecstasy, to Pippa as she passes on her way, singing, as unconscious as any bird of the beauty of her song or of the deep impression it makes on the hearts and lives of those who hear. Blessing she brings to her fellow creatures in the poem: I like to think of the greater blessing she brings to her fellow creatures in the world. I like to think of her always passing through the world, making for good: bearing with her the spirit of faith and hope.

Out of Browning's great mind, wedded to Browning's great love, Pippa was born, and the children of such a marriage live eternally.

[L.J.C., Jersey, C.I.]

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An addition to the "English Men of Letters" series. Mr. Chesterton divides his study into eight chapters, the three last of which deal with Browning as a literary artist, "The Ring and the Book," and the philosophy of Browning. Concerning "The Ring and the Book," Mr. Chesterton says: "It is the great epic of the age, because it is the expression of the belief, it might almost be said of the discovery, that no man ever lived upon this earth without possessing a point of view." An individual piece of work.

THE DESCENT OF THE SUN.

A Cycle of Birth, translated from the original manuscript by F. W. Bain. "Here is a fairy tale," says the translator, "which I found in an old Hindoo manuscript." The story is a solar myth; its title, literally translated, would run: "The Glory of the Going Down of the Sun." In

form and spirit the story is absolutely Hindoo, and is full of scraps of philosophical mythology familiar to the West. Prof. Bain's rendering has glamour and clarity.

THERE are as many morals to be got out of a sale-room as out of a volume of "meditations." The trifles of one generation are the things for which succeeding generations gamble, and things which once seemed great, as often as not, go for an old song. The other day in New York two scraps of Poe's writing were sold for a sum that would have kept their writer for a year; one was an acrostic—not a particularly good acrostic, either—the other the original draft of "For Annie," of which Poe himself had so high an opinion. Yet Poe died hardly more than fifty years ago.

LORD ROSEBERY gave some advice to millionaires about to make their wills, on Wednesday, at Burnley, where he was opening Towneley Hall as a municipal art gallery and museum. The ardent collector, remembering his Horace and the death duties, must often look forward with apprehension to the improvident heir who prefers hard cash to the carefully garnered treasures. Well, Lord Rosebery hinted at a course for those who fear that their collections "may be dispersed at their death, and may go to countries of whose wealth and enterprise we are sometimes jealous." Let them bequeath these to public museums and galleries.

THE June number of the "Pall Mall Magazine" contains the opening chapters of two notable serials; the one is John Oliver Hobbes's "The Vineyard," the other is Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "The Queen's Quair." A quair, as is explained in an author's prologue, "is a cashier, a quire, a little book. In one such a certain king wrote fairly the tale of his love-business; and here, in this other, I pretend to show you all the tragic error, all the pain, known only to her that moved it, of that child of his children's children, Mary of Scotland." The illustrations to this intimate presentment of the heart of Mary are particularly interesting, for they are drawn from old paintings and prints.

IN the "Burlington Magazine" this month are five hitherto unpublished drawings by Dante Gabriel Rossetti of his wife, and therewith an article by W. M. Rossetti under the title "Dante Rossetti and Elizabeth Siddal." The article is particularly interesting as throwing curious sidelights on the poet-painter's character. Elizabeth Siddal was the daughter of a Sheffield cutler, and was born in 1834. The writer describes her as truly a beautiful girl; tall, with a stately throat and fine carriage, pink and white complexion, and massive straight coppery-golden hair. Her large greenish-blue eyes, large-lidded, were peculiarly noticeable. She was an assistant in a bonnet-shop near Leicester Square when Deverell, a young painter, found her and induced her to sit as his model. It was in his studio that Rossetti first met his wife. Probably before the end of 1851 they were engaged. The name Elizabeth was never on Dante's lips, writes his brother, but Lizzie or Liz; or fully as often Guggums, Guggum, or Gug. Mrs. Hueffer, the younger daughter of Ford Madox Brown, tells an amusing anecdote how, when she was a small child in 1854, she saw Rossetti at his easel in her father's house, uttering momentarily, in the absence of the beloved one, "Guggum, Guggum."

IN 1860 they were married. To his mother, Dante Rossetti wrote: "I write you this word to say that Lizzie and I are going to be married at last, in as few days as possible. Like all the important things I ever meant to do—to fulfil duty or secure happiness—this one has been deferred almost beyond possibility." Miss Siddal's health had long been extremely delicate—at times woefully bad—and she did not attain to anything like good health during her married life. On February 10, 1862, Rossetti found her unconscious; she had accidentally taken an overdose of laudanum. She died next morning.

A NEW sixpenny issue of Tolstoy's "Sevastopol and Other Stories" contains a preface by the author, not included in any previous edition. Concerning this preface Mr. Aylmer Maude writes:—

It was written under the following circumstances: An officer, A. I. Ershóf (pronounced Yershóf), who had served in the war, wrote a book of "Sevastopol Recollections," and asked Tolstoy to supply a Preface. The Preface Tolstoy produced was (like so much else that he has written) not such as could pass the press censor; its publication in Ershóf's book was, therefore, out of the question, and Tolstoy laid it aside without polishing the rough draft. Expressing as it does his mature feeling on the subject of war, it is well worth preserving and (having ascertained from Tolstoy that he has no objection) I here utilise it as Preface to his own stories of "Sevastopol."

The preface is really a summary of Tolstoy's often-expressed views on the hideousness and uselessness of war. It concludes with this characteristic passage:—

I was finishing this Preface when a cadet from the Military College came to me. He told me that he was troubled by religious doubts. He has read Dostoyévsky's "The Great Inquisitor," and is troubled by doubts why Jesus should have preached a doctrine so hard to carry out. He had read nothing of mine. I spoke cautiously to him of how to read the Gospels so as to find in them the answers to life's problems. He listened and agreed. Towards the end of our conversation I mentioned wine, and advised him not to drink. He replied: "But in military service it is sometimes necessary." I thought he meant necessary for health and strength, and I intended triumphantly to overthrow him by proofs from experience and science, but he continued: "Why at Geok-Tepe, for instance, when Skóbelef had to massacre the inhabitants, the soldiers did not wish to do it, but he had drink served out and then . . ." Here are all the horrors of war—they are in this lad with his fresh young face, his little shoulder-straps (under which the ends of his *bashlik* are so neatly tucked), his well-cleaned boots, his naive eyes, and his conception of life so perverted.

This is the real horror of war!
What millions of Red Cross workers could heal the wounds that swarm in that remark—the result of a whole education!

THE New York "American" has discovered that Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter" is "flagrantly and repulsively immoral." We are told that it is "a dangerous book for idle and foolish women as well as for girls"; also that its author "will deserve all the punishment that is sure to come upon her for her performance." We do not think that Mrs. Humphry Ward need feel in the least perturbed.

ONE of our own contributors tried a short while ago to tell the truth about an author. These confessions have stirred the spirit of candour in a journalist who this week begins confessing in "To-Day." This particular journalist, who signs himself "Inconnu," discovered that "the art of success in journalism is to tack oneself to a great man's shadow." It would seem difficult to tack oneself to anything so unsubstantial; but "Inconnu" selected Mr. Gladstone as his first victim, and managed to worm correspondence out of him by consulting him as to whether Dante was ever in England. The journalist was not at all interested in Dante—only in the great man's shadow. He had hit upon the idea "which I have endeavoured to put into practice ever since; and the fruits thereof can be seen in these Confessions—to lay in a stock of interesting associations with great men, and then give them to the world when the great men were not." It is not a very pleasing view of the journalist's trade.

HOWEVER, "Inconnu" tells one interesting little story of Mr. Gladstone, who loved to rummage in the bookshops of the Quartier Latin. As Gladstone entered a bookshop near the Odéon, he found the bookseller engaged in conversation with an extraordinary individual, who held in his hands an old edition of Villon's poems. "His dress was ragged and dirty, his face was matted with hair, and he had the eyes of an archangel, with the mouth and jaw of a baboon. Nevertheless, the respectful attitude of the bookseller showed that the man was a personality. Gladstone entered into conversation with him about Villon, and for an hour they talked about early French poetry. Then the stranger shuffled out of the shop. 'Who is that gentleman?' asked Gladstone. 'He has an extraordinary knowledge of French poetry.' 'Monsieur, he himself is our greatest poet. C'est Paul Verlaine!' This anecdote was repeated to me by the bookseller himself, who also informed me that Verlaine never knew that he had been in conversation with Gladstone."

No definite date has yet been fixed for General Maurice to take over the work of preparing the official history of the South African War. Negotiations have been in progress for the creation of an adequate staff. The late Colonel Henderson recognised that the staff he had was numerically altogether insufficient. In the case of the official history of the Franco-German War practically the whole Prussian General Staff was employed. We hope that the official history of the South African War may be as reliable and complete.

"THE HOMER OF MODERN TIMES" bursts this week upon our view. The writer who thus modestly describes himself on the title page of "The Human Epic" (Gay and Bird) is otherwise known as John Frederick Rowbotham. His poem, in forty cantos, he announces as "The Twelfth

Epic Poem of the World" (we remember that the World's Fifth Epic appeared with equal modesty from another author about eighteen months ago). Mr. Rowbotham considerably gives the titles of the other eleven, and includes Virgil's "Georgics," which we had not hitherto regarded as an epic. "It takes a long time to write an epic poem" says the author in an introduction. "It has taken me twenty-six years to write 'The Human Epic.' I was a boy when I began it. At the end of this time I may be permitted to believe that I know something about Epic Poetry, and that having written thousands of epic lines I am able to write it." Similarly the man who has sung thousands of notes may claim that he can sing.

MR. ROWBOTHAM takes as his theme the "Life History of the Earth." "The whole of my early life was devoted to laborious studies, so that I might make myself perfectly familiar with all that Science in all its various branches and through all its various investigators had, during the last two centuries, said and discovered in reference thereto. That task completed, which was the arduous task of many years, it next remained to write the poem. This was the task of many years more. At last the poem was completed and now lies before you. Peruse it. Its influence upon you will be mighty and far-reaching; it will insinuate itself into your most cherished meditations, and open a new world to your profoundest thoughts." We have not yet perused it, for the influence of the preface upon us has been "mighty and far-reaching."

THE informal court of enquiry of whose proceedings accounts appear in the New York "Reader," recently dealt with "The Apollo-naris Poets." The proceedings were opened by Mark Twain, who said:—

"We have hit upon a novel plan and one, I am certain, which will meet with your approval—we are going to let you try yourselves, or rather, each other. I am sure that is generous enough. Therefore, I invite any of you who may have charges to bring against one of your co-defendants to rise now and state them, in order that"—

At this point the speaker was interrupted by a general rising of the "Melodious Nine," each of whom had serious charges to make against his fellows. The procedure was changed instantly: the nine were set to write verses to time, and the result was decided by the votes of the competitors. Said the presiding judge:—

"I take great pleasure, gentlemen, in informing you that you are all condemned to the guillotine by the overwhelming vote of seven to one in each case."

Without a word of protest, the eight guilty poets rose and filed out of the room with their keepers. Indeed, their faces showed the delight which they experienced at the downfall of their rivals, a feeling which completely swallowed up grief at their own fate.

There is still, it seems, jealousy amongst poets—in America.

MR. J. A. HAMMERTON, we learn from the "Sketch's" "Literary Lounger," has put together a book entitled "Stevensoniana." This appears to be a collection of such odds and ends as have been missed from the authorised biography and the volumes of letters. It will deal, among other things, with the criticisms of Stevenson's books, and the unpleasant Henley-Stevenson controversy is likely to be revived before the equally unpleasant Froude-Carlyle controversy has been for the second time buried.

INITIAL titles are spreading like an epidemic among the bookstalls, and now we find the first number of "T.A.T.," a sort of weekly magazine of novel shape, for it is about ten inches long and four inches broad. For a penny you are offered the usual inducements of an accident

insurance and free photogravures, as well as stories by Eden Phillpotts, Barry Pain, Pett Ridge, W. L. Alden, and William Le Queux. It may be well to add that "T.A.T.," which might stand for "two and two," or "tea and tattle," or "tare and tret," or "tweedledum and tweedledee," really stands for "tales and talk."

THE "English Illustrated Magazine" is gradually assuming a literary tone, and with the present issue we have the second series of portraits wherewith the editor commemorates the literary birthdays of the month. The subjects are all to be living ones. This month Mr. Clement Shorter writes on Prof. Dowden, Mr. J. H. Barron on Mr. J. M. Barrie, and Dr. Richard Garnett on the Right Hon. James Bryce. A useful feature is the appended bibliography. But this would gain in usefulness if the compiler added the name of the publishing firm to the book's title, and the date of publication.

THE hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Emerson falls on May 24, and the year is to be marked by a special celebration of the day in Boston. It is proposed to raise a monument to Emerson within Harvard University grounds. A programme, too, is being drawn up for the Emerson Memorial School, which is to gather in Boston and Concord in the second week of July. The session of the School will last for three weeks, and there will be thirty lectures dealing with the various aspects of Emerson's life and work. Among the speakers will be President Schurman of Cornell University, Kuno Francke, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. The anniversary will also be celebrated by the publication—by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—of the first volumes of the new and complete "Centenary Edition" of Emerson's writings. The edition runs to twelve volumes, and is edited by his son Edward Waldo Emerson.

THE latest of Mr. J. T. Trowbridge's literary reminiscences, now appearing in the "Atlantic Monthly," revolves round Oliver Wendell Holmes and Longfellow. Concerning Longfellow Mr. Trowbridge writes:—

His conversation was simple and easy, and often enlivened by a genial pleasantry, to me more welcome than the wit that keeps the listener too much alert. I never heard him make a pun. And never, in my presence, did there fall from his lips an expression that had in it any flavour of slang, except on one occasion. At the time when the "Nineteenth Century" magazine was launched, we were discussing Tennyson's sonnet, which appeared, a proud figure-head, on the prow of the first number. I remarked that it had one particularly expressive line:—

"Now in this roaring moon

Of daffodil and crocus."

Longfellow's face lighted up, as he took a stride across his hearth, repeated the words, and stopping before me, exclaimed, "It is a fine thing to have one strong line go *ripping* through a sonnet!"

Longfellow cannot be convicted of slang on that count. Mr. Trowbridge's ideas about slang seem rather hazy, or do different rules apply in America? If Longfellow had said it was a "ripping sonnet" the matter would have been different.

AN interesting venture is being made by a lover of literature at Warwick. In the "Avon Booklet," Mr. J. Thomson will, month by month, gather forgotten works of our foremost modern writers. Much of the work of Browning, Stevenson, Morris, Tennyson, Borrow, William Black, and O. W. Holmes has not been rescued from the periodicals in which it appeared, probably because the authors did not think it worth salvage. But there is always a considerable public ready to welcome even the indiscretions of Genius.

ONE would hardly imagine that a child could get much harm from reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin." But the New York public school superintendents have decided to exclude it from the school libraries on the ground that the book is calculated to keep alive sectional feeling. The New York "Tribune" thus seeks to justify the decision:—

The argument brought in favour of the action was that the book treated of the days of slavery in the South, and, inasmuch as slavery existed no longer, the book should be barred from circulation among the children. The men who voted to exclude the book probably had in mind also the fact that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" contained much pertaining to the South as it was before the war which was exaggerated and distorted, and they saw no reason why these misrepresentations should be handed down to the rising generation.

The argument if rigidly applied would end in the prohibition for children of all stories which deal with times different from their own.

FATHER TABB writes to us from Ellicott City, Maryland, U.S.A.: "A critic finds my *Matin Song* 'more than an echo' of a poem by Davenant. In looking up the name—which I had never heard of—I find he was supposed to be the natural son of Shakespeare. Hence—

"If Davenant was Shakespeare's son,
Unless I am mistaken,
Some Connelly in what I've done
Will find a streak of Bacon."

Bibliographical

I AM glad to have elicited from Messrs. Routledge the fact that their editions of Bulwer Lytton's "New Timon," "St. Stephen's," and "Quarterly Essays" are still on sale. I am just a little surprised that, in view of the special interest lately taken in the writings of Bulwer, Messrs. Routledge have not more widely advertised their wares in this particular. It is very difficult for the average book-lover to know or to find out what books are or are not "in print." In London and a few provincial cities he can generally hope to get the information he desires at one of the larger book-shops. On the other hand, dwellers in the smaller country towns and in the rural districts have much more restricted opportunities. I cannot help thinking that every firm would find it to its advantage to issue complete catalogues of its stock, frequently and in large numbers. Copies of such catalogues should be on the counter of every bookseller in the kingdom; thousands of them might be sent out by post to persons in chosen localities. Full catalogues at the end of published books are by no means sightly, but they are eminently useful, and should be circulated in that way whenever possible.

In the preface which Mr. Alfred W. Pollard has written for a new volume of the "English Garner," there is a passage which has some bibliographical interest, inasmuch as it refers to the extent to which Mr. A. W. Pollard is liable to be mistaken for his contemporary, Mr. A. F. Pollard—and vice versa. Both are writers, and both, curiously enough, have contributed to the "Garner." Says Mr. A. W. P. concerning Mr. A. F. P.: "I have recently been more congratulated as the author of his 'Henry VIII.' than I have ever been on any book of my own. So far from being identical, I regret to say that we are not even related." Mr. A. W. Pollard was first in the literary field with his "Odes from the Greek Dramatist," and his "English Miracle Plays, Moralities and Interludes," in 1890. Two years later Mr. A. F. Pollard published his maiden effort—the Lothian Essay

on "The Jesuits of Poland." Then came Mr. A. W. Pollard with his "Early Illustrated Books," and his little book on Chaucer, in 1893. This was followed by Mr. A. F. Pollard's "England Under Protector Somerset," in 1900, and then, last year, we had from Mr. A. F. Pollard his "Henry VIII.," and from Mr. A. W. Pollard his "Old Picture Books, and other Essays on Bookish Subjects." Is it any wonder that the general public got a wee bit puzzled?

Welcome enough is Miss Lee's "La Bruyère and Vauvenargues"; it will help to popularise those writers in this country. What is now wanted is a similar volume on Rivarol and De Bonald. Something (not much) was done for Chamfort last year in the shape of a booklet called "The Cynic's Breviary," but De Bonald is practically unknown in this country, and Rivarol has been represented here by only a few of his witticisms. Some of these were included by Henry S. Leigh in his pleasant little collection of "Jeux d'Esprit" (1877), notably Rivarol's remark that Buffon's very ordinary son was the weakest chapter in his father's "Natural History," and his assertion that Mirabeau was capable of anything for money, even of committing a good action. By the way, the head-lines of the pages in Miss Lee's book are so arranged that one cannot readily tell where the selections from La Bruyère end and those from Vauvenargues begin. That matter of head-lines should receive more attention from printers and publishers; it has a very great deal to do with the acceptability or non-acceptability of a book. The passion for repeating ad nauseam the title of a book within the book itself should certainly be curbed.

Of the four reprints (in small form) just issued by Messrs. Methuen in their new "Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books," the least known to the general public is "The History of Johnny Quae Genus, the Little Foundling of the late Dr. Syntax"—Coombe's continuation of his "Dr. Syntax"—which, I believe, has not till now been reprinted since it was first published in 1822. Next in quasi-novelty comes Blake's "Illustrations of the Book of Job," which were, however, reproduced last year in facsimile at 12s. 6d. Copies of an edition of "The Life and Death of John Mytton," with the illustrations reproduced in their original size, can be obtained from Kegan Paul & Co. for two guineas. Messrs. Methuen's reduced reproduction costs 3s. 6d.

Dr. Aldis Wright's new edition of the poems of Milton will have features which will give it reasons for existing. It can, however, scarcely be said of it that it will "fill a void." We are pretty well off in this matter. There was Mr. Beeching's edition in 1900, Mr. John Bradshaw's in 1878 (reproduced in 1885, 1887, and 1892), the "Globe" edition in 1877, Professor Masson's (in three and two volumes) in 1874, and R. C. Browne's in 1870 (reprinted in 1894). These, I suppose, are all "in print." Many, indeed, have been the editors of Milton, from Patrick Hume in 1695 to T. Keightley in 1859, with E. Fenton, T. Newton, W. Hayley, H. J. Todd, J. Aikin, E. Hawkins, E. Phillips, J. Mitford, Egerton Brydges, H. Stebbing, H. F. Cary, and George Gilfillan bridging over the interval.

There cannot be too many editions of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which has now been added to the "Golden Treasury" series. Notable, however, are the number of reprints of the "Autocrat" which have been issued in England during the last ten years only—in 1893, two by Messrs. Routledge (one edited by G. A. Sala) and one (illustrated by Howard Pyle) by Messrs. Gay & Bird; in 1896 one (prefaced by Mr. Andrew Lang) in the "Nineteenth Century Classics"; and last year no fewer than four—one by Messrs. Macmillan, one by Messrs. Dent (illustrated by H. M. Brock), one by Messrs. Blackie, and one in the Unit Library.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

"Religion" in London.

LIFE AND LABOUR OF THE PEOPLE IN LONDON. By Charles Booth. Third Series: Religious Influences. Seven volumes. (Macmillan. 30s.)

THE last stage but one of Mr. Booth's great inquiry into the "Life and Labour of the People in London" has been reached, and its results are embodied in the seven volumes which have been recently published with the sub-title of "Religious Influences." "Poverty" in four volumes, "Industry" in five, and now "Religion" in seven—such are the three great divisions of this famous inquiry, while a seventeenth volume, dealing with various omitted social questions and containing certain final conclusions, is already announced and will wind up the whole.

As when, from 1886 to 1889, Mr. Booth's special attempt was to measure the extent and depth of the poverty of London; and from 1890 to 1897, when the problems of industry were uppermost in his mind; so during the last five years, when "Religion" has been the subject of investigation, the collection, analysis and systematization of facts has been the dominant aim. Abstract theorizing has not been indulged in. A picture, as true of London as might be, was hoped for. Knowledge, as scientific and complete as the complicated character and the vastness of the subject made possible, was the quest. But the underlying motive of this prolonged task was essentially practical, for the hope throughout has clearly been that London, mirrored to itself as no city has ever been before, alike in its strength and in its weakness, should be enabled through all its forms of corporate life and through its private citizens to move with greater certainty and speed towards a healthier, a happier and a nobler life.

Although the ultimate aim has been the same throughout, the methods of investigation followed have necessarily differed, and an inquiry, the foundations of which are statistical, is found ending in these new volumes, from the stress of the new subject-matter, in something of the nature of a mental and moral diagnosis. The scene is shifted, but the actualities of life still permeate the inquiry in this as in the earlier stages, and, combined with the severe impartiality of its treatment, still constitute one of the most engrossing sources of its interest. But, in dealing with poverty and industry, the test of the validity of most of the conclusions reached was ultimately a numerical one. In studying the religious influences of London, this test is found to take a much more subordinate place. More subtle questions have been under review, for the aim has been to investigate the nature and extent of the effective response made to the organized forces of religion, and, as the introduction truly says "the subject is one in which figures may easily be pressed too far, and if trusted too much are likely to be more than usually dangerous." Up to this point, therefore, Mr. Booth and his fellow-workers have been dealing, as it were, with the life that London wears on its sleeve (although to find much of it, they have often had to dive into workshop and slum), but now in these last volumes, they deal rather with its inner and more hidden life. Formerly, with the physical and the concrete; now with the more subtle phenomena of spiritual and moral experiences.

In another way, the point of view seems rather to have changed. In the two earlier stages of the inquiry, the questions first put have been: What are the facts? What are the nature and extent of the social and industrial problems of London? In the third stage it has rather been: What is being done to meet these problems? Although, in considering more especially what the religious bodies are attempting as remedial agencies, the general scope and efficiency of their work has been also examined.

The limitations of such an attempt are most obvious, and many of them are mentioned by Mr. Booth. Not only is no effort made to take up the position of "critic of religious truth," but the wide field covered by religious influences beyond such as is identified with the churches is recognised and avowedly left uncovered. "The most religious may be these whose professions are fewest; who may give no sign to the world of their inner spiritual life. The form of reserve that hates to display feeling is a national quality," and in no way is this quality more apt to show itself than in matters of religion, perhaps as the deepest stream shows fewest ripples. "Men are often more religious than is known," or, as many are quoted as having said: "There is more latent religion than is imagined." Many may have no central shrine, and be the poorer for the loss of it. Others may find it, it may be, in the home or in the open fields; in the crowded street or in the workshop; in the council chamber or the study. We cannot tell. But we do know that "public worship" is not the measure of the religious life of London, nor are religious organizations the measure of its scope. The researches of Mr. Booth are, however, admittedly confined to the manifestations of religious activity: to the extent of the avowed adherence; to the congregations; to the allied associations of every kind; to the social and charitable offshoots; to the relation of the various religious bodies to each other; and to the response with which they meet when they endeavour to spread their influence beyond the ranks of their immediate following.

In the pursuit of this investigation a threefold inductive method has been followed of interview, of observation, and of the study of authoritative and representative printed matter. The results of all these sources of information have been carefully used, and checked one against the other. The first six volumes give a detailed survey of London, based primarily on observation and interview, and in the process side-lights are thrown on many questions—on local government, on intemperance, on the administration of charity, on marriage, on housing, on thrift, on vice, on habits and on amusements. Mr. Booth's wonderful map of London has been revised and enlarged, and its graphic presentation of the social characteristics of the metropolis is divided up among these volumes in convenient sections. In the seventh volume more general aspects of the questions raised are considered, and for some readers it is probable that these chapters will have the greatest interest. But the scheme of the whole seven volumes ought clearly to be taken into account in judging of any single part. The field covered is so extensive that at least minor inaccuracies are almost certain to be discovered; while many individuals will doubtless not be best pleased, it may be by the criticisms on, or it may be with the little space allowed to, their own particular field of work. In some cases it must have required courage to say the word that seemed true, and for an honest attempt to give the truth all men should be grateful, although by some the personal application of the following remark has doubtless to be learnt, that "in so far as denominations appear to regard themselves as of intrinsic individual importance, they are apt to lose moral status in the public view."

It is the restrained and impartial character of the book that should carry conviction to the mind of its readers. As we turn over the pages much passes before the eye: the manifold variety of the religious organizations of London; their differences in matters of belief or observance, fitting themselves thus to the diverse demands of the human soul; their differences in constitution and government; their wonderful army of workers, professional and volunteer; their zeal; their innumerable and beneficent enterprises; but also their frequent lack of social insight, and of the spirit of tolerance. We can watch the play of conscience, but look almost in vain for any sign of ecclesiastical authority. In almost every church, we see the inner band of convinced adherents;

in most the conventional or self-interested following; but always there are the multitudes outside, beyond the pale.

The volumes are thus very far from containing anything of the nature of an indictment of the religious agencies of London, but they nevertheless emphasize with an almost terrible force the limitations alike of their power, of their largeness of view, and of their wisdom. Vigour, however, is shown to be rarely wanting, and even the rivalries and jealousies that are not infrequently revealed are admittedly preferable to stagnation, for out of movement may come fusion, and even a great revival of moral and spiritual force.

If, however, we ask: is the result "success" or "failure"? and give the answer in one term or the other, we seem to miss the real significance of these volumes. Both elements are constantly intermingled. Moreover, the sphere of influence, be it good or bad, is difficult to trace. Source and extent are alike hard to determine. If, however, as the evidence of these volumes certainly seems to point, objective authority in religious matters is waning; if the disciplinary, or formal, observances of religion are being neglected, this will, perhaps, after all, be a matter of no great moment, if consciences are not being at the same time dulled. And there is reason to think that, although religious beliefs can never, and observances can rarely be enforced, the impress of the characters of good men knows no weakening. As a Wesleyan, who is quoted, says, "In London, the best man wins, irrespective of dogma," and as Mr. Booth himself writes: "The saintly, self-sacrificing life is that which strikes the imagination of the poor as nothing else does."

But even the best men have difficulty in maintaining the just equipoise between end and means, and in being willing to let the latter go, if without it and in other ways the former is being attained. "For God's work," says a clergyman of the English Church, "there is too much of the feeling 'this is grist for my mill.'" And the difficulty must be a very real one even for the least self-centred of men, of seeing their own barque going down, and another under full sail, even though this be the better equipped and be making more surely for the haven that both desire. Hence, jealousies are apt to spring up, even from the competition of agencies that are in themselves admirable and even desirable, and for many individual men, struggling, innovating, evangelizing, giving, as well as for those devout women whose anxious spirits wear them out, the healing message is perhaps the same: "Be still, and know that I am God;" and the thought may be applicable to some corporations, no less than to individuals.

This reflection suggests that some even of the larger facts and conclusions revealed in these volumes possess an importance that is not only essentially relative, but perhaps also temporary. Among the former, for instance, the numerical insignificance of the Roman Catholics, or the practical failure of the Salvation Army as an evangelizing agency; among the latter, the strong and the weak points in the various denominations as these are indicated by Mr. Booth: as, for instance, the "self-satisfaction" that is apt to temper the social vigour of the Congregationalists; or the "too obtrusive piety" which is apt to diminish the spiritual force of the Baptists; or the "exaggeration" which is to be set against the enthusiasm of the missions. Such points will attract, and are attracting, great attention, and will excite much controversy, but, from the point of view of London as a whole, such individual points, be they good or bad, are among the minutiae of its religious life. They may even be evanescent phenomena. Their significance at the moment may be profound, but none can be of permanent and vital importance unless churches and denominations as at present constituted are destined to be necessary factors in the religious life of the future. And of this

there is no certainty. In themselves the religious bodies are but elements in a stage of development, playing no mean part, but themselves changing, carried on by the same stream of life and thought on the broad bosom of which rest, let us say, the theatres and the concert halls, no less than the churches and chapels.

We differentiate and analyse, and consider some parts of the stream pure and some impure; some wholesome and some unwholesome; but the matter of importance is not sectional virtue or strength; or even sectional vice or weakness, but the nature and relative strength of the emanation of opposing qualities. Is the whole stream becoming more limpid or more turbid? Is the common life becoming more spiritual or more gross? Are poor men being made more free or more dependent? Is vision widening or narrowing? Is the love of truth deepening, or the spirit of cynicism spreading, with its offspring of bitterness or indifference? Are ambitions becoming nobler or more sordid? Is the spirit of righteousness dwelling more and more in the hearts of men, or the demon of base desires? It is the answers to such questions that are of essential importance. In comparison with them, the strength or the weakness of the particular churches or denominations, however splendid their traditions or great their position, do not count. This or that form of external authority or church government can hardly ever be paramount again in spiritual matters; conscience may be everything. As Vinet has written: "It is not by institutions, however perfect they may be, but by saintly individualities that the Gospel is propagated and the Kingdom of God founded here below." It is because the unessential appears to have been rightly appraised in these remarkable volumes; the relative value of every religious phase frankly recognized; and intolerant or absolute pretensions gently but firmly brushed on one side, that they are destined to make their mark, both now and in the future. They themselves will become a new "influence" in the life of London, and one, to those who will read with open minds, not less of hope than of warning.

New Ruskin.

LETTERS TO M. G. AND H. G. By John Ruskin. (Privately Printed.)

ONE comes to feel more and more that everything which Ruskin wrote had a value beyond the mere personal value. His was a mind so curiously and vividly alive, so delicately sensitive to the concerns both of the flesh and spirit, that he never set pen to paper without hints, shadowings, interpretations of the things which matter. He combined a certain aloofness from ordinary life with an astonishing grip of certain primary elements of ordinary life; to him the world was infinitely beautiful and infinitely misunderstood, so that he was at once a prophet of its possibilities and a profound pessimist concerning its modern tendencies. Yet, even in his most perverse moods, he is to be taken seriously, for each mood was a reflex of a multiform personality which always strove after the highest. He was often illogical, not seldom unjust, and sometimes strangely undiscerning; but always he was sincere and always beautifully lucid in expression.

The letters in the volume before us were addressed to two daughters of the late Mr. Gladstone. It seems at first sight curious that a strong friendship should have existed between Ruskin and a man so involved in active politics as Gladstone. At a hundred points they were temperamentally antagonistic; the one was a born optimist, the other, though a prophet of hope, was a kind of servant of despair. Certainly in his later years Ruskin was as one crying to those whom he considered to be children of the prison-house; Gladstone, on the other

hand, never lost faith in the people or in himself. The immediate cause of the meeting between the two was an article by Ruskin in the "Nineteenth Century," an article which had deeply moved Gladstone. Ruskin accepted an invitation to Hawarden with unconcealed misgivings; Canon Scott Holland tells us that in order, if necessary, to cover his retreat, he had secured a telegram summoning him home. But the misgivings vanished; Ruskin came to see that although he and Gladstone could never agree, his host was as convinced and sincere as himself. Accordingly Ruskin, with characteristic frankness, recanted all he had thought or said against Gladstone, and though he afterwards, in print, deplored his policy and described him as a "wind-bag," his political attitude never affected his admiration for the man.

From this visit to Hawarden sprang the friendships which these letters record, friendships of the kind which Ruskin so loved to cultivate, ranging in their expression from childish gaiety to searching comments upon character and life. The volume is prefaced by an introduction by Mr. George Wyndham, which is followed by some extracts from a diary whose writer is not named. From this, before proceeding to the letters, we will take a couple of extracts. Ruskin maintained that museums were conducted on entirely wrong lines; he would have eliminated all ugliness and deformity on the ground that true knowledge only came from beauty: "In museums we ought to have specimens—the loveliest, most perfect that are to be found—of Nature's handiwork. Birds in all their feathers, animals in their skins. I don't even desire to see a Dodo in its skeleton state; I never saw one in its plumage, and why should I wish to see one without?" There we have a true Ruskinian perversity. Again: "The man who has failed in any subject has no right whatsoever to say one word respecting the subject in which he has failed." To which he added pathetically that he spoke as one who had entirely failed.

The letters range between the nine years 1878-1887. Those written to "M. G." soon become intimately affectionate; his love went out to "sibyls and children and vestals" with an almost pathetic strength. There was, indeed, much of the woman in John Ruskin; he learned in the intuitive woman's way, and though he was mentally self-centred he was continually casting about for support. He found in Miss Gladstone's music a source of the solace which so keenly appealed to him—half personal and half spiritual. After an illness which preceded a second visit to Hawarden he wrote:—

But I'm still afraid of myself, whether I shall be able to draw at all. I am not, yet; that is to say it tires me more than anything, when it's the least difficult. It is but too likely I shall just want you to play to me all day long.

A little later, referring to the sudden death of the Duchess of Argyll, he wrote:—

It shocks me to have written as I did, not knowing of the Duchess's death, but you know I never know anything that happens in these days, unless I am specially told by some one. For my own part, I have so much to do with death, that I am far better in the house of mourning than of feasting, when the mourning is noble and not selfish.

In the same letter, concerning the illness of another friend, he said: " . . . I would I could make her well again—and bring the years back again, and move the shadow from the dial evermore."

Of Browning Ruskin had not always a great opinion: "He knows much of music, does he not? but I think he must like it mostly for its discords." Yet he was pleased when Miss Gladstone called him "Aprile." "I would have written—somehow, anyhow—only I wanted to read Paracelsus first, but always felt disinclined to begin, but I'm dying to know what it is you call me. I

do so like to be called names." We must quote, for its singular aptness, Paracelsus on Aprile:—

How he stands
With eve's last sunbeam staying on his hair
Which turns to it as if they were akin;
And those clear smiling eyes of saddest blue
Nearly set free, so far they rise above
The painful fruitless striving of the brow,
And enforced knowledge of the lips, firm set
In slow despondency's Eternal sigh!
Has he too missed life's end, and learned the cause?

We cannot follow these letters in connected sequence; we must content ourselves with quoting a few passages which serve to illustrate Ruskin's character and general attitude:—

The death of Carlyle is no sorrow to me. It is, I believe, not an end—but a beginning to his real life. Nay, perhaps, also of mine. My remorse, every day he lived, for having not enough loved him in the days gone by, is not greater now, but less, in the hope that he knows what I am feeling about him at this—and all other—moments.

Bless you? Blest if I do; I'll give you absolution, if you come and ask it very meekly, but don't you know how I hate girls marrying curates? You must come directly and play me some lovely tunes—it's the last chance you'll have of doing anything to please me, for I don't like married women.

If a great illness like that is quite conquered, the return to the lovely world is well worth having left it for the painful time; one never knew what beauty was before (unless in happy love which I had about two hours and three quarters of once in my life).

Those who possess the land must live on it, not by taxing it.

Stars and seas and rocks must pass away before that Word of God shall pass away, "The Land is Mine."

This delightful volume will be very welcome to all lovers of Ruskin, and who that has the old desire for beauty and sincerity and a true regard for the noble and lucid English tongue does not love him? Ruskin, indeed, is one of the few writers with whom, on certain points and even important points, we may entirely disagree without losing affection and inspiration. There was about him something of the strayed angel, combined with a sincere and poignant humanity; he sowed lavishly of his best, and reaped affection and, in a sort, despair. But the affection kept him sweet, and the despair was not without possibilities of divine hope.

Only a small edition of the volume we have been considering was issued, but we understand that a few copies remain. These may be obtained, at a cost of one guinea, from the University Press, Oxford.

Anarchism's Social Side.

A GIRL AMONG THE ANARCHISTS. By Isabel Meredith. (Duckworth. 6s.)

This is, in some respects, rather a remarkable book. People who happen to be interested in the Anarchist movement can procure Anarchist literature, and as a rule pretty sorry stuff it is, but it is not often that an intelligent person writes of the movement's active propagandists from the inside. This Isabel Meredith has done. The volume has a preface by Mr. Morley Roberts, in which he says:—

Isabel Meredith, whom I had the pleasure of knowing when she was a more humble member of the staff of the "Tocsin" than the editor, occupies, to my knowledge, a very curious and unique position in the history of English Anarchism. There is nothing whatever in "A Girl among the Anarchists" which is invented, the whole thing is an experience told very simply, but I think convincingly.

Mr. Roberts thinks that "such a human document must appear incredible to the ordinary reader"; we do not see why it should appear incredible at all. Indeed, the author's experiences were just such as we should have expected, and her narrative merely confirms our own impressions. Fortunately the violent Anarchist school has not made much practical progress in England, though the theoretical Anarchist is not uncommon even at most respectable suburban dinner tables. We have heard the Anarchist creed propounded with more force in a law-loving London club than on any of its accepted platforms. But the writer of the present volume does not concern herself to much purpose with the Anarchist position; she was confessedly an enthusiast, and enthusiasts have no time for close thought. It was the squalid fun of many of the proceedings and the people which began to shake her allegiance. "I fancy people," she writes, "with a keen sense of humour are rarely enthusiasts; certainly when I began to see the ludicrous side of much of what I had taken to be the hard earnest of life, my revolutionary ardour cooled." Humour is a fine sedative for the world's fevers.

The Anarchists with whom the author was associated were, in the main, a queer set: wastrels ready to accept any creed which might give them occasional free quarters, faddists who must always attain to the abnormal, theoretic peddlers to whom revolutionary talk in a back-room is the breath of life. A girl who had leisure and money was certain to be welcomed by such a crowd, and she was welcomed. But leavening this unpromising lump of unattached humanity were certain almost heroic figures, men of profound and passionate belief. Armitage, Nekrovitch, Kosinski, and Giannoli had faith and faith's faculty for sacrifice, but of these only one appears to have been mentally quite sound. Two became practically monomaniacs, and even Kosinski, the most impressive of the band, strikes us as a man moving rather in a world of arbitrary imaginings than in a world adaptable by ordinary means to ordinary and human ends. Occasionally we are brought face to face with the futile and brutal appeal of dynamite, but for the most part the book is concerned with the production of the "Tocsin" and the extraordinary crowd of cosmopolitan individuals who drifted in and out of the office, slept on the floor, or sang revolutionary songs to the accompaniment of a mandolin. Nothing could suggest more strongly the folly of most of the proceedings than the chapter entitled "An Abortive Group-Meeting." It suggests chaos, petty intrigue, bad faith, and a kind of hilarious imbecility. "The loafer type," we read, "was perhaps in the ascendant," and the performance was justified of its children. But behind all this turmoil in little there is a real power: not the power of unity, of co-ordinate action, of steady progress; but the power of the individual who is obsessed with the idea of violence as the only means of overthrowing established society. And the danger of Anarchism lies in that. No one seriously supposes that the mine and the bomb are going to revolutionise society, but the mine and the bomb are active forces with death behind them. It is clear that society has to protect itself; the pity is that there should be need for such protection. The volume before us contributes nothing to any solution of the problem; it merely sketches for us the doings and the personalities of certain individuals either foolish, or bitter, or heroically one-sided. "Anarchism," says Mr. Morley Roberts, "is a creed and a philosophy, but neither as creed nor philosophy does it advocate violence. It only justifies resistance to violence. So much, I think, will be discovered in this book even by a leader-writer." It depends what Mr. Roberts means by "resistance to violence." If ordinary necessary and humane law is "violence" to be resisted Mr. Roberts may be right. We can only say that we entirely disagree with him.

Alexander Hamilton.

A FEW OF HAMILTON'S LETTERS: INCLUDING HIS DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT WEST INDIAN HURRICANE OF 1772. Edited by Gertrude Atherton. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

THE desk claimed the youth of Alexander Hamilton, as it claimed the youth of Clive. "I condemn the grovelling condition of a clerk, or the like," he wrote, "to which my fortune condemns me, and would willingly risk my life, though not my character, to exalt my station." It was a noble ambition, and it was nobly realised. The boy who at sixteen years of age managed a large store at St. Croix, with grown men under him, lived to be a leading spirit among those who shaped the constitution of the United States. And there is every reason to think that his influence would have been continuously exercised in stemming the tide of extreme democracy, had he not perished in the flower of his age by the hand of that unscrupulous adventurer, Aaron Burr. Even before the surrender of Cornwallis, divisions were manifest in the political camp of the Americans, men were soon calling themselves "Federalists" and "Democrats," and Hamilton was a pronounced Federalist. In a letter which is probably his last—it is dated July 10, 1804, the day before the duel with Burr—"Democracy," he wrote, "is our real disease."

Was he right? The reader of this volume will hardly find in it enough material to resolve his doubts on a question so remote and so technical. The problem is one that requires an extensive study of American history, if it is to be solved, nor have we space here for its discussion. Suffice it to say that Hamilton's death and Burr's discredit left a clear field for the ascendancy of Thomas Jefferson, in whom the democratic idea was triumphantly embodied. And it is probably Jefferson's popularity that has done most to eclipse the fame of Hamilton—in this country, at any rate. For though Hamilton is one of whom Englishmen as well as Americans may be proud, since his parents were born and died British subjects, it is safe to say that most of us do not know very much about him.

Or—if now we do, if this reproach has been done away and the renown of Hamilton has emerged from the dusty bookshelves where we had left it to slumber, we have certainly Mrs. Atherton to thank for it. "The Conqueror," her romance of last year, brought back the personality of Alexander Hamilton to this generation in a remarkably vivid manner. All who read that book will welcome the selection of his letters which Mrs. Atherton has now published. They are few: but they are numerous enough to show how faithfully Mrs. Atherton depicted her hero in "The Conqueror." They are a running commentary on his life. We see him in his public and private relations: as soldier, as politician, as minister: as husband, as brother, as friend. There are two portraits of him in this volume. The face is that of one who lived a full life both of brain and heart, not starving either at the expense of the other. Looking on it, one understands the fascination that he exercised.

Large was his soul: as large a soul as ere
Submitted to inform a body here.

Few men have crowded so much varied and strenuous living into fifty years as he did, and apparently without effort. It was all one to him whether he was storming a breach or framing a constitution: and he would turn from either to frolic with his children by the hour. And if the cause of his unvarying success be asked, we shall probably be correct in assigning it to his unwavering belief in the justness of his own ideas and to his absolute fearlessness in putting them in practice. In short, he was a man of genius, who had the courage of his opinions.

Faults he had, as readers of "The Conqueror" know. And here we do not find ourselves quite in accord with Mrs. Atherton. We think Hamilton may have been less

proud of those deviations of his than she appears to be. A man who wrote such a letter to his wife, after twenty years of married life, as he did—it may be read on page 229 of this volume—was surely one who must have looked back upon his lapses from conjugal loyalty with remorse rather than with satisfaction. Mrs. Atherton opines that “his annual receipts”—in the matter of amatory letters—“must have been heavy.” This is rather a back-handed compliment to her own sex. But if it was so, we can fancy Hamilton, except in those two known infatuations of his, putting “his annual receipts,” unread, into the fire, with a contemptuous smile. We could also wish that Mrs. Atherton had given a few more notes in elucidation of obscure points in the letters. As it is, the English reader who is confronted with “General Lee’s infamous publication” (page 48) and the affair of one Duer (page 151), with no word of explanation vouchsafed, may be pardoned if he finds himself out of his bearings.

Mrs. Atherton has unearthed Hamilton’s description of the great hurricane which visited the West Indies in 1772. It is rather a disappointing production. The sentiments of the writer on the occasion are depicted in far fuller detail than the actual incidents. We prefer the version given in “The Conqueror”: but then, how should a boy’s narrative, however bright the boy, compete with that of an accomplished and vivid writer?

A Lady of the Renaissance.

ISABELLA D’ESTE MARCHIONESS OF MANTUA, 1474–1539. A STUDY OF THE RENAISSANCE. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). (Murray. 25s. net.)

IN the middle of the fifteenth century when the new ideas that the Renaissance had brought were everywhere in Italy, and when people had already begun to look back on the preceding centuries as “the dark ages,” Isabella D’Este was born in Ferrara. Exquisitely beautiful, she was from her birth fortunate, alike in the education she received from Jacopo Gallino and in the opportunities she found for the expression of her passion for art, beautiful pictures and antiques at her husband’s city of Mantua, then certainly one of the most delicately lovely cities of Italy; now forlorn upon her silent lakes. It is of an age that delighted in passion of any sort that we read in Mrs. Ady’s admirable pages; of passion often brutal, that finds its most typical example perhaps in the feats of the Baglioni and Oddi of Perugia, or the triumphs of Cesare Borgia, and of passion profound and lovely as we see it expressed in the work of Mantegna or Giorgione:—

A quarrel arose [says Mrs. Ady] between Cardinal Ippolito D’Este and his half brother Giulio, an illegitimate son of the late Duke, who were both in love with their sister-in-law, Lucrezia’s fair maid of honour, Angela Borgia. One day Angela laughingly told the Cardinal that his brother Giulio’s eyes were worth more than his whole person, upon which Ippolito in a fit of jealous rage, hired a band of assassins to attack Don Giulio on his return from a hunting expedition.

The ruffians tried to put out his eyes and partially blinded him. Don Alphonso reprimanded the Cardinal severely, and when Don Giulio had recovered his sight Niccolo de Correggio succeeded in effecting an apparent reconciliation between the brothers. But a few months afterwards Giulio entered into a conspiracy with his younger brother, Ferrante, to murder both the Duke and Cardinal and seize the duchy.

That is the sort of thing that happens constantly in an age so full of vitality, so full of life after the long sleep of the Middle Age, as was the age of the Renaissance. It was, we read, to Isabella that Giulio fled, and she not unwillingly gave him shelter when the plot was discovered and Ferrante, his co-conspirator, thrown into prison. Giulio, however, had to be given up: he spent fifty-three years in prison, regaining his liberty only as an old man

of eighty-three, coming out of his cell in the same “clothes which had been in fashion when he was first imprisoned, half a century before.” We read much of Isabella’s beauty, and if we are to believe Titian, who painted her portrait, now in Vienna, she must have been one of the loveliest women of that age. Her eyes are black, her hair golden, her skin of dazzling fairness. Trissino, the humourist, tells us of her rippling golden hair, her dignity of carriage, her exquisite grace. And her gifts of mind were equal to her beauty. She was the friend of Lionardo and Titian, who both drew her portrait; she delighted in Virgil, whom she read in the edition of Aldus. She possessed a museum and gallery in which she placed some of the loveliest things of her own and past ages. Cesare Borgia, whose triumph and fall she witnessed, appears to have been devoted to her. Macchiavelli counselled her and talked over his philosophy with her, so at least it would appear. Andrea Mantegna was her friend and servant, and was willing to do anything for her. A personality which would delight these great men cannot have been mediocre, and this impression is strengthened by her letters, very many of which Mrs. Ady prints for the first time in English. Though not of the first importance, the book will be extremely valuable to English students of the Renaissance. It is, moreover, very delightful, and will surely appeal to an audience as wide as that which enjoyed the author’s “Beatrice D’Este.” On page 163, vol. i., there is a miss-print of “Austrian” for “Umbrian” and it is difficult to pass over in silence the carelessness of much of the writing. This sentence for instance, on page 278, volume i., is particularly bad:—

It was the first and so far as we know the only visit that she paid to the town where were living so many friends and which must have had many attractions for her.

But apart from the “mere writing,” as we say in England, the book is very charming and of real value, well illustrated and full of curious information.

Swift in Drama.

THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK’S. A Play in Four Acts. By Mrs. Hugh Bell. (Arnold. 2s. 6d. net.)

IN the romance of a man’s life it is commonly the woman nearest his heart that must play the part of heroine. In Swift’s life, Esther Johnson was that woman. Well did he name her Stella, for she was the star to which his thoughts and hopes never failed to return, however far afield they might have wandered. The mystery of the relations of this pair has never been cleared up. But, whatever her position, Stella possessed such sweet patience and gentleness that she accepted it without complaint.

Of very different clay was Vanessa (Esther Vanhomrigh), who disclosed her love to Swift, “a gown of forty-four” though he was, and whose violent and embarrassing passion for him ended only with her life. And so it is not surprising to find Vanessa the most prominent feminine figure in Mrs. Hugh Bell’s play. The drama terminates with her death; and certainly there can have been few more dramatic incidents in Swift’s stirring life than his final rejection of her. It will be remembered that Vanessa on her death-bed wrote to Stella, asking if the latter were indeed his wife. According to the generally received account, Stella wrote that she was, and handed Vanessa’s letter to Swift, who, in bitter resentment, rode straight to Vanessa’s house, threw down the letter on the table at her side, and left her without a word. This is a poignant situation enough, but the drama cannot get along with such paucity of speech, so Mrs. Bell gives a rather different version. She makes Stella come to visit Vanessa, after receiving her question, and refuse to answer it. Then Swift appears, dashes the letter on the table, and tells

Vanessa she will never see his face again. But on her telling him that she is dying, he relents, and a dialogue ensues in which he at last admits the marriage. "You have dared to ask," he says, "you must dare to know. She is my wife." The knowledge kills Vanessa. Thus Mrs. Bell gets her dramatic finish, but at the cost, it appears to us, of lessening the actuality of her portrait of Swift. For who that has studied the records of that great and unhappy man's life can believe that he would disclose, even to a dying woman, the secret which he kept with such morbid and persistent tenacity?

In general, however, "The Dean of St. Patrick's" is a careful and interesting piece of work. Mrs. Bell has wisely chosen prose as her medium, and her prose is terse and pointed, as befits the period and the persons. To Vanessa, more prolixity is allowed, and that is as it should be. Several of Swift's recorded utterances are introduced, and Mrs. Bell's phraseology never jars. Here is a pretty and tender passage between Swift and Stella, in the Moor Park days:—

ESTHER: How I wish that Lady Giffard would go to Ireland, that I might be near you sometimes! Do you think she will?

SWIFT: Lady Giffard? In truth, Esther, I would rather her ladyship did not come too. But look you, how fine it would be if you could come with someone else! Let us build a castle in the air, little Esther, and pretend that you go and live with somebody else—not a capricious fine lady, but some worthy soul who would do your bidding and mine.

ESTHER: Oh, how good it would be! Someone like Mistress Dingley, my mother's cousin, who would have had me to live with her last year, but Lady Giffard would not consent.

SWIFT: Upon my soul, I believe that would be the very thing. Now listen, little Esther; I vow that when I have a kingdom of my own, I will look out for a cottage in it.

ESTHER (smiling): A cottage in the air, then?

And so the graceful trifling goes on.

Other New Books.

THE DIARY OF A YEAR. Edited by Mrs. Charles Brookfield. (Nash. 6s.)

THIS volume has for sub-title "Passages in the Life of a Woman of the World." That strikes a note with which we are already too familiar, and the book is made up of the kind of thing which we have learned to expect in such "diaries." We have, on several occasions, expressed our particular and general opinion of such work, and it only remains to express it again—it is unpleasant and wholly unnecessary. We have read more unpleasant and more unnecessary books than this "Diary of a Year"—we will accord it so much negative distinction; also, it is written with considerable *verve*, and without any grossly bad taste. But that being said, we have stated the case for the defence.

The story turns upon an intrigue between a dissatisfied married woman—her of the diary—and a man. He calls her a "wild winged daughter of the Sabine snows," and she wonders where he got it from. Incidentally he makes violent love to the lady, and she agrees to the usual flight. She keeps the appointment and he does not. Need we say more? Of course there was another woman in the case, and, equally of course, the particularly caddish Paul, apparently, had not expected the situation to develop. We may add that in the end soiled virtue is triumphant. The lady of the diary falls in love with her husband, and Paul dies. But that highly satisfactory conclusion does not take the unpleasant taste of the whole affair out of our mouth; the book has really no standpoint either of ethics or art; it merely plays with externals, and glosses indifferent situations. It is time, we must repeat, that the woman's diary business was quietly put out of sight.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF ANIMALS: THE ANIMAL LIFE OF THE WORLD IN ITS VARIOUS ASPECTS AND RELATIONS. By J. R. Ainsworth Davis. Half-Vols. 1 and 2. (The Gresham Publishing Company. 7s. each.)

PROF. AINSWORTH DAVIS will have earned a respite from his labours when the other six "half-volumes" of this work are out. This is of the very best order of popular books on science. It is without any charlatanry, and its claims on the score of illustrations and so forth are not meretricious, but legitimate. We welcome all sincere attempts to broaden the appeal of science—even though Great Britain seems irretrievably to have lost her start in this regard—and the work before us comes up to our conception of the form which such attempts should take. Good paper and type, most excellent photographs and plates in colour, sound arrangement, and intelligible language—these are its merits. In the initial volumes the writer has presented the entire range of animal life, giving an epitome of the inter-relations of the various groups into which may be resolved the million kinds of extant animals known. Structure and physiology being thus disposed of, the habits—the "natural history"—of our far ancestors and of our cousins so many times removed will fall to be studied, and the work will end with a formal discussion of that theory of evolution which is the only key to its every page.

After all, the question with a work like this is not "Is it well done?" but "Is it well?" Objective truth is such in our despite, but we can never be sure that its presentation will make a true concept for us. As to this little cyclopaedia, however, the answer may be definitely affirmative. The time is ripe; it is well that biology, whereof each of us is an illustration, should be "understood of the people." And lucid exposition, plus abundant illustration, graphic and other, is here to be had. It would perhaps have been better to note that the running together into roulettes of the red blood corpuscles in the admirably reproduced micro-photograph on p. 39 is due to defective technique in making the preparation, and fortunately does not represent the true state of affairs.

BRITISH POLITICAL LEADERS. By Justin McCarthy. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

SKETCHES of a baker's dozen of politicians, with a baker's dozen of portraits. Mr. McCarthy appears to use the word "leaders" with a cheerful, but perhaps pardonable, looseness. We had no idea that Mr. Labouchere or Mr. James Bryce were "political leaders," and Mr. McCarthy's pages do not convince us. However, the label is not of much account, and Mr. McCarthy's book is pleasant enough. Pleasant, we think, is the word that best describes it; the author is urbane, easy, and superficial; he lets us know that he has his preferences, of course, but mainly by omissions. Only one Conservative politician, for instance, is included, with the exception of Mr. Chamberlain. It is evident that Mr. McCarthy cannot forget that he was once leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, just as it is evident that he takes no particular account of the matters of the hour.

Mr. McCarthy writes lucidly and with a certain quiet effectiveness; the qualities which made his "History of Our Own Times" so readable are to be found in the present volume, but on the whole the level of the work is not so high. Mr. McCarthy strikes us as a born journalist, with a more than ordinary tincture of letters; he has a considerable command of words, but no true perception of their vitality. Here is a fair example of the manner of the present volume:—

Balfour is a man of many and varied tastes and pursuits. He is an advocate of athleticism and is specially distinguished for his devotion to the game of golf. . . . He was for a

while a leading member, if not the actual inventor, of a certain order of psychical research whose members were described as The Souls.

We like best the studies of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Morley, and Lord Aberdeen. It cannot be said that Mr. McCarthy's volume is either a contribution to literature or to our intimate understanding of the men with whom he deals; but it is a pleasant, chatty book, for which we are mildly grateful.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall have completed their excellent "Biographical Edition" of Dickens by the issue of "Our Mutual Friend," "Edwin Drood," and "Collected Papers." In the last volume have been brought together a number of Dickens's scattered writings, all the editorial addresses which can definitely be referred to him, and a complete collection of the Prefaces. Concerning the prefaces Mr. Waugh writes: "The present editor owes the idea of their inclusion to the kind and valued suggestion of Mr. Swinburne, who, while expressing a generous encouragement of the present edition, added that it seemed to him highly desirable that all the prefaces contributed to all editions of the works should be reprinted in the final volume." The volume appropriately concludes with the generous appreciation of Thackeray, which appeared in "Cornhill" after Thackeray's death.

Fiction.

Supernatural.

THE WIND IN THE ROSE BUSH. By Mary E. Wilkins. (Murray. 6s.)

THIS volume contains six stories, all dealing with the supernatural. One only have we read with any pleasure, one only has given us the thrill which we take to be the inevitable tribute to the success of such work. Miss Wilkins approaches her subject in too trivial a spirit; to deal adequately with the unknown possibilities which comprise what we call, broadly, the supernatural, requires a certain acuteness of spiritual insight, the faculty of relating the manifestations described with some reasonable human quality. Merely to invent occult manifestations is to treat the whole subject too lightly; we no longer care for ingenuities of invention in such matters; the old ghost story is happily almost dead, and we are sorry to see a writer like Miss Wilkins employing her talent upon such tales as these. Such merit as they possess, with the one exception indicated, lies in the characterization; but it strikes us as curious that an author whose grasp of character is so considerable should fail to impress us when she turns to what is, after all, of no value whatever, save it can be related to human experience or touched with human reason.

Take the story called "The Southwest Chamber." This room was the death-chamber of a selfish and bad-tempered old lady. The house which contained it passed to two nieces, who, being poor, took in boarders. When the story opens the disused room is prepared for the reception of a schoolmistress. At once the mysteries begin: a gown which had been safely packed away is discovered swaying about in a wardrobe; a girl carries up a jug of water and discovers it to be empty, dry, and dusty; the schoolmistress is nearly strangled in bed by an old-fashioned lace cap, which floats about the room like a conjuror's property; the furniture covers are suddenly and mysteriously changed, and finally one of the nieces, attempting to solve the mystery, sees the dead aunt's face in the glass instead of her own. We cannot conjecture to what end all this pother is directed. A poor writer might sit down and evolve such meaningless incidents by the ream; but

Miss Wilkins is not a poor writer, and we are left wondering why on earth she set her hand to such uninspiring and solemn foolery.

"Luella Miller" is the one story which appears to us to have any justification. It has a certain spiritual significance and suggestion, and rises, in all respects, far above the level of its companions in the volume. The beautiful, helpless, and mysteriously attractive Luella, under whose influence all those with whom she comes into close contact die, is a personality which is almost credible. The idea, of course, is old—as old as legend itself, but Miss Wilkins has reset it in a convincing and every-day atmosphere. The conclusion, too, is well in the plane of the narrative, and has a kind of inevitable justice. "The Lost Ghost" has a touch of pathos, though it is particularly and gratuitously unpleasant.

The fact seems to be that not one story writer in a thousand can touch the supernatural either with effect or discretion—we may add, perhaps, with reverence. For ourselves, we can derive no pleasure from the gyrations of silk gowns and night-caps; if the supernatural is to be dealt with, and we do not at all imply that it should not be dealt with, we look for deeper understanding, or at any rate, some grip of essentials. Miss Wilkins appears to us to have made an unfortunate experiment.

PIGS IN CLOVER. By Frank Danby. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THERE are two ways of pessimism in art; one traces the cruelty of circumstance, the other of humanity. From this passionate novel, which we have seen miscalled "smart," we cull a sentence that shows Frank Danby's way of pessimism. "The bright elusive womanhood which had bewitched Karl, Louis saw shy and wild, and he wanted it, as men always want to bring down wild things." It is then a woman whom we see piloted into tragedy in reading these pages; and, in fact, they reveal two women whom Charon could hardly have conducted to shores gloomier than those they reached. One is a politician's neglected daughter, whose Quixotic generosity entraps her into a foul marriage whence she emerges a creature who "always did what she was told." The other is an author famous for a novel of South Africa, and she is the bright elusive lady in our quotation. The man whom she thought might inspire a chapter wheedles her into adultery, snubs her pen into silence, finally lays his mean and faithless spirit bare before her, yet never calls to the loving animal in her nature without shaking her with a frenzy of obedience. For he is essentially Bel-Ami, a creature with genius in his flesh like the debauched journalist who prowls through De Maupassant's immortal pigstye. There is no escape from his evil allurements save by death or flight.

Imagine these women moving in the highest circles about the time of the Jameson Raid. Imagine finance in hundreds of thousands, and controlling them a great soft-hearted Jew who bawls that when the Jew is honoured as a Jew he will shout in his synagogue "I believe in Christ; thank the great God I can say it now." There is indeed plenty of bustle and chatter and "actuality" to persuade us that Joan and Aline are women of an unremote yesterday. The vulgar references to Gladstone are to be regretted, and it must be confessed that the identification of fictitious persons with public events is managed rather unadroitly. One suspects a *roman à clef*, but there is neither lock nor key. The strength and intensity of the novel, however, are beyond dispute.

THE PAGAN AT THE SHRINE. By Paul Gwynne. (Constable. 6s.)

MR. GWYNNE'S first book contained sufficient promise to lead us to expect something above the average in his second. We cannot say that our expectations have been altogether fulfilled. In some ways "The Pagan at the

"Shrine" is an advance upon "Marta." There is greater distinction of style, for one thing, and the story is better constructed and less melodramatic, with the exception of the rather surprising climax, which is neither good melodrama nor good realism. But, as so often happens with second books, the qualities that are born of experience have succeeded to a certain extent in stifling the freshness of the author's earlier work; and the whole book is spoiled by a straining after effect and a tendency to exaggerate what was already good enough in "Marta." The local colour is an instance of this. Mr. Gwynne knows his Spain, and when he is not feeling self-conscious about it, he can make it into very vivid pictures for us. But in "The Pagan at the Shrine" he seems bent on showing us how much he does know about Spain, and his local colour becomes a series of minute descriptions that never make a picture at all. His characters, too, lack the lightness of touch that would make them live; and in spite of his laboured analysis of them, they remain to the last a set of lay figures in whom we find it difficult to feel any ordinary human interest. The Jesuit father, who is the principal character in the book, is the only one who seems to us a real person at all; and even he fails to inspire us with the interest that should leave us affected by his tragic fate. As a matter of fact, the horrible ending to the book leaves us comparatively indifferent, so little is it led up to, and so unaffected are we by what happens to the people concerned. It seems to us unnecessary and gratuitous that the innocent hero should die unavenged and the innocent heroine go out of her mind, because of the mistaken zeal of a Jesuit priest; but that is all. As we have said, it is neither good melodrama nor good realism; and until Mr. Gwynne makes up his mind to choose between the two we do not think his work will be convincing work. The pity is the greater, because we feel that he has something in him that is not to be found in the average novelist.

THE BONNET CONSPIRATORS. By Violet Simpson. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THE era of romance, in England at least, seems to close in the year of Waterloo, when Napoleon was still the Bogey man and there were smugglers with their luggers on the South coast. Doubtless in time the era of romance will creep forward behind the age of progress. But Miss Simpson has made a pretty story of Marie and the bonnet she was trimming for her aunt, Lady Hepzibah, for the tale is deftly woven round the bit of lace that was required for its perfection. Lady Hepzibah's bit of lace had been given to Marie, and by Marie given to her brother Jacques. But Jacques had put it in pledge for £50. Nevertheless, being a young gentleman with a turn for adventure, he arrives in the nick of time with a bundle of contraband lace, and as Marie cannot confess to her aunt, or to the revenue officer who turns up with Mr. Devignes (a mysterious person with a pseudonym), she has to sit quietly pinching a bloodstained bit of lace into her aunt's bonnet. Marie, we may say, is a very delightful heroine of the Georgian epoch, and in all the swirl of events that follow upon the appearance of that bundle of lace she keeps her head above water and never goes back on her brother. In telling the story Miss Simpson has forgotten that England was not apprehensive of French invasion in 1815. Nelson had seen to that before he fell on the "Victory" ten years before. But Marie made the bonnet, and neither the Commandant nor Mr. Devignes could stop her. At the end "Lady Hepzibah, leaning on the Commandant's arm, wore the Bonnet at Marie's wedding."

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

IN THE GUARDIANSHIP OF GOD. By FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

A volume containing seventeen short stories dealing with India in Mrs. Steel's individual way. Some of the titles are: "The Most Nailing Bad Shot in Creation"; "The Squaring of the Gods"; "The Keeper of the Pass"; "On the Old Salt Road." The opening story tells of two brothers, one of whom was the Overseer of a gaol in which his brother had to work out a ten years' sentence. How Shureef, the criminal, got square with Shurruf the Overseer, is told with Mrs. Steel's accustomed ease and force. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH. By SAMUEL BUTLER.

A posthumous work by the author of "Erewhon." A note tells us that it was begun in 1872, and that the author was engaged upon it intermittently until 1884. "It is therefore, to a great extent, contemporaneous with 'Life and Habit,' and may be taken as a practical illustration of the theory of heredity embodied in that book." The story deals with an English family which had risen from obscurity, and extends over about two-thirds of the nineteenth century. It is deliberate, philosophical, and thoroughly characteristic of its author. (Richards. 6s.)

BONDMAN FREE. By JOHN OXENHAM.

The story opens in a court of law. The hero is condemned to a year's imprisonment for embezzling money from his employer in order to take his dying wife to a warmer climate, to which she had been ordered by her doctor. The book is occupied with the struggles of a man who had committed a crime punishable by law, but justified on broad ethical grounds, to regain his position in the world. In this he at last succeeds, by the help of the judge who had convicted him. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

A NE'ER DO WELL. By VALENTINE CARYL.

The fifty-fourth volume of "The Pseudonym Library." The hero was the son of a deaf-and-dumb Italian peasant who, after her lover's tragic end, fled into "absolute solitude amongst the forest-covered hills. . . . Thus the boy grew up without ever seeing the face of any other than Anastasia, or ever hearing human speech." His father's violin is the first voice to him, and his career as a musician makes a pathetic, if somewhat fantastic, study. From the "hideous applause" of his great success he fled away once more from the "intolerable smiling faces . . . out into the wide world." (Unwin. 1s. 6d.)

THE DAY OF PROSPERITY. By PAUL DEVINNE.

"A Vision of the Century to Come." In the first chapter the hero strolls into the "summer garden" of an American café, where he meets the old Doctor who has found "the potent elixir that shall lengthen man's days and mingle life with death." Before long we are in the year 2000, with opportunities of observing its customs, laws, governments, airships, and its "realm of woman." But on the last page the hero is still in the New York café. A book has been written while he dozed over his stein of beer. (Greening. 6s.)

We have also received; "A Rustic Dreamer," by Wilkinson Sherren (Chapman); "Old Squire," by B. K. Benson (Macmillan); "Mr. Incoul's Misadventure," by Edgar Saltus (Greening); "Cap'n Simeon's Store," by George S. Wasson (Houghton, Mifflin); "Love and a Cottage," by Keble Howard (Richards); "Up To-morrow," by W. Carter Platts (Long); "All the Winners," by Nathaniel Gubbins (Long); "In Happy Hollow," by Max Adeler (Ward, Lock); "Twixt God and Mammon," by W. E. Tirebuck (Heinemann); "Knitters in the Sun," by Algernon Gissing (Chatto).

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Hereabouts.

LONDON round about the ACADEMY office is so full of memories that whenever we are drawn to this subject we are fain to seize upon the first trifle rather than lose ourselves in contemplation of the whole. Here are two books: "The Fascination of London: Holborn" (Black), the joint work of the late Sir Walter Besant and Mr. Mitton, and "Staple Inn: its History" (Bumpus), by Mr. T. Cato Worsfold; they would lead us into reverie and inconsequence if we turned their pages too long. As it happens, they conspire to break their own spell by repeating—both of them—the venerably dubious story that Dr. Johnson wrote "Rasselas" in Staple Inn. Here we are within the dimensions of a theme; here is a bone on which we can fall.

The longevity of a loose statement in topography is marvellous. Let some amiably unscrupulous scribe attach a story to a building, and his scrupulously amiable successors will go on repeating it to the children of men. Mr. Mitton, co-worker with Sir Walter Besant, says of Staple Inn,

Dr. Johnson wrote parts of "Rasselas" here.

Mr. Worsfold in his handsome history of the Inn tells us:

The little story book referred to [in a letter we shall quote] was "Rasselas," the greater part of which, if not the whole, was written in Staple Inn.

These are but the last voices. Mr. Hare wrote in his "Walks in London,"

It was to Staple Inn that Dr. Johnson removed from Gough Square (March 23, 1759) and here that—to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral and fulfil the few debts she left behind her—he wrote in the evenings of one week what he describes to Miss Porter as a little story book, i.e., his "Rasselas," for which he received £100.

Thornbury, in "Old and New London," after quoting this letter to Miss Porter, says:

The little story book was "Rasselas," which he seems to have written here, at least, in part.

In Darlington's "London and Environs" we read:

Here Dr. Johnson lived for a while, and here, to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, he wrote in the evenings of one week, his "Rasselas."

Now what are the facts? On March 23, 1859, Dr. Johnson wrote the following letter to his step-daughter, Miss Lucy Porter, who in January had nursed his mother in her last illness at Lichfield. The italics are ours:

Dear Madam,—I beg your pardon for having so long omitted to write. One thing or other has put me off. *I have this day moved my things and you are now to direct to me at Staple Inn, London.* I hope, my dear, you are well, and Kitty mends. I wish her success in her trade. *I am going to publish a little story book which I will send you when it is out.* Write to me, my dearest girl, for I am always glad to hear from you. I am, my dear, your humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

"Rasselas," we know, was published "in March or April" of this year (Boswell). If it was published in March there is an end to the controversy, because after the date of Johnson's entry into Staple Inn (March 23), there remained only eight days in this month for the completion of the story by himself and its issue by the publishers—an obvious impossibility. Is that impossibility seriously diminished if we grant that publication might have taken place at the end of April? We think not, for this is to allow only five weeks at the most for the completion of the story by Johnson, his negotiations with the three booksellers who joined to buy it, and the printing and production of the book. That this unanimous haste was used is incredible.

But why discuss it, when other and more patent difficulties abound? We know, by Johnson's own statement to Sir Joshua Reynolds, that "Rasselas" was written in the evenings of one week, and that it went to press in portions as it was written. Thus, our topographers condemn themselves by the very moderation of their statements. They nearly all suggest that *parts* of "Rasselas" were written in Staple Inn; not perceiving that this implies that Johnson wrote his beautiful story in the six evenings of the very week in which he removed from Gough Square (after ten years' residence) to his chambers in Staple Inn; wrote that is to say, some of its chapters in the turmoil of his departure from Fleet Street and the rest in the turmoil of his arrival in Holborn. Unwilling as we are to put any limit to his powers, we decline to believe that "Rasselas" was written under these conditions. But again we spend argument, for what were Johnson's own words on the day of his arrival at Staple Inn? He wrote to his step-daughter—

I am going to publish a little story book, which I will send you when it is out.

If words have any meaning (and Johnson had spent many years on his "Dictionary") this shows that the story was already in the publishers' hands. It is not conceivable that he would write "I am going to publish" and "when it is out," if this, his first essay in fiction, were not finished. On all these grounds it appears to us the height of improbability that Johnson wrote either the whole or a part of "Rasselas" in Staple Inn. Yet we know of no other evidence for the story than this letter to Miss Porter, which Mr. Worsfold calmly quotes as if it supported the legend instead of demolishing it. The truth is that topographers know their readers to be hungry for anecdote and athirst for sentiment; and, like good fellows, they do their best for them. Whyspoil a pleasant tale? Because Staple Inn is secluded, because its pavement is cobbled, and its plane trees green and murmurous, therefore Johnson wrote "Rasselas" within its walls. After all, he was within an ace of doing it: so—tush!—he did it.

For our part, we think that the truth is just as picturesque. It is as good to think that the grim old house which still stands in Gough Square was the scene of that six-nights' toil. Here from night to night the pilgrimage progressed; here Imlac grew eloquent and Pequah timid; here the Pyramids were measured, and the Astronomer rescued from the mists of a distraught imagination; and here, at some dead hours of the night, when the boom of St. Paul's put its own melancholy accent on a theme as old as man and elusive as his breath, Johnson penned that quiet "Conclusion in which nothing is concluded," save only that when the Nile fell the little band of frustrate souls returned to Abyssinia.

Let us, then, hear no more about "Rasselas" in Staple Inn. If we have seemed to labour the point it is because we think that these reach-me-down trimmings of topography, which are passed from writer to writer—each resolute, perhaps, to be thorough in one direction, but willing to be led in others—ought to be relegated to limbo. Indeed, such a statement as the one we have

discussed seems less pardonable, because more dangerous than an honest "howler" such, for instance, as rears its head on page 45 of Sir Walter Besant's and Mr. Mitton's Holborn booklet.

Here we find Southampton House, at the head of Chancery Lane, identified as the residence of Lord William Russell, and as an incident in his journey from Newgate to the scaffold in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The writers have made the extraordinary mistake of confusing this Southampton House with the Southampton House which occupied the north side of Bloomsbury Square, of which Southampton Street, Holborn, is a name-relic. The Chancery Lane Southampton House was taken down about the year 1652, thirty-one years before Lord William Russell paid the penalty of his participation in the Rye House Plot. The point of a pathetic story disappears under this error. As the procession to the scaffold turned into Little Queen Street to reach Lincoln's Inn Fields, Lord William Russell looked towards his home in Bloomsbury and remarked to Bishop Burnet, "I have often turned to the other hand with great comfort, but now I turn to this with greater." Yet a tear dimmed his eye as he looked towards his home. Unfortunately, in ascribing to the Chancery Lane mansion a history that does not belong to it, our topographers have omitted all mention of its sovereign interest as the home of the Earl who befriended Shakespeare, and to whom he may have written the Sonnets, and, as a corollary, all mention of Hazlitt, who, on this very spot, two centuries later, pursued his Shakespearian studies. We have before now expressed our inability to see a happy relation between the "Fascination of London" booklets, and the great Besantine "Survey" of which they are proclaimed to be "disjecta membra." We should have supposed that this great topographical banquet would have cut up into many substantial meals; but, with the exception of one lordly dish, "London in the Eighteenth Century," it has emerged as a series of topographical custards—pretty, palatable, and unimportant. Is the issue of these cates altogether just to the memory of Sir Walter Besant, who, however he failed as a scientific historian, was as true a lover of London as ever walked her streets?

A Colonial Poet.

THOMAS PRINGLE, the poet of "Ephemerides" and "African Sketches," was born at Blaiklaw, in pleasant Tivvydale, in the year 1789. He adopted literature as a profession, at a time little favourable to poets, under the auspices of Sir Walter Scott, to whom, a decade later, his chief work was dedicated. The history of his life may be told in a few words: he married, edited "Blackwood," emigrated to the Cape, returned to England, became secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, lived forty-five years, died in town, and was buried in Bunhill Fields. His "African Sketches" supply, as it were, the coloured illustrations to the above dusty tale.

Coming just when he did, into surroundings such as those of the Edinburgh literary coteries of the early nineteenth century, it is difficult to see how Pringle could have made anything else of his genius. Burns had come and gone, leaving behind him a bright track in the literary heavens, but Scott had followed close upon him, and the younger men followed Scott. It was too true that

A body kens the Shirra,

and we find in Scotch poetry of the time a rambling, ambling looseness, a pleasant ease in trotting, due partly to the fondness of the Scotch intellect for the folk ballad, but due chiefly to the Shirra's successful pandering to that fondness. Pringle's verse is Abbotsfordian, though

in one or two places he would seem to have had in mind that gentler model Allan Ramsay. Abbotsfordian verse is eminently the verse of a man hurried, or lightly moved, or careless of crushing out the last grain of gold from the ore in hand. Never to care for the perfect expression of the white supreme emotion—never to cultivate the white supreme emotion while man's general food remained mere oatmeal—these were the tenets of the Abbotsfordian school, to preach which they wasted much good paper.

Often in Pringle one comes across lines which are fine, and which haunt the imagination; but still oftener we meet the uncompleted line, the line which a sensitive ear rejects and which anyone with a feeling for verse could turn to something different and, indeed, better.

Here are two lines from a "Noon Day Dream":—

Was formed but of vile and crumbling dust,
Unfit to withstand the Avenger's thrust.

One reads them hurriedly, accenting four syllables as one reads: "vile," "dust," "stand," and "thrust." Nothing is gained by the gallop of the metre save some rest for those tired of the heroic couplet. The very rush and hurry of the lines point to an author careless of precise and precious finish. The same poem has a line which shows very curiously how slight an alteration renders a bad verse good:—

Sailing supreme 'mid his solitudes.

Nothing is gained by the hurry of the rhythm. The accent is thrown carelessly upon the relatively unimportant "his" and the utterly unimportant "tudes." The verse jars one as it comes from the tongue. It is more fitting for the eagle checking on a deer than for the eagle going gradually, solemnly, over wide tracts of blue air. Suppose one wrote:—

Sailing supreme a-mid his solitudes.

With all Pringle's looseness and lack of finish, there is, in his poetry, a note of instinctive selection which flashes out curiously in his choice of words. He has a way of getting in adjectives of minute propriety; words simple in themselves, but when used in certain ways strangely effective as colour, or space, or even landscape. One instance of this curious verbal felicity occurs in his best known poem:—

Afar in the Desert I love to ride
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.

The use of the word "silent" has always seemed to me a master stroke. A word was wanted to qualify the Bush-boy; "silent" alone expressed that happy compound of smell and savagery, but the word went further. It gave one the feeling of the wide brown space, lying in a great hush, in a still awe, under a merciless sun. It alone gives the Desert and the picture of its mute tribes. The other words might with perfect taste be applied to some jaunt in a motor car.

Like all, or very nearly all, of our Colonial poets, Pringle is at his best when in the pleased sadness of reminiscence. Like Gordon, he sets himself out to prove the truth of a certain line in Horace, and proves it. He views the Colony, as Gordon viewed Australia, as something outside of, and about him. He is always a poet in a landscape, generally a poet on horseback in a landscape. He is never quite in touch with the landscape. It is something alien, a something to which he was not born, to which he cannot respond. It tells him nothing. All that he had to tell he brought with him from over sea. It lies there solemn and vast, mysterious as a sphinx, magical, "silent," under the sun and the stars. Pringle reins in and looks at it a little sadly from his pony. At its best it is but a setting to his notion of the patriarchs. It is not his land. It is not home to him. Home, home is a holier place than this barren veldt. Home is away by Tivvydale, where there

are gowans to pu' and rowans to rhyme to them—where there are birks and braes and bonny dun deer. Then he begins to be a poet:—

O, bonny grows the broom on Blaiklaw knowes,
And the birk in Clifton dale;
And green are the hills o' the milk-white ewes,
By the briary banks o' Cayle.

It is curious that in "The Rock of Reconciliation," the only poem in which Pringle takes an evident sensuous joy in the consideration of South African landscape, he introduces a Scotch missionary, "grave, but not gloomy," merely (the reader feels) to keep him from the waefu' sin of idolatry in strange places. The luscious passage quoted below has a feeling for beauty in it that is strange in a Scotchman, and doubly strange in a Scotchman probably ignorant of Keats:—

And thatched with leaves,
The sweet wild jasmine clustering to its eaves,
It stood, with its small casement gleaming through
Between two ancient cedars. Round it grew
Clumps of acacias and young orange bowers,
Pomegranate hedges, gay with scarlet flowers,
And pale-stemmed fig-trees with their fruit yet green.

All musical it seemed with humming bees;
And bright-plumed sugar-birds among the trees
Fluttered like living blossoms.

His poems have still a slight sale in Edinburgh. He was hardly the man to strike a deep note upon any sort of lyre, and his appeal is limited, and not very importunate. One puts him with the others who have sung songs (not necessarily polemical) in strange lands—with Gordon, and Patteson, and that greater than these, D. C. Scott. One thinks of him a little sadly—he was a man of fine fibre—sitting over the camp fire under the stars, thinking of Blaiklaw, the green hills of Bonny Scotland, of the lost days, and

The birks of Clifton dale.

The Ethics of Parody.

How far is the parodist justified? And what are the limits of his legitimate dealings with literature? The question arises before us as we lay down Mr. H. W. Boynton's "The Golfer's Rubáiyat" (Grant Richards). For we are conscious that there are some parodies which have brought with them both amusement and instruction—it has often been pointed out that parody at its best is a valuable form of criticism. There are others that hurt the literary sense like the dentist's touch upon an exposed nerve. This little volume is a parody of FitzGerald. It hurts the literary sense. We ask ourselves why? And the investigation into the cause of our suffering leads to certain conclusions as to the ethics of parody.

Mr. Boynton has taken FitzGerald's rendering of Omar Khayyam stanza by stanza with the remorselessness of an auctioneer's catalogue, and with the alteration of a word there and there has brought the philosophy of Omar down to the golf links. The task, being done, looks easy of accomplishment, and each quatrain, staring from its own page, is the obvious degradation of the corresponding quatrain of FitzGerald. We will quote the twelfth and he thirteenth:—

A Bag of Clubs, a Silvertown or two,
A Flask of Scotch, a Pipe of Shag—and Thou
Beside me caddying in the Wilderness—
Ah, Wilderness were Paradise enow.

Some for the weekly Handicap; and some
Sigh for a greater Championship to come;
Ah, play the Match, and let the Medal go,
Nor heed old Bogey with his wretched Sum.

We will quote no more, but implore the reader straightway to forget these stanzas when they have served their purpose of illustrating what a parody ought not to be. For a parody should certainly be an addition to literature, if it is to be welcomed, not a subtraction from it. If it is designed to spoil our enjoyment of a great work by suggesting undertones of triviality it is an outrage which should be strenuously resented. For our own part we are furiously resentful, since we have to make a fierce effort to forget the travesty before we can return to the original with the usual zest.

What then are the limits of legitimate parody? Shall we not say that the first rule of the game is that no masterpiece shall be turned into verbal triviality? A travesty of the Lord's Prayer or the Sermon on the Mount would offend the most unemotional agnostic. Shakespeare seems to be immune, for no one has ever even tried to travesty his style—he is above style—and the innumerable travesties of "To be or not to be" have left the great monologue serenely uninjured. But for the rest, criticism or suggestion marks the limit; and the warning-bell should ring when the parody passes from the spirit of the author to the letter, when the parodist deliberately takes a masterpiece and degrades it, so that the infernal tinkle of the parody rings in our ears as we strain to listen to the music of the spheres.

Many instances of the legitimate parody occur as the pen runs. The late Bret Harte's "condensed novels" never took a moment of pleasure from the reader of the stories he burlesqued. His was not verbal parody, not of the letter which kills. He took the method and produced it in a straight line till it met absurdity. Nor did anyone find "Lothair" spoiled by the reading of "Lothaw." The same may be said of Sir F. Burnand's "Strapmore," and the man who laughed over the burlesque could go back to "Strathmore" with unimpaired emotion. Calverley, with his acute literary sense and his amazing power of rhyme, was one of the finest parodists who ever wrote. Yet he worked entirely by suggestion—and criticism of the method. Take the "Ode to Tobacco," which is cast in the metre of Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armour." There is just one hint of the original:—

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told,
Not to thy credit.

"I was a Viking old." It is a mere allusion that would despoil no one of any enjoyment he could get from the "Skeleton in Armour." And was there ever a better parody of a great poet—and a more innocuous one—than Calverley's "The Cock and the Bull":—

You see this pebble stone? It's a thing I bought
Of a bit of a chit of a boy i' the mid o' the day—
I like to dock the smaller parts o' speech,
As we curtail the already curtail'd cur.
(You catch the paronomasia, play 'po' words?)
Well, to my muttons. I purchased the concern,
And clapt it i' my poke, having given for same
By way o' chop, swap, barter or exchange—

and so on. But though you recognise Browning instantly you will find this merely a humorous criticism of Browning—Browning's method produced to absurdity, and no single poem is dragged in the mud of travesty. You return to Browning with a sane consciousness of the spots on your sun. Coming to contemporaries we find Mr. Owen Seaman following the same course in the "Battle of the Bays":—

Washed white from the stain of Astarte
My verse any virgin may buy.

Do we need to quote further to indicate the sensuous swing of Swinburnian verse? Yet the parody is not verbal, it fastens parasitically on no masterpiece; it is critical; it adds to our insight and does not subtract

from our literary enjoyment. Here, perhaps, we find the touchstone of legitimate parody. It is easy enough to turn Wagner on the piano organ, to hurl Raphael through a magic lantern, and to take Omar for a round of golf. But by so doing we are depreciating an intellectual security. These are the things that help, console, inspire. Is it worth while to barter them for a laugh at three and sixpence (net)?

Impressions.

XXXIII.—A Frenchman.

HE was a noticeable man, and yet at first I hardly noticed him; but by the end of the week, the regularity of his habits, and his way of always idling at a fixed hour drew him into the spectacle of my life. I looked for him when the clock struck ten, waited to see the tall, grey-clad figure emerge from beneath the trees at the end of the Quai D'Orsay, cross the bridge, and stroll down the Quai Voltaire. At the statue he would turn: then began the purpose of his walk. On the outward journey he paced in the middle of the pavement, sniffing the air, glancing at the river, frowning at the horrid din of the electric cars: he was then the man of affairs; but on the homeward journey he became the bibliophile. I do not believe that there was a single box of old books on the quai wall that he did not investigate each morning. He treated the thumbed paper volumes reverently, and sometimes he bought a book. His face, small and well-shaped, was pale with that seasoned pallor that sun or wind cannot mark, and little lines puckered from the eyes and mouth. He wore a small iron-grey imperial beard and moustache, and from behind his pince-nez a pair of shrewd, observant eyes peered out upon the world. Neat and methodical in his habits, clear and logical in his mind, he seemed a type of the best kind of Frenchman, enjoying the pageant of life, never excited, never morbid, taking things at their true worth, not offended by views he could not accept, merely acknowledging urbanely that they were different from his own.

I proposed to make his acquaintance—and succeeded. There was a block of vehicles on the Pont Royal and, it not being his way to dodge under the horses' heads, he waited patiently on the kerb till he could cross, and I stood by his side. Then happened one of those small incidents that photograph themselves on the mind. Darting across the road (he did not wait) was a student from the South—a picturesque figure. A sombrero hat was perched on his rich black hair: he had pale, aquiline features and dark eyes, and he was dressed in a suit of corded velvet, open at the front, showing an unstarched linen shirt, surmounted by a flowing black tie. A party of English travellers—three women and a man—caught sight of him, and all turned to stare, not rudely, but certainly inquisitively. The student observed their glances, and—raised his hat.

My Frenchman smiled with pleasure, our eyes met, and we talked of courtesy: then of England. He was conversant with our literature, our art, our social life, and our newspapers. He had been reading in a London journal of a proposal to start a School of the Humanities at the London University, and for an hour that sunny morning we paced up and down the Tuileries gardens, he advocating, with gentle insistence, that the need of our time was for the teaching of the Humanities. The day, the surroundings, were in accord with his plea. Under the trees where we walked there was a hawk of photographs who had paused in his work to feed the sparrows. Numbers of birds collected around him: he knew them all, and when he called one by the name he

had given to it, saying, "Gabrielle come," it would perch on his finger and eat from his hand.

We paced to and fro while this quiet Frenchman, ripe, and not in the least desirous to be plucked from the life he had learned to understand so well, dreamed aloud to a stranger of a wider outlook on life, of a larger self for the individual. The sun shone, the pedlar fed the sparrows, around us outstretched the most stimulating city in the world: then, having met for a little while, we parted. My eyes followed that erect, wise figure, till I lost it behind Fremiet's shining Joan of Arc.

Drama.

The Ideal Spectator.

THERE have been some new plays during the last ten days, and of these I suppose that something or other will have to be said, ultimately. But I confess that, for the moment, I am more interested in the exposition of the faith of a dramatic critic which my eminent *confrère*, Mr. A. B. Walkley, has put forth in three lectures delivered at the London Institution and since published, under the title of "Dramatic Criticism," by Mr. Murray. I need hardly say that these lectures display all the fundamental seriousness, the ready wit, and the range of allusion wherewith Mr. Walkley is wont to adorn the startled pages of a contemporary. What is more, they bristle with points of controversy, and points on which I, for one, shall always be ready to break a lance. Full as they are of sound sense, humour, and psychological insight, the main impression which they leave upon me is of what has before now been given as the definition of tragedy—the good man struggling with adversity. Mr. Walkley's principal object would appear to be to reconcile the irreconcilables, to persuade himself and others that it is possible at one and the same time to practice "impressionist" criticism and to be a disciple, in aesthetics, of Aristotle. The discrepancy is veiled by a discreet arrangement of topics, but it is at the root of the book all the same.

Mr. Walkley is concerned, partly to define, and partly to apologise for, the critic. He starts with an assumption, that the critic may be identified with the "ideal spectator"—*ὁ χαρπύς*—of Aristotle, the man of taste and cultivation, whose judgment is the final court of appeal on aesthetic questions, just as the judgment of the man with an enlightened experience of life—*ὁ φρόνιμος* or *ὁ σκορδαίος*—is the final court of appeal on questions of ethics. And then he sets off on a hunt for this ideal spectator amongst the various inhabitants of the boxes, stalls, pit, and gallery. He declines to identify him with "the man in the pit," because "the man in the pit," being one of a crowd, is subject to the laws of collective psychology "and his mind approximates to the mind of primitive man." He declines to identify him with Tolstoy's "respected, wise, educated, country labourer," apparently because the labourer also, cannot dissociate himself from the crowd of which he forms part. He declines to identify him with the cultivated man, the "amateur" of the arts as opposed to the "expert," because he considers that the worst sort of amateur is only a reed in the wind of fashion, and that the best sort of amateur, the brain worker, prefers a Gaiety burlesque to any "high-class" entertainment. And he declines to identify him with the producer of literature, because "the excellent, the invaluable Aristotle," said that "a pilot is a better judge of a helm than a carpenter, or one of the company of a dinner than the cook." And so he is driven back upon the "expert," the professional critic, whose business it is not only, like the rest of the audience, to enjoy a play, but also to "appraise and justify" his enjoyment, to produce his criticism, to be, in

his way, an artist, as well as a consumer of art. It is his function to be "the one man in the theatre, whose business it is to react against the crowd, to 'sit tight,' as the phrase is, and to preserve the independence of his personal judgment, the captaincy of his soul." I am bound to say that, whether as interpretation of Aristotle or as analysis of the psychology of criticism, all this appears to me to be very largely wrong. In the first place I think it is clear that when Aristotle was talking about *ἡ χάρις*, he had not the professional critic in his mind at all. There were no journals in Greece and therefore, let it be hoped, no professional critics. And surely the "ideal playgoer" whom Aristotle had in his mind was precisely one of those persons with whom Mr. Walkley refused to identify him, namely, the man of general cultivation, who was rather unkindly put down as declining to interest himself in anything except a Gaiety burlesque after business hours. Just as the standard of ethical conduct is in the man who has had an experience of life which enables him to judge it in its practical aspects, so the standard of art is in the man—probably the same man—who has had an experience of life which enables him to judge it in that imitation, criticism or transvaluation of its practical aspects in which, precisely, art consists. One is not, of course, bound to accept the implicit view of Aristotle that *ἡ χάρις*, the man of culture, is the only such standard. There is still Tolstoy's "respected, wise, educated country labourer" to be reckoned with. Mr. W. B. Yeats, whose activities, revolutionary and aesthetic, are becoming quite bewildering, was lecturing at Westminster the other day upon "The Ideal Theatre," and I thought he put this matter rather well. Art, he said, or words to this effect, is a transference of ideas and emotions from mind to mind. Its possibility lies in a certain simplicity of receptiveness in the mind of the receiver. And this may be found either in the peasant, unsophisticated by books or civilisation, or in the man of culture who has won through these to a new simplicity of his own. You may have a drama which will appeal to the peasant, or you may have a drama which will appeal to the man of culture; but you cannot have a drama which will appeal to the man of cities, who has put off the one simplicity without putting on the other. But, of course, Aristotle's thought is essentially urban and aristocratic, and does not contemplate a folk-art any more than it contemplates a folk-morality.

A second point which I think may be made against Mr. Walkley's theory is this. It is not the business of the critic to react against the crowd, provided that it is the right sort of crowd. React against the crowd of the pit or the stalls; that, no doubt, he must. But a crowd of quite simple people, whether peasants or men of culture, is still a crowd, and subject, as such, to the laws of collective psychology, which are permanent conditions that neither the dramatist nor the critic will be wise in trying to escape. As I conceive the Aristotelian critic, he is, or should be, only one of a group of ideal spectators, but one who, by temperament or training, has acquired a power of double consciousness, which enables him, on the one hand to become, like his neighbours, a receiver for the ideas and emotions which the dramatist is seeking to convey to him, on the other to stand aloof and scrutinise and record those ideas and emotions without any disturbance to the simplicity and sincerity of their presentment.

After all, I have not yet made my point about the inconsistency between Mr. Walkley's Aristotelianism and his impressionism. In his third lecture he adopts and expounds M. Anatole France's definition of criticism as "the adventures of a soul among masterpieces." That seems to me a very much better idea of criticism than anything you can found upon Aristotle. It represents the critic, not merely as the perfect recipient of the artist's ideas and emotions, but as transforming them by

the reaction of his own personality. His utterance becomes not merely the rendering of another, but the expression of himself. As Mr. Walkley very truly points out, the distinction between criticism and creation breaks down. But from this standpoint, the more of individual temperament goes into a critical judgment the more interesting that becomes; and at the same time the less it represents Aristotle's conception of *ἡ χάρις*, of whose admirable constitution it is just the defect to be the least little bit too typical.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

Some Dutchmen and An American.

THE contrast between the pictures at the Royal Academy, and the works by early and modern Dutch painters at the Guildhall, may be likened to the difference between a bull fight and a Sunday in an English rectory. The one is all coloured movement and din, the other quietly harmonious and still. The Dutch pictures are simple-hearted and persuasive: in the words quoted by Mr. Zangwill at the Maccabæans' dinner, "a perpetual grace to God for the beauty of common things." I had seen many of them before, but the charm of a fine Dutch picture is this: you can return to it again sure that acquaintance can never stale its quiet and unobtrusive beauty. Why this should be so I have often tried to explain, as Wordsworthians are always trying to explain the sempiternal appeal of Wordsworth. The Dutchmen, like Wordsworth, saw the beauty in common things, and looking at them, but not in the common way, made them rare. Consider such subjects as a cook asleep over her work, and a boy musical prodigy—subjects offering open arms to vulgarity and sentimentality: then visit the Guildhall and stand silently before "The Cook Asleep," by Vermeer of Delft, and "The Violinist," by Jacob Maris. The dark greys and tender blues of the latter with the player's young figure merged in its atmosphere, caressed by the twilight, suggest an artist's vision, not a painter's model. How refined is the painting of the cook's head, the white linen on her shoulders, and the depth of that inner room made credible by Vermeer's intense observation of the ways of light. Atmosphere relates all the details, and it is only after a while that you realise the full effect of that gleaming line of light on the upright of the door. Keen observation, or inspiration, which you like. A great painter, this Vermeer of Delft, who died in 1675.

Mr. W. B. Yeats has said finely in one of his essays that our thoughts and emotions are often but spray flung up from hidden tides that follow a moon no eye can see. To those hidden tides in us certain poets, painters and writers, at certain times, unforeseen, unexpected, penetrate. For me, when I visited the Guildhall exhibition it was Anton Mauve's day. He made me conscious of the movement of the hidden tide. Almost the first picture I looked at was his "Hay Cart," a little pastoral, just a hay-wagon and an attendant woman under a large grey sky flecked with blue, but how right and alluring it is. Why right? the casual reader may ask. Because it has unity and atmosphere, and because Mauve did not paint it for effect. He felt that unemphatic episode: some hidden tide within him surged responsive to its humanity. Many can achieve this lyrical note, but the test of their capacity must be sought in the large constructed landscape. There Mauve is equally the master. His large landscape, "On the Heath, Laren," has all the qualities—unity, atmosphere, soft blending of unobtrusive colours—that distinguish his hay-cart. It is infantilely simple compared with some of the pictorial-at-any-price landscapes of

Mr. Alfred East and Mr. David Murray: merely a flock of sheep wandering over grass-patched sand-dunes towards a clump of trees. Like all true Dutchmen, Mauve was never happy away from his low-lying, haze-softened Holland. The Rhine scenery he hated, called it "the toy-box of Nature." This silvery-visioned painter died fifteen years ago in his native land, consoled by the presence of Israels and Lhermitte. No fewer than twenty-one of his pictures may be seen at the Guildhall, and if you wish to know how he could paint the sun, look at it piercing through the chinks of the wooden shed in his picture of "A Young Bull," and the shimmering light on the backs of his "Sheep in the Forest." I hold no brief for the foreigner, but these Dutch canvases were very restorative after the Royal Academy. There, how many pictures of weddings—the ceremony and the feast—have I not passed with a sigh: here, "A Jewish Wedding" by Israels held me for five minutes by the clock. Let me speak of it negatively: it is not vulgar, not pretentious, not new, not conspicuous, not creaseless like a garment fresh from the shop. Into it has passed from the painter's temperament that something of mystical illusion, beyond paint, beyond words, which partakes of the essence of immortality.

Probably no idea of earthly immortality, nor of the other, ever entered the jolly head of Frans Hals, but, as long as painters paint their contemporaries, his portrait of "Admiral de Ruyter" will be a joy to those who know. This burly, jovial, efficient sailor is painted just as he looked with all Hals's sure, undeviating instinct for the actual. The admiral held his gloves carelessly in his broad hand: thus Hals painted him, not adopting the tactics of a certain eminent painter of our day who fidgetted his sitter into contorting her hands into what he called an artistic position. It needed a master to indicate, with broad dashes of paint, the balloons of white linen that bunch out from the Admiral's black dress; a fine portrait; a typical example of Hals's imperial gift of enveloping the commonplace in the unconsidered garment of beauty. Having taken your fill of satisfaction from the Admiral, make a half-turn to the left where Rembrandt's portrait of his son, Titus, hangs. This is idealism, a father's undisguised pleasure in his son's comeliness. The gentle, almost tremulous handling is very different from the broad sweep of Hals's brush; but the glowing flesh-tints, the lace-trimmed shirt, the chestnut curls are not niggled. It is idealism kept within stern limits. The Corporation of London has manifold duties; when it adds to them this of showing two such fine portraits to the citizens, long, I say, may it flourish!

This remarkable exhibition also contains twenty Matthew Maris's. Never again, I imagine, will the public have an opportunity of seeing so many pictures by this gifted man who still lives and paints—in retirement. You must take Matthew Maris leisurely. He makes no appeal to the citizen in a hurry, and his drawing is not always impeccable—e.g., the primrose-yellow gowned lady with the goats, and the feet of the child in the "Butterflies" picture. But how lovely are the harmonies of his colour in "L'Enfant Couchée"—pale flesh, pale yellow hair, pale coverlet on which this watching child, in her simple blue garment, lies; what quality the accessories have in his picture of "The Spinster," and how Maeterlinckian is the atmosphere in his vision of "The Outskirts of a Town." Also will you find here his "Four Mills" and his "Ram's Head" of which Mesdag said: "That splendid head, in which everything is said that can be said—colour, line, tone, expression."

Having exhausted my powers of appreciation, I half hoped that the sketches and studies by Mr. Sargent at the Carfax Gallery would not stimulate me. But they did. Nothing could be further removed from the grey joy of Mauve's landscapes, or Maris's delicate colour harmonies, than Mr. Sargent's swagger water-colours of Venice. On one of the white walls six of them hang together, broad,

splashy studies that vivified my memories of Venice in a way that I should have thought impossible. "A Palace Wall," rising brown and glowing above one of the side canals, is the very place. Then there are two water-colours of men resting on beds (one with his boots on), the extremity of clever draughtsmanship; a dashing oil-sketch of a Venetian tavern (note the touch of white paint that makes the glass held by one of the company); a haunting drawing of "The Perseus of Cellini" bronze-green on a blue ground, and a "David Visits the Camp." This charcoal drawing has all the illusion of looking through a window on to a real night scene where you perceive faint-grey figures asleep on the faint-grey ground, and two living men moving stealthily among them. It is a leap from his Venetian gaieties to such a study of repose; but this small exhibition is Mr. Sargent in holiday experimental mood, joying in work for its own sake, and with a lively understanding of his power to carry to brilliant accomplishment whatever he undertakes.

C. L. H.

Science.

One—yet divisible.

It is just a century ago that John Dalton began the setting down of his "New System of Chemistry." With that great work began the reign of the atom, one and indivisible, which has lasted for a few months less than a hundred years, and which has yielded to its successor, the atom that is yet one, indeed, but many times divided within itself. Never was Unity in multiplicity better illustrated.

What might appear to be the fundamental conception of Dalton, therefore, the belief, that is, in atoms as the ultimate particles of matter, is now obsolete, and one might say in his haste that the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, which has been celebrating the centenary of the atom this week, was holding high festival at its funeral and ironically commemorating the work of that great genius who was for so many years its active secretary and afterwards its president. If the smallest, simplest and lightest atom known, that of hydrogen, consists of at least one thousand parts, and is in reality a microcosm wellnigh as complex as the solar system, it might be thought that we should drop Dalton and 1803, and begin again *de novo* in this year of grace. And this idea has gained much credence. Those critics who answer to the familiar Disraelian adaptation of a bitter French definition are avenging themselves for their constructive failure by telling the public that atoms are a myth, that they were never more than a "working hypothesis" (phrase beloved of such critics), that the kinetic theory of gases, "the whole structure of modern chemistry," the conservation of energy and (why should they not add) the objective reality of the Universe, are "swept away at a blow." Such critics have always been, from Ionian days until ours, and it would be beside the purpose to notice them but that their attitude embodies an exceedingly common fallacy. They think that facts cease to be facts directly the accepted details of their explanation fail. So let us have it clearly set down, that if there be such a thing as an objective fact, if there be such an entity as truth, it is so absolutely; the interpretation or theory cannot condition the validity of the thing interpreted. No one by taking thought can affect facts; but only his relation to them. And before going on to what Dalton achieved let me quote from the "System of Logic" what Mill pointed out when Daltonism was young:—

If one link of an argument breaks, the whole drops to the ground; but one step towards an analysis holds good, and has an independent value, though we should never be able to make

a second. The results of analytical chemistry are not the less valuable, though it should be discovered that all which we now call simple substances are really compounds. All other things are at any rate compounded of those elements: whether the elements themselves admit of decomposition is an important inquiry, but does not affect the certainty of the science up to that point.

This is closely parallel to the present case, which is that the divided, the microcosmic atom is as certain a basis of modern chemistry as the indivisible atom was a year or two ago.

What then did Dalton accomplish? The Greeks had had long before the obvious conception that matter consisted of small particles. That would occur to anyone who saw a crystal ground to powder in a mortar. Newton believed in the particulate nature of matter. But Dalton went further and showed that these atoms are of a fixed weight in any given element; and that all chemical actions proceed according to the laws thus determined. He says: "An inquiry into the relative weights of the ultimate particles of bodies is a subject, as far as I know, entirely new; I have been lately prosecuting this inquiry with remarkable success." He then gives his first crude table of atomic weights. No one before had ever ventured to weigh, even relatively, these particles, which were indeed regarded in a quasi-metaphysical light.

Following Dalton, then, we have weighed, relatively to one another, all the known elements, from hydrogen, the atomic weight of which, being the least, we call one, to radium, weighed the other day, the atom of which is more than two hundred and fifty times as heavy. Take water as a simple application of our knowledge. Its formula is H_2O . Now the oxygen atom is sixteen times as heavy as that of hydrogen; the atomic weight of oxygen is sixteen. But two atoms of hydrogen combine with one of oxygen to form water. If, therefore, the chemist mixes an ounce of hydrogen with eight ounces of oxygen and passes an electric spark through the mixture, it ignites; the hydrogen is burnt or oxidised, and water is formed. And the point is, that no residue of either gas is left. They unite exactly because they have been mixed in the proper proportions, based on their relative atomic weights. Now mix one ounce of hydrogen with sixteen of oxygen; if they unite altogether, the atomic theory says that two atoms of oxygen will unite with two of hydrogen; and so they do. The result is H_2O_2 , peroxide of hydrogen, the antiseptic basis of "Sanitas," and the body which bleaches dark hair to a certain fashionable yellow, known as "peroxide hair." All other chemical actions proceed similarly. Take the formula of any molecule you please; that of sulphuric acid, H_2SO_4 , for example. And the atomic theory says that two atoms of hydrogen and one of sulphur and four of oxygen go together to form a molecule of sulphuric acid. Combine these elements in their "atomic proportions" (in proportion to the weight of their atoms, that is) and sulphuric acid will result, without excess or deficit of any of them. But one would need pages to show the value of this theory, especially in organic chemistry, where "rings" and "chains" of atoms are combined to form molecules that may contain hundreds of them. Suffice it that Dalton is an immortal name.

And yet the atom is a microcosm. Take the simplest, and permit me to use precise figures where details cannot yet, if ever, be precise. The atom of hydrogen is now believed to consist of a central core or "ion," surrounded by a thousand mobile particles called "electrons." The mercury atom has 100,000 electrons. Those of radium are not yet estimated, I believe, but are, of course, more numerous still. Nor do we know whether an atom of mercury differs from one of hydrogen in the number of its electrons only, or in their movement, or in the nature of the ion, or in what. At any rate, the "periodic law" of Mendeleef places the elements in groups and series,

and shows that there is a relation between the atoms of different elements: so that "the real is one," as the Rig-Veda has it.

Space fails me, but let us consider the size of an atom. Lord Kelvin has studied the thickness of the film of a soap bubble as shown by the changes in its colour, and, using the wave-lengths of light of differing colours, has mathematically demonstrated that if a drop of water were magnified to the size of the earth its atoms would be between the size of small shot and of cricket balls. Now conceive such an atom and magnify it to the size of St. Paul's Cathedral. How large the ion then would be, I know not, but the electrons would be about the size of this full stop. And so roomy, in relation to the size of the electrons, is the atom, that they are relatively as far from one another as the planets in the solar system. Consider, then, the inconceivably minute atom of hydrogen as a copy in miniature of a solar system, wherein the ion is the sun, and the electrons his thousand satellites; nor need the electrons ever approach nearer one another's orbits than our Earth and Mars, whose mean distance from us is sixty millions of miles. Lastly, take the molecule of haemoglobin, the red colouring matter of the blood, which is supposed to have the biggest molecule known, containing some hundreds of atoms. I think we might compare it to a star-cluster. If each sun in that cluster had some thousands of satellites, the whole would resemble the haemoglobin molecule, consisting of many "inly linked" atoms, each comparable to a solar system.

Whilst star-clusters and the atoms of which they and you and I are composed are alike subject to a common law.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

Metre.

SIR,—A friend of mine has just pointed out to me your notice of Mr. Omond's "Study of Metre."

Eleven years ago (on March 26 and April 9, 1892) I began to read to the Société de Linguistique a long essay in which I showed that an English "metrical line," as you put it, "is built up not from a certain number of syllables, nor even a number of accents, but from a certain number of units, which are themselves time-units." Unfortunately there happened to be nobody in the audience who was sufficiently well acquainted with English metre, or indeed with any branch of Germanic metrology. When, after a criticism of other theories, I stated that English verse could be divided into feet of equal temporal length, the chairman stopped me by saying that such an assertion was not "de la science," but "du sentiment." My essay, therefore, did not appear in the "Mémoires" of that learned society. Consequently, there is no record of my paper, except a most irrelevant note by the secretary in the "Bulletin," which note I have just discovered when looking for the above dates.

More pressing duties have as yet prevented me from publishing a complete account of my theory of English verse. But it was pretty clearly indicated, as early as 1895, in my "Aperçus de métrique comparée," and my review of M. Guirand's "English Reciter," both of which (signed L. R.) appeared at that time in the second number of the "Revue de Métrique." Moreover, a sketch of it is to be found in the last two numbers of the "Revue de l'enseignement des langues vivantes" (March 1 and May 1, 1903).

But neither Mr. Omond nor I can claim the priority of our common theory. My first inquiries into the nature of English metre leading me to the study of Phonetics, I soon found that Prof. Henry Sweet, in his "History of English

Sounds" (Oxford, 1888, § 356), and Prof. Johan Storm, in his "Englische Philologie" (2nd ed., Leipzig, 1892, p. 447), put forth the same views as my own with regard to the division of English verse into time units.

Now, though the principle itself was stated so long ago, the most difficult part of the work still remained to be done, namely, to prove, explain, illustrate, and apply it. This I hope to have done, and, as far as I can see from your notice, so has Mr. Omond.—Yours, &c.,

Paris.

PAUL VERRIER.

Professeur au Lycée Carnot.

"The Impassable Barrier."

SIR,—Mr. C. W. Saleeby may be correct in his conclusions as set forth in the ACADEMY of 9 May, that so-called scientific facts and philosophical truths, even as theological dogma, are mere matter of "faith"—outside the limits of the Knowable: yet surely he seems curiously illogical and inconsistent in assuming the absolute truth of Locke's famous postulate, and basing his entire argument thereon—claiming that Locke *proved* the non-existence of "innate ideas," and defined the impassable barrier!

Emerson, in his Lecture on the Transcendentalist, asserts that Kant "replied to the sceptical philosophy of Locke, by showing that there was a very important class of ideas, or imperative forms, which did not come by experience, but through which experience was acquired: that these were intuitions of the mind itself: and he denominated them *Transcendental forms*."

G. H. Lewes concludes his "Biographical History of Philosophy" with these pregnant words: "If any one remain unshaken by the accumulated proofs this History affords of the impossibility of philosophy, let him distinctly bear in mind that the first problem he must solve is, Have we ideas independent of experience? Let him solve that ere he begins to speculate."

Does Mr. Saleeby claim to have solved that problem in the negative; or, is it merely on personal "faith" in Locke's postulate that he arbitrarily disposes of Haeckel therewith?

More *light* on the subject would probably be welcome to others of Mr. Saleeby's readers beside—Yours, &c.,

A. J. E.

"The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman."

SIR,—I write from memory, being away from my books, but feel sure that you will find in a book of Cruikshank drawings, published a few years ago by Mr. W. P. Spencer, and entitled "Twiddle-Twaddle," a picture of the great George himself listening to the Ballad of Lord Bateman being sung in a tavern. It was, if my memory serves, one of a series with which the artist had intended to illustrate a projected autobiography. This substantiates the statement of Mr. Lang's correspondent quoted by "The Bookworm" last week.—Yours, &c.,

G. S. LATARD.

Limericks? or Learics

SIR,—In your issue for July 29, 1899, appeared No. 42 of your Competitions. It turned upon "Literary Learics," for which you were good enough to mention that you took name and example from "Idyls of Killowen," a book of verses I had just published. The Puzzle Editor of "Truth" proposed a similar competition soon afterwards. In one of the references to the subject I remember noticing the word "Limerick," which I supposed to be a misprint for "Learic"—a word that I formed from the name of the author of "The Book of Nonsense," which consists

of stanzas of this "Kate Kearney" pattern. But in the current May number of "Pearson's Magazine" there is a collection of these whimsical little poems under the title of "Limericks," of which Miss Carolyn Wells discusses the origin. Has the name really been employed in this sense?—Yours, &c.

MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 191 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best paragraph, not exceeding 200 words, on any topical literary subject. We award the prize to Mr. Frank W. Hacquoll, 16, Victoria Square, Penarth, for the following:—

HADES ON THE STAGE.

It is a noteworthy phenomenon that the twentieth century should have been ushered in not only by battle and sudden death afar off, but also in England by repeated representations of the World of Death at the play. The study of folk-lore and human beliefs, Celtic glamour, psychical research, have done their work well, evidently; for dramatists and actor-managers are acuter than the fiction writers to divine any awakened curiosity of the public. So, with much stage-carpentering, Mr. Phillips became the Virgil of our age, duly followed by a French Dante. But a greyer pessimism than the ancient is made visible in these mechanically reconstructed myths. In the great poems beside the horrible Pit of Shadows into which all men are flung is the alternative picture, known to every folk-lore student, of the Happy Other-World, and there is mention of splendid divinities and an emergence to behold the stars. The stage is incapable of dealing with the serenity and great joy of these conceptions. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" even is usually considered an unrepresentable thing. The ideal in its brilliance and purity passes out of reach of the player's art and returns towards the poet.

Other replies follow:—

"WEE MACGREGGOR."

The remarks of the correspondent of the ACADEMY, quoted on page 477 of the issue for May 16, 1903, are worthy of one of the ignoble army of cultured (!) Glasgow people, who speak neither English nor Scots, but the suburban tongue known as the "Kelvin-side dialect," in which a "still morning" is a "kèem dye," and a "pleasant acquaintance" a "nice mèn." There are many dialects, and those of Suburbia and Mayfair are not the least objectionable. What is of vital import is not the manner but the matter of speech.

Plain, simple-hearted John, whose every act is instinct with good feeling and tact, and homely, natural Lizzie, devoid of "genteel" airs and graces, are not good enough company for this superior being "who felt inclined to open the window." However, we can understand the necessity for an open window for a writer who makes refined allusion to "Truth wielding a dung-fork." There is a story of a Scotsman who prayed needlessly for a good conceit of himself. Such a prayer is frequently unnecessary, "even outside Scotland."

[T. McE., Belfast.]

A NEW WORD.

Just in time for the issue of the later volumes of Dr. Murray's great English Dictionary comes the latest coinage by the enterprise of "The Times"—*whenwhat*. The penetrating influence of the originators will surely be strong enough to secure its entrance into the language, and it will open the way to numbers of similar words. The *how-why* and the *so-too* might supply the labouring scribe with a needed symbol; and the hazier became his ideas the more easy would it be to compile similar expressive compounds. After all, *what-not* had a beginning at some time, and its place is secure indeed.

[S. C., Hove.]

WILL DRAMATIC FORM ENHANCE THE REAL SIGNIFICANCE OF DANTE?

In the fourteenth century they lectured upon the Divina Commedia in churches. In the twentieth it furnishes a play for Drury Lane. Inversely, truths expressed themselves then in miracle-plays, which now furnish sermons.

Does this imply a law by which they must, sometimes, condescend to assume shapes, as thought seeks words? The constant and serious appreciation of the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play seems to enforce this idea.

But it would be interesting if we could, statistically, prove who form the majority of the audiences at "Dante"—the usual theatre-lovers or the students of the poet; and which of these classes will be best satisfied thereby.

Possibly it is an alternative between width and depth of interest. The interest in Dante will increase, in point of numbers, but decrease in quality. Wagner is thus offered to the million. But is not his message, necessarily, of an audible and visible nature, while Dante will always be, pre-eminently, the poet of the soul?

"The spiritual life around the earthly life:
The law of that is known to him as this,
His heart and brain move there, his feet stay here."

[C. M. W., Reigate.]

THE MEMOIR CRAZE.

It seems time that a protest should be uttered, on behalf of an overburdened reading public, against the incessant multiplication of ill-considered personal books. Two questions greet every man who meditates issuing a memoir—is the subject of sufficient interest to deserve a memoir? and, is the time ripe for it? These questions are rarely considered by the majority of biographers. Some youth of promise dies, and a zealous friend rushes hot-foot into print with a memoir of superlatives, from which we gather that life never lost so marvellous a boy!

Or some one man rises suddenly to eminence, and straightway appears "A. B.: the Man and His Work," all neatly cut and dried, so that the victim may read his own career, crimes, character, and tendencies summed up for public consumption. Besides the obvious faults of taste in these hurried publications, there is the lack of true perspective, and of impartial appreciation to be considered, for no man writes impartially of the living celebrity or the lately dead friend. These could be remedied by a legal "close season" for victims of biography—say, till ten years after death—when some sense of moderation and proportion will have arisen.

[M. I. E., Lampeter.]

CRITICS.

Though it is so common a thing to gird at the Critic—to account him all and more than Borrow has called him—his functions, would he but discharge them aright, are both useful and elevated. His (sadly neglected) task is to point out to us such literature as shall best benefit our minds. As we seek the advice of another before we engage a cook, or subject a beer to the tests of the analyst before potation, so we turn to the Critic for his opinion and guidance with regard to a prospective literary purchase.

The fault of the Critic herein lies: That he will not recognise that criticism is not literature. What he is paid for is his advice in plain terms—that and no more—and would he but give it so, instead of importuning us to hear him quote Maeterlinck, or listen to his information on the subject of the Greek drama, there would be few to quarrel with him. But subject a book to his criticism and straightway it becomes, not a compound to be analysed, a piece of metal to be tested, but an opportunity for him to show his wit—a chance for brilliant epigram or polished style.

This striving after literary excellence and ostentation of knowledge are the undoing of what should be useful and good in criticism; and, personally, I think it is due to the fact that a Critic is usually one whose wide reading has discouraged him from attempting to write anything really great. He recognises that nothing he might write could ever excel. But he cannot keep from trying to be witty.

[A. O., Scarborough.]

"A MERE INTERLUDE."

Through a popular magazine Mr. Hardy ventures the following plot in his latest short story:—

Young lady, tired of school-keeping drudgery, is on her way to marry an old and unattractive suitor at her island home in the Channel. Misses Friday's steamer at Penzance. Next sails on Tuesday. Wedding fixed for Wednesday. Old lover, who is young school-master, turns up unexpectedly, learns her errand, and proposes marriage. They are married at Redruth on Tuesday, leaving straight away for the island to inform them there. Two hours' wait at Penzance. Young husband bathes and is drowned. Young wife takes steamer and goes on with original programme. Honeymoon on mainland. Stay at Penzance. Accidental discovery that body of drowned stranger has been moved out of their very room to make room for them and is now divided only by a partition. Wife secretly attends first husband's funeral at Redruth. Back to island. Blackmail by Redruthian tramp who shares secret. Position unbearable. Confession to husband. Whereupon he, old and unattractive, also pleads a secret which takes the form of three growing daughters on the mainland!

It is a most amusing tragedy; hilariously gruesome. One can almost imagine Mr. Hardy wondering what to do with it, and his disappointment upon deciding that it would not do for his usual readers.

[R. P., Sheffield.]

LITERATURE AND NATURE IN THE XXTH CENTURY.

If it be true that the spirit of an age is portrayed in its literature, then the people who deplore the declining state of our English villages and the strange fascination which draws men to the teeming city have at last reason to rejoice, for in the literary output of the last few years there are signs not to be mistaken of a growing love of nature and a growing dissatisfaction with the restless life of town. Not a month passes but we see some new book published of the stamp of Canon Rawnsley's "Rambler's Note-Book"—some book which calls men from the city to the fields and tells them, with Shakespeare's banished duke, what a thing it is to live in Arden. The publishers' lists are full of books which offer to lead us from the crowded street to "haunts of coot and tern"—to woods and fields and "pastures new." It seems indeed as if the spirit of the age were changing—as if men were weary of the din and dust and turmoil of the town and were at length about to turn to the country and seek peace by the side of lake and stream.

[R. V. L., Banbury.]

THE DESTRUCTION OF LITERARY LANDMARKS.

Very often contemporary regret is more demonstrative at the demolition of a literary landmark than at the death of the associated author. Now, one of Goldsmith's houses is threatened, and the thought is pain. That material work should decay is inevitable, but I consider that even unto the down-pulling of homes may be applied an emotional defence. Some admirers might buy the house and make it a receptacle for relics—with a visitors' book for Americans. Again, the sooner the destruction is wrought the smaller the circle of the sorry. We may look on such a house and say that here our pleasure was conceived and written, but, rather, we are reminded of historic gossip, with tales of domestic quarrels, of over-drinking, and of the gaming-table. The best monument to a writer is raised in his works. A subconscious vision is granted as we read say, of the man, Carlyle, frenziedly hewing his in a grey mist of granite fragments: or of the youth, Keats, in the sunshine, cutting cameos of word-witchery to deck his unfinished marble column. We can dispense with sordid brick and mortar. For Goldsmith "The country blooms—a garden and a grave."

[D. S. M., Glasgow.]

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New Books Received.

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Lacey (Rev. T. A.), A Handbook of Church Law.....(Richards) net 3/6
Bax (E. Belfort), Rise and Fall of the Anabaptists.....(Sonnenschein) 6/0
Wilson (Von James M.), Six Lectures on Pastoral Theology... (Macmillan) net 3/6
Cheyne (Rev. T. K.), and Black (J. Sutherland), Encyclopedia Biblica. Vol. IV.
(Black) net 20/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Shapcote (Emily Mary), Mary: The Perfect Woman.....(Griffin)
Wright (Thomas), The Ivory Coffin and Other Poems.....(Wright)
Victory (Louis H.), Imaginations in the Dust. 2 Vols.....(Gay and Bird)
Polypolitan, The Modern Trivia or London of To-day.....(Gay and Bird) net 1/0
Rowbotham (John Frederick), The Human Epic.....(") net 10/0
Coehrane (Alfred), Collected Verses.....(Longmans) net 5/0
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The Literary Week.

Few books of any importance have been published during the past week; even the novels, which include a new volume by "Zack," have dropped to half a dozen. Mr. Arthur Morrison has published another volume of his Martin Hewitt detective tales. We deal below with an attempt, which has now reached the prospectus stage, to reorganise the system of book-distribution in this country. Among the books issued during the week we note the following:—

A HISTORY OF ARABIC LITERATURE. By Clément Huart.

The eleventh volume in the "Short Histories of the Literatures of the World" series. Prof. Huart is one of the most distinguished of living Orientalists; he has investigated Arabian, Persian, Turkish and Romaine literatures in succession. The volume is divided into twelve sections, five of which deal with the 'Abbāsids. Prof. Huart brings his history down to the nineteenth century and the periodical press. The translation from the author's original has been made by Lady Mary Loyd.

THE POPISH PLOT. By John Pollock.

The sub-title reads: "A Study in the History of the Reign of Charles II." On his title page Mr. Pollock has set three quotations: one from Dryden, one from Mr. Meredith, and one from Mabillon. The volume is inscribed to the memory of Lord Acton, who wrote to the author: "There are three quite unravelled mysteries:—what was going on between Coleman and Père la Chaise; how Oates got hold of the wrong story; and who killed Godfrey." The object of the book is to answer these questions, and to elucidate points of obscurity in connection with them. The volume is prefixed by a Table of Events occurring in the history of the Plot—a wise and helpful innovation for which Mr. Pollock should be thanked.

THE POETS OF TRANSCENDENTALISM. Edited by George Willis Cooke.

An anthology of New England transcendental verse. The Editor says: "It seemed to me that a representative

collection of the poetry influenced by transcendentalism would serve to indicate how largely that movement had affected American literature, and also to make accessible those poems that had been neglected." The selection does not claim to include only the best; it aims at being broadly representative. The names of many of the writers whose work is included are unfamiliar to us, and a good deal of the verse is poor; but the volume has distinct interest as the expression of a movement. Emerson, naturally, takes the first place. The editor has added some biographical and bibliographical notes.

THERE lies before us the prospectus of The Bookshops, Limited. It seems extraordinary that at this time of day so few good bookshops exist out of London and two or three large provincial towns. The difficulties of book-buying are always with us, and these are increased by the uninterested attitude of the ordinary bookseller; he does not make it his business to know anything about his wares. The Bookshops, Limited, proposes to start the new crusade. A few pioneer shops are to be opened under the management of men who really do know something about books; it is intended, we are told, that each shop shall be made a literary centre for its district. That would be a pleasant reversion to older methods, and we see no reason why it should not succeed. Writing to the managing director of the new company, Mr. H. G. Wells said: "My warmest good wishes for your admirably planned scheme. The troubles of book-buying are one of the chief woes in my essentially querulous life. At the present moment I am just giving up the hope of being able to buy a pleasant edition of an English version of the 'Utopia'—and there are no doubt at least three publishers in London trying to sell me what I want to buy! I can't find out about them." We have all had similar experiences, and if booksellers find this new rival taking away what trade they have it will simply be a case of the whirligig of time. We notice that amongst the seven first subscribers there are four who take only one share each. Of these one is described as a journalist, one as a widow, one as a man of letters, and the last as an author. The Bookshops, Limited, is making a modest beginning, and we wish it success.

MR. HALL CAINE's memoir of Mr. W. E. Tirebuck, prefixed to the posthumous novel, "Twixt God and Mammon," is a simple and sympathetic piece of work. Tirebuck was never really successful as a novelist, and we think that Mr. Hall Caine has too great an opinion of his friend's achievement, but in such circumstances we cannot quarrel with his frank appreciation. Tirebuck worked his way through various commercial offices and journalism to his great end of literature, and he accepted the difficulties and uncertainties of the literary life cheerfully. Mr. Hall Caine writes:—

My friend found journalism irksome after a few years, and, taking a cottage in Scotland, he set himself, without much means or great prospects, to write other novels. . . . I remember the deepening sense that came to him that, notwithstanding favourable reviews, and other and similar superficial and often delusive indications of success, he was producing no real effect upon the public. I fear he was also earning next to no money; but his needs were small in his Lowland cottage, and the devotion of his sister was absolute. On oatmeal porridge and barley bread, as his principal diet, he toiled on, early hours and late, and no more conscientious craftsman ever lived by his pen. He had much to learn, much to unlearn, and many grievous disadvantages of early education and training to overcome, but his energy never flagged, and his ambition never wavered. His hope was to write his name among the names of the English novelists, and if I am any judge of the art he has certainly done so.

That, at any rate, was the right spirit in which to work—a spirit not so common to-day that we should allow it to go unrecorded.

Of publications dealing with art and artistic decoration there appears to be no end. This week we have received the first issues of three such publications—"Art," "The Craftsman," and "The House Beautiful." The first-named opens with a well-illustrated article on Constantin Meunier which is followed by "An Introduction to the Art of Rubens." "The Craftsman" is a monthly portfolio of arts and crafts, and "The House Beautiful" contains architectural designs in colour. We observe that the latter are printed in Stuttgart. When will colour-printing be really seriously treated in England?

A CORRESPONDENT of the "New York Times Saturday Review" has been falling foul of that journal for calling Mr. W. D. Howells the greatest writer of the day. The incensed one says:—

If a test of being widely read is applied to Mr. Howells he must fall far short of the standard fixed by you; if his use of good English and his good fortune in being well advertised be taken into consideration Mr. Howells is widely known. But, as a matter of fact, very few of the masses have read any of his works except those occasionally seen in the magazines. One more often sees Mr. Howells in some position suggestive of posing, but when it comes to any real hold upon all classes, which is practically the test of a great author, Mr. Howells has not reached this position.

The writer proceeds to say that the ordinary business man in America, though he probably knows Mr. Howells' name, is not acquainted with the title of one of his books. But that, after all, does not go for much in the estimation of literary value. We suspect that the "ordinary business man" in England does not know a great deal about Mr. Meredith.

AFTER the voluminous and wearisome biographies and appreciations which appear just after an author's death, or long before it, it is pleasant to come across so modest a little volume as Mr. G. A. Payne's "Edna Lyall." Mr. Payne has the enthusiasm of a friend, and we cannot agree with many of his conclusions, but at least his book is sincere and inoffensive.

IN connection with the Emerson centenary the correspondence between Emerson and Herman Grimm should not be overlooked. This correspondence, which first appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly" this year, has been published in volume form by Messrs Houghton, Mifflin, of Boston, under the editorship of Mr. F. W. Holls. Herman Grimm was the son of the younger of the brothers Grimm of the fairy tales. He studied law, then took to literature, married Gisela von Arnim, the daughter of Goethe's Bettina, and was for many years Professor of the History of Art in the University of Berlin. He resigned the chair in 1893, and it was after that that Mr. Holls met him and received permission to print these letters, the originals of which were presented by Grimm to the Goethe-Schiller archives in Weimar. The letters which passed between Emerson, Grimm, and Gisela von Arnim are printed in this interesting volume. We make a couple of characteristic extracts from Emerson's letters:—

A few friends I have here, who are well worth knowing, if you will stay long enough to let the affinities play. I have found that this personality is the daintiest ware with which we deal, and almost no ability is any guarantee of sympathy, unless fortune also aid in the lack of counterparts.

Let me say that I rejoice in the union which allows me to address this letter to you, whilst I have my friend Gisela in my thoughts. To her, also, be this sheet inscribed; and let me entreat, meantime, that she, on the other hand, will not quite believe that she writes to me by the hand of her husband, but will out of her singular goodness, use to me that frankness with which she already indulged me with autograph letters. My only confidante in this relation is my daughter Ellen, who reads Gisela's letters and yours to me, with entire devotion, and whose letter to your wife (sent through Rev. Mr. Longfellow) I hope you have long since received. Ellen has facility—and inclination to front and surmount the barriers of language and script. My little book, "Conduct of Life," I tried in vain to send you by post.

THE question of free access to the shelves of public libraries has been discussed for years. On the whole, free access does not work satisfactorily, nor do we see how it could be expected to, except in the case of the reference departments of libraries. The fact has to be faced that many users of libraries are not to be trusted. In particular instances, of course, the system works well enough, as in such libraries as that of the Patent Office. But when it comes to free access to all books we think wisdom lies with the objectors.

WE should have supposed that ingenuity in the way of cheap re-issues was exhausted, but there is always an idea left. A new series of "Standard Biographies" has just been started by Messrs. Hutchinson, which leads off with F. de Bourrienne's "Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte," in which the original ten volumes have been condensed into something over five hundred pages. There is certainly no lack of cheap reading nowadays. There has just reached us the thirty-fourth volume of the "World's Classics," where you have close on six hundred pages of Burns for a shilling.

IN an estimate of Turner which Mr. Stopford Brooke has been writing for "The Pilot," there occurs this suggestive passage:—

There are few problems more interesting than this continuity of power in men of great genius. The sword of the genius of the second rank wears out its scabbard. The sword of the imperial genius vitalises the scabbard to the end. But the problem, in the case of Turner, is still more interesting. These Venetians [Tintoret and Titian and Bellini] were men of fine education, noble manners, personal charm, and dignity. They moved in a cultivated and varied society, full of impulse and beauty. Turner had

no personal charm or dignity, little education, rough manners, and common-place habits. His eyes alone betrayed the inward fire; yet, within this rude husk, there lived a soul which hungered and thirsted for beauty as a saint for righteousness; and such power to grasp and express it in his special form of art as no man of his time in England possessed in any of the arts. The splendour, loveliness, sublimity, and vastness of Nature, her creative energy, lived within him, and lived at ease. And his hand told the world all that she revealed to him. There is nothing more interesting than that in psychology, nor more pathetic in reality.

The pathos of the reality, we think, was mainly objective. Turner lived for art, and that supreme mistress never failed him. In such a case it is not our business to pity. When Mr. Brooke says: "The sword of the imperial genius vitalizes the scabbard to the end," we should like to agree with him, but cannot. In the case of Wordsworth, for instance, the sword seems to have worn out the scabbard.

NOVELISTS continue to look towards the stage as a kind of possible El Dorado. Next week there is to be produced at Worthing a play called "The Scarlet Flower," by Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce. Mr. Pryce has written several excellent novels, and the sketches which appear occasionally in a contemporary over his initials always have humour and snap.

MR. W. B. YEATS dedicates his play, "Where there is Nothing," to Lady Gregory. Mr. Yeats says: "When I was a boy I used to wander about at Rosses Point and Ballisodare listening to old songs and stories." He wrote down what he heard, and then went to London to make a living. But he began to forget "the true countenance of country life":—

The old tales were still alive for me indeed, but with a new, strange, half unreal life, as if in a wizard's glass, until at last, when I had finished "The Secret Rose" and was half-way through "The Wind Among the Reeds," a wise woman in her trance told me that my inspiration was from the moon, and that I should always live close to water, for my work was getting too full of those little jewelled thoughts that come from the sun and have no nation.

We envy Mr. Yeats his "wise woman in her trance."

THERE is a sketch in the current number of "Chambers's Journal," called "How Mary McGillivray's Cow ate the Piper." "This is the story," we read, "as it is told round the peat fires of Strathnairn and Stratherrick, and as it was told to me." The same story was told by Carleton in his "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry": there are a few slight differences, but the incidents are essentially the same. It would be interesting to know whether Carleton transferred the scene to Ireland or whether he heard it there as a native growth.

MR. LAIDLAW PURVES has, in the "Athenæum," been trying to prove that "Robinson Crusoe" was not written by Defoe, but by Lord Oxford. There will soon come a time when writers will have to save posterity from these fruitless enquiries by depositing their MSS., duly attested, in some public repository.

To the slim volume called "German Ambitions as they affect Britain and the United States," Mr. St. Loe Strachey contributes an introduction in which he says:—

It is with great pleasure that I respond to the invitation of "Vigilans sed Equus" to write a few words of introduction to his Letters, originally published in the "Spectator."

I am proud that those Letters should have appeared first in my paper, and I feel it no small honour to be associated with them on the occasion of their publication in book form.

THE June "Cornhill" opens with a poem called "The Fir Planters," by Mr. Thomas Hardy. The verses are characteristic of Mr. Hardy's later work—they have the note of weariness and dejection. A "sad-faced woman holds the tree upright, and meditates," while the man fills in the earth. We quote the concluding stanzas:—

It will sigh in the morning,
Will sigh at noon,
At the winter's warning,
In wafts of June;
Grieving that never
Kind Fate decreed
It could not ever
Remain a seed,
And shun the welter
Of things without,
Unneeding shelter
From storm and drought.

Thus, all unknowing
For whom or what
We set it growing
In this bleak spot,
It still will grieve here
Throughout its time,
Unable to leave here
Or change its clime;
Or tell the story
Of us to-day
When, halt and hoary,
We've passed away.

MAX O'RELL's genial personality will be missed, and particularly on the lecture platform. His books were popular, but though they were often amusing enough one soon grew tired of their superficial observation and scrappiness. His lectures were largely extracts from his books, but in that form the matter did not appear so thin, and Max O'Rell always had a persuasive manner. He saw a good deal of various phases of life before settling down to literature. He served in the war of 1870, was captured at Sedan, and later was severely wounded in the second siege of Paris. Then he came to England as a newspaper correspondent, and afterwards was appointed French master at St. Paul's School. The success of his first book, "John Bull et son Ile," turned him from teaching to letters, and he continued to write and lecture till the end. Max O'Rell was an excellent story-teller, and did not in the least mind the point going against himself.

MR. LANG in "Longman's" writes: "I myself would offer a copy of this magazine to the gentleman or lady who first detects the incomparable 'howler' in the first page of the account of Sir Walter Scott in the Dictionary of National Biography. Oh, Sir Leslie Stephen! We do all err, but this error is 'an imperial crowner.' Yet perhaps only a Borderer (among persons not professional historians or genealogists) would have found it out." Does not that give the clue?

THE Stage Society will give their last production of this, their fourth season, at the Imperial Theatre on Sunday, June 7th, and Monday afternoon, June 8th. The programme will consist of "The Golden Rose," by Ian Robertson; "The Waters of Bitterness," by S. M. Fox; and "The Admirable Bashville; or, Constancy Unrewarded," by George Bernard Shaw.

THE volume of "Stevensoniana," edited by Mr. J. A. Hammerton, is to be issued uniform with Mr. Colvin's "Letters of R. L. Stevenson," and in outward format it is to be like the "Edinburgh Stevenson." In this form only one thousand copies will be issued for England and America. We do not much like this digging out of work which the writer was content to leave buried; still less do we like the idea, which seems to be the base of this volume, of gathering together references to Stevenson by writers who may or may not have been good critics. If this kind of book is to be encouraged we see no end to such superfluous compilations.

NEXT week M. Rostand is to be received into the bosom of the Académie Française. M. Rostand has recently returned from Cambo to Paris in order to prepare his speech; we suppose that only in the air of Paris could the right tone be acquired. Literary Paris is wondering what M. Rostand is going to talk about. Literary Paris, indeed, has an idea that M. Rostand is as likely to say something silly as to embark upon poetical rhetoric. The Paris correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette" reports that a celebrated dramatic author said to him: "Rostand on an important occasion either proves himself to be a genius or loses his head; and when anything not particularly long is required from him he generally does the latter." But as this occasion seems to be important, and as length seems to be demanded, we look to M. Rostand to prove his genius.

THE romance of publishing is not yet dead. Some weeks ago a well-known London publisher received the manuscript of a novel carefully packed in a red cloth case. There was no name on the manuscript and no name on the case. The book was read, and turned out to be, in the opinion of the publisher's reader, a fine seventeenth century historical romance. Now the publisher is anxious to find the writer of the story and the owner of the red cloth case.

Bibliographical.

DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL's promised book on "R. H. Hutton: Critic and Theologian" cannot fail to be interesting, for Dr. Nicoll is master of the subject. It is, however, only fair to recall the fact that very tolerable justice to Hutton was rendered in the little anonymous volume called "Richard Holt Hutton of 'The Spectator'" which appeared in 1899. Therein, in deference to Hutton's expressed wish that no biography of him should be written, the personal details given were only such as Hutton had himself made public on various occasions. In the Supplement to the "Dictionary of National Biography" much less reticence, very properly, was shown, and the memoir enshrined therein is, one may say, quite sufficient for the purpose. More than with most literary men, Hutton's permanent life lies in his books. To these add the monograph of 1899, the "Dictionary" article (1901), and the tributes by Mr. William Watson and Miss Julia Wedgwood; and you have pretty much all that you need know about R. H. Hutton.

There are at least two announced reprints which can be welcomed heartily in advance. One is of Sir Henry Wotton's "Elements of Architecture collected from the best authors and examples," which, first printed in 1624, seems not to have printed again until it was included in the Somers "Collection of Scarce and Useful Tracts" (1809 edition?). It is of course virtually inaccessible. Wholly inaccessible, one may say, is the other work to which I refer—John Parkinson's "Paradise in Sole, Paradisus Terrestris," or a "Garden of all sorts of pleasant

flowers which our English ayre will permit to be nursed up," printed first in 1629 and again in 1656, but not since then, apparently. This, of course, is one of the classics of gardening, as is also that other work from the same master hand—"Theatrum Botanicum: the Theatre of Plants" (1640)—which may perhaps be reprinted also. It was after John Parkinson, it will be remembered, that Mrs. Ewing named her Parkinson Society, now non-existent.

With reference to one of my paragraphs last week, Colonel W. F. Prideaux reminds me that Mr. A. W. Pollard entered the literary field before 1890—namely, in 1888, when he published an edition of Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella," reproduced from the folio of 1598. I ought to say that I did not profess to give a complete list of Mr. Pollard's publications, which include several besides those I mentioned—notably his editions of Herrick and Chaucer. In the same way I did not mention Mr. A. F. Pollard's collection of "Political Pamphlets" (1897). It has been suggested to me, by the way, that the confusion between the Messrs. Pollard would probably be avoided altogether if Mr. A. F. P. would print on his title-pages his first Christian name—"Albert." Mr. A. W. P., I think, invariably uses his first Christian name, which is "Alfred."

Mr. Albert Pollard will soon have an opportunity of adopting this suggestion, for announcement is made that he is to contribute to the "Heroes of the Reformation" series a volume on Cranmer. The great archbishop has had, of course, many biographers already—Strype, Sargant, Le Bas, Todd, and Dean Hook being the standard ones. Of late years we have had a book on Cranmer's "Life, Times, and Writings" by Mr. C. H. Collette (1887); more recently, two handy monographs—one by A. J. Mason in the "Leaders of Religion" series (1898) and the other by A. D. Innes in the "World's Epoch Makers" (1900).

The book on Charles James Fox which Mr. J. L. Hammond is to give us is to be a political study, not a biography. We are all still hoping that Sir George Trevelyan will yet see his way to produce the much-to-be-desired sequel to his "Early History" of Fox, of which a cheap edition appeared so recently as 1899. At present the only concise, yet comprehensive, memoir of Fox now available is that by Mr. H. O. Wakeman, which saw the light in 1890.

The late Rev. Hugh Macmillan had so many admiring readers that a list of his successive publications may not be without utility at this moment. The following are at least the most important:—"Footnotes from the Page of Nature" (1861 and 1874), "Bible Teaching in Nature" (1867), "The Ministry of Nature" (1871), "The Sabbath of the Fields," sequel to "Bible Teachings" (1876), "The Marriage in Cana of Galilee" (1882), "The Riviera" (1885, 1892, and 1902), "The Olive Leaf" (1886), "The Gate Beautiful" (1891), "My Comfort in Sorrow" (1891), "The Mystery of Grace" (1893), "The Daisies of Nazareth" (1894 and 1901), "The Clock of Nature" (1896), "Lessons from Life" (1897), "The Spring of the Day" (1898), "Gleanings in Holy Fields" (1899), "The Corn of Heaven" (1901), "The Christmas Rose and other Thoughts in Verse" (1901), and "The Poetry of Plants" (1902).

The old controversy about the authorship of the lines on "The Letter H" has cropped up in Mr. O'Connor's literary weekly, where it is dealt with sensibly. I doubt, however, whether the stanzas on the letter I, quoted by the writer, can be ascribed to Miss Fanshawe. They were, no doubt, suggested by her "riddle." It may be remembered that Miss Fanshawe did write quite a long and sprightly "poem" on the letter K, addressed to Earl Harcourt, who desired to substitute K for C in the word Catherine. I wonder, by the way, if the lady's "Literary Remains," published in 1876, are still "in print."

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Poet in the Forest.

HAMPSHIRE DAYS. By W. H. Hudson. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.)

A NEW book by Mr. Hudson is an event. Other men may as closely observe birds and beasts in their haunts, and record as faithfully the result of their observations; but none other brings so interesting a personality into the page or commands such harmonious and fortunate prose. Every line of this writer is his own, saturated with his peculiar melancholy, his sweet, grave humour, his sense of fatality, or, at least, of destiny. No one now writing accepts so uncomplainingly the facts of life; no one so simply and naturally recognises the laws of flux and reflux, growth, decay, and growth again. Mr. Hudson has an outlook upon life, part sadness, part joy, and wholly understanding, which we can describe only as Shakespearean. He sees it steadily and whole, while his eyes light now and then with a pitying irony.

This new book of his might indeed be called a monument of ironical aloofness: a rebuke; or at least a whispered intimation to most of us that the lords of creation are by no means also the most interesting fauna. It is pleasant to think that while affairs have been pushed with such energy during the past three years: while Boer and Briton struggled, while the Coronation passed through its rigours, while the Education clauses were being wrangled over, and bye-elections contested; while composers were striving and engineers panting; so fine an intellect as Mr. Hudson's has been occupied in loitering in the New Forest watching spiders at play, cuckoos evicting their foster-brothers, hornets sipping the ivy blossoms, and adders at bask in the sun.

Mr. Hudson has not, of course, been alone in these detached pursuits; other naturalists have been similarly employed. But other naturalists are not Mr. Hudson, have not his power of visualising all things at once—the ant and the man—or his sensitive, wistful temperament and gift of style. In a word, other naturalists have not written "The Purple Land" and "El Ombu." The result is that where their books might be just the records of their scientific observations, Mr. Hudson's is a delicate, sombre, and suggestive monologue on life, filled with the tenderest appreciation of the beauty of all wild things, and imparting many rare secrets.

Bit by bit Mr. Hudson is revealing to us our own country. It was he who first taught the Londoner that the great City's birds repay study. It was he who wrote the best book on Sussex that has yet been published, and he now yields up in this serene volume some of Hampshire's treasure. It is a charming task for England's returned truants—to bring to her loveliness eyes trained in foreign lands and eloquence matured in exile. Mr. Hudson has spent the greater part of his life in South America: settling down again in the Island he now shows us how to see. We, who have had these scenes always within reach, miss so much that he, a stranger, detects—just as a husband is often the last to perceive that his wife looks particularly handsome. Familiarity dulls the perception: one takes things for granted. A passage wherein Mr. Hudson refers to his South American home may be quoted as an example of his intensely personal manner—a style that is often almost electrically charged with himself. He has been watching some spiders at their curious antics, and, as he watched, a gipsy boy joined him:—

But when I looked back, and when, regaining the road, I went on my way, and indeed for long hours after, I saw the boy vaguely, almost like a boy of mist, and was hardly able to recall his features, so faintly had he impressed me; while the spider on her flower, the small male that wooed and won her

many times yet never ventured to take her, were stamped so vividly on my brain that even if I had wished it I could not have got rid of that persistent image. It made me miserable to think that I had left, thousands of miles away, a world of spiders exceeding in size, variety of shape, and beauty and richness of colouring, those I found here—surpassing them, too, in the marvellousness of their habits and that ferocity of disposition which is without a parallel in nature. I wished I could drop this burden of years so as to go back to them, to spend half a lifetime in finding out some of their fascinating secrets. Finally, I envied those who in future years will grow up in that green continent, with this passage in their hearts, and have the happiness which I had missed.

The book abounds in passages of great beauty; but we find ourselves turning more often to those in which Mr. Hudson tells something directly of himself than where he is more objectively descriptive. Who else is there now writing that could or would so express himself on a Hampshire heath?—

This miserable sensation soon passed away, and, with quieted heart, I began to grow more and more attracted by the thought of resting on so blessed a spot. To have always about me that wildness which I best loved—the rude incult heath, the beautiful desolation; to have harsh furze and ling and bramble and bracken to grow on me, and only wild creatures for visitors and company. The little stonechat, the tinkling meadow pipit, the excited white-throat to sing to me in summer; the deep-burrowing rabbit to bring down his warmth and familiar smell among my bones; the heat-loving adder, rich in colour, to find when summer is gone a dry safe shelter and hibernaculum in my empty skull.

Another man, did he write in that way, might not be believed; but it is a characteristic of Mr. Hudson, as of Jefferies, that one must accept his every word of himself without question. If poetry truly be emotion recollected in tranquillity this volume is fine poetry. Jefferies's exultation or almost intoxication under the influence of the visible world's loveliness is not here: rather a quiet pride to be a part of so immensely interesting a cosmos, shot through with regret at the thought that man, with all his advantages, is still in so many ways lower than his "earth-born companions" (as Burns calls them), and is still so lacking in imagination as to destroy them in wantonness.

But there are no other writers with whom to liken Mr. Hudson, except fitfully. Wordsworth he recalls in reverence, but he has more of iron mingled with his love. Thoreau he resembles in his independence, his aloofness; Jefferies in his passionate wish to understand Nature, to be nearer her heart. Gilbert White was of a simpler day; Mr. Hudson is peculiarly modern. If there is any writer at this moment whom Mr. Hudson suggests to us it is Mr. Hardy, in certain of the descriptive interludes in his novels—particularly perhaps in "The Woodlanders," and also his poems. They are far from being alike in all points, but both men look upon Nature, not as a separate collection of phenomena for study on fine days, but as impregnating, enveloping, and influencing all. Both are equally in love with the green earth and yet equally prepared to be merged in it. Both smile sadly.

A Spiritual Genius.

THE LIFE OF FATHER DOLLING. By Charles E. Osborn. (Arnold. 12s. 6d.)

IN an age of theory and ever-varying experimental philanthropy, nothing is more valuable than the biography of such a man as Father Dolling. Here was neither theorist nor man of letters—for he was professedly "an ignoramus" in book-learning—but a spiritual genius, an intensely human saint, who knew God's secret and lived it. It is not as the exponent of certain dogmas, nor as the leader of any particular cause, that we are interested

in this man, but because of his strong vital personality, and his far-reaching influence upon men and women of widely different type and class.

Few could be better equipped to tell the tale of Father Dolling's life than Mr. Osborne, who for seven years lived and worked with him at Landport, and for twenty years loved him as a friend: and he has told us the story fittingly, with an understanding sympathy that only one who "felt his purpose and rejoiced in his joy" could do. Some might reasonably wish that the details of all the petty misunderstandings and hindrances put in his way, by men of less spiritual insight, had been omitted from the book, but the life would have been less true and less instructive; and we pass hastily over these pages—to those which tell of Father's Dolling's own attitude towards these constant persecutions—with the relief of one who breathes again the clear air after the atmosphere of a close room. It is to the credit of the biographer that this healthful, bracing atmosphere, which was a characteristic part of Dolling's personality, is felt throughout the book. Mr. Osborne writes:—

To be near him was to feel alive, to be again buoyant, young in heart. Dullness, conventionality, hardness of mind and of feeling could not exist within the range of his potent influence: he was as a "breeze from places strong for life."

Robert Dolling's name is most often associated with his power of organisation—by which in a few months he would convert a neglected and squalid district into a centre of spiritual and educational effort, and by the contagion of his own enthusiasm succeed in raising the necessary money to carry on the work. The testimony of one of the most successful business men of the day was that Dolling was among the very best men of business he had ever met. But his peculiar power was more than this. He attracted and inspired men of all classes, more especially those outside the ordinary religious influence. To be an outcast of any kind was a title to his regard. His own home was the headquarters of his work, first at the Parsonage at Landport, later at the Clergy-house at Poplar. Never were houses more elastic, nor inmates more heterogeneous. Professional men and ladies of fashion sat at the same table with the "human odds and ends," the poor, the unfortunate, and the hopeless failures of society; and to all he gave discriminating help and loving sympathy. Whether as preacher or missionary, Father Dolling was above all things human, natural to the verge of eccentricity. He always spoke and wrote in the simplest words he could find, and his similes and stories were alternately humorous and pathetic, as the smiles and tears on a child's face. A friend wrote of him:—

I suppose one can hardly conceive of a person who could with greater ease, and less jar, turn from jocularity to gravity, and who could at one moment be holding you in helpless laughter, and at the next be touching straight home to your conscience. I suppose it was because the secular and religious were not nearly such distinct spheres as with most people.

Of this characteristic Mr. Osborne says: "To have known him was to have known the essential harmony of his character. This double aspect of his, made on the one hand human-hearted people religious, and religiously-minded people human."

There was no trace of cant, nor stereotyped formula in his teaching, and perhaps this and his unfailing sense of humour made him specially beloved by the Winchester boys and all his young friends. He grew old with the heart of a child.

Father Dolling's methods of work were by no means always shared by his friends and helpers, and his frequent attacks upon the laxity of clergy and laity made him an enemy to the hidebound formalist of whatever school. He was always loyal at heart to the Church of England,

and tenaciously adhered to those catholic practices which he felt to have most effect upon the minds and lives of the people; and in justification of their use he appealed always to their value to the soul, and never to their historical age or accuracy. It was his character more than his dogma that won him so many and such varied friends—a character in which nature was not curbed, but developed by the freedom of divine service. Soldier, schoolboy, and artisan, each found in him his particular English ideal—a fearless love of truth, a hatred of meanness and cowardice, and a scorn of cant and hypocrisy. At one of his West End meetings, when, as usual, he was pleading for funds to carry on his work, he prefaced his demand with: "I do not wish to mislead you; I should like you all to know that I am High Church."

Robert Dolling lived the religious life in the racket of the world. His presence brought comfort and joy; and where he went dark places were illuminated by his spiritual genius.

Neurotic.

THE JOURNAL OF ARTHUR STIRLING. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THERE is an air of mystery about the production of this book which we do not particularly like. Why has the editor, who claims to have been Stirling's most intimate friend, not signed his introduction? If the Journal be an actual record of fact the less mystification there is about it the better; if it is not a record of fact we regard the whole thing as without justification. But we must accept it as genuine, and treat it with what seriousness it deserves.

Arthur Stirling, then, was a youth who believed himself to be a great poet. We read in the introduction: "He was the author of one book, a tragedy in blank verse, called 'The Captive'; that drama forms the chief theme of this journal. For the rest, it seems to me enough to quote this notice, which appeared in the 'New York Times' for June 9, 1902:—

'STIRLING. By suicide in the Hudson River, poet and man of genius, in the 22nd year of his age, only son of Richard T. and Grace Stirling, deceased, of Chicago.'

The Journal describes how the tragedy of "The Captive" was written, how it was refused by publisher after publisher, and how finally its author committed suicide. The editor says: "Extraordinary pages they are to me. That a man who was about to take his life should have written them is one of the strangest cases of artistic absorption I know of in literature. But Arthur Stirling was a man lost in his art just so—so full of it, so drunk with it, that nothing in life had other meaning to him. . . . So he lived, and so he worked; the world had no use for his work, and so he died."

Let us now proceed to the Journal itself. We have read it with some interest, a little pity, and much disgust. It is a book of ravings, of neuroticism, of colossal egoism. We do not find in it the firm striving of the artist—we have no proof that Stirling was an artist at all. What we have is a series of hysterical outpourings which make us ashamed for the writer as we read. "The Captive" may be a great poem—it will no doubt be published in due course—but we do not gather from the Journal very much hope for it. Stirling had no idea how to treat the world; it does not appear, however, that the world treated him badly. When he wanted employment he got it; it is not obvious, however, that he need have found it as a plate-washer and a car conductor. His plan was to work till he had saved a few dollars and then to wait for inspiration or the replies of publishers. The publishers, on the whole, treated him extremely well. Two or three, at any rate, gave him encouragement, which, seeing how he badgered them, is all to the credit of the publishers. The man who is convinced that he is a heaven-sent genius very seldom is

one; there was no doubt at all in the mind of Arthur Stirling. We must illustrate by extracts the extraordinary perversity, hysteria, and wrong-headedness of the Journal:—

I have not one beautiful memory in my life. I have nothing in my life that, when I think of it, does not make me writhe.

... Fighting—fighting—all the time fighting! Sometimes I run—sometimes I don't know what to do. Last night I know that it grew dark, and that I was lying flat on the dead leaves, striking my hands, that were numb with excitement. I was too weak to move—but I remember panting out, "There is nothing like that in 'King Lear!'"

Will you imagine me to-day, kneeling by the bedside, shuddering; my face hidden, the tears streaming down my cheeks—and I cry aloud: "I will—oh, I will!"

I cannot tell any more.

To-day I had a spiritual experience—a revelation; to-day, in a flash of insight, I understood an age—whole centuries of time, whole nations of men.

We need quote no more to indicate the manner and outlook, if it may be called an outlook, of this Journal. The whole thing is a persistent railing against fate, a perpetual exaltation of the ego. We have every sympathy with genius struggling against adversity—but we like to see the struggle honestly maintained, we look for some manliness, some real grip of the heart of life. We look in vain for manliness and real grip in these pages. Many readers, no doubt, will take a different point of view; they will see one man against the world, and the man going under. But our experience of the world does not lead us to wholesale condemnations, and we cannot see that this Journal condemns the world with justice. It is time, indeed, to make a protest against such publications; they minister to the vanity and useless declamations of ill-balanced youth, while they contribute nothing to the quiet sanity which is at the back of the truest and most vital art. This is a volume rather for the student of pathology than the general reader, and even if "The Captive" be a fine poem we should hold to our opinion concerning its author's Journal. Our impression is, though we cannot support it by proof, that the story of the suicide is a mere advertising device, and that the Journal was written by some ingenious man of letters.

The Genesis of Authorship.

SCIENCE OF LITERATURE: ON THE LITERARY THEORIES OF TAINE AND HERBERT SPENCER. Two Lectures by A. T. W. Borsdorf. (David Nutt. 1s. net.)

AN author, of course, is not an isolated and unrelated phenomenon. He is, like Tennyson's Ulysses, a part of all that he has met. But to assert this platitude is not to explain the genesis of authorship, nor to predicate a Shakespeare or a Burns from their respective environments. Prof. Borsdorf has set himself, in these lectures, the easy task of criticising, in the destructive sense, the two outstanding theories that have been advanced as the basis for a science of literature: but he may be accompanied to some purpose.

Many are the methods of literary critics. Some judge literature by an ideal standard of perfection; others make a complete study of the psychology of an author; others compare and contrast authors of different races and ages; others, first of whom was Taine, regard literary products as manifestations of national genius:—

What are the relations, first, between the work and its author; and, secondly, between the author and his surroundings? Can we from a given work draw conclusions with regard to its author, and thence to his race, age, and general surroundings, or, from a consideration of these general causes, arrive at a complete determination of an author's genius, and, too, at a complete understanding of his work?

Taine set out to answer this socio-psychological question on the principle (derived from Comte) of mutual dependence—or correlation, as a biologist would say. According to this, all parts of civilisation mutually affect one another in their changes. And Taine asserted that it was possible to reconstruct the author from his work—to perceive through it every characteristic, every trait of the mind that produced it. Applying this assertion to the differing cases of the "realist" and the idealist, Prof. Borsdorf shows its extremely limited truth. As to the so-called "realist," we may agree with him in admitting Taine's thesis; has not Stevenson flatly told us of the realist "laying on the indecency with the ungrudging hand of love"? In such work, at any rate, the author's psychology is naked and unashamed. But in the case of the others the slightest consideration is enough to show that Taine's claim cannot be admitted.

Nor does the great Frenchman's theory hold more firmly in its more important clause, which would find in the author an answer to a nice mathematical problem, whereof the factors are the society, the century, the climate, and so forth, in which he moved. Deny the influence of the *milieu* and the *habitat* we cannot; but precisely to estimate it is yet beyond our powers. In Prof. Borsdorf's excellent words:—

Taine has failed to create a science of literature in the naturalistic sense of the word "science," because the auxiliary sciences, psychology and ethology especially, were not advanced enough to allow of the real foundation of such a new science.

To Taine at least we owe it that the first attempt, perhaps, since Aristotle was made, and that the problems yet awaiting solution were well and clearly formulated.

Mr. Spencer has attacked a question which Taine never touched: that of the development of literature. He applies to it the law of evolution, and it is the most obvious criticism, though necessary, as we admit, to urge, as Prof. Borsdorf does, that, in the psychic sphere with so many unknown and incomputable factors at work, no precision of results can be expected. Literature, Mr. Spencer has taught us, like art and language and science, is "an objective register of subjective changes"; and this register is subject to the law of evolution. Prof. Borsdorf's treatment of Mr. Spencer's position, though, as we conceive, unsound, is most luminous and interesting. We earnestly commend it to everyone interested in a fascinating problem, but we would warn the reader that the digression concerning the law of evolution in biology must be read with all reserve. The value of the subsequent part of the paper is almost annulled by the wholly inaccurate statement—gathered from what vain source we cannot conceive—of the accepted biological belief. These few pages we regret, as needless and strangely misrepresentative of the facts; and the remainder of the argument, whilst extremely interesting in certain details of comment upon Mr. Spencer's theory, does not appear to us in any valid manner to assail the necessary belief that, as elsewhere, the principle of evolution, however obscure be our tracing of it, must prevail, and that most fortunately, in the domain of literature.

A Distinguished Limitation.

DRAMATIC SONNETS, POEMS, AND BALLADS: SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON. With an Introduction by William Sharp. (Walter Scott Publishing Co., London. 1s.)

MR. LEE-HAMILTON has a certain eclectic reputation among cultivated lovers of poetry, though to the great indifferent public, ruffled into attention only by the loudest winds of rumour, he is unknown. Nor, though we welcome this selection from his work, made (we are told) by the author

himself, can we complain that his fate is undeserved. For his is a singularly limited, quiet, and slow-ripening gift. Practically, it is confined to the sonnet. We would not say that the lyrics in various kinds, which compose a small final proportion of this little volume, are without their merit. But it is an artistic merit, lacking spontaneity or any marked original quality. The longer and more ambitious lyrics, such as those in the ode form, or tending that way, are apt to have a very plain Swinburnian stamp as regards style. One comes back to the sonnet as the form in which alone—or so chiefly as alone to be worth considering—Mr. Lee-Hamilton attains his measure of personal power, puts forth what is recognisably an individuality. And these sonnets predominate in and dominate the book with an exclusiveness quite unusual. This engrossment with a single form is very peculiar among English poets of our day; and that a form which, despite the modern favour, remains something of an exotic in English verse. Yet in this self-imposed limitation Mr. Lee-Hamilton is manifestly justified. The sonnet fits his studious and artful gift. It needed not Mr. Sharp to tell us what his poems tell, that (like Mrs. Browning) he is a lifelong invalid. Unlike her, his suffering has depressed his vitality. There is a lack of central ardour which handicaps his poetry in sheer motive-power, so that the shorter the demand on his energy the more like he is to sustain it. Even the brief burthen of the sonnet he does not attain to uplift all at once. His strength slowly and by practice grows equal to it—that is noticeable in this volume. From the outset there is delicacy of art, there is refinement of feeling and of reflection, there is pictorial—almost too painter-like—perception. But the emotion is a little thin, the emotional thought (and the poet must “think in his heart,” or his poetry is made desolate) not deep and *red* enough. In these early sonnets the imagery, while it shows the poetic mind, is often somewhat trivial, ingenious, artificial, touched with the associations of a petty modernity. The ball-room and the band (for instance) yield imagery to one sonnet; and an extreme case perhaps best examples our meaning. Of the higher work in these earlier sonnets let us quote “Eagles of Tiberius” :—

They say at Capua that Tiberius bound
His slaves to eagles, ere he had them flung
In the abysses, from the rocks that hung
Beetling above the sea and the sea's sound.

Slowly the eagle, struggling round and round
With the gagged slave that from his talons swung.
Sank through the air, to which he fiercely clung.
Until the sea caught both, and both were drowned.

O Eagle of the Spirit, hold thy own;
Work thy great wings, and grapple to the sky; •
Let not this shackled body drag thee down

Into that stagnant sea where, by-and-by,
The ethereal and the clayey both must drown,
Bound by a link that neither can untie.

This is good; but the later “Sonnets of Life and Fate” and “Imaginary Sonnets” are still better. Here at length the poet has reached a fulness of emotional thought which gives his best sonnets a true distinction. They have passed the subtle bound which divides poetic verse from absolute poems. Mr. Lee-Hamilton's favourite method is to expound in the sestet an image set forth in the octave. This is done with extreme skill, so that the application strikes home with an effect of almost dramatic and sometimes solemn surprise. It may not be the highest and austere form of the sonnet; but the effect is fine and self-justifying. One is tempted to quote example on example, such as the “Ring of Faustus”—a very striking sonnet. But, forced to choose, we elect one of the “Imaginary Sonnets,” which does not belong to this type at all, but is remarkable for sheer descriptive strength—

“Leonardo da Vinci to his Snakes,” a sonnet on the picture of Medusa which inspired Shelley's poem :—

I love to watch them, trickling on the floor,
Like Evil's very ooings running free;
Now livid blue, now green as green can be,
Now almost white, though black an hour before.

Their undulation, trammelled by no shore,
Might be a ripple upon Horror's sea,
The live meander moves so soundlessly,
Inscrutable as Magic's very core.

What if I painted a Medusa's head,
Fresh severed, lying on its back, with brow
Convulsed in death, and wan as moonlit lead;

And made the snakes, still writhing in a slow
Death struggle round the temples that are dead,
Striving to quit them in a ceaseless flow?

Every word of this tells (note, for instance, the “wan as moonlit lead”). An equal power, allied with imagination and emotional reflection, makes the best of this poet's sonnets distinctive and distinguished work, on which you can always open with pleasure. He has worked his single vein with a concentration slowly issuing in wise success.

The Value of Vivisection.

EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS. By Stephen Paget. With an Introduction by Lord Lister. New and revised edition. Progressive Science Series. (Murray. 6s.)

THIS volume does not concern itself with the principle of vivisection. If human life has an absolute value, the principle is justified; if its value be only relative, then the supporters of vivisection must demonstrate how many rabbits it takes to save a baby's life, and must submit their equation to those who shall weigh the result. Mr. Paget's object is merely, however, to prove that vivisection has been of value to man, and this object he amply attains on each and every page. There is an entire absence of the polemic usually associated with this matter. The facts have simply been stated, with detailed references for every individual assertion. Excepting a reference to the “chorda tympani”—which no lay reader could guess to be a nerve connected with the drum of the ear—Mr. Paget has succeeded in making himself intelligible to the general reader, for whom the book is intended. The volume is practically a verifiable history of physiology, biology, pathology, bacteriology and therapeutics. In a temperate introduction, Lord Lister—who, as the founder of modern surgery, has saved more lives and averted more suffering than any other man in history—points out how difficult the present Act makes various branches of modern work in therapeutics, such as the production of the various anti-toxins which mark the scientific era in pure medicine.

The value of vivisection to physiology is familiar to most of us. We know that by it the arteries were found not to contain air (as their name signifies), that by it Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, and so forth. Physiology is, of course, fundamental, but it has not the instant interest of the other branches of knowledge to which vivisection has contributed since the Act of 1876. Darwin, at that time, could write that he knew “what a pity it would be to stop all progress in such a grand science as physiology,” but subsequent work has been of even more importance. We may note the antiseptic system of Lister, which has since then been perfected; the introduction of anti-toxins, and the discovery of the cause of consumption and its allies, which now appears to be on the verge of consummation by the introduction of an efficient curative serum, rendered possible, of course, only by vivisection. Vaccination against anthrax saves France about seven million francs a year in cattle and

sheep, so that animals also gain by vivisection. The number of children's lives saved by the new treatment of diphtheria is quite beyond reckoning, even if the future be ignored. The results in hydrophobia and plague are an old story, but malaria and yellow fever add a recent interest. Since the work, depending on vivisection, of Manson and Major Ross, which resulted in the latter bringing the Nobel prize in medicine to this country, everyone knows that malaria is dependent upon a certain mosquito. It is now merely a matter of draining the pools in which the mosquito breeds, and not only will malaria disappear—the process has already begun—but thousands of square miles of the richest parts of the surface of this shrinking planet will become available for the swelling race of mankind. We cannot do much with a supposed "miasm," but an *Anopheles* is within our powers. By the dispensable means of vivisection it has similarly been shown that the mosquito conveys yellow fever, and Havana last year supplied the astonishing result that there was not one death in the city from a disease which had been endemic for two centuries and killed every fourth inhabitant. Thus an indirect result of the Spanish-American war was to save about fifteen thousand lives in one city in one year. There has not been a single case of yellow fever in Havana since September. The disease (or rather the *Culex* mosquito) is there extinct. As to drugs, we range from chloroform, introduced as a result of dangerous experiments carried out on himself for months, in Edinburgh, by Sir James Simpson, to thyroid treatment, which now cures myxoedema, cretinism, and many forms of insanity all the world over. We may conclude by quoting the only paragraph in which Mr. Paget has let himself go:—

Myxoedema is but one instance how the treatment of disease must have the help of experiments on animals. Those who oppose all such experiments, now that they have faced or outfaced the facts about myxoedema, must face the facts about cancer. What do they wish to see done? They are absolutely ignorant of the elementary facts about the disease: Will they advise the experts what line to follow?

A Pleasing Chronicle of Sport.

EXMOOR STREAMS. NOTES AND JOTTINGS, WITH PRACTICAL HINTS FOR ANGLERS. By Claude F. Wade. With Illustrations. (Chatto and Windus.)

MR. WADE's little book is more to our mind than most of the works on Angling which have been published within recent years. These, as a rule, are marred by one of two faults. In some cases the writers make their outings with rod and line the excuse for rather tiresome raptures on the beauties of rural nature as seen by men habituated to the bustle of cities; in others the writers discuss the sport as a whole, which is a large subject, from a narrowly limited experience. Mr. Wade's plan is much better. It is really about Angling that he writes, and he writes of the art only in so far as he is acquainted with it. His style is so slack that it would not pass an elementary examination in syntax; but one does not dip far into his pages before perceiving that his negligence is that of a sprightly man of experience so keenly interested in his subject that he discourses with no thought other than a natural disposition towards candour and lucidity. Since 1861, whenever he could quit the Temple for a holiday, Mr. Wade has been casting angle in the streams of Exmoor. The brown trout to be caught in these waters are not large: indeed, "the average," we are informed, "is no better than twelve to the pound!" Still, even if bigger game had never come in his way, Mr. Wade, we are sure, would have attracted us by his account of the days he has spent on the Lyn and the Barle.

When large fish are far away, surprising enjoyment is to be found in the capture of small ones. These twelve-to-

the-pound trout have their moods, which one must study. Sometimes they seek a particular fly, scorning all others; sometimes they scorn all flies, not disdaining a worm. About that emergency Mr. Wade tells the truth very pleasingly. "In clear low water," he writes, "I consider worm-fishing more difficult than, or at all events as difficult as, fly-fishing. Don't you believe that it is quite an inferior kind of sport and hardly to be named amongst fly fishermen. This is all utter nonsense, and is only put forward by those who fancy themselves at fly-fishing and know more or less about it, but who are utterly ignorant of the art of worm-fishing, which they pretend to despise simply because they don't understand it. . . . There is a great fascination in not knowing what sort of a fish you may get hold of, from a fifteen-pound salmon down to a one-ounce troutlet, or, where there are no salmon or peal, from a giant trout down to a pigmy." This is nearly true. We know that fascination; but surely it is the experience only of those who, habitually fishing with flies, try the worm as an occasional change? There are surprises in fly-fishing too, as when the fingers that hold this very pen thrilled to the discovery, a few days ago, that a large salmon had taken a trout fly, a teal-and-red; but what Mr. Wade says is true in the main. Especially in a time of flood, the problem about what manner of fish may be looking at the sunken lure is wrapped in expectant and agreeable mystery.

From the passage which has been quoted, it will be perceived that there are fish other than small trout in the streams of Exmoor. Some days Mr. Wade caught thirty or forty half-pound brown trout; at certain times of the year sea-trout, varying between half-a-pound and four pounds, run up the streams; often too, if the floods are seasonable and sufficient, salmon are plentiful, and eager for lob worms or minnows. Mr. Wade, it is clear, knows the right way with all these fish. His prattle about them is genial, convincing, racy. Here and there he speaks a little despitely of Lorna Doone. He dwells fondly on the times when she was "practically unknown." "Even 'Gurt John Ridd,'" he says, "had not arrived on the scene, as he did later on (at least I read it was so in a London newspaper), in the shape of a worthy and gigantic mender of roads, who afterwards, poor man, died blazoned out as the hero of Blackmore's excellent novel in a London hospital." The truth about this can now be revealed without impropriety. It was given to us over the walnuts and the wine at Teddington by Mr. Blackmore himself. "Was there really a John Ridd?" "O, yes," said our distinguished host, as picturesque an Englishman as we have ever known. "And was he—was he like Lorna's John?" "Well, no: not exactly. He was rather a gross brute; but I thought he had possibilities."

"Very Near a Great Man."

MAZARIN. By Arthur Hassall. Foreign Statesmen Series. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d.)

THIS volume (as was required by the plan of the series) is small, and Mazarin's career was large—it almost merges into European history; but Mr. Hassall has, on the whole, achieved the very difficult task of selection and compression with skill and discretion, while he possesses a clear and agreeable narrative touch. Mazarin is a somewhat neglected and generally misunderstood statesman. He had the ill-fortune to follow a man greater than himself; and that is a fatal misfortune. Thus he is regarded as playing Napoleon the Little to Richelieu's Napoleon the Great. The popular notion of him is that of Dumas: a weak, cunning, shifty, avaricious adventurer, succeeding in the end by undeserved good fortune. But this was, in truth, a man of very great talents, who would have been notable in any age or

country. He came into power under the most difficult conditions. Richelieu's death had set all men on expecting a change, many on hoping for it, a large and powerful combination on working for it. A Queen (Anne of Austria) who had been Richelieu's bitter enemy was Regent. Her friends, whom the great Cardinal had exiled, flocked back to France, clamorous for places, pensions, and the reversal of the dead man's policy. All Richelieu's enemies, which meant most of the French nobility and hosts of powerful intriguers besides, were determined to reverse his policy and regain their power. The Parliament of Paris, which Richelieu had made a nonentity, retook its power and determined on the reversal of his policy. All these strong factions, all the petticoat intriguers who then played such a part in politics, and were many of them the Queen's friends, had all one voice for the undoing of everything which Richelieu had done. It was the new Cardinal's legacy to maintain, consolidate, and complete the dead Cardinal's work. And against this hostile coalition he had but one basic support—the Queen to whom everyone looked as his most formidable enemy. His secret marriage with her was his salvation. But Anne was easy-going and anxious to please everybody; no safe support for a policy of blood-and-iron; moreover, her own friends were Mazarin's enemies and active opponents. It speaks volumes for his ability that against such odds he carried out the dead man's foreign policy with an unflinching and dexterous hand, making France the chief power in Europe, and guiding her arms to victory. True, he neglected home affairs, and let the forces of disorder gather till the Fronde obliged him to suppress them drastically. But was that his fault? Could he have played the Richelieu? No doubt he was by nature courteous and forbearing. No doubt he was of all things a diplomat, a "wily Italian," preferring smooth and subtle ways. But that is not all. His was not Richelieu's position, though he sat in Richelieu's seat. He was no French noble, came of no ancient French house, was not even a Frenchman at all. He was an Italian—adventurer, his enemies added. A French noble might send French nobles to the axe, as Richelieu sent them; it was lion preying on lion: if a foreigner should do the like, the nation would turn and rend him. This, with the Queen's easy temper, sufficiently excuses Mazarin's long-suffering. He could not strike till the nation was behind him: to have the nation behind him, the nobles must make it evident that they would ruin France unless they were suppressed. In the affair of the Duc de Bouillon Mazarin showed he could act when he was secure of public opinion. And when the Fronde had shown the impossibility of nobles and Parliament, he acted with firmness and entire success. When he died, he had completed Richelieu's legacy to the letter. He had finished the crushing of the nobles, he had finished the crushing of Austrian and Spanish supremacy, he had left France at the head of Europe. He who had done all this, against such obstacles, with nothing to rely on but a good-natured woman, was something very near a great man.

"The Correggio of Sculpture."

JEAN GOUJON: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Reginald Lister. With an Introduction by S. Arthur Strong. (Duckworth. 42s.)

ONE of those French artists of the Renaissance who are now receiving their due recognition, it needs but a glance at the reproductions which adorn this book to impress the beholder with the beauty and power as a sculptor of Jean Goujon. He had the artistic good fortune to live during the palmy days of Francis the First and Henri the Second, under the patronage of that extraordinary woman, Diane de Poitiers. She was

the inspiration and the model of his loveliest sculptures. Unlike most royal mistresses, her habits assimilated her to the goddess whose name she bore. She hunted constantly in the forest, she bathed, not in scented waters, but in the cold and living spring. Though her connection with the King, Henri the Second, was illegitimate, she assumed all the airs of the virtuous matron; prescribed medicine—and morals—for the royal children, advised the Queen (who loved her as little as might be expected), mixed in affairs of state, and—when Henri died—lived the life of a mourning widow. Cold, prudent, and of brilliant accomplishments, she patronised religion and the fine arts. Let it be set to her credit that she patronised Goujon. He, in his turn, has patronised her; and her beauty looks out from many of these pages. Witness, for instance, that splendid fountain of Diana which forms the frontispiece; in which, by the way, the stag is almost more beautiful than the goddess. Such proud and gentle animal loveliness was surely never expressed in sculpture.

As Mr. Lister says, the influence, and the beneficent influence, of Goujon on French art at large is impossible to overrate. That art was servilely under the foreign domination of the Italian school of Fontainebleau when he appeared. He rescued it, taught it independence and nationality, and set the type of French decorative art even down to the time of the Empire. He was the first to introduce the nude figure into French decorative sculpture—how exquisitely, let these pages show. Fortunate was it for him that he had a Diane de Poitiers as his model. Comparing the misfortune of the English renaissance, which had Elizabeth for its inspiration, Mr. Lister grimly remarks that a nude statue of the Virgin Queen is a horror unthinkable. Even the pictorial tendency of his sculpture, which has been made a reproach to him, was (Mr. Lister observes) of incalculable benefit in its effect on French painting of the future; coming, as he did, at a time when there were few French painters. His conceptions often resemble those of Correggio, whence he has been called the Correggio of sculpture; but his chisel has a severity which preserves austerity in his nude figures. Nay, in such figures as the bas-reliefs of St. Germain L'Auxerrois, which are represented here, the resemblance to Michael Angelo is unmistakable. There is a kindred majesty and masculinity. Nevertheless, Mr. Lister considers it difficult to believe that Goujon could have been acquainted with the great Italian's work. Mr. Lister gives a detailed account of what is known concerning his life and the sequence of his works; and this excellent monograph should be in the hands of all who love sculpture.

Other New Books.

THE FAITH OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. By John Kelman, Junr. (Oliphant. 5s. net.)

TO Stevenson's readers any summary or interpretation of his religious faith is surely unnecessary, and those who have not read him are not likely to trouble their heads about it. Mr. Kelman appears to have recognised this difficulty, yet he did not on that account refrain from writing this book. "No apology is needed," he says, "for another book concerning Robert Louis Stevenson. It would be impossible to have too much of him; and while his faith has been touched upon in passing by most of those who have written about him, it has never yet been selected for special and detailed study." We agree with Mr. Kelman that it would be impossible to have too much of Stevenson's own work; but it is easy to have too much written round it; indeed, we have had too much already. We cannot, therefore, give any cordial welcome to this volume, although it is far above the

average of such work. Mr. Kelman writes well, draws sane conclusions, and is enthusiastic without being foolish. His point of view is certainly that which Stevenson would have held himself:—

There is around us much unconscious Christianity. There are strong men whom God has girded, though they have not known Him, and quiet men who do not seem to be following Christ, and yet unquestionably are casting out devils. These are the men who will best appreciate Stevenson's faith.

Mr. Kelman well says that "the distinguishing mark of this most dogmatic of men is the absence of dogma in the theological sense." Stevenson's faith was entirely undogmatic; to attempt to tie him to a formula was at once to make him kick. Yet he was always preaching; as he himself said: "I would rise from the dead to preach." After all, we have the best of his faith and philosophy stated in his own incomparable way in "A Christmas Sermon." If there are people who wish to have Stevenson's belief expounded to them they cannot do better than go to Mr. Kelman's pages.

LOVELY WOMAN. By T. W. H. Crosland. (Grant Richards. 5s.)

MR. CROSLAND has followed up his indictment of a nation with an indictment of a sex, and having been rude to the Unspeakable Scot he goes on to be even more rude to woman. Indeed, the only notable feature of this hysterical, ill-spelled, and uninformed work is its blatant rudeness, and the man who shouts rude remarks in a crowd is certain of a hearing—though not of respect. Woman, he maintains, has neither good looks nor efficiency; she is a failure as maid, wife, and widow. She ought to be kept in a hutch at the bottom of the garden. "Of Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler I will only say that I wish she had never been born." That is a specimen of what Mr. Crosland thinks a gentleman should write, print, and publish. Of "the sinner" he writes, "Most women are more or less bad"—a statement which would apply to all men. "Many of them drink. Some of them are kleptomaniacs and shoplifters." Of course; they are as human as their husbands and fathers. "A man can carry a skinful of liquor like a gentleman. A woman never gets drunk like a lady." Well—there the women who are also ladies may find an unintended compliment. Naturally Mr. Crosland is infuriated by the success of women "in obtaining what they conceive to be their rights." With Scotsmen and women "it is a case of Maud at the prow and Donald at the helm, and it means ruin of the bluest sort." We have been unable to find anything in the sentiment or the style of this work to justify it. It is simply rude.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A TOWN BOY AT WESTMINSTER, 1849-1855. By Captain F. Markham. (Arnold. 10s. 6d.)

A VOLUME of pleasant and virile reminiscences—the kind of book to please youngsters and make old men feel that youth is not, after all, so very far behind. Captain Markham was taken up to town from Yorkshire by his father and installed "up Grant's"; then, being left to end for himself, the fun—and also, no doubt, the education—began. The fagging does not seem to have been heavy, and when young Markham had to work for a boy he disliked he took pains to square things up. He did not like Whitaker, so when he packed for Whitaker he put tooth-powder all over his evening clothes. Later he had an adventure with the Bishop of Gloucester's door trimmings:—

The door was painted a beautiful olive green; the knocker, door-bell, name-plate, and letter-box were of brass—all beautifully polished. Slade said, "Now, then, here you are; you

take the bell, and I will take the knocker. When I say 'Go!' pull the bell out to full stretch, and give it a good whack with your stick!"

These instructions being carefully followed, both bell and knocker were secured. Says Captain Markham complacently: "I have the bell-handle on my mantel-piece."

Captain Markham writes of "In Bounds" and "Out of Bounds," "Green," "Water," "Fields," and other familiar matters, and always with a robust cheerfulness which is exhilarating. But he is best at the telling of scrapes and the usual school-boy pranks. There is a story of the attempted purchase of a ferret in Great Pie Street which will appeal to a good many old boys. "I think that the want of a gymnasium in those days was a great incentive to mischief," says the author, and no doubt it was. Looking back upon the old Westminster life, and comparing it with the school-life to-day, Captain Markham sees much to approve and something to deplore. Above all he regrets the abolition of "water," which, he says, was the very keystone of his school-life. But there is more joyful retasting of the past than regret for the old order in this invigorating and simple book.

There reaches us from the "Punch" office Mr. L. Raven-Hill's "An Indian Sketch-Book"—a volume containing over a hundred pencil drawings of scenes, incidents, and impressions taken during the artist's visit to the Durbar. In a dedication to E. A., Mr. Raven-Hill says: "Some of these 'leaves from a sketch-book' may recall to you scenes we saw together; the others, many of them roughly noted at odd moments snatched from the tedium of railway journeys, will, I hope, give you some impression of the things that struck me as curious during a hurried visit to the Shining East. . . ." The drawings have Mr. Raven-Hill's customary alertness and facility.

"The House Beautiful" (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin), by Mr. C. M. Weed, is a volume dealing with flower decoration. The author treats the subject practically, and gives valuable hints as to harmonies in the colour and form of flowers as well the harmony which should exist between the flowers and their receptacles and surroundings. As a rule Mr. Weed has adopted Japanese methods, but they have been adapted to Western conditions. The volume is fully and suggestively illustrated.

NEW EDITIONS: The latest addition to Messrs. Macmillan's three-and-sixpenny issue of Mr. Thomas Hardy's stories is "Wessex Tales."—The same publishers have added to their Illustrated Pocket Classics Maria Edgeworth's "Ormond," with an introduction by Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie. The illustrations, which were originally published in 1895, are by Mr. Carl Schloesser.—Messrs. Methuen have just issued a delightful little leather-bound reprint of Edward Fitzgerald's "Euphranor." This "Dialogue on Youth" deserves more readers than it probably has nowadays. The text is founded on the first edition of 1851.

Fiction.

CATHERINE STERLING. By Norma Lorimer. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THIS is a story of a woman with a past—though Catherine Sterling is still in the first flush of beauty when we leave her. As a girl she finds herself friendless in Japan—except for the man who offers her marriage "without benefit of clergy"; it was the most he could do, since he had already a wife in a lunatic asylum. A year or two later Catherine is in London, a "widow in all but name," with a moderate fortune, the requisite chaperonage, and

the inevitable lovers. There is one man who knows her secret, a big, bony, passionate man who goes straight for what he wants without recking of moral fences. And Hugh Dowling is the surprise of the story, a surprise which Miss Lorimer has concealed and displayed with skill. Is this brawny Philistine going to use his knowledge of Catherine's past, when Catherine spurns him and meets Carnac, an insufferable prig, in picture galleries? Miss Lorimer leads her heroine a pretty dance through the lovers whom she is afraid to tell (for she is an honest woman and will not marry under false colours) and the one lover who does not need to be told. The story is well told, with interludes of somewhat acrid epigram:—

Women only believe in the proposals their friends accept, not in those they have refused.

Confidences from women are generally given to hide secrets.

And here is a nice feminine discrimination between the masculine attitudes towards governesses and dancing girls:—

A man thinks twice before he will marry the woman whom he considers suitable and desirable to be the daily and hourly companion and instructress to his children, but he often risks everything to make a ballet-girl their mother.

Miss Lorimer has risen well above the average in the writing of stories, and in flashes she is really good.

THE PINCH OF PROSPERITY. By Horace Annesley Vachell. (Murray. 6s.)

MR. VACHELL takes himself seriously, at least, which is something to be grateful for. He writes a prefatory note, to explain his attitude towards prosperity, in which he says: "In this book prosperity and poverty are presented side by side, as they may be found in the book of Life. To many readers the transition from one to the other may seem abrupt. Is it therefore inartistic? The writer confesses that he doesn't know." Well, a good many artistic books have been written in which such sudden transitions have been made, and we do not complain of Mr. Vachell's work on that score. What we do complain of is that the plot of the story turns not upon life but upon improbability and coincidence, so that from the outset we find ourselves in an atmosphere of unreality. It is incredible to us that twins should be so alike as to deceive their lovers and their husbands, yet the whole book is built round a deliberate deception by which the girl twins exchange names. That is not the kind of material from which good fiction springs. Coincidence, too, is rampant in the story. Coincidence, of course, may be made perfectly convincing, but Mr. Vachell has not the knack of it.

The manner of the book is better than its matter. Mr. Vachell writes with some distinction, though he has a rather irritating tendency to sententiousness. One of the characters is natural and well observed—the girl Pretty Parslow. She is far and away the best piece of work in "The Pinch of Prosperity." The four principal people—the twins and their husbands—do not much interest us; Mr. Vachell's psychology is hardly equal to the task which he has set himself. As for the artist who is half brother to the twins, we find him dull and ineffective; indeed, he never lives for us. Yet Mr. Vachell's book is one which may be read with considerable pleasure, so after all it was well worth paper and print.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE ROMAN ROAD.

By ZACK.

Three stories by the author of "On Trial." The scene of the first, which occupies half the book, is laid at a country house in the village through which ran the Roman road. Passing among the dilapidated cottages it "seemed to image forth life triumphant over disease and failure." The story opens with a conversation in which the owner of Groot Hall, by his mother's confession, finds that he is not the rightful heir. But, like the Roman road, his life emerged from failure. The symbolism of the story is insistent throughout. (Constable. 6s.)

THE WAY BACK.

By ALBERT KINROSS.

A study of yellow journalism. The story deals with the last episode in the life of a man whose literary career began with high ideals, and who found disenchantment as a purveyor of "literature" to the reading public nurtured by the Board Schools. In the opening chapter he sells his partnership—"I'm tired, I'm rich, and I want to live"—and seeks to retrace his steps to the period of his life at which he was the author of a book of poems. "The Way Back" is brief, tragical, and cynical. (Constable. 6s.)

M.R.C.S.

By BURFORD DELANNOY.

A sensational detective story. The doctor had poisoned his patient because of her determination to make a confession which would ruin him. The nurse discovers the crime, and offers to withhold her evidence at the inquest on condition that he will marry her to conceal her shame. The dead woman's husband who, at the moment, was contemplating suicide, appears opportunely with a revolver just as the doctor is about to conceal the circumstances of his patient's death by killing the nurse. The book is illustrated. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

THE NEW EDEN.

A sentimental story about "a beautiful girl, with large dreamy eyes." It opens in Ireland in the springtime. "The spring maiden, in a robe of young green, her head crowned with blossoms, had come to ratify the vows of Nature." Much of the narrative is like this, and the dialogue abounds in aphorisms. The rejected hero made a play out of his troubles, and when Sylvia witnessed it from the stalls she understood—"her white lips swept apart into a wonderful smile." Part of the action takes place in Italy. (Dublin: Hodges & Co. 6s.)

SANDFORD OF MERTON.

By BELINDA BLINDERS.

"A Story of Oxford Life, edited by Desmond F. T. Coke." It contains pictures of "The Union Debate," "The Cocoa Party," "The Eights," "The Cambridge Football Match," and so on, from the point of view of a maiden lady who spent "a whole week" in the University collecting her material. Some of the papers have appeared in "The Isis," and the book is altogether reminiscent of University journalism. (Simpkin, Marshall. 3s. 6d.)

VIRGINIA OF THE RHODESIANS.

By CYNTHIA STOCKLEY.

A volume of South African love stories. Virginia, the narrator, is a light-hearted, unconventional young woman, with a distaste for "chaperone nonsense," a fund of humour, and an easy, swinging style. The scene of the stories is Mashonaland, at a period before the Matabele war. There are seven in all, with the connecting link of Virginia's personality. In a quotation from Mr. Kipling on the title page she invites her readers to "learn about women from me." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

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Firstliness.

It may well be that the creation of the word that heads this article is an impudence, but it offers the advantage of adaptability; we can fit any meaning to it we please. At present it shall stand for qualities characteristic of beginnings in art. For instance, it shall stand for the purple insincerity of this passage:—

Red Moselle! fierce is the swell of thy spreading course—
but why do thy broad waters blush when they meet the Rhine?

It shall stand for the pathetic attempt to transmute tautology into power in this:—

There were sobs from among the group, and sounds of grief and mourning. For she was dead. There upon her little bed she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now. She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm . . .

It matters little that "Vivian Grey" is a first novel and that "The Old Curiosity Shop" is not: the hallmark of firstliness is on both quotations. Not merely in the badness of them do we recognise it; firstliness is not a disease. But we recognise firstliness in the lyric impulse which flogged both writers into articulation. Disraeli's impulse was something like that which makes a man pace a platform while waiting for the train; in the case of Dickens the image may be changed to that of the same man looking about him, a little dazed, after arrival at his destination. The one is fatuously energetic; the other is creditably moved; both have said or exclaimed too much. The resulting fruit in each case properly belongs to literary museums.

Let it be repeated that firstliness is not a disease. A masterpiece may breathe it on every page; howbeit it implies a need for precipitate utterance, and a consequent disregard of form. Vivian Grey is firstliness to the marrow, for he represents Disraeli fondling himself in the "Empire of the Intellect," and revelling in spangled speech and operatic catastrophes. All the affectation of the novel has been enjoyed by the author so much that one looks at it rather as a *lusus naturæ* than a clever offence against art. Such a novel had to be, thanks to firstliness, so apt at dictating something at once truthful and grotesque.

Turn we now to a modern instance—"The Flame and the Flood." It comes to us in Mr. Fisher Unwin's First Novel Library and deserves sympathetic attention. We have not read many pages before we discover that Miss Langbridge has been fortunate enough to get her matter out of her delighted and alarmed consciousness of early womanhood and all the threat and promise of the future it faces and implores. "I will—BLAZE," says Susette, whose mouth, according to the mood of her lover, is like the Sonata Appassionata or "a slice of bread and strawberry jam bitten into by a schoolboy." Susette was seen by her creator—and we see her. She comes to us out of a fresh imagination. One remembers a prototype—coarser, less drawn—in the gallery of Miss Helen Mathers,

but she is no less individual for that than anyone is for having had a grandmother. Her pathos is that of a wild, almost libertine spirit, tied to a feeble and parasitical one. Fiction has perhaps seldom given us the blind man so repellantly as he exists in Susette's husband, and we may therefore accept the idea that youth's instinctive hostility towards infirmity and weakness is documented in "The Flame and the Flood." The following passage well illustrates the author's power of transmuting that hostility into realism:—

She led Maurice into the little dining-room, placed him beside her . . . in a chair . . . She fastened a napkin round his chin, smoothing away the soft indefinite hair that was tied in with it, bent over and asked him if it were too tight . . . She rose and gravely wiped his mouth for him.

It is overdone, for that is the way of firstliness, which is afraid it may not be heard unless it bawls; but the effect aimed at is gained. We do dislike this blind man who fumbles incessantly for love, like a belated drunkard for the keyhole.

And yet (there are always "and yet" with firstliness!) this is not the man to whom we were first introduced. That man was straighter and had a good deal of heroism. The fact is that Miss Langbridge could not forgive him for marrying the heroine, and emasculated him in revenge: hence another illustration of the naïveté of firstliness.

That naïveté demands the substantiation of pet dreams as a matter of course, and nothing is more curious than the union of biased realism with gushing idealism in such a book as this. Consider in this connection the link between music and firstliness. It seems to take a writer of the learning and self-control of a Samuel Butler to make music a value instead of a fault in fiction. Even Turgenev forgot his Slavonic sincerity when a musician was, for the nonce, his hero.

Miss Langbridge is engulfed in absurdity when she opens the piano for her puppets. The notes become as explicit as words; hers is a world where she may reasonably hope to obtain the vocal score of the astral septet. Yet even here her faculty of realism does not wholly desert her. The musician to whom her Irish heroine loses her heart is, as mere man, entirely alive; his child-like selfishness, his perfect self-consciousness which anticipates every criticism to defeat it, are admirably portrayed.

Eulogy, however, is tiresome, except to the praised, and we return to the quality of firstliness. Assuredly it is the precipitate discharge of a personality, and that is why it is seldom the thing called art. To bristle with all one's cleverness like a tame porcupine is a desire which the scepticism of the market encourages and consummates. Miss Langbridge displays an armoury of wit and metaphor, some of which is exceedingly good and some tiresome. When we read that a lady's inner consciousness "replied with evasive pettishness that there was no use in nailing upon the door of her natural impulse a numbered programme" we smell a far-off odour of midnight kerosene. On the other hand, the image of the grandfather's clock "gulping down each stroke as a dog gulps meat" is irresistibly droll, and indeed Miss Langbridge's novel has a piquancy of phrase and dialogue which qualify her for frequent quotation.

Firstliness has inveigled her into only one distinct fault beyond what we have mentioned—the fault of a narrative which is at once indeterminate and timid. Is Susette's "common kinship with the Opalescence of the world" reconcilable with a pious acquiescence with a stultifying domesticity? It is moral, but is it truth?

There we leave Miss Langbridge, for we have another phase of firstliness to consider in which she has no part. It is that which does not so much seek self-expression as self-subordination to a popular taste. That way lies imitation, and this is why we should not seek the firstliness

of a man of many works in his first work. Still if there be only one work to seek it in, one must make the best of it. "Nine Points of the Law," by Mr. W. S. Jackson, and recently published by Mr. Lane, is a case to cite. The author imagines that a holidaying clerk discovers a quantity of thieves' loot. He immediately develops a buccaneering spirit and annexes what afterwards becomes an embarrassing and dangerous white elephant. "To be detective, thief, and informer, 'three single gentlemen rolled into one,'" is the part he seems called upon to play, and he does his best with it in a volume that is instantly recognisable as made on the Anstey model with the model's fault, namely, that it gets a little too near tragedy to be consistent with one's idea of wholly genial humour. The stamp of individuality is noticeable in the marginal notes, which have occasionally a droll flavour of an ill-regulated library, as thus: "her saponaceous lavement catalambanized the pavement." Mr. Jackson enters with gusto into the feelings of impecuniosity, and his clerk's make-belief shopping is an excellent *jeu d'esprit*.

Yet we would fain have found in his pages more signs of firstliness than are there. Perhaps they will appear in a work less neatly humorous, less obedient to the fictional convention for bringing together impecunious young men and pretty heiresses.

Firstliness, as found in "The Flame and the Flood," and in novels too famous to be named at present in the same breath thrills, the word-weary critic with a pathos that is nearly a pang. For it is the outcome of a joyous volubility that writes because it must, because the pen is alive and even the blank side of a handbill an inspiration, and because it believes sooner in a drought of ink than a famine of ideas.

FitzGerald and Calderon.

THE actor-manager of the present day is at a loss for a good play, ancient or modern—apparently he is so hard-driven that he does not much care which. One has lately revived an eighteenth-century comedy which would be thought very far from brilliant were it produced by a modern dramatist. Another not so long ago fell back on a Spanish play of little merit. Even the society expressly devoted to remedying the regular theatre's want of enterprise seems itself to suffer under a deficiency of actable material. Or is it, in both cases, a contracted view that ails the searcher for plays actable yet unacted? Surely there are masterpieces begging to be acted. Why, for instance, should any manager risk his fortunes on a mediocre Spanish play when the whole theatre of Calderon lies before him? That is the question brought home to us by the issue of FitzGerald's—"Omar" FitzGerald's—"Six Dramas of Calderon" (the De La More Press, Regent Street), edited by Dr. H. Oelsner. Allowing that the great Spaniard, as he stands, presents difficulties on the English stage, here are those difficulties removed. FitzGerald seems, indeed, to have had even an excessive eye on our own stage in the making of these versions; so that it would need little stage-editing of FitzGerald to place them bodily on the London boards. And such a play as "The Mayor of Zalamea" cries on the actor-manager, "Come, act me!" Were it sent in to him as a new piece, he must see the "fat" on every page. The situations (to maintain theatrical *parlance*) leap to the eye as we read. "How that would act!" we exclaim involuntarily. But it is only a masterpiece written in Spain, quite two centuries or more ago; and—what would you? we do not act such things. Is there not farce still in Paris? yea, and musical comedy is much in the land. Vex us not with your Calderons.

It can scarce be accident, indeed, that FitzGerald's selection hardly at all displays the famed poetical quality of Calderon's drama. Manifestly (we think) he desired to commend the great Spaniard's fitness for the English stage; and therefore he chose pieces with the maximum of stage-quality, the minimum of that poetry which the modern theatre hates as the gates of Hades. This preoccupation with acting-possibilities is shown in more than one note. It is a pity, because his selection gives no complete suggestion of Calderon, does not even (from a literary standpoint) present the Spaniard at his highest. The more is our regret that the editor has not included the two plays which FitzGerald translated, but did not publish. What we have seen from one of them ("The Mighty Magician") may stand beside Shelley's fragment of the same drama; and they would have represented precisely that high poetic side of Calderon which is here lacking.

But we must take Calderon as FitzGerald has chosen to give him us, and be glad to get him. FitzGerald's Omar was more FitzGerald than Omar; and in a less degree, his Calderon suffers a FitzGeraldine change. If the Omar was FitzGerald-Omar, the Calderon is Calderon-FitzGerald. It was part of FitzGerald's strong personality to impose it on the authors he translated; and precisely from this process springs the vitality of his translations. Shelley's Goethe has the stamp of Shelley, Rossetti's Dante the stamp of Rossetti, Chapman's Homer the stamp of Chapman; and thereby they become English poems, and alive. Yet they have somewhat of the original, in so far as there was sympathy between translator and translated. By this dual process of re-creation metrical versions live or not at all. FitzGerald's Calderon is less changed from the original than his Omar. It is also less miraculous. But not because of the less freedom; rather because he had to do with a far greater master, on whom he could work no artistic improvement. He attempts such improvement—it was in the man; but it is countervailed by the inevitable loss of translation from a great genius. He attempts too much improvement, takes too much liberty; as when a Frenchman docks Shakespeare of all which—justly or unjustly—rasps a Gallic taste. Yet, with all that may rightly be brought against it, the translation remains a work of genius, vital as scrupulously respectful versions of Calderon are not vital. These are breathing English plays—and to compass that is a feat.

Calderon as revealed to us in these six plays (and we shall not go beyond them) is essentially a rhetorical dramatist. He does not come into competition with Shakespeare; he stands frankly on a lower plane—lower in kind. There is (with exceptions hereafter to be noticed) no attempt at realism of character—hardly at character at all, save in a generic and typical sort. The plot does not evolve (as in Shakespeare) through the interaction between fate or circumstance (which is a mode of fate) and character. It is a drama of skilful construction and striking "situation." Now "situation" is the proper instrument of rhetorical drama; for indeed situation is rhetoric in action. (We use "rhetoric" in its modern, not its true and ancient sense.) These plays are midway between the rhetorical French drama and the poetic naturalism of Elizabethan drama. In structure they are rhetorical and French, depending on unexpected and startling situation. In dialogue, they mingle a certain judicious element of rhetoric with a large proportion of naturalism. They are a mean between the two extreme kinds—English and French; though of course the Spanish theatre was earlier than either. And if in kind we must rank them below Shakespeare, they are above the French. The gay glitter of intrigue throughout these plays is admirably contrived and maintained. Gay it is in such excellent comedy as "Keep your own Secret," or part of the "Mayor of Zalamea." In other plays it is tragic and absorbing. For the devisal of sombrely terrible situation

Victor Hugo does not surpass Calderon; only Calderon uses the device more sparingly. He confirms it chiefly to the climax of his plays. In these dramas it turns invariably upon the famous "Point of Honour"—the right of the injured husband to take personal vengeance for his honour; nay, his duty to do so. "The Painter of his own Dishonour" is a well-known instance. The wife, carried off by her former lover, is confined unwillingly in a castle. The husband, an amateur painter, takes service as an artist with the Prince who is Governor of Naples, that he may search for her. The Prince, also in love with her, learns her presence in the castle, and commissions the disguised husband to paint her portrait for him. He bribes a servant to shut the painter in a grated room, whence he may see her. She enters, and falls asleep. Her abductor appears just as she wakes from a dream of her husband's vengeance; and, still under the influence of the dream, she flies to his arms, imploring him to save her from her husband. The husband, thus mistakenly convinced of her guilty complicity, unable to force the door, fires on them through the grating. They both fall, dying. The wife's father, the abductor's father (who is also the bosom friend of the avenging husband), and the Prince rush in at the report. "Open the door," cries the Prince; "but what is this?" "A picture," answers the emerging husband:—

Done by the Painter of his own Dishonour
In blood.
I am Don Juan Roca. Such revenge
As each would have of me, now let him take,
As far as one life holds. Don Pedro, who
Gave me this lovely creature for a bride,
And I return to him a bloody corpse:
Don Luis, who beholds his bosom's son
Slain by his bosom friend: and you, my lord,
Who, for your favours, might expect a piece
In some far other style of art than this:
Deal with me as you list; 'twill be a mercy
To swell this complement of death with mine:
For all I had to do is done, and life
Is worse than nothing now.

The Prince bids him fly; but the murdered man's father, Don Luis, asks "From whom?" He would himself have helped his friend to vengeance on his own son. According to the fierce Spanish code, Don Juan has done only what the fetish, Honour, compelled him to do. The girl's father, Don Pedro, bows to the Prince's justice. "Be it so," says the Prince; "meanwhile"—but Don Juan interrupts him:—

Meanwhile, my lord, let me depart;
Free, if you will, or not. But let me go,
Nor wound these fathers with the sight of one
Who has cut off the blossom of their age:
Yea, and his own, more miserable than all,
They know me; that I am a gentleman,
Not cruel, nor without what seem'd due cause
Put on this bloody business of my honour;
Which having done, I will be answerable
Here and elsewhere, to all for all.

"Depart," says the Prince, "in peace." "In peace!" groans the wretched husband. "Come, Leonelo"; and the curtain falls. The fine rhetorical point of all this, combined yet with a certain dignified truth to nature—Spanish nature; the reticent simplicity (quite Shakespearean) of that last despairing echo, "In peace!" and the impressive effect of the whole situation, are too evident that we should enlarge on them. Excellent, too, is FitzGerald's rendering. A more grimly terrible situation still is that which closes "Three Judgments at a Blow." Something kindred is the close of "The Mayor of Zalamea"; and this play summarises in itself all the Calderonian qualities displayed in FitzGerald's selections, both comic and tragic. Its one and cardinal error, indeed, is that it breaks at the last, abruptly and without preparation or transition, from jovial comedy into the

most harrowing tragedy. The farmer's daughter, hitherto the faintest figure of rural comedy, is suddenly revealed to us in a wood, mourning her violation by the Spanish captain. FitzGerald has transposed her speech from verse to prose, and even sought to de-poetize her language, though he avows it one of the finest poetic outbursts in Calderon. That is a mistake: since the poet chose to make this sudden change he did right to strike the altered keynote boldly at the outset. FitzGerald only spoils good poetry into vicious prose; still too raised for prose, while it misses the absolute heights of poetry. He does not remove the incongruity he desires to remove. But, for all this, the play is a masterpiece. The farmer (in the last scenes Mayor) and the old general, Don Lope de Figuerroa, are individual portraits of a distinctness unwonted in Calderon. Don Lope, in fact, is a portrait: Calderon personally served under him. The peppery obstinacy of Don Lope, the sturdy obstinacy of Pedro Crespo, the farmer, are admirably distinguished and contrasted: the scenes in which they alternately fraternise and clash are gems of comedy and deft stage effect. One can see an English audience in applauding laughter over them. No less splendidly written for stage effect are the tragic scenes; where Crespo, become Mayor, after vainly imploring the Captain, on his knees, to marry his outraged daughter, rises, grasps his official wand, and orders him to gaol. Standing before the prison, he refuses to surrender him, though Don Lope turns out his regiment and vows to burn down gaol and town. The King enters, Crespo presents the depositions; and—told that, though his sentence is just, he must give up the man to the military authorities—replies it is impossible. "What do you mean?" asks the astonished King; and the undaunted Crespo answers, "You will see." The prison gates unclose, revealing the Captain garrotted in a chair. Crespo is made perpetual Mayor of Zalamea; and, with a characteristic sturdy passage of arms between him and the choleric but good-natured Don Lope, this little masterpiece ends. But no description or extract could do justice to it: it must be read entire. It is not in bravura-passages, or anything quotable, that the power of these plays resides. It is in the gradually cumulative effect of the perfectly woven intrigue, the natural language, the masterly structure of the whole. And these are rendered in the freshest vernacular English, and blank-verse handled with the skill of a poet. Let us, we say again, have the two unpublished plays.

Hans Andersen's Raw Material.

THE reissue of Sir George Webbe Dasent's "Popular Tales from the Norse" (Edinburgh: David Douglas) puts before old and young alike one of the most delightful collections of fairy-tales in existence, rendered into admirable and clean-bred vernacular English. Here, one may say, is the raw material of Hans Andersen; and with such models before him (or the like of such) he had an unsurpassed foundation for his exquisite art. Indeed, some of these tales are equal to all but the most inspired of the great Andersen's work. Here, as surely as in any epic or drama, you have the mind of a people, simple, shrewd, homely, and in the truest sense poetical—for Nature is their gossip and next-neighbour, and her children their familiar play-fellows. For what might be called the elemental fairy-tale, as distinguished from the tale of opulent or graceful fancy, they seem fitted beyond all nations. Nowhere but here do beasts become articulate with such convincing inevitableness. The tales swarm with beasts, the most delightful and natural that ever fraternised with man. The

charming imaginative humour of Andersen has but carried the realisation a step further. Some of them, in their *naïf* quaintness, directly recall him; such as that of the three Billy-goats Gruff, who went up a hill to make themselves fat. There the story has its tongue in its cheek; and the same delicious quality, as of an ironic child, is in the tale of the cock and hen who started off to go up the Dovrefell, because the hen had dreamed that unless she went up the Dovrefell the world would come to an end. Others are the general tale of beast intrigue, in which the fox is the cunning sharper. Such is that of the Bear who demands that the peasant shall bring him his horse, on penalty of his flock being torn to pieces. The Fox offers aid, and tells the peasant what to do. So, when the man meets the Bear, there is a noise among a heap of stones at a distance (made by the Fox), and the man replies to the Bear's inquiry as to who is there, that it is Peter the Marksman. Immediately the Fox bawls from the neighbouring wood:—

"Have you seen any bears about here, Eric?"

"Say No!" said the Bear.

"No, I haven't seen any," said Eric.

"What's that, then, that stands alongside your sledge?" bawled out the voice in the wood.

"Say it's an old fir-stump," said the Bear.

"Oh, it's only an old fir-stump," said the man.

"Such fir-stumps we take in our country and roll them on our sledges," bawled out the voice. "If you can't do it yourself, I'll come and help you."

"Say you can help yourself, and roll me up on your sledge," said the Bear.

"No, thank ye, I can help myself well enough," said the man, and rolled the bear on to the sledge.

"Such fir-stumps we always bind fast on our sledges in our part of the world," bawled out the voice; "shall I come and help you?"

"Say you can help yourself, and bind me fast, do," said the Bear.

"No, thanks, I can help myself well enough," said the man, who set to binding Bruin . . . so that at last the bear couldn't stir a paw.

"Such fir-stumps we always drive our axes into in our part of the world," bawled the voice.

"Pretend to drive your axe into me, do now," said the Bear.

Then the man took his axe, and at one blow split the bear's skull, so that Bruin lay dead in a trice.

Sad to say when the Fox goes home with the man to receive his promised reward, a fine wether, the man (by his wife's counsel) brings his dog in the bag instead, and looses it on the injured Fox. Yet the Bear, though often outwitted by the Fox, is to the Norseman the King of Beasts; and—especially as a White Bear—mysterious powers and supremacy are assigned him in some of the stories. So is it with the Red Indian, to whom the Bear is not only the chief of the beasts, but the Initiator, the patron and trainer of "medicine-men":—

Sdoaks was the son of Yelth the wise,

Chief of the raven clan:

Itswot the Bear had him in care

To make him a medicine-man.

He was quick and quicker to learn,

Bold and bolder to dare;

He danced the dread Kloo-Kwallie dance

To tickle Itswot the Bear!

So sings Mr. Kipling, in a snatch that deserves completion. But the curious feature, which young sympathisers with Red Ridinghood may find it hard to pardon, is the good character which Norway gives the wolf, who is drawn as a gentle beast and of a good conscience.

Like all true fairy-tales, these Norse stories are delightfully unmoral. All children natively hate to find a moral secreted about a story, and joy to find in their fairy-tales a land where no crude moral reigns. They take no harm from it; for children have a healthy unpracticality in

regard to tales of fancy, drawing a strict dividing-line between the world of faëry and the world of good behaviour and clean pinafores. The Norse tales are not immoral: they are cheerfully ready to give you pretty morality if it comes in their way, and equally ready to set morality scampering if it doesn't. "Buttercup," for instance, if it teach anything (but does it?) teaches small boys to be greedy, and foolish, and cunning, and cruel. Buttercup's mother sends him out to see why the dog barks:—

"Oh, heaven help us! here comes a great big witch, with her head under her arm, and a bag at her back."

"Jump under the kneading-trough and hide yourself," said his mother.

So in came the old hag. "Good day," said she.

"God bless you!" said Buttercup's mother.

"Isn't your Buttercup at home to-day?" asked the hag.

"No, that he isn't. He's out in the wood with his father, shooting ptarmigan."

"Plague take it!" said the hag, "for I had such a nice little silver knife I wanted to give him."

"Pip! pip! here I am," said Buttercup, under the kneading-trough, and out he came.

"I'm so old and stiff in the back," said the hag, "you must creep into the bag and fetch it out for yourself."

But when Buttercup was well into the bag, the hag threw it over her back and strode off. . . . The old hag got tired and asked: "How far is it off to Snoring?"

"Half a mile," answered Buttercup. So the hag put down the sack . . . and lay down to sleep. Meantime Buttercup set to work and cut a hole in the sack with his knife; then he crept out and put a great root of a fir-tree into the sack, and ran home to his mother.

He is dull and greedy enough to fall into a like trap twice more; and the third time is carried to the witch's house, who leaves her daughter to chop off his head and boil him while she goes out. The daughter does not know how to set about her task, so the boy tells her to put her head on the block, and he will show her—a Punch-and-Judy trick:—

So the poor silly thing laid her head down, and Buttercup took an axe and chopped her head off, just as if she had been a chicken. Then he laid her head in the bed, and popped her body into the pot, and boiled it so nicely.

He gets up the chimney, taking a stone and the block with him. The hag returns with her husband, sees her daughter in bed, apparently, and sniffs at the broth.

"Good, by my troth,

Buttercup-broth!"

said the old hag.

"Good, by my troth,

Daughter-broth!"

said Buttercup down the chimney, but no one heeded him.

At a second repetition they go to the door to find where the voice comes from; and Buttercup pushes down stone and block on them, kills them, and makes off home with their gold and silver.

Some of the tales suggest, to our mind, an originally mythologic origin. One in particular, "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon," while on one side it approaches "Beauty and the Beast," on the other has singularly interesting resemblance to Apuleius' lovely fable of Cupid and Psyche. A poor girl is married to a White Bear; and nightly in his palace a man lies by her side. Her mother (whom the marriage enriched) gives her a candle-end, and persuades her to inspect her husband, lest he be a Troll. She obeys, against the Bear's warning:—

There came a man and lay down beside her; but at dead of night, when she heard he slept, she got up and struck a light, lit the candle, and let the light shine on him, and so she saw that he was the loveliest Prince one ever set eyes on, and she fell so deep in love with him on the spot, that she thought she couldn't live if she didn't give him a kiss there and then. And so she did, but as she kissed him, she dropped three hot drops of tallow on his shirt, and he woke up.

"What have you done?" he cried; "now you have made us both unlucky, for had you held out only this one year, I had been freed. For I have a stepmother who has bewitched me, so that I am a White Bear by day, and a Man by night. But now all ties are snapt between us, now I must set off from you to her. She lives in a castle which stands East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon, and there, too, is a Princess with a nose three ells long, and she's the wife I must have now."

Strange is it to find, among these homely, often beautiful, always charming Northern tales, so close a likeness to the—

Latest-born and loveliest vision far
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy.

Impressions.

XXXIV.—Extremes.

THE sunshine flooded Paris, the bright streets were crowded, and all through that hot morning the motors clodged and darted between the traffic to the Tuileries gardens, where they were to be weighed, preparatory to the great race. The keen, trembling beasts passed one by one through the gates, and the air was full of the shouts of chauffeurs, the odour of petrol, and the cries of dogs; for in the gardens a dog show was also being held. It was Paris at its hottest and noisiest moment, and when a friend found me staring at a panting Mercedes car that refused to ascend the slight incline to the gardens, and said, "I've seen a dog so tiny that you could slip it into a tea-cup," I felt that trees and glades held more attractions than Paris that day. So I departed by steamer up the Seine, passed under a stone bridge blazoned with a great N, and disembarked at a village where there were trees, a sunny road, and a café, with tables, on which white cloths were spread beneath an awning. At the table nearest to the road sat a Frenchman drinking absinthe, and under his eyes, and under mine, scenes from the pageant of life passed along that village road.

The absinthe drinker dozed and dreamed in the sunshine, looking at nothing in particular, sipping the yellow, clouded liquid, contentedly bemused; but inside the café the company of villagers were alert, cheerful, and watchful. They sang over their meal, and when two priests passed by they rose to their feet and hooted. Then the soldiers, preceded by a band playing a rousing march, swung down the hill, bronzed, dusty, and the villagers thumped the tables, ran to the door, and cheered; but the absinthe drinker gazed dully at the men in red and blue, as uninterested in them as he had been in the priests.

After that nothing happened for quite a long time. It was enough to sit and gaze idly at the sunny road, and to watch two women across the way carding wool. But no French village is long free from the motor-car, and soon it came—a racer, of steel, shaped like a torpedo, one man huddled in the seat, the other crouched on the step. Dust-powdered, hooded, goggled, with heads bent forward, every line of their figures rigid with the tension of that awful rush across the land, this anarchical beast under their sway leapt up the hill, gleamed for a moment before our eyes, and was gone, while the absinthe drinker sat in the sun, staring vacantly at the white table-cloth.

Here were the two extremes: those men in the racing motor peering on death lurking at every corner—the extremity of action and excitement; and that bemused absinthe drinker sitting in the sun—the extremity of sloth. France in 1903!

Or to change the picture—that great stone N blazoned on the bridge across the Seine, and the toy dog in the Tuileries "so tiny that you could slip it into a tea-cup."

Drama.

A Portrait Play.

I BELIEVE that I have an extraordinary dislike to the use of historical characters for the purposes of a novel or a play. You are almost certain to fall between two stools. Either you elaborately get up all the documents, and apply all the resources of your historic consciousness to the task of portraying the man in his habit as he lived, only to discover in the end how infinitely less vivid and convincing he has become in your work of art than he was in the unstudied photography of the letters and memoirs from which you got him; or else you give your imagination the reins, and reconstruct your hero as the wind of the spirit bids you, only to discover in the end that the historic consciousness (yours, or more probably that of your critics) has not been appeased, and is rising up against you like an accusing ghost. I ought, perhaps, to make an exception for Shakespeare, whose historical plays have met with a considerable measure of acceptance. But in the first place Shakespeare's historical plays always seem to me quite his worst plays, and only really interesting when he turns aside from kings and captains to paint, in Falstaff, some gross disreputable riff-raff who has hiccoughed out his soul to him across the burnt sack in an Elizabethan tavern. And in the second place Shakespeare wrote before the historic consciousness had made its appearance, and his Henry the Fifth or his Richard the Third are apt to have, as a matter of fact, very little more than an accidental relation to the Henry the Fifth or the Richard the Third of the documents. If, however, you will turn to modern writers, to whom, after all, many things which Shakespeare assumed are not permitted, you will find that, as a rule, the criticism of the kind of piece which I have in mind proceeds upon lines which have remarkably little to do with its merit from the abstract point of view of literature. Take the Drury Lane "Dante." All that the critics really troubled themselves much about was the question how far the incidents of the play were such as could possibly find a place in even the most conjectural biography of the poet. I think they were quite right. The importance of Dante, as a human being, is a hundred times greater than that of the doubtful histrionics of Sir Henry Irving or the obvious dramatic incompetence of M. Sardou. The same point arises with regard to a play called "The Exile," written by Messrs. Lloyd Osbourne and Strong and produced by Mr. Martin Harvey at the Royalty. The piece is by no means without literary merit. Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, at least, has collaborated with no less a master than Robert Louis Stevenson, and has subsequently shown, by an independent volume of South Sea stories, the name of which I am unfortunately unable to recall, that he is not unmindful of the lessons which he then learnt. With the aid of Mr. Strong he has produced a slight pretty play, full of sentiment and not without pathos. It deals with the fortunes of a king in exile, a picturesque, generously-minded person, who bears his sorrows with dignity, and amuses himself with the ceremonial of a toy court, with the inspection of a toy army, and with the writing of his memoirs. The charming loyalty of the ladies of his *entourage*, the chivalry of one of his goalers and the brutality of others, and the fortunes of a toy conspiracy for his release, which is ultimately put a stop to under the advice of the court doctor, provide a sufficient plot. All this is admirably adapted to Mr. Martin Harvey's romantic and sympathetic, rather than robust, personality and methods. Unfortunately, the authors have chosen, for some quite inscrutable reason, to place their scene upon St. Helena, and to give their exiled monarch the environment and name of none other than Napoleon Bonaparte. The effect is ruinous. At once the critic asks

himself no longer, "Is this an entertaining and mildly touching little drama?" but "Can I for one moment imagine that this mime looks like Napoleon, or that things passed thus upon St. Helena when Napoleon was eating his heart out there?" Of course he cannot. The character of Napoleon is as ineffaceably engraved upon the historic consciousness as are his personal lineaments upon the canvas of Meissonier. Messrs. Lloyd Osbourne and Strong can no more persuade us to accept their interpretation of the one than Mr. Martin Harvey his mimicry of the other. Their delicate and washy prettiness is scorched into nothing at the first contact with the flaming legend of the Titan. Their art does not even get a chance of being judged in itself and for itself.

I do not suppose that it will be expected that I should say very much about "The Gordian Knot" at Her Majesty's Theatre. The chief remark which it suggests to my mind is the paronomasia that Mr. Tree does not seem to be Mr. Alexander. The author, although old enough to be entrusted with a share in the superintendence of some of our most important national affairs at Westminster, is apparently young enough to be still a believer in the tradition of the courtesan and of her power to wreck the lives of strong men. The play opens with one of those elaborate *salon* scenes, with their parade of irrelevant social types and their impossibly significant conversations, which are beginning to be *de rigueur* at Her Majesty's. It ends somewhat abruptly, with a bit of melodrama, wilder than the wildest inventions of Mr. Walter Melville, in which the courtesan is strangled by the crippled friend of the hero with a rope made out of the strands of her own hair. The performance on the first night met with an ambiguous reception, and Mr. Tree could only undertake to convey to the author the congratulations of "the vast majority of the audience." The form of first night criticism which is now coming once more into vogue, although crudely expressed, can only be of interest to a brother critic. I sometimes wish that I could put things as briefly. But it seems to be applied at present, without much discrimination, to pieces of very different artistic merit. Perhaps this does not altogether differentiate it from some other forms of criticism.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

The Salons.

AMAZING! This is the only epithet that describes the seven thousand five hundred and odd works of art in the French Salons. Not that the present exhibitions are different from, or better than, those of past years: it is the amazing fertility of invention and technical accomplishment that strikes one afresh each year. In this article I am concerned only with the pictures. At the Old Salon there are seventeen hundred and eighty-six oil paintings; at the New Salon, where the work is supposed to be more experimental and individual, less bound by academic traditions, there are thirteen hundred and fifty-six oil paintings. The impeccable M. Bouguereau may be regarded as the tutelary genius of the parent body, the brilliant M. Besnard as the protagonist of the Secessionists; but although the New Salon remains the fresher and the livelier of the two, the line of demarcation is no longer deeply marked. The Secessionists are growing older.

I find the Salons extremely entertaining. One starts with the intention of discovering the few fine works that such a collection must contain; but the riot of effort, the clamour of the various schools and nationalities, the cleverness of hand and eye, the daring and bewildering choice of subjects confuse the judgment, and dispose one to treat the collection as a Fair rather than as an assemblage

of works of art. How can one appreciate Lhermitte's sober landscapes, or Le Sidaner's misty moonlights, when the eye is charged with the blaze of colour by pointillists who out-Sisley Sisley, or rainbow-river painters who out-Thaulow Thaulow. Yet if these ingenious French painters only knew it, among these acres of strident colour it is often the small dark picture that tells with the perspicuity of a black sheep among a white flock. The strongest impression left on my mind after my first morning at the Old Salon was a little black "Portrait of Madame B.," and a pre-Raphaelite picture (the pendulum is swinging now in that direction) by M. Maxence. The painter who screams loudest; he who chooses such a subject as Amazons wrestling, or a female searcher at a police-station extracting stolen watches from the petticoats of a blowsy demi-mondaine, or a ball at the "Quat'z'arts," or one of the many hideous nudes, does so wittingly. He is making a bid for notoriety, and he knows his business. His clever fingers follow his volatile brain, and if his picture does not sell, he paints another over it for the next exhibition. I do not think this heterogeneous mixture of melodrama and sensation, masquerading under the cloak of art, bamboozles the intelligent Frenchman. Even the bath-chairmen who wheel elderly ladies through the rooms, criticising the pictures on the way, give a shrug of the shoulders, expressive and inimitable, before the notoriety-hunting canvases. The smile of amused protest, such as a parent might throw at a wilful child, with which one of these bath-chairmen greeted a wild presentment of the Martinique disaster, was worth going to Paris to see. The painters themselves certainly know. I exploited the rooms one afternoon in the company of three distinguished artists who, for reasons of their own, were winnowing the seed from the chaff. They went through the galleries like flying foxes, ignoring seven-eighths of the pictures, looking and disregarding in the same instant, pouncing on the few fine pictures, some of which, I, the day before, with infinite labour, had disentangled from the rest. They took one hour and twenty minutes to examine nearly two thousand pictures, and the result justified the method. Very weary they seemed as we sat together afterwards on a seat in the Champs Elysées, but I do not think they had overlooked one good picture.

French art of to-day, as exemplified in the Salons, does not show any signs of progression. There is technical skill in abundance, but one has only to visit the Luxembourg Gallery, or the Panthéon, to recognise that this is not the Golden Year of French art. The State and provincial towns are still showering their commissions for the decoration of town halls and public buildings, and M. Paul Laurens is ready with his enormous triptych of scenes from the life of Joan of Arc, and M. Georges-Bertrand with his photographic Funeral of President Carnot. There are others, too; but on the walls of the Panthéon rests the work of that great master, Puvis de Chavannes, showing France, once and for all, how wall decoration should be treated; or, to go further back, there is David's wonderful "Sacre de Napoleon 1st," in the Louvre. Few painters can handle a crowd of figures, and so focus the chief incident that the central motive leaps to the eye at first glance. M. Laurens should study Puvis de Chavannes's solitary figure of Sainte Geneviève watching over Paris, at the Panthéon, and M. Georges-Bertrand might take a walk through one of the bright corridors that connect the sections of the New Salon and pause before M. Casas's "Barcelone, 1902." The foreground of this clever picture is empty, but on the outskirts you see a huddled crowd, half-moon shaped, fleeing before the mounted soldiers. One incident, typical of all the horrid scene, is happening in the open space. A soldier spurs forward, just reining in his horse to avoid trampling over a man who has fallen. That single incident in the empty space takes the eye at once. This is much more effective than if he had shown

twenty horsemen riding over twenty fallen agitators. It would be useless to ask M. Henri Martin to spend an hour with Puvion de Chavannes at the Luxembourg. He has introduced that kind of Impressionism called Pissarroism into decorative painting. His gigantic decorative panel nearly fills one wall of Room XX. at the Old Salon, and the paint is laid on so lavishly that the perfume of it is quite perceptible on entering the room. Unconsciously I half closed my eyes, so vivid is the sunshine radiating from this landscape where men are cutting grass, girls dancing, sheep wandering beneath the trees that stand up straight against the sun-flooded hills. It is a new experiment, interesting, but no more. Nearer to my taste is M. Verhaert's curious and careful panel for the town-hall of Antwerp. This delightful picture of the magistrates receiving the captains, just back from the Canary Isles, is another example of that last expression of French modernity—the return to pre-Raphaelitism, with an added note of gaiety shown in the flying banners, and the bright ingenuity of the costumes.

It would need a dozen articles to do any sort of justice to the Salons; but would it be worth while? What is there to be said about Harpignies, Aman-Jean, Besnard, and La Touche that has not been said before; or Carolus-Duran, or Veber, who devotes himself year after year to painting eccentricities and monstrosities. They are amusing, the kind of subjects that a clever painter might produce once in a lustrum, and be a little ashamed of showing them to friends whose opinion he respected. M. Besnard continues to please the moderns. I read in a French paper that he has sobered his marvellous gifts as a colourist, and that M. La Touche has at last begun to give up yellow. That may be; but nothing that M. La Touche here shows is equal to his exquisite little picture in the Luxembourg, and the same may be said of M. Thaulow. One of the painters of established reputation who continues to give pleasure is M. Henner. His secret is his own. The other nudes in the Salons are clever, brutal, ingenious—what you will, but M. Henner's are always touched with something of the beauty and mystery of twilight. He is not realistic like Degas, who achieves beauty of another kind, but it is always a relief to enter a room where there is a Henner nude or a Harpignies landscape.

Dexterity, not beauty, is the note of the modern French picture. Nothing is too bizarre for the Salon painter to attempt, and his vitality and technical skill are so great that he makes a success of a scheme which an English painter would not dream of attempting. The English pictures look quite sedate among all these examples of exuberant youth. The Salons are the painting Fair of the world, and the two nations that have most bestirred themselves to provide wares are America and Spain. There is astonishing cleverness in Signor Zuloaga's three piquant pictures of Spanish joy in life, and—well, the last picture I looked at was another picture of joy in life by a Frenchman. How does he treat the subject? He paints a poulterer's shop stocked with succulent trussed fowls. It is a sunny day, and the jolly old poulterer, plump as his stock, stands in the shop door with his wife, laughing, to which the opulent lady responds. This picture of food and mirth is called "*La joie de Vivre*." C. L. H.

Science.

Science and Philosophy.

VERY clear it is that, if I am accused of being "inconsistent," "illogical," and "arbitrary," it behoves me either to vindicate myself, and that right well and early, or, while stones remain unbroken and roads unmade, to don goggles, seize hammer, and hie me to the highway forthwith, there

more adequately to fill another "sphere of usefulness" than this. For the stone-breaker serves his day and generation, whilst the illogical *soi-disant* scientist does not; unless we entirely accept the dictum of Bacon, that truth is more easily extricated from error than from confusion. As Wundt, one of the greatest of modern psychologists, has put it, we would do better, if we cannot turn psychological research to practical account, to devote ourselves to the improvement of sewing machines.

I wrote the paper in question—"The Impassable Barrier"—in order to delimit the aims and possibilities of science. In no sense does that paper embody "my conclusions." They are the conclusions of more than two thousand years of thought, and had taken final form long before I was born. I set them forth, not as having the smallest title to originality, but as part of my scientific faith or belief—or, as my critic would rather that I said—knowledge.

If A. J. E. will turn again to Locke's "Essay concerning the Human Understanding," he will therein find it demonstrated, as certainly as any other truth of positive science is demonstrated, that we have no "innate ideas." Further, if he has any recollections of his childhood, he may remember how his own ideas of God or infinity have been evolved from childish conceptions formed upon experience. Locke's great discovery constitutes him the father of modern psychology, a branch of positive science unconnected with metaphysics or with any philosophical system. That anyone can even appear seriously to call this in question to-day is surprising and disappointing.

A. J. E. quotes Emerson's exposition of Kant. For his nebular hypothesis—formed in his younger days—the great German metaphysician demands our homage, but the belief that there was a class of ideas or imperative forms, intuitions of the mind itself, which did not come by experience, but through which experience was acquired, had been directly and indirectly exploded times without number before Kant formulated it, and possesses to-day only the pathetic interest which belongs to the "arbitrary" and unfounded dogmas upon which have been built all the systems of philosophy and metaphysics. It would be an endless and futile task to go into the philosophy of Kant. At the present hour it has, as a whole, as little value, other than historical, for human thought or happiness, as the philosophy of Berkeley or Hegel; but I must quote one little passage from the "Critique of Pure Reason," which A. J. E. might try to reconcile with the doctrine of the existence of innate ideas: "If we could probe all the phenomena of volition to the bottom there would not be a single human action which we could not predict and recognise as necessary from its antecedent conditions." So that Transcendental ideas would not appear to count for much, even to Kant's own mind. There is a saying that good German philosophies, when they die, go to Oxford; and now that the wonderful German mind has left word-jugglery and metaphysics for positive science, in which it leads the world, it is surely high time that the sterile and empty subtleties which have made no one better or wiser or happier, have averted no moment of agony, have illumined to none the valley of the shadow of death, have slain no tyrant, have abolished no abuse, have added no iota to the world's air or light or beauty or life or love, should be left aside until the *Welt-schmerz* is no more.

Not only does my critic quote Kant, however, but he actually goes on to quote G. H. Lewes, the philosopher who tried all systems, discovered their futility, and wrote a book to demonstrate it; a book in which he disposes of Kant (Part ii., Chap. 3, "Kant's Psychology"), hails Locke—in the phrase I have already borrowed from him—as the father of modern psychology, and having accomplished the task which he announces in his preface—the task, namely, of proving that philosophy is impracticable—concludes with what A. J. E. calls "these pregnant words"—an encomium which I most heartily endorse: "If anyone remains unshaken by the accumulated proofs this

history affords of the impossibility of philosophy, let him distinctly bear in mind that the first problem he must solve is: have we ideas independent of experience? Let him solve that ere he begins to speculate." Whereafter my critic asks whether I claim to have solved that problem in the negative! I do not; but I grant, with G. H. Lewes himself, and every other student of psychology, that (to name only one instance) in 1689, John Locke did. If A. J. E. reads Lewes' excellent book, he will find that all the ideas in my paper are therein to be found. Indeed, that book was my first source of enlightenment on the matter.

Positive science, which Lewes supported and admired, is only a science of phenomena—of appearances, that is to say. Philosophy, or a science of "noumena," to use Lewes' phrase, is impossible, for the very simple and obvious reason that we can never transcend the sphere of our own consciousness; and, since we are born without ideas, and since our consciousness informs us only of appearances or properties or phenomena, then further than positive science—further than "phenomenal" knowledge—the human intellect can never go. My objector accuses me of arbitrarily disposing of Haeckel on personal "faith" in Locke's postulate. That all knowledge is a matter of faith or belief—whether in causation or objective reality or what not—is a self-evident proposition which I will not wait to discuss. In the "Essay," A. J. E. will find that Locke gave reasons for the faith that was in him; those reasons are my reasons for faith in Locke's faith. As to Haeckel, he, of course, follows Locke, as do all students of science, in denying the existence of innate ideas. Not having learnt Lewes' lesson, however—that this denial is also a denial of the possibility of philosophy—Haeckel goes on to construct a philosophical system, which he calls "Monism"; scoffs at every other philosophy (naturally enough), though upholding his own; whilst, as I showed the other day, he is utterly unable to disprove the assertion of idealism that the universe and "substance," which is his God, is but the "content of consciousness," and has no objective reality. That assertion cannot be disproved, however absurd it may appear to the "philosophy of common-sense." Berkeley, therefore, from his stand-point, proved the impossibility of philosophy as Locke did from his; as all philosophers, indeed, have done, not to mention students of positive science. The history of metaphysics and philosophy is a history of consistent failure. It has added nothing whatever to human happiness; and to human knowledge, only a very few facts in psychology. I am not wholly prepared, however, to deny that the human mind has been aided in its development by the centuries of otherwise wasted thought; though Weissmanism, denying the transmissibility of acquired characteristics, certainly denies that the son's mind can benefit by years of metaphysical or other thought on the part of the father.

Only positive science remains, and its empire is daily increasing. I could not admire it more than I do for its indisputable and crescent value to the race of men—the weary Titans who are born in others' pain and perish in their own. As a critic and criterion of supposed philosophies, positive science is invaluable; as a basis for philosophy, science is worthless. How can phenomenal knowledge ever transcend phenomena? And how can a philosophy be based upon a mere seeming?

A man must have a philosophy of some sort, of course, and its character will depend upon his amount of positive knowledge (which his philosophy must at any rate not too patently contradict) and upon all that we adumbrate in the word "temperament." For Haeckel his philosophy; for Sir Oliver Lodge his; for you yours; for me mine. But since positive science has proved—notably by the mouth of John Locke—that there is only phenomenal knowledge; since the multiplication by infinity of our infinitesimal knowledge of phenomena would bring us no whit nearer the underlying "substance," the

thing-in-itself, the existence of which we all assume; since man can never *know* more than changes in his own consciousness; since, in a word, there is an impassable barrier, we may laud science, or organised knowledge, and sing pæans to her, and believe in our hearts as we see with our eyes, that she is truth and will prevail against unethical physical forces, as also against much that we call evil; but as to the power of science to solve ultimate questions, we would do well to preserve a decent humility withal.

C. W. SALESBY.

Correspondence.

Metre.

SIR,—I have read with great interest and pleasure M. Paul Verrier's letter in your last issue, and can bear witness that his theory of metre is clearly indicated in the periodical publications there mentioned, copies of which he has been good enough to send me.

It is most noteworthy that this French student of our verse should have so well appreciated a truth too often hidden from the wise and prudent among our critics, though revealed (as I maintain) to babes and sucklings who delight in the cadence of metre.

For this truth—preached by M. Verrier and myself, and powerfully supported in your recent review of my book—does not by any means present itself to me in the light of a new discovery. Rather I hold that it is the common property of all who read English verse by ear, familiar in practice to every reciter, and ignored only by critics who shut their eyes to the major part of the phenomena under review. In conversation with friends I with difficulty persuade them that this truth is not wholly a truism; they are incredulous when told that our common prosody takes no account of temporal units, and contents itself with registering greater or less degrees of stress-value in syllables.

My own "Study" aimed, not at claiming this truth as my special preserve, but at enforcing and explaining and illustrating it, so furnishing the English reader with a reasoned account of facts obvious to his own consciousness, on which he might build a surer system of prosody than that offered by our grammars. This undoubtedly forms, in M. Verrier's words, "the most difficult part of the work" incumbent on metrists, and there is ample room for any number of co-workers.

I will confess that when I first formulated my own view—more years ago than I care to count—I was unaware that any of the ground had been travelled by previous explorers. Later reading has shown that many have proceeded less or greater distances in this direction, and the wonder is only that ere now a broad and beaten path has not been made, along which pilgrims may journey in comfort. I hope that by united effort, at this time of apparently revived interest in metrical questions, we may not merely establish a right of way—that has been already done—but engineer and macadamize a safe driving road. To drop metaphor, I trust that further analysis—in the prosecution of which we shall expect and welcome M. Verrier's assistance—will make manifest the actual structure of our verse, and induce English prosodists to abandon their surely unwarranted neglect of that time-basis which seems to me the most important and fundamental element of our metre.

May I be permitted to end by congratulating M. Verrier on the admirable English of his letter.—Yours, &c.,

T. S. OMOND.

"A Fabrication of Mr. Gissing's."

SIR,—I am one of those who, meeting in the "Fortnightly Review" with articles entitled "An Author at Grass: Extracts from the Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft. Edited by George Gissing," straightway fell in love with the writer. Mr. Gissing, in a few admirably-toned pages of preface, told us that Ryecroft was a hardly-known struggling writer who had been his friend; who, after a hard life, had been enabled to end his days in the peace of a country cottage; then, dying, had left diaries containing his ripest, saddest, most private thoughts, to be dealt with as seemed best.

The topics were of the gravest, the writing had the beauty and pathos of a late autumn day, one's most intimate hopes and fears were echoed by one who knew them all. Then, after Henry Ryecroft, the man, had entered most completely into our thoughts, we learn that he never existed at all; that the whole—man, preface, books, diaries—is a fabrication of Mr. Gissing's; that we have been the victims of a literary trick. Such truth-semblance is permissible to a Poe or Defoe upon their less solemn subjects, but it seems to me that Mr. George Gissing, whom we trusted, should have refrained from mocking us upon matters of life, death, and sorrow.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN BLAND.

[We cannot share our correspondent's indignation. It is the privilege of the writer to choose whatever form he likes to express his thoughts on life, death, and sorrow. They are his own thoughts, whether he writes them under his own name or puts his personal criticism of life into the mouth of a fictitious character. And certainly in Mr. Gissing's book personal experience and revelation counted for much.]

Cahier.

SIR,—I hope you will allow me to point out, with reference to a paragraph in your issue of the 23rd, that I did not assert a *quair* to be a "cashier," but a *cahier*, which is a very different thing.—Yours, &c.,

London.

MAURICE HEWLETT.

The Society of Psychical Research.

SIR,—I am surprised to see that your current issue does not contain a letter from an official member of the Society for Psychical Research in reference to your review of Mr. Bennett's book on the work of the Society. Your reviewer makes the strange mistake of holding the Society responsible for the conclusions of one of its members. If he had read the very first page of its constitution he would have seen the following caution: "NOTE.—To prevent misconception, it is here expressly stated that membership of this Society does not imply the acceptance of any particular explanation of the phenomena investigated, nor any belief as to the operation, in the physical world, of forces other than those recognised by Physical Science." As a Fellow of the Geological Society, I should be delighted if I could believe that the Geological Society had accepted all the conclusions which they have published under my name; but I need scarcely point out to scientific men that no learned society accepts responsibility for the work of its members. Furthermore, Mr. Bennett's conclusions did not even appear in the Proceedings of the S.P.R. They were embodied in a book published by himself some time after he had retired from the post of Assistant Secretary. The Society is engaged in a scientific research on scientific principles, and has already done good work. What it will ultimately achieve it would be rash to predict; but to suggest that we are not competent to conduct the investigation is to wield a weapon rare in scientific controversy, and reminiscent of the boomerang.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES CALLAWAY.

Cheltenham.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 192 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best School Recollection. Thirty-two replies have been received. We award the prize to Miss B. C. Hardy, 41, Barkston Gardens, S.W., for the following:—

Incident: well, more than that. Say epoch, rather. I have wondered often on what lines my life would have run had I never come into contact with that other soul.

I was only one year of my life at school—in Dresden—and just fifteen when sent there. Frankly, I did not very much enjoy it. Brought up in the most retired content any girl ever knew, never speaking to others of my age except my sister, the ways of girls astonished and did not please me. I became morose, unsocial, bearish. Accustomed to courtesy and almost equality from my elders, I could not brook being relegated to a herd of thirty others as childish and ignorant, bitterly knowing myself the while the most ignorant of all. Those days were dark.

Upon them flashed the light of my first literature class. Many who have known Dresden during the last decade or so of the nineteenth century will remember John Sherwood—he died a few years since—and I like to think mine but one of a multitude of souls in which he awoke and kindled the divine fire. I have heard many sermons, great and moving; none moved me like the words of my dear old literature master. Far from the dear familiarities of home, he gave me the golden key, opened to me the gates of a fair and boundless realm where I might wander at my will, "never alone while accompanied with noble thoughts." It is mine till I die. That was a turning point: dimly I saw it then, passionately now: and through it all his unconsciousness! Some gifts are so rich they cannot be repaid, even with thanks: and he hated thanks. Ugly old schoolroom, gilt mirror, barren screen, high German windows! to me you frame a day when more than life was born.

Other replies follow:—

He always sat astride of his little chair, with his chest leaning on his crossed arms on the back of it and his mild face turned to us. His mortar-board he would lay on the desk of the boy in front of him, where it became the recipient for paper balls, blots of ink, and broken nibs.

The sergeant brought him a letter, and he held it till he had finished his sentence, without opening it. Then he cut the envelope, and read. We waited, silently at first, for him to resume the lesson. But when he had finished reading the letter, he sat silently gazing out of the window. Whispering and shuffling failed to rouse him. Sundry catables were produced; paper missiles traversed the classroom: cautious sniggering broke out, still with no effect. Boys began to vie with each other in daring acts. Finally, the upsetting of a row of books awoke him, and he rose amidst apprehensive silence. But he punished no one. He walked out of the room, and did not return. In the afternoon, another master taught us; and we speculated whether he had left.

He came back in the morning, wearing a black coat and tie. "Might have known he'd have a wife somewhere," said one. "P'raps it was his pater," ventured another. "Rot; a chap that age would have a pater."

In school his manner was exactly the same. When we hinted at a holiday—we had had one when the Head's son died—he merely refused, in a surprised kind of way, so we concluded it was no relation. [A. O., Scarborough.]

Six of us sat on the stone steps of the terrace—overlooking the tennis courts. It was the end of the hottest day of my first Summer Term, and we were watching the "finals" of a tennis tournament. At the close of the game, the winner came up and joined us. She was a delightful girl, with a fair laughing face, and the very frankest eyes I ever saw. And I remember how, at that moment, the thought burst in upon me—what a delightful life this school life was, with all its contests and its promise—its friendliness and safety. And I said as much to the girl who had won the tournament.

"You will feel that more and more," she told me; "I am leaving school this term. It will be jolly to get back to dear old Dad—and have a good fling—and all that. But, oh! I shall be sorry to leave."

As she finished speaking, one of the mistresses called her away.

And, half an hour later, we heard that her father was dead.

That night we all sat round the big school-room in silence, and let the darkness grow. No one cared to ask for a light. Only those who were sisters sought each other, as if the nearness made a link with home.

And from that night there was a shadow over all my school days—a shadow that neither happiness nor success could ever wholly lift—the shadow of the distance that lay between me and home.

[E. A., London.]

Competition No. 193 (New Series).

Writing the other day of Emerson, Mr. William Archer said: "One cannot read many pages of Emerson without coming upon one of those supreme felicities of utterance that seem to go tingling through our very blood." As an instance of Emerson's felicity Mr. Archer quoted the sentence: "We think our civilisation near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cock-crowing and the morning star." This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the three most pregnant and felicitous sentences selected from any authors. Each sentence must not exceed 100 words, and the source of each must be given.

RULES.

Answers addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 3 June, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Critical Questions: Being a Course of Sermons.....(Brown) 5/0
Weymouth (The late Richard Francis), The New Testament in Modern Speech (Clarke) net 2/6
Paterson (W. P.), The Apostles' Teaching. Part I. The Pauline Theology (Black) net 0/6
Jackson (F. J. Foakes), Christian Difficulties in the Second and Twentieth Centuries.....(Arnold) net 3/6
Brooks (Rt. Rev. Phillips), The Life with God.....(Allenson) net 1/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

- Yeats (W. B.), Where there is Nothing: Being Volume One of Plays for an Irish Theatre.....(Bullen) net 3/6
Childe-Pemberton (Harriet L.), Carmela: A Poetic Drama.....(Mathews) net 3/6
Fleming (W. K.), By a Northern Sea.....(Brimley Johnson) net 2/6
Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature. Vol. XXIV. Part II.....(Asher) 3/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Kelman, Junr. (John), The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson... (Oliphant) net 6/0
Graves (Charles L.), The Life and Letters of Sir George Grove, C.B. (Macmillan) net 12/6
Davies (T. Witton), Heinrich Ewald.....(Unwin) net 3/6
Holls (Frederick William), edited by, Correspondence between Ralph Waldo Emerson and Herman Grimm.....(Houghton) net 11/0
Pigott (C. A.), Steadfast unto Death, or Martyred for China (Religious Tract Society) 2/6
Pollock (John), The Popish Plot.....(Duckworth) net 10/0
Baxter (Dudley), England's Cardinals.....(Burns and Oates) 2/6
Payne (Rev. George A.), "Edna Lyall": An Appreciation.....(Heywood) net 1/6
Clarke (W. Newton), Huxley and Phillips Brooks.....(Allenson) net 1/0
Heron (Alexander), The Rise and Progress of the Company of Merchants of the City of Edinburgh, 1681-1902.....(T. and T. Clark) net 10/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Atkinson (William Walker), The Law of the New Thought (Psychic Research Company)
Memory Culture.....(" ")
Wilcox (Ella Wheeler), The Heart of the New Thought (Psychic Research Company)
Hird (Dennis), An Easy Outline of Evolution.....(Watts) 2/6
United States Geological Survey: Report, 1900-1901. 4 vols. (Government Printing Office, Washington)

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Wood (Charles W.), Norwegian By-Ways.....(Macmillan) 6/0

EDUCATIONAL.

- Gould (F. J.), The Children's Book of Moral Lessons.....(Watts) 2/0
Simonsen (Gustave), A Greek Grammar Accidence.....(Sonnenschein) 6/6
Lewis (Edwin Herbert), A Text-Book of Applied English Grammar (Macmillan) 3/6
Hayes (B. J.), edited by, Xenophon: Memorabilia. Book I.....(Olive) 3/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

- May (Lieut.-Col. Edward S.), Principles and Problems of Imperial Defence (Sonnenschein) net 7/6
Old Age Pensions.....(Macmillan) net 2/6
Phillips' Clear Print Half-Inch Cycling Map of England and Wales. Sheet 34. London.....(Phillip) 1/0
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Rowntree (Joseph) and Sherwell (Arthur), Public Control of the Liquor Traffic (Richards) net 2/6
Davis (Arthur H.), On Our Selection!.....(Bulletin Newspaper Company)
Phillips' Clear Print Popular Map of London.....(Phillip) 1/0
Rawles (William A.), Centralising Tendencies in the Administration of India (King) net 10/0
Atkinson (Robert T.), The Via Indo Telegraphic Social Code (Hutchinson) net 5/0
Penny (A. G.), 'Neath Palm and Pine.....(Religious Tract Society) 0/6
"Vigilans sed Equus" German Ambitions as they Affect Britain and the United States of America.....(Smith, Elder) net 2/6
Peel (Mrs. C. S.), The New Home.....(Constable) 3/6
Frere (Walter Howard), The Relation of Church and Parliament in regard to Ecclesiastical Discipline.....(Mowbray)

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

The first volume "Miscellaneous Prose" in Messrs. Methuen's new edition of "The Writings and Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb," under the editorship of Mr. E. V. Lucas, is ready for publication. The first five volumes containing the Lambs' writings will be followed by Volumes VI. and VII., the Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb. Owing to the anomalies of the law of copyright, no edition of the Lambs' correspondence can be complete until many years have passed by, but Mr. Lucas's edition will be unique in several points, and it will print in full, for the first time, between 50 and 100 new letters. Messrs. Methuen also have in preparation "The Life of Charles and Mary Lamb." In this biography Mr. Lucas has attempted to reconstruct the Lamb circle.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co., in co-operation with Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., have arranged to publish an edition of the complete works of Matthew Arnold, uniform with the editions *de luxe* of Tennyson, Lamb, Kingsley, FitzGerald, Pater, and Kipling which they have issued within the last few years. This edition will be comprised in fifteen monthly volumes, the first of which will appear in June 1903. The concluding volume of the series will contain a complete bibliography of Matthew Arnold compiled by Mr. Thomas Burnett Smart.

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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER
For June.

Imperial Reciprocity:

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The Literary Week.

WE congratulate the publishers of the Jewish Encyclopædia on the solicitude they show for the welfare of their books. A small slip of paper dropped from the fourth volume of that learned work, which bore the heading "How to Open a Book." The instructions are concise and simple: "The book should be held with its back on a smooth table, then the front board cover should be let down, the leaves being held in one hand. Next, the other board cover should be let down. Following this operation, a few leaves should be opened at the back, then a few at the front, and so on, alternately opening back and front, gently pressing open the sections till the centre of the volume is reached." Reader and publisher might strike a bargain, the reader promising always to open a book in this way, if the leaves are always cut. Among the publications of the week we note the following:—

THE WORKS OF CHARLES AND MARY LAMB. Edited by E. V. Lucas.

The first volume of the complete edition of the Lambs' works upon which Mr. Lucas has been engaged for some years. This volume contains all Lamb's prose, with the exception of his work for children, his notes in the "Dramatic Specimens" and "Garrick Extracts," his prose plays, and the Elia essays. Mr. Lucas has gathered together a considerable quantity of new matter—the present volume contains nearly forty pages now collected for the first time. The great feature of this exhaustive edition consists in the editor's notes; many disputed points have been settled and allusions traced. The notes to this first volume occupy over one hundred and fifty pages.

A HISTORY OF FRENCH VERSIFICATION. By L. E. Kastner.

Mr. Kastner has endeavoured to apply the historical and scientific methods of Tobler's "Versbau" to his study, though he has not confined himself, as Tobler did, to certain phases of the subject. The period most fully dealt with by the author extends from Marot to the

present day, though he has included a succinct account of Old and Middle French versification. In the quotations from old French Mr. Kastner has wisely attempted no normalization of the orthography; only a few necessary modifications have been made. The volume is prefixed by a full and valuable bibliography.

NATURE'S LAWS AND THE MAKING OF PICTURES. By W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.

A rather curious and interesting book. Mr. Wyllie believes in the study of perspective as an exact science, and has no sympathy with the many artists who, because they have never taken the trouble to learn the rules, call it a "one-eyed science." Mr. Wyllie says: "In the present book I have tried to show how the rules can be used in the construction of pictures and drawings. I have begun with very easy lessons, and the words I have used are the simplest I could find." The volume is very fully illustrated, mainly by the author.

THE superfluous biographies of living people increase and multiply. This week sees the publication of a volume called "Marie Corelli: the Writer and the Woman." We have, however, glanced through the book with amusement, and for amusement we are always grateful. What we like are the illustrations; some of them are joyful. There is a picture of Miss Corelli's pet Yorkshire terrier tearing up press cuttings, in which we suspect a kind of symbolism. Some of the other illustrations are labelled as follows: "Killiecrankie Cottage, where 'Ziska' was finished"; "Avon Croft, where 'The Master Christian' was finished, 1900"; "Miss Corelli's Boatman and Punt." There are also illustrations of other houses and of scraps of scenery on the Avon. The volume concludes with these words, which, we are told, "fell from the lips of Mr. Gladstone": "It is a wonderful gift you have, and I do not think you will abuse it. There is a magnetism in your pen which will influence many. Take care always to do your best. As a woman, you are pretty and good; as a writer, be brave and true. God bless you, my dear child! Be brave! You've got a great future before you. Don't lose heart on the way!"

"TEMPLE BAR" this month prints an interesting article containing certain personal recollections of the late Mr. Shorthouse. The writer once asked him how long "John Inglesant" had been in his mind, to which he replied: "I don't think I can remember the time when it was not." He defined his religious position in the words, "I am a strong Sacramentalist." The writer says, "Never have I known a more deeply-reverent and unquestioning realisation of what sacramental grace is to the spirit of man." He had a passion for music, though he was without any technical knowledge of it, and loved particularly the "Messiah" and the "Elijah." Above all things he rejoiced in the life of contemplation. Although he was in business, and was a successful man, he took no interest in ordinary political or municipal questions, nor did theories concerning the relation between capital and labour, employer and employed, interest him. "The Excursion" he read again and again. The writer of these recollections says:—

That was thoroughly characteristic of the man; he used the resources of life with a certain thriftiness, getting far more out of a little than most of us get out of a great deal. He had a fine sense of detail, and derived the keenest enjoyment from the small things of daily life, which less gifted minds pass unnoticed; here he was in sympathy with Wordsworth; walking round his small, but beautifully-designed, garden was a revelation as to what a loving and reverent observation of Nature could discover; truly, to him "the meanest flower" could bring "thoughts that do lie too deep for tears." And so it was all through life; a look, a word, a gesture, a kindly greeting, a sunbeam, a delicate scent, a rich colour, a sweet sound, would thrill him with a deep thankful enjoyment.

Here is a pleasant personal touch:—

He was the most genial of hosts, and as ready to listen as he was to give out of the stores of his own mind. The terrible stammer, almost a convulsion, which must have tried sorely one so full of thoughts and so ready to give them to others, was, he used to say, a blessing in disguise, having led him to use the pen as his great instrument of expression; but there were times when the stammer almost ceased, and he could talk on uninterruptedly. One very striking and touching habit grew up out of the stammer. At "family prayers" he and his wife read all the prayers together; because, if an attack of stammering came on, her gentle voice would carry on the thread till he recovered, and the knowledge of this prevented all nervousness on his part.

Mr. Shorthouse's writing was done with the restraint and moderation which characterised his life; one day a week he stayed at home and wrote.

A CORRESPONDENT of "The Times," enraged against the flying motor, proposed that it should be made legal for incensed householders and pedestrians to shoot the motorist; concerning which proposal Mr. W. S. Gilbert writes:—

I am delighted with the suggestion made by your spirited correspondent, Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, that all pedestrians shall be legally empowered to discharge shot-guns (the size of the shot to be humanely restricted to No. 8 or No. 9) at all motorists who may appear to them to be driving to the common danger. The only difficulty that occurs to me is as to who shall undertake the rather delicate job of stopping the motor (tearing along at perhaps 35 or 40 miles) after the motorist has been killed or disabled. But, without doubt, Sir R. Payne-Gallwey has considered this point, and will supply a practical suggestion as to how it is to be dealt with.

We shall soon be having songs at the music halls all about "the mad motor and the dead chaffeur."

THERE reaches us from America a pamphlet by the democratic Mr. Ernest Crosby, on "Shakespeare's Attitude toward the Working Classes." Mr. Crosby is very angry with Shakespeare because he "was unable to

conceive of any situation rising to the dignity of tragedy in other than royal and ducal circles." Mr. Crosby argues that because Shakespeare made the Duke of York accost Horner, the armourer, as "base dunghill villain and mechanical," therefore Shakespeare had no idea of the dignity of labour and the value of simple employments. All of which strikes us as merely futile. There are passages in Shakespeare which are full of the dignity of labour. To prove his sympathy it was not necessary to pack his plays with ploughmen.

THE "Collector's Circular," a new weekly publication, estimates that at least five per cent. of the cultured public are collectors of something or other. But why confine it to the cultured public? The rich uncultured public collects more assiduously than the cultured. Dealers in antiquities know this, and rejoice exceedingly thereat. The "Collector's Circular," however, is a useful publication, particularly for people of comparatively small means. The first of the "Collector's Circular's" notes suggests the old possibility which is always new:—

A second-hand dealer at Lampeter bought a sack-full of old books from a yokel for half-a-sovereign. He parted with two of them to a customer for the cost of the sack. Of these two, one was again re-sold to a Manchester book dealer for £4, who immediately passed it on to a metropolitan confrère for £400—an addition of two oughts to his purchase price. Its present owner has it listed at £1,000. This much-travelled volume is a copy of the very scarce Latin Prayer Book of 1516.

We can see a score of ardent searchers looking up the return fare to Lampeter.

MR. ROBERT BRIDGES has always been something of an innovator in matters of prosody, and in a "Peace Ode," printed in the current "Monthly Review," he strikes the same note. In a brief introduction the author says:—

The system on which the following verses are written claims that, if the English were spelt as it is or should be pronounced, then the syllables would scan according to the laws of Greek prosody. The adaptation of the Greek rules was made by William Stone, in an essay now published with my "Milton's Prosody" at the Oxford University Press. In that book, and in my hexameter poem "Now in Wintry Delights," published this year at the Daniel Press, the curious reader may find the whole literature of this experiment; and in the latter book there is a page of phonetic writing, in a new manner, which exhibits the scansion to the eye.

Mr. Bridges further says, "The writer's object is, of course, to delight readers, whether they are familiar or not with the model." Well, Mr. Bridges may use what prosody he likes so long as he delights us, but in these verses he seems to be so intent on prosody that he has forgotten to be a poet. The four concluding stanzas are the best, and those we quote:—

Thee, France, love I, fair lawgiver and scholar,
Thy lively grace, thy temper illustrious;
And thee, in all wisdom Diviner,
Germany, deep melodist immortal;

Not less have envied soft Italy's spirit,
In marble unveil'd and eloquent colour;
But best love I England, wer' I not
Born to her eyrie should envy also.

Wherefore to-day one gift above ev'ry gift
Let us beseech, that God will accord to her
Always a right judgment in all things,
Ev'n to celestial excellencies:

And grant us in long peace to accumulate
Joy, and to stablish friendliness and commerce,
And barter in markets for unpriced
Beauty, the pearl of unending empire.

If Mr. Bridges counts this real poetry we can only direct him to much of his own earlier work for refutation.

THE "Isis" the other day referred to the "Varsity" dramatic critiques as "Dramatic Eccentricities." Upon which the "Varsity" says: "We were very much hurt at the time and quite disheartened, to say nothing of having since passed several sleepless nights, for this rebuff coming as it did from the 'Isis' was really more terrible than it would first appear. We were therefore agreeably surprised, nay, even flattered, in the sincerest form to find the 'Isis' report on the O.U.D.S. *actually almost identical with ours!*" The evidence of parallel columns would seem to prove this, but as the incriminating phrases are the usual stock-in-trade of perfunctory critics of plays the similarity hardly implies plagiarism. The moral is that both the "Isis" and the "Varsity" should avoid commonplace stodginess.

EVERYTHING about Ruskin had a touch of originality and quaintness; even his cashbook, of which Mr. W. G. Collingwood writes in "Good Woods," was not a cashbook at all. It had the prosaic word on its back, but within, though there were a few accounts, it was mainly filled with the diary of a continental tour undertaken with Mr. Collingwood in 1882. At that time Ruskin's health was uncertain; "he was exceedingly and unfailingly kind," writes Mr. Collingwood, "but exacting; it would have needed great self-confidence to be sure of his good opinion." Returning one day to Sallenches he was greatly attracted by the Hôtel du Mont Blanc at St. Martin, and the place and its memories so moved him that he asked whether it was for sale, and formed the idea of buying it and living there. But that, perhaps unfortunately, was not to be. One very characteristic entry in the diary is quoted by Mr. Collingwood:—

Perfect light on the Dorons, and the Varens a miracle of aerial majesty. I—happy in a more solemn way than of old. Read a bit of Ezra and referred to Haggai ii. 9—"In this place will I give peace."

WOONSOCKET, R.I., U.S.A., has discovered an "original poet and philosopher"—so his publishers describe Mr. Simon Durst. We have glanced through Mr. Durst's curiously named book, "Bub and Sis," and, frankly, we rather like it. There is not much poetry in it, but there is freshness and a kind of practical joy in life which justifies the pleasant "Prescript":—

Once upon a time, needing rest and recreation, and desiring a snug retreat with some canny country folk in the mountains among the maple, birch and pine trees, I inserted, in a few "hill-country" papers, a rimed Ad. susceptible of two readings—one for the reader who runs, and one for the stroller, of my fashion, who feels that life is too short for hurry, and riches worthless on current terms—and received a rimed reply, also charged with two meanings, the ability to read the hidden one of which won me a prize of board and bed at Apple Meadow Farm for the rest of my life—*gratis*—with the gentle folk, about whom this little book gossips.

THE "Morning Leader" has been complaining of "the style of magniloquence and subtle allusion" employed by sporting writers. As an example, it quoted the following passages from an account of Derby Day:—

It was with evil forebodings that the lattice was drawn this morning . . . at the town famous for its salts.

Happily the change came soon after six o'clock, and ere the matutinal meal was reached the sun had got up.

Magniloquence there may be in those sentences, but we see no "subtle allusion." The sporting papers are by no means the only sinners in this roundabout and foolish manner. Only the other day a great daily allowed one of its contributors to refer to walking as "pedestrian exercise."

THE last thing one would have expected in Turkey is a literary movement, but, according to a writer in the Paris "La Revue," such a movement exists, and Halid Zia is its prophet. One does not quite gather in what respect the movement is national, for according to the writer of the article, himself a Turk, Halid Zia has devoted himself alternately to such models as de Musset and Théophile Gautier. We are assured, however, that Halid Zia and his followers have renewed the life of Turkish literature and rejuvenated the written language.

LECTURING the other day on Emerson, Mr. Augustin Birrell said:—

Just now there was a super-sensitive spirit in the States, very apt to resent foreign criticism of native products. Hawthorne was said to have suffered in popularity there because he was beloved in England. But Englishmen could not help understanding the language in which Americans wrote their books. Anything more alien to Emerson's serene cosmopolitanism than this distortion of patriotism could hardly be discovered.

Just so; but is Mr. Birrell really right about Hawthorne?

THE writer to whom, more than to any other, our competitors have gone this week for their pregnant and felicitous sentences is Robert Louis Stevenson. It is a case, indeed, of Stevenson first and the rest nowhere. Milton comes in a bad second, and Shakespeare is only quoted three times.

PROF. HENRI GAIDOUZ recently put forth a plea in pamphlet form for the official sanctioning and preserving of local dialects in France. His main plea, of course, was for the preservation of the Breton tongue. The question, as treated by Prof. Gaidouz, touches upon matters of policy which are very disputable. Here in England we have no objection to the revival, for instance, of Celtic speech; the question of politics or utility does not come in. It would, indeed, be impossible to preserve dialects officially in England: the force of circumstance is slowly killing them. Any one who has known intimately the country round London within, say, a radius of fifty miles, during the past twenty years cannot fail to have observed the decay of dialect, and even the remoter counties are beginning to feel the touch of modernity. This has long been a cause for regret to all lovers and students of racy English.

A LARGE London bookseller now has on his list the titles of seven hundred and fifty novels published at sixpence; last year only five hundred were on the list. This proves that readers at fourpence-halfpenny net are on the increase. But why should not more solid books be published at that alluring price? There must be plenty of people who would be glad to take home popular scientific works, say, by the evening train.

THE material for the recent newspaper articles suggested by the bi-centenary of the death of John Pepys has naturally been drawn from the Diary. But most of the writers who have been discussing Pepys have considered him too much in the light of his more frivolous self-revelations. He was not always frivolous. Light liver he was, a man in certain respects rather unmoral than immoral, but at the base of his character there was much of real sterling value. He lived in a time when jobbery was rampant, yet he kept his hands comparatively clean; when he thanked God, as he did at the end of most of the years recorded in his Diary, that he was worth so much in goods and money, we know that he came by his possessions honestly. If a dishonest man had held that post of his, things might have been

different in England to-day. Pepys was a genuine servant of the State, a fact which should be remembered with gratitude.

THE title of Mr. R. C. Lehmann's new volume of humorous verse runs thus: "Crumbs of Pity and other verses; to which are added Six Lives of Great Men." The fun of the title is a little remote, not to say misleading, but your laughter-maker must have his joke.

A MARRIAGE has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins and Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr. Charles Sheldon, of New York.

Bibliographical.

It is just a little disquieting to hear that we are to have yet another collection of war poetry. Much, of course, depends upon the treatment accorded to the subject; it is always possible for one anthologist to improve upon the work of another. But apart from the question whether we have not had enough of war, in literature as in life, for some time to come, there is the fact that the last dozen years or so have brought with them a good many collections of verse about fighting and fighters. To go no farther back than 1901, we had in that year Mr. A. Eagar's "Songs of the Sword and the Soldier," which had been preceded in 1900 (there is no date on the title-page, by the way) by Mr. J. Macleay's "War Songs, and Songs and Ballads of Martial Life." To 1900, also, belong the new and enlarged editions of J. E. Carpenter's "Soldier Songs" and "Sailor Songs," with their inevitable element of the bellicose. Before these there had come, in 1898, Mr. C. Williams's "Soldiers' Songs, for the March, the Camp, and the Barracks," and, to go still further back, we had in 1891 the "Real Sailor Songs" of Mr. John Ashton. In addition to these, there have been such collections as Mr. Henley's "Lyra Heroica" (1891), and sundry anthologies of patriotic verse—such as Mr. and Miss Wedmore's "Poems of the Love and Pride of England" (1897), Mr. A. Stanley's "Patriotic Song" (1901), and "Songs of England's Glory" (1902), in which the martial flavour is considerable. Altogether, one doubts whether the present is precisely the time for another accumulation of war verses.

In my correspondence there are still echoes of the Bulwer-Lytton birth-centenary. In one communication I am asked to note (as I readily do) the fairness of the estimate of Bulwer contributed to the "British Weekly" last week by "Claudius Clear." In another I am bidden to remark the singularly large extent to which Bulwer indulged, when publishing, in anonymity. All of the following were published originally without any name or initials on the title page: "Delmour" (1823), "Weeds and Wild Flowers" (1825), "O'Neill" (1827), "Falkland" (1867), "Pelham" (1828), "The Disowned" (1829), "Eugene Aram" (1832), "Asmodeus at Large" (1833), "Godolphin" (1833), "The Pilgrims of the Rhine" (1834), "The Last Days of Pompeii" (1834), "Ernest Maltravers" (1837), "Alice" (1838), "Calderon the Courtier" (1838), "Richelieu" (1838), "The Sea Captain" (1839), "Money" (1840), "Night and Morning" (1841), "Zanoni" (1842), "The Crisis" (1845), "The New Timon" (1846), "Lucretia" (1846), "A Word to the Public" (1847), "Harold" (1848), "Clytemnestra" (1855), "St. Stephen's" (1860), "A Strange Story" (1862), "The Rightful Heir" (1868), "The Coming Race" (1871), "Kenelm Chillingly" (1873), and "The Parisians" (1873)—a notably long list. "My Novel" (1853), "What Will He Do With It?"

(1859), "Caxtoniana" (1863), and "The Boatman" (1864) were all published as by "Pisistratus Caxton." "Paul Clifford" (1830), "The Duchess de la Vallière" (1836), and "The Lady of Lyons" (1838) appeared with the initials "E. B. L."

The announcement of Mr. Edgar Fawcett's forthcoming volume of verse reminds one that it is long since this writer was represented over here by a book of that sort. In England Mr. Fawcett, where known at all, is known mainly as a producer of fiction. During the last two decades nearly thirty novels from his pen have been published in this country—one so recently as in 1901 ("New York"). Prior to that, we had had no story from him since 1895. His latest book of verse, so far as England is concerned, dates still further back, namely, to 1889, when "Blooms and Brambles" appeared. His "Romance and Reverie" (1886) had not, I think, an English publisher, though it was circulated here. "Blooms and Brambles" appears to have been intended to exhibit to the English public the best achieved by Mr. Fawcett in verse up to that time. It was dedicated to the late Gleeson White, and had a rhythmic preface, beginning—

The blooms and the brambles I bring you
Are those I have gathered and garnered
In roamings of memory's woodlands,
In pauses by passion's rough hillsides,
In broodings near cold pools of sorrow,
In strolls among fantasy's gardens,

and so forth.

The promised "Life and Last Leaves of Robert Wallace" will be welcomed especially by those who were contemporary at Edinburgh with Dr. Wallace when he was leader-writer and afterwards editor of the "Scotsman," and when his caustic comments upon Scottish ecclesiastical affairs were the delight of the readers of that paper. The use of the phrase "Last Leaves" in the title of the coming book recalls the literary remains of another Edinburgh man—the "Last Leaves" of Alexander Smith, poet and essayist, edited by P. P. Alexander in 1868. One may also note in this connection the "Later Leaves" of Montagu Williams, Q.C., which followed his "Leaves of a Life" (1890) in 1891.

An interesting feature of Mr. Ingpen's new edition of Leigh Hunt's Autobiography is the appended Bibliography, or, rather, chronological list of Hunt's successive publications. This list is the fullest that has yet appeared, being rich in those minute details in which many bibliographers delight. It will not, however, wholly supersede the Bibliography which Mr. J. P. Anderson compiled for Mr. Monkhouse's memoir of Hunt in the "Great Writers" series (1893), for therein are very many particulars which do not come within Mr. Ingpen's plan. It is to be wished, however, that Mr. Ingpen gave more information about the successive editions of Hunt's separate works. For instance, he does not mention the one-volume edition of the Autobiography, in limp green cloth, which was published by Messrs. Smith and Elder, and, for all I know, may still be in their catalogue. Very many people first made acquaintance with the Autobiography in this edition.

I see that a Bibliography of Matthew Arnold, by Mr. Burnett Smart, will be included in the fifteenth and last volume (due in August 1904) of the "edition de luxe" of the Works announced by Messrs. Macmillan. This, presumably, will be Mr. Smart's existing Bibliography of Arnold, brought down to date. In any case, I hope Mr. Smart and the publishers will arrange for the separate issue of this part of Vol. XV. Many would like to acquire the Bibliography who have no particular fondness for "editions de luxe."

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Sporting Event.

ROBERT BROWNING. By G. K. Chesterton. English Men of Letters Series. (Macmillan. 2s.)

MR. CHESTERTON'S achievements have been such that one comes to this book with a keen initial curiosity to know how he has wrestled with his theme. It is a sporting event. Will the new pedagogism lower its voice and hide its electric ferule in the presence of greatness? Hitherto Mr. Chesterton has dealt with great reputations only in the essay, where the dialectical somersaults for which he is famous have formed part of an *al fresco* entertainment, and have therefore scarcely been challenged. But now he enters the field of critical biography under the prestige of a fine "series"; and many will ask with what success.

Certainly with the success of youth, eagerness, and cleverness. Certainly with the success of a rollicking dogmatism, which after all leaves you whole; and a pyrotechnical sapience which after all returns the rocket-stick of the commonplace to your feet. Mr. Chesterton is endlessly new and audacious in detail. In the mass, and in a summary, he is a comfortable person enough. Reading him is like playing a sub-conscious game of noughts and crosses: you wait to cancel, and meanwhile you are kept atrociously alert.

It seems to us that the necessity under which Mr. Chesterton has just placed himself of following one man's career, of developing one man's philosophy, has brought into greater clearness both the merits and drawbacks of his method of writing. It has given substance and memorableness to his good things. One might find oneself recalling twenty years hence this characterisation of the age of Browning's youth—when Ruskin, Dickens, Carlyle and Keats were in their seed-time:—

On all sides there was the first beginning of the æsthetic stir in the middle classes which expressed itself in the combination of so many poetic lives with so many prosaic livelihoods. It was the age of inspired office boys.

Or this:—

Charity was Browning's basic philosophy; but it was, as it were, a fierce charity, a charity that went man-hunting. He was a kind of cosmic detective who walked into the foulest of thieves' kitchens and accused men publicly of virtue.

Again:—

The "Ring and the Book" is the great epic of the age, because it is the expression of the belief, it might almost be said of the discovery, that no man ever lived upon this earth without possessing a point of view. No one ever lived who had not a little more to say for himself than any formal system of justice was likely to say for him.

Again:—

If a man had gone up to Browning and asked him with all the solemnity of the eccentric, "Do you think life is worth living?" it is interesting to conjecture what his answer might have been. If he had been for the moment under the influence of the orthodox rationalistic deism of the theologian he would have said, "Existence is justified by its manifest design, its manifest adaptation of means to ends," or, in other words, "Existence is justified by its completeness." If, on the other hand, he had been influenced by his own serious intellectual theories he would have said, "Existence is justified by its air of growth and doubtfulness," or, in other words, "Existence is justified by its incompleteness." But if he had not been influenced in his answer either by the accepted opinions, or by his own opinions, but had simply answered the question "Is life worth living?" with the real, vital answer that awaited it in his own soul, he would have said as likely as not, "Crimson toadstools in Hampshire." Some plain, glowing picture of this sort left on his mind would be his real verdict on what the universe had meant to him.

These passages strike us as entertainingly helpful; they have the daylight of thinking in them. Unfortunately they and their like are but the shafts of sunshine piercing

the blinds of a room in which the midnight lamp is still burning. Too often it is the lamp-light and the writhing brow and the dialectical sham-fight that oppress us with a sense of superfluity and unreality.

Mr. Chesterton's determination to be always the top dog, whether in agreement or opposition, is his undoing. He is for ever straining to prove that the critics who differ from him do so on grounds which ought to make them his adorers, and that the critics who agree with him do so on grounds of which even his antagonists would be utterly ashamed. The latter fate is the rarer, but it is Mr. Santayana's. Mr. Santayana is singled out by Mr. Chesterton as the most fruitful of all Browning's critics: he is "one of the very few who seem to have got near to the actual secret of Browning's optimism." Note the splendid assurance of the word actual. Mr. Santayana, then, is in luck. Mr. Santayana has nearly belled the cat. Mr. Santayana, "in contradistinction to the vast mass of Browning's admirers, had discovered what was the real root of Browning's poetry; and"—the suave injury of this conjunctive "and" instead of the decently disjunctive "but"!—"the curious thing is, that having discovered that root virtue, he thinks it a vice." That is the way with these hopeful fellows: they flourish mightily until Mr. Chesterton comes along and praises them. Mr. Santayana had said that Mr. Browning's poetry is the poetry of barbarism because "the barbarian is the man who regards his passions as their own excuse for being, who does not domesticate them either by understanding their cause, or by conceiving their ideal goal." That is all the substantive quotation from Mr. Santayana that we are given, and, as is frequently the case with Mr. Chesterton, we do not see enough of the issue to judge it. What we do see at all times is Mr. Chesterton's dexterous hard-hitting or his dexterous soft-hitting. In this case it is soft-hitting:—

Thus, Mr. Santayana is, perhaps, the most valuable of all the Browning critics. He has gone out of his way to endeavour to realise what it is that repels him in Browning, and he has discovered the fault which none of Browning's opponents have discovered. And in this he has discovered the merit which none of Browning's admirers have discovered. Whether the quality be a good or a bad quality, Mr. Santayana is perfectly right. The whole of Browning's poetry does rest upon primitive feeling; and the only comment to be added is that so does the whole of every one else's poetry.

It would appear, therefore, that Mr. Santayana excelled all other Browning critics by starting a proposition which to Mr. Chesterton is the apotheosis of the obvious!

Of such dialectical evolutions and tragedies the book is full. The blood of the misled righteous is shed without stint. How very wrong you can be when you feel most harmless may appear in the following passage:—

Any one will make the deepest and blackest and most incurable mistake about Browning who imagines that his optimism was founded on any arguments for optimism. Because he had a strong intellect, because he had a strong power of conviction, he conceived and developed and asserted these doctrines of the incompleteness of Man and the sacrifice of Omnipotence. But these doctrines were the symptoms of his optimism, they were not its origin. *It is surely obvious that no one can be argued into optimism since no one can be argued into happiness.* Browning's optimism was not founded on opinions which were the work of Browning, but on life which was the work of God. . . . He is a great poet of human joy for precisely the reason of which Mr. Santayana complains: that his happiness is primal, and beyond the reach of philosophy. *He is something far more convincing, far more comforting, far more religiously significant than an optimist: he is a happy man.*

This is a typical specimen of Mr. Chesterton's "made" arguments. We should say that the vital distinction between optimism and happiness (of which Mr. Chesterton himself seems fully conscious in the last of the two sentences we have italicised) is precisely this: that

optimism is the happiness into which a man can and does argue himself and other people; that happiness is the native bliss which is from within, but which, unless qualified, may be the happiness of a fool or an idiot. Surely Browning's native happiness was just that part of him with which we have really nothing to do: it was there, but we know of it through its intellectual expression, that is to say his optimism. That he was an inwardly happy man, as happy men go, who doubts, who has disputed? Who has suggested that his optimism was a life-long piece of acting? Who, in a word, requires these elaborate distinctions, and this appearance of approval or disapproval of Mr. Santayana, which is, in fact, neither the one nor the other?

Let it be admitted that no other young writer of to-day could lead us through these morrice-dances of logic and paradox. Mr. Chesterton does make his readers think, and he does often think brilliantly himself. But page after page of his present monograph convinces us that he is in all things too curiously pugnacious, and too intricately simple. Lack of space forbids us to give other examples of his legerdemain. We are also restrained by the feeling, begotten of many a page, that Mr. Chesterton cannot be cornered. He could always fall back on such dexterities as the following:—

A man who has missed the fact that "Tristram Shandy" is a game of digressions, that the whole book is a kind of practical joke to cheat the reader out of a story, simply has not read "Tristram Shandy" at all. The man who objects to the Rossetti pictures because they depict a sad and sensuous day-dream, objects to their existing at all. And any one who objects to Browning writing his huge epic round a trumpery and sordid police-case has in reality missed the whole length and breadth of the poet's meaning.

To which we can only reply that Mr. Chesterton is right. A man who objects to the Rossetti pictures because they depict a sad and sensuous day-dream does, so far, object to their existing. He may be right or he may be wrong in his initial objection. But surely all criticism is a denial of the right to exist—in respect of the qualities objected to. In respect of what appear to us (rightly or wrongly) to be the faults of Mr. Chesterton's "Browning" we do deny the right of that book to exist; but in respect of its excellences, which are many, we are proud to assist at its accouchement.

We must add a word on Mr. Chesterton's tone as apart from what has been already implied. Here and there he uses the freedom of journalism in a way that jars. We do not think it well that he should let fall a remark like this:—

No one ever found Miss Marie Corelli obscure, because she believes only in words.

Or—

Poetry alone, with the first throb of its metre, can tell us whether the depression is the kind of depression that drives a man to suicide, or the kind of depression that drives him to the Tivoli.

Nor do we like such interpolations as this:—

For while an Englishman may be enthusiastic about England, or indignant against England, it never occurred to any living Englishman to be interested in England.

Again, the lackadaisical superiority of the following is to be regretfully smiled at:—

It is the utterance of that bitter and heartrending period of youth which comes before we realise the one grand and logical basis of all optimism—the doctrine of original sin. The boy at this stage being an ignorant and inhuman idealist, regards all his faults as frightful secret malformations, and it is only later that he becomes conscious of that large and beautiful and benignant explanation that the heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.

But there! we have enjoyed Mr. Chesterton's book in parts. More power—and less facility—to his pen.

"Manifest Hard Work."

WESLEY AND HIS PREACHERS: THEIR CONQUEST OF BRITAIN.
By G. Holden Pike. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

MR. HOLDEN PIKE has taken a large subject, and attempted to deal with it in the most comprehensive fashion, covering a wide and varied field. But we cannot congratulate him on his success. He has written with manifest zeal, manifest diligence and conscientiousness; one sees it has been a labour of love, in which he has spared no pains. But it is among the sore lessons which are borne home upon the reviewer, in the course of long experience, that love and the most single-minded fervour are alone insufficient for literary success. It would be pleasant to think otherwise, and there is a very common belief that no more but these qualities is needed. Mr. Pike is a plain example to the contrary. He arranges his book logically under headings which cover the several sections of his subject; under each heading he sedulously, with evident study and resolve to impart all the information he can, brings together a serried multitude of facts relevant to that heading—and the outcome is null, from sheer absence of the literary sense. It is a mere chain of facts, set down with the heavy industry of a reporter, but without even the reporter's attempt to give them literary effectiveness. The more laborious his determination to accumulate details, the more jejune packed and dry-bone-like they become. Save this conscientious assembling and statement of facts, Mr. Pike has not a notion of the book-maker's art. They are put down with the most arid brevity, because the fewer the words, the more room for other facts. The "sets" in the Strand are not more monotonously laid down and mechanically adjusted; it is the right paviour's rank to book-making (if we may adapt Touchstone a little). Mr. Pike's outlook upon things in general and Wesley in particular is marked by a correspondingly narrow and prosaic certitude. It is the attitude of the good Wesleyan, middle-class, solid Britisher without a suspicion of any standpoint but his own sharply cut small peep-hole. That Wesley should be written of by a good Wesleyan is an excellent thing—the best, because the most sympathetic thing. But the narrowness, the Britannic insularity, the prosaic hard-and-fastness, the middle-classness—these are not so well. By way of some partial hint as to what we mean, we might instance that Mr. Pike (in regard to the rapid spread of Wesleyanism; and its numerous conversions *en bloc*) complacently echoes Wesley's own very pardonable assertion that "God had not so wrought in any other nation." This, though parallels leap readily to the historic remembrance in the careers of reformers Continental and Asiatic, Christian and heathen, Francis Xavier and Francis of Assisi, Gautama and others a many. That is a small instance; but we might pursue it further and into various matters, had we stomach for the ungracious task of blame, where we would rather accord the author, following our natural wishes, the praise deserved by his manifest hard work, enthusiasm, and good intentions. In fine, he has brought together many materials for a book on Wesley and the rise of Wesleyanism; he has not produced the book.

Wesley was the very man for an apostolate among Englishmen of the middle and lower classes—the backbone of the nation. He was the typical John Bull in his strength and his limitations—raised just a little above the people he had to do with, but not too much. Sufficiently their superior to lead, sufficiently of themselves to influence; flesh of their flesh, thinking as they thought, and even (outside his special religious teaching) what they thought. He had no "cultured" mind—hence his lack of appeal to the upper classes—but that very fact made him of one mental substance with the nation at large. A plain, solid, narrowly rational man is John Bull; and such was Wesley. His comments on books

and men, though Mr. Pike quotes them with admiration, are essentially mediocre and conformed to his strong contracted personal prejudices. But that is precisely how John Bull reads books and judges men. When Wesley comes right in such pronouncements it is through good homely sense; and what attracts him in books (to set aside the more complex question of men) is homely rationality. Nor can he ever forget the element of moral effect. Here again he represents the average Anglo-Saxon intelligence. In regard to matters of the aesthetic sense, he confessed that "a tune at first hearing, a poem at first reading, a picture at first seeing, did not afford pleasure, as was the case afterwards when the merits were more fully realised"; while, on the other hand, "when I am too much acquainted, it is no longer pleasing."

In other words, he had no real delight in them at all, nothing of the sensuous pleasure which is the very medium of artistic appeal; but painfully taught himself a sort of rational discernment of their qualities, which presently faded together with the novelty of its acquirement, never having possessed any true root in his nature. And in this also, he is the Anglo-Saxon all over, when he is confronted with that aesthetic appeal which to him has no appeal, yet which his dogged rationality will try to "master." Reversing the true process, he endeavours to excite the emotions through the reason; not comprehending that the appeal is to the reason through the emotions.

So equipped by his very limitations, educated though not cultured, he was the right man for the masses. He had sense, balance, and manhood—the English qualities which the English love. As might be expected from our description of his literary character, he had none of his great colleague, Whitefield's, emotional appeal to the multitude. It is eminently significant that he did not dream of open-air preaching, and was drawn into it by Whitefield with reluctant doubt. Yet it became the very Jericho-trumpet of Methodism, and he a most potent street-preacher. A preacher to the English needs not emotionality. One remembers that Newman had no passion or graces of delivery; yet his silver monotony thrilled men's souls. And this Newman of the *plebs* and the market-place haled men's hearts out of them. His sense, his directness, his practicality went home to them; his conviction was itself a mode of passion; while animating and animated by that conviction was mastery—magnetism. That is the final secret, with him as with Newman, the mysterious power which is as often found apart from as with passion, and which we call magnetism, unknowing what it is. Says Nelson, who became one of his assistant-preachers after his own conversion:—

As soon as he got upon the stand, he stroked back his hair, and turned his face towards where I stood, and methought fixed his eyes upon me. His countenance struck such an awful dread upon me, before I heard him speak, that it made my heart beat like the pendulum of a clock; and when he did speak I thought his whole discourse was aimed at me. When he had done I said: "This man can tell the secrets of my heart; he hath not left me there; for he hath showed the remedy, even the blood of Jesus."

Speaking with reverence, it is not likely that Nelson, who had tried sect after sect in vain, had not heard that remedy declared before. What did shake him, and bring it personally home to him, the whole passage shows to have been Wesley's magnetic force. Before the preacher opens his lips, the man is moved and in his grip, as happens with an actor of genius, though Wesley's method had nought of Whitefield's occasional theatricality. The sheer manhood of the Methodist founder was a powerful and cognate force in his favour. He came on a day of appalling religious dissolution; when the high had laughed religion out of countenance, while to the low it meant the parson's tithe-pig. A careless clergy had lost all hold of the people, and were themselves parasites of a

dissolute nobility and drunken squirearchy. The educated assailed Wesleyanism with the whole power of contempt. "Methodist" was itself a nickname flung at Wesley's followers in derision. To all argument "Methodist" was a final and sufficient answer; and if any man defended Wesley, he was put out of court by classing him with those he defended. The lower classes were incited to riot by the parson and the magistrate. But amidst cultured scorn or bludgeons and brickbats Wesley stood impassive. At Falmouth the mob surprised him in a private house, and the outer door was forced. "But, sir, is it not better for you to hide yourself—to get into a closet?" asked the maid. "No, it is best for me to stand just where I am," answered Wesley. That undaunted demeanour subdued more than one rabble who seemed on the point of taking his life. The Englishman has a supreme respect for "pluck." And in an age when the people were in the most barbarous state of neglect, he initiated the work of personal charity, and taught the poor to respect themselves. It is no wonder that this man who cared for them made conquest of the poor. The most interesting chapter in the book is that which deals with his work among them. It contains many instructive glimpses of their worse than savage state. Into all this Wesley came as a light among dark places. He went where none had cared or dared to go, he re-established religion among whole populations living like the beasts, and his deserved reward was the spread of Methodism from end to end of England. And not the least, perhaps, of his advantages was that in an age of rhetorical verbiage he preached plain good English, which all men might understand.

For God and the World.

STUDIES IN THEOLOGY. By J. Estlin Carpenter and P. H. Wicksteed. (Dent. 5s. net.)

THERE are three schools of thought that claim our following to-day: the teachers of one or another form of religion, the exponents of science as opposed to religion, which in their vocabulary is a synonym for superstition, and a small intermediate camp, which holds that religion is indeed superstition, but that its aid must nevertheless be invoked in aid of human morality as a means to the end of human happiness. Our authors are on the side of religion as an exposition of absolute truth and as the supreme means to supreme ends. Their religion is a theology, nor would they admit the occurrence of a distinction between the terms. "Natural religion" they incorporate with their theism. Approaching the consideration of much controversial matter with rare scholarship, instant eloquence and liberal charity, they indeed take the existence of Deity for granted. They therefore claim the title of theologians, nor does this term, the dignity of which has been so often compromised, lose in their use any of its original breadth of meaning. Like every considerable theologian of our age, in whatever land, they are monotheists. And, to be precise and final, they are Unitarians.

But he will greatly err who fancies that this is a sectarian volume, though its authors' position may appear to have been narrowed down within the compass of a modern phrase. These writers belong to no narrow school. They "will not be heard amongst the dogmatists." Take this, from the essay on "The History of Religion in Theological Study":—

And thus, by common links of thought, a mighty chain of sympathy is spread round the globe. In a new sense we are realising the unity of the race. A fresh light is thrown on its long history; we understand the significance of its struggles, the meaning of the thoughts which it has striven dimly to articulate through symbol and rite, when words proved all too weak to give them form; the whole scope of

our conceptions is widened, the sense of human brotherhood made strong and deep, and the student learns the first article of a world-wide faith;—

Homo sum : humani nihil a me alienum puto.

In the light of this quotation, read the three essays entitled, "Sociology in the Circle of Theological Studies," "The Study of Theology and the Service of Man," and "Religion and Society." Take one more excerpt and the book is shown to be on a "general plan"; and the good of the race, the modern conception of the function of religion, to be that plan; for "the life that now is and the life which is to come have been too often regarded as *de facto* under separate governments." This, then, is the key to the thought and purpose of the volume:—

Augustine recognised one vast propelling power, guiding the entire destinies of the race. It was the divine design, working out the *eruditio*, the education of humanity. Here, then, is one of those immense contributions to thought, for which we are indebted specially to Christianity—the doctrine which science has recently seized for its own purposes and transfigured into a larger scope, till it has ventured to claim it as all its own—the doctrine of the gradual evolution of human progress.

And this is why we have been so happy whilst reading this book. For the abominable antithesis of science and religion wearies us past endurance. Here is science, marching irresistibly forwards, and daily proving her value to mankind. Here, also, is religion, demonstrably subject to the law of progress, the "continuous revelation," growing with the growing race, palpably neither obsolete nor obsolescent. And the majority of people will tell us that they are going different ways; that their paths are divergent, and that in a few more decades or centuries only the younger traveller will survive. Some few may say that the paths are parallel: that science is for material progress, religion for ethical and spiritual. They know the significance of neither, but they have judged less hastily than the many. For ourselves, we have a thousand reasons for believing, and we welcome this printed and permanent bulwark to our creed, that religion and science are travelling, of necessity, and because there are not more gods than One, on paths that are convergent, paths more acutely inclined and more rapidly trod in each succeeding hour of time. A thousand reasons; great and small, philosophical and practical. For "eternal justice rules the world." Print it, as did Carlyle, in capitals, if it please you; deify it, implicitly and explicitly; it has not waited until our late day for its apotheosis. And eternal Justice grinds slowly, and in many mills—in many systems of religion and philosophy and science—but it grinds exceedingly small. Its processes are multifarious but assuredly assured. Newton, Goethe, Gotama, Socrates, Isaiah, Christ—we write in all reverence—had not these one common cause? And do they not therefore serve one common cause—the cause of God and the world? We "will not ask whether Augustine or Dr. Jenner was the greater benefactor of humanity; whether it was better to have discovered chloroform or to have written the 'Imitatio Christi,' to have described the 'Pilgrim's Progress' or to have first founded penny banks." For there shall never be one lost good. Let us clear our minds of antithesis and cant. It is wasting the world's time to balance, with fictitious nicety, the deeds of the living dead. This is no time for any but large views. Not much longer, on this little earth, covered already with sixteen hundred millions of men and hourly with more, can there be room for the laboratory that scoffs at the church, or the church that condemns the laboratory. The science that is nothing but the exercise of passionless intellect on an impassioned earth is only for the egoist and the misanthropist. Science must either serve mankind or go to some other planet; she is out of place on ours, where are death and agony of soul. The theology that is nothing but a detached metaphysic, the church that is a thing apart, "in the world

but not of it," is only for the word-juggler and the selfish would-be saviour of his own small soul. Theology must either serve God and the world, and teach us to fall in love with this incomprehensible universe, or foregather with the Creator alone, and leave creation to groan and travail unmocked. Or, as Mr. Wicksteed puts it:—

Sociology, then, bereft of religion, is without a goal, and the blight of perpetual sterility is upon it. Theology, bereft of Sociology, is remote from the actual life of men, and is smitten with unreality. On the union of these two depends the future of humanity, the coming of the day when "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea," when there shall be no tyrant and no slave:

Nor shall any lack his share

In the toil and the gain of living, in the days when
the world grows fair.

Tid-Bits History.

HOME LIFE UNDER THE STUARTS. By Elizabeth Godfrey. Illustrated. (Grant Richards. 12s. 6d. net.)

Mrs. EARLE, we fear, has unwittingly founded a school that is to be regarded with misgiving. Ever since the triumphant publication of her first book, written under the awnings in a Surrey garden, other persons have been industriously putting forth works that seem to be, though they are not, of a similar kind. "Let me just chatter at large, avoiding all serious subjects, particularly politics," each of these persons said, "and the volume will run into thousands." The plan was promising; but there were difficulties in the way of its accomplishment. The first, the greatest, was met on the very threshold of the project. Mrs. Earle has a faculty for the criticism and the interpretation of life; and all her thoughts on it, even her thoughts on its trivialities, are originally conceived and originally expressed. Her imitators also have seen life; but either they have viewed it with the rustic's somnolent eye, or they have experienced it, through reading and hearsay, with no more than the intelligence of the scandal-loving gossip. Thus, at the very outset, the literati of the new school found that they must adopt a modification of Mrs. Earle's plan. They said to themselves, "We can't make modern home life so interesting as that pot-pourri lady makes it, and we can't write as she does; but we can choose periods in the past, and hunt up memoirs and biographies, and makes books as racy—the whole of them, from the first page to the last—as a volume of select divorce cases would be." Hence the histories of "periods" from the social point of view with which our tables have recently been bestrewn. It is time to admit that they have been a weary trial. It is time, also, to state an important discovery. Histories in which the loves and other private adventures of eminent persons are separated from their public careers, the books about the past in which literature is detached from life, are a complete failure from any rational point of view. Of the "periods" with which they deal they do not convey any true impression whatever. Controversies in religion and in politics, it may be, are "too much with us, late and soon"; but one has only to read the tid-bits books alluded to in order to realize that these controversies are the very atmosphere of living history. Apart from them, an exhibition of the "home life" of any period is as clearly inanimate as a punch-and-judy show, and much less entertaining.

The contents-table of Miss Godfrey's volume might have been a warning to go into her pages no farther. After "The Nursery," "Children's Games," "Some Lesson Books," "Public Schools," "The Private Tutor," and "The University," we come upon a division of the matter into what may be called expanding subsections. We have "Girlhood," "Giving in Marriage," "Some Who Chose for Themselves," "Romance," "The Love Story of Anne

Murray," "Married Life," and "Some Letters from Husbands and Wives." After that the work goes off into chapters on such themes as Needlework, Dress and Fashion, and Gardens. Like the chapters in the earlier third of the book, these are perfunctory and brief. Obviously Miss Godfrey as an historian relies, in her hope of success, on the middle third. Now, what manner of work is that? In the whole of it there is not a single original word or thought. All the stories are copied from old books. All the reflections are trite. Let us quote a few specimen passages:—

The girls of the seventeenth century enjoyed but a brief spring-time. With dawning womanhood, while they were yet in the school-room, in some cases even in the nursery, careful parents were already considering the choice of a husband. To our modern English notions of absolute freedom of choice and the paramount claims of falling in love which the modern novel has erected into a new gospel, such a course seems almost shocking; yet unquestionably the custom had its advantages. Amongst our neighbours across the Channel—&c.

As Dorothy Osborne observed, it was not always the love-matches that turned out the best. The one she was commenting on, that of Lady Strangford, Lord Leicester's wilful daughter Isabella, was a conspicuous instance to the contrary, and Dorothy seems to have several such in her mind. To turn to one in quite a different circle, Milton, from whose lofty and serious tone of mind higher things might have been looked for, followed the promptings of a passing fancy for a pretty—&c.

The reader will perhaps not have forgotten the pretty, childish love-makings between the small Kenelm Digby and his little play-fellow. As sometimes happens with such seedling loves, the roots continued to live and grow in the hearts of both through the darkness of separation, till at length when they met again, after the lapse of several years, it shot up into a full-blown romance, which has been related at length by the pen of one of the lovers; and if it is not possible always to take every detail quite literally, remembering that both were of that order that sees its own adventures and experiences in "the light that never was on sea or land," yet—&c.

Such are the moralisings with which our latest historian of "social life" embroiders her narratives. What of the narratives themselves? What are they like? Here is an example. There was some difference of opinion about the disposal of one of Lord Cork's many children; but "the marriage took place, and Lord Cork records in his diary that the King himself gave the bride away, led her out to dance, and conducted her to the bedchamber, 'where the Queen with her own hand did help to undress her.' And his Majesty and the Queen both stayed in the bedchamber till they saw my son and his wife in bed together, and they both kissed the bride and blessed them as I did." The "prettiness" with which that incident is told does not redeem the telling. It only adds to it a touch of hypocrisy. Even as recent "social histories" by popular authors who are male have been appeals to the shallow-pated prurience of the loafers in club smoking-rooms, the work before us is an appeal to green-sick girls. Indeed, as we have indicated, we are rather ashamed of having spent any time over it; but the thing is a portent, and has to be dealt with somehow. People who can read these books with interest cannot possibly have strength of mind enough to study real and serviceable literature, and thus the new literati may be doing much harm indirectly. The middle classes being the greater part of the nation, may not their debauched taste to some extent account for the decline of literature which recently we have had occasion to note? Men and women capable of producing works of literature are not encouraged to write when the majority of the people are in a mood for twaddle.

A Canadian Hellene.

THE PIPES OF PAN. By Bliss Carman. (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. CARMAN is one of the most satisfactory of our secondary poets: he writes seldom, his books are small, his books are good. Also he has the joy of life, and the poet without the joy of life is not fully furnished.

The little book that has just come from Mr. Carman is an illustration of the difficulty of being a great poet. It is exquisitely done. We never remember reading the octosyllabic couplet more flexibly or charmingly handled, and there are other measures which Mr. Carman has in equally dexterous control. The imagery is fresh and warm; the pictorial quality of the verse is vivid; the book has beautiful thoughts. And yet it remains merely a contribution to delightful secondary poetry. One has only to turn from Mr. Carman to Keats, or even to Matthew Arnold, to see the difference.

Fortunately, however, the taste for good secondary poetry has been growing for some years, until there are many readers who prefer it to the real thing—who can, in sporting phrase, "negotiate" it better. For them Mr. Carman will be a most acceptable singer, as he should be (with certain reservations) for all lovers of literature. We quote certain stanzas from what is, perhaps, the most perfect lyric in the volume, "Daphne":—

Dear, shy, soft face,
With just the elfin trace
That lends thy human beauty the last touch
Of wild, elusive grace!

° ° ° ° °
But I to thee
More gently fond would be,
Nor less a lover woo thee with soft words
And woodland melody;

Take pipe and play
Each forest fear away;
Win thee to idle in the leafy shade
All the long summer day;

Tell thee old tales
Of love, that still avails
More than all mighty things in this great world,
Still wonder works nor fails;

Teach thee new lore,
How to love more and more,
And find the magical delirium
In joys unguessed before.

I would try over
And over to discover
Some wild, sweet, foolish, irresistible
New way to be thy lover—

New, wondrous ways
To fill thy golden days,
Thy lovely pagan body with delight,
Thy loving heart with praise.

For I would learn,
Deep in the brookside fern,
The magic of the syrinx whispering low
With bubbly fall and turn;

Mock every note
Of the green woodbird's throat,
Till some wild strain, impassioned yet serene,
Should form and float

Far through the hills,
Where mellow sunlight fills
The world with joy, and from the purple vines
The brew of life distils.

Ah, then indeed
Thy heart should have no need
To tremble at a footfall on the brake,
And bid thy bright limbs speed.

But night would come,
And I should make thy home
In the deep pines, lit by a yellow star
Hung in the dark blue dome—

A fragrant house
Of woven balsam boughs,
Where the great Cyprian mother should receive
Our warm unsullied vows.

Not a few of the first order of poets might have been glad to write so fragrant a poem as that.

A Brilliant Assembly.

OUT OF THE PAST. By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff. 2 vols. (Murray. 18s.)

CABINETED in these volumes, whose garb of silver and black suggests the chastest mourning, is a veritable assembly of the great dead. Chesterfield, Thiers, Matthew Arnold, Disraeli, Dean Stanley, the Duke of Argyll (if one may say "the" of so illustrious a family), and many others—not forgetting the Count de Hübner, transplanted from the ACADEMY of April 11, 1891—fortify their immortality by means of a pen which has too much to say to let its leisureliness create a wish for its haste. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff is the ideal reviewer for those spacious periodicals which seem to justify the appellation of "book" invariably bestowed by domestics on our flimsiest ephemera. Here is an excellent specimen of his manner; it is apropos of Manning and Newman:—

A story is told that when that eminent man [Newman] dedicated his "Grammar of Assent" to Serjeant Bellasis—"in remembrance of a long, equable, sunny friendship"—the printer sent back the words transformed into "a long squabble and funny friendship." That may be true or false, but no phrase could better have described the relations of the great Oratorian and the Archbishop of Westminster, as detailed in Mr. Purcell's by no means edifying fourteenth chapter. A highly disagreeable correspondence ended in the pair promising to say Masses for each other. Is this, perhaps, the proper formula in the highest ecclesiastical circles for conveying the sentiments which are more bluntly set forth in the first lines of Browning's "Soliloquy [of the] Spanish Cloister"?

"The great Oratorian!" There we have just a touch of the elegant periphrasis which in mid-Victorian days made the difference between blurting and writing. But it is only a touch. Sir Mountstuart avoids the error which drew upon Mr. Escott some years ago an impudently witty article consisting almost wholly of a selection of his periphrastic contrivances for avoiding the mention of places, persons, and dates. And not only does Sir Mountstuart avoid; in the passage we have quoted he creates a state of mind for appreciating a wonderful poetic monologue; he shows that power to relate which is in essence the gift of interpretation. Brother Lawrence, as Newman, lures unpoetical thousands to listen to the soliloquist; and he who so prettily assists towards this public meeting serves the ends of Imperialism by a similarly clever device. In the case we are to cite, the known and familiar item is Australia. The shape of a vast island is plain on the map, and definite on the mind's eye. Australia, then, is known and familiar. But the North American Dominions of the Crown bulk amorphously to the untrained eye; they belong (in strict privacy) to the Unintelligibles. Then says our essayist, striving in 1880 ("being then at the Colonial Office") to bore into the intelligence of Peterhead, in these North-American Colonies Australia "could stand, colossal as it is, like a cup upon a saucer."

Having accidentally reminded ourselves that our author is a statesman, we may say that he yields some very agreeable refreshment as a political anecdotist. One of his anecdotes ought really to be the property of Mr. Anthony Hope. We refer to that of Baron Bunsen's call on the Queen of Prussia, mother of Frederick "the Noble." The baron, while waiting for Her Majesty, saw a photograph of the late Princess Royal and another of

the then Crown Prince of Prussia, lying on a table. These he moved so that side by side they covered all but the footline of another photograph, the footline being "La Belle Alliance." The excellent Dizzy anecdotes can hardly be claimed by any novelist except perhaps the author of "Robert Orange." As Prime Minister he avowed to a friend of the essayist that he was reading "Tancred" "not for amusement but for instruction." It is well known that the cynic is abroad quite as often as the schoolmaster, but what shall we say of the Conservative M.P. who "closed a discussion with some Liberals . . . by the characteristic words, 'Well, well, I prefer our scoundrel to your lunatic'?" Yet the day was to come when Lord Derby should say to Sir Mountstuart at the foot of Primrose Hill, "It's God's mercy that they haven't rechristened it Mount Beaconsfield."

Very interesting are our author's recollections of Oxford, its Union, its select Johnson Club. His Oxford was classic-mad. "A man who 'otiosely imbibed modern literature,' to use the phrase of a well-known tutor of those times, instead of working for the regular examination," would have been looked at contemptuously at Balliol. Sir Mountstuart's first speech in the Union was in reply to the author of "Hajji Baba"; but here a brave name merely flits across the page. His literary acquaintances included Clough, and as we read of the extraordinary reputation that the living Clough made for himself it is sad to think that now his popularity chiefly consists in some smoothly sweet but otherwise undistinguished lines designed to encourage persons who believe themselves to be struggling unavailingly. To Arnold's poetry he pays the tribute that seems inevitable in these days, though he prefers the critical method of Sainte-Beuve to that of his English contemporary. He thinks that Arnold might have improved his critical papers by devoting more time to their preparation. Sainte-Beuve, it seems, gave to his "continuous and all-engrossing toil"; so, too, it appears, did Mr. Abraham Hayward.

But it is time to retire from Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff's assembly. Here and there a character departs prematurely, of whom we would fain have seen more—Faber, for instance, saint and poet. Unquestionably, however, we have enjoyed society that has offered far more than the mere good breeding of wall-flowers. Of a book of mixed essays and speeches this is much to say.

Other New Books.

THE TOUR OF DOCTOR SYNTAX. THE HISTORY OF JOHNNY QUÆ GENUS. THE LIFE OF JOHN MYTTON. ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BOOK OF JOB. The Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. net, each volume.)

SUCH a series as is inaugurated by these four volumes may be welcomed without reserve. The books are all well known, were all famous in their day, but in their original forms are now, in most cases at any rate, hardly procurable by the collector of small means. The first two have reproductions of the coloured plates by Rowlandson, the third reproductions of the coloured plates by Henry Alken and J. T. Rawlins, and the last photogravure reproductions of William Blake's inimitable designs. The "Syntax" books are practically all that is remembered of the work of William Combe, and that remembrance is due rather to Rowlandson than to the value of the literary material. Combe suffered from an ineradicable fluency; he rhymed with a wearisome ease. During his life of some eighty years he published eighty-six "works," and of that life forty-three years were passed within the "rules" of the

King's Bench debtors' prison. Combe was an adventurer of talent; at one time he kept gorgeous establishments going at popular watering places, then he became a cook, and served as a common soldier. In reading the "Syntax" series it is well to remember these facts. "Nimrod" (Charles James Apperley) is more generally remembered; he hunted, lost money, and had to retire to France. These volumes are faithfully reprinted from the first or best editions, without introductions or notes. We are not sure that the briefest summaries of the lives of the authors and illustrators might not have added value to the series, but as they stand the little volumes are excellent, and the reproductions have been carefully and successfully made.

Nothing further need be said concerning Blake's "Illustrations of the Book of Job." These extraordinary interpretations have already taken their place amongst the finest work of their producer. The reproductions here given are necessarily small, and something is lost in consequence, but it is a good thing to have them available in so handy a form at so low a price.

AN IVORY TRADER IN NORTH KENIA. By A. Arkell-Hardwick. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. ARKELL-HARDWICK sneers at the florid style of another traveller in East Africa; but we should have been glad had he contrived to make his own method of expression a little more attractive. He pleads the "First Offenders' Act" in extenuation of "the crime of adding to the World's literature"; when he and a companion were bathing, leeches nibbled at "portions of our anatomy"; on another occasion he "vehemently consigned our indiscreet followers to the hottest possible place known to theology." In short, the decorations of Mr. Arkell-Hardwick's style are those of bombastic boyishness. Still, that is a fault forgivable in a man so young as the picture of the author, the frontispiece, shows him to be. The narrative is that of an expedition through Kikuyu to Gallaland. With his two white companions and a company of about a hundred others, Mr. Arkell-Hardwick had many adventures in sport and in battle with native tribes; and the telling of these, although never very vivid, rings invariably true. Two of the tribes with whom the expedition came into contact, the Rendili and the Burkeneji, are almost wholly unknown to Europeans, and the news of them published in this work will be read with interest. The volume contains twenty-three illustrations and a map.

THE NEW NATION. By Percy F. Rowland. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.)

MR. ROWLAND has produced a brisk up-to-date work on Australia from its convict period to Confederation. The general reader who is familiar with the early convict days of the colony, and the political and economic conditions, will turn to the "aspects" of Australian social life, which offer a handle to criticism and a spice to the book. These "aspects" are of class distinction—the Australian artisan, the woman worker, early closing, climate and culture, &c., &c., &c. There is just a little want of humour displayed and sense of proportion in those "aspects"; and the author has described the colony as a sort of Margate—vast and at its worst. In the matter of literature, the Australian imports £500,000 worth of books and magazines, but the terrible indictment is made that the Australian is as ignorant of Shakespeare "as of the works of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, or Brieux."

Mr. Rowland takes up with precision the case for Imperialism and the case for Separation; he would have none of the titled nonentities hitherto thought worthy of the pro-consulship; he would have no Royal family on a Cook's excursion; but he would have Huxleys, John Morleys,

Roseberys in the place of "gilded flunkeys." On the other hand, dealing with the case of Separation, he says: "You offer commissions in the Army to colonials, but only to socially ostracize us if we accept; as an independent nation we might rely on a dozen nations; as a part of the British Empire we share Britain's universal unpopularity, and are in danger of being drawn into all her quarrels." The curious view is advanced that climate must for ever remain a foe to Australian culture, so far as culture is dependent upon reading. The true facts of the case are rather that young nations never do develop on artistic lines, but postpone such luxuries to the period which philosophers describe as their decadence.

NEW EDITIONS: The anxiety of certain modern householders to make their surroundings reasonably pleasant is proved by the fact that Messrs. Constable have just issued a second edition, revised and enlarged, of Mrs. C. S. Peel's "The New Home." Mrs. Peel says in a new preface: "It is satisfactory to find that even in the light of the increased experience gained during the last five years, in which time I have rebuilt and redecorated a house of my own, I still feel that with a few exceptions I can approve the suggestions offered in the first edition." Mrs. Peel is, on the whole, a safe guide, though she hardly insists enough upon the simplicity which is the essential of true decoration.—Messrs. Macmillan have added to their "Illustrated Pocket Classics" Maria Edgeworth's "Popular Tales," with an introduction by Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie. The illustrations are by Chris Hammond.—The latest volume in the same firm's three and sixpenny edition of Mr. Thomas Hardy is "Life's Little Ironies."—Messrs. Warne have issued Carey's translation of Dante in a handy form, with paper covers, at the price of one shilling.

Fiction.

Shadowy Psychology.

THE ROMAN ROAD. By Zack. (Constable. 6s.)

THERE WAS a time when Zack seemed set upon a kind of hard realism; in two of the three stories which make up this volume she has abandoned realism for psychology. It is a curious and rather unsatisfactory psychology, neither objective nor subjective, but mingling both to make an impression strong, indeed, but without much real human appeal. Only one character in "The Roman Road" is alive, and that is a minor character. The others stand for types, evolved rather than studied, detached from, rather than linked to, life. We do feel the actuality of the miserable village which makes a sinister background to the story, but we can get no grip of the mother and the two sons who hold its destiny, nor of the girl who is so mechanically employed for the purposes of contrast and a reasonably happy ending. The mother, with her scruples of conscience and her angina pectoris, does not move us, neither does the favourite son who at first elects to keep his brother out of his own. These people are good enough ideas,—they have been used in fiction scores of times and will be used scores of times again,—but the author does not carry us with her. Her comments are on too high a note. When Roland is considering his position we read:—

He looked across the wall towards the rotting village and wished that the foul thing would get swallowed up by the foul marsh into which it gaped. It imaged forth a very smallpox of dishonour, and contact with it set the soul itching to scratch out her own beauty.

That is overdone, almost strident, and certainly strained in expression. The passage might have fallen into place if the man Roland lived for us, but he does not: he exists,

indeed, merely as a stalking-horse for clever and often bitter comment. Much of the work in the story is technically excellent, and it is charged with the writer's personality, but as art related to life it fails.

The second story, called "The Balance," is even more remote: frankly treated as allegory it would have been more effective. Richard East—one of the unhappy, stained, victorious writer types dear to fiction—is, again, merely an idea. Once he touches us (in his nursing of the dying child), but even there the borders of true sentiment are almost overpassed; the child is as unreal as Dickens's sick children in his worst moods. And just where some touch of realism might have saved Richard from being a shadow we find only generalisations. The lurid evil which overhangs the man like a cloud is too phantasmal to stir the emotions, and as a consequence his relations with the woman of the story leave us unmoved. The dialogue in both these stories draws nothing from nature; it is rhetorical, hard, bitter, clever, but never instinct with human modulations.

Yet "The Roman Road" is a book that dwells in the memory by reason of its unquestionable cleverness and moral earnestness. The writer's attitude towards life would be difficult to define—perhaps it is mainly rebellious, with a reaching out after beauty and an acute, though rather narrow, understanding of it. There is no broad outlook, no appreciation of the human comedy, no quiet contemplation of a world which, after all, is not without exquisite compensations and strengthening silences. The concluding story, which deals with children, seems to us to suffer from the same faults; it has imagination and strength, but neither joy nor tenderness. At the same time we believe that Miss Keats is a real and a sincere artist. Let her cease to evolve and begin to observe, let her cease to worry and begin to contemplate, and we have faith that an actual book would result. The author's equipment is far beyond the average; it only needs direction and a careful pruning.

KNITTERS IN THE SUN. By Algernon Gissing. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

MR. GISSING has undoubtedly written more successful books. "Knitters in the Sun" suggests a story of which the author himself had rather an ineffectual weakly hold. The entire intention of the subject seems to slither insecurely out of grasp. The plot may be in some measure responsible for this, as it is both slight and a little fantastic. But the principal cause of the general vagueness certainly lies in the character drawing. None of the people in Mr. Gissing's book clearly demonstrate why attention should be drawn to them. They offer no excuse either in themselves or in their actions for taking up so many pages. Even their dullness suggests rather uncertainty of handling than any actual quality of temperament.

In the beginning of the book a young squire, Mr. Osborne, said to be of an idealistic disposition, is deeply in love with a labourer's daughter. The father of the girl has just been killed by the fall of a hayrick, but the latter refuses absolutely to marry the young squire. She takes a poacher's daughter to live with her, and the man shortly afterwards becomes infatuated with this other village beauty. They run away to get married, and the rest of the book is taken up with the unexplained and mysterious hysteria of the wife. She dies in the end of an accident, and when the husband has once more been refused by the woman he first wanted, the book terminates. To put vitality into so slender a subject required characters drawn from the very quick of actual life. But the two girls round whom everything revolves are purely fanciful conceptions. Neither for a moment suggests the peasant class, while the unhappiness of Zillah, the wife, through its total want of any comprehensible cause, has no effect upon the reader except that of bewilderment.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE SHADOW ON THE QUARTERDECK. By W. P. DEURY.

A naval story by the author of "Bearer of the Burden." The plot turns upon a murder which is witnessed by a schoolboy who is preparing for Sandhurst. When, as Major Warrender, he is unjustly court-martialed by his commanding officer for insubordination, he recognises the murderer in his accuser. The story contains both love and active service. It is long and somewhat deliberate. (Chapman and Hall. 3s. 6d.)

THE RIDDLE OF THE SANDS. By ERSKINE CHILDERS.

"A record of secret service recently achieved, with two maps and two charts," by the author of "In the Ranks of the C.I.V." The maps are unexpectedly authentic, presenting merely the Dutch and German coasts of the North Sea. The story deals with the discovery, by two young men on a summer holiday, of a German scheme for invading England, and the moral of the book is the need for increased national defence. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THE RED TRIANGLE. By ARTHUR MORRISON.

"Some further chronicles of Martin Hewitt: Investigator." The volume contains six characteristic detective stories linked together by their connection with the "mysterious symbol" of the red triangle. The first story is entitled "The Affair of Samuel's Diamonds," and the last "The Adventure of Channel Marsh." (Nash. 6s.)

**SIR ANTHONY AND THE
EWE LAMB.**

By the anonymous author of "Lady Beatrix and the Forbidden Man," and like its predecessor, a vivacious story of modern society. It opens in a ball-room, where Sir Anthony, "settling his eyeglass more firmly into his eye," inquired who was the little girl in the blue frock. The scene changes to a country house and then to London. The story is told in brightly-written dialogue. (Harpers. 3s. 6d.)

PEOPLE OF THE WHIRLPOOL.

"From the experience book of a Commuter's Wife." A journal of American social and domestic life, written by a lady who is the mother of twins, and whose husband's trade, "though pretty, is too open and above-board to be a well-paying one." The title comes from the word *Manhattans*—literally "people of the whirlpool"—by which the aboriginal inhabitants of New Amsterdam and York were described by their Long Island neighbours. There are eight illustrations. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE SPORT OF CHANCE. By T. W. SPEIGHT.

This story deals with the adventures of three young women whom we first meet on the deck of an Australian liner bound for London; and two of whom, before landing, agree upon an exchange of identity. The millionaire's daughter takes a room in Camden Town and attempts to earn her own living and to gain a knowledge of the lives of the poor, while her impecunious friend impersonates the heiress among her English relatives. Their subsequent adventures extend over a year and culminate in weddings. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

We have also received: "The House on the Hudson," by Francis Powell (Harpers); "From Crown to Cross," by Lucas Cleeve (Hurst and Blackett); "The Spy Company," by Archibald Gunter (Ward, Lock); "The Strange Adventures of a Magistrate," by T. R. Threlfall (Everett); "Clerical Love Stories," by A. B. Cooper (Isbister); "His Eligible Grace The Duke," by Arabella Kenealy (Digby, Long); "A Commonplace Story," by Clark Stephens (Drane); "Doctor John," by M. Portsmouth (Drane); "The Pride of Nancy Terry," by Kitty Jackson (Drane).

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The Detachment of Maurice Maeterlinck.

A FEW years ago an excrescence of individual criticism became in this island, as usual, a catchword. This catchword was "The Belgian Shakespeare." Very soon, however, the phrase passed into a sneer. The articulate medium of English thought—the man in the omnibus—had found time to glance through two or three of the earlier plays of Maurice Maeterlinck. The old catchword could not be applied to the creator of these shadowy, haunting figures, menaced perpetually by death even in the twilight of life. Still a phrase, a label, was obviously necessary, and it was soon found in the word "marionettes." Of course that was it—marionettes. To think of the foreign audacity of comparing this puppet-puller with our Shakespeare! The man in the omnibus having put Maeterlinck in his place decided to leave him there.

A little later his first cousin across the Atlantic, more articulate, more truculent even than himself, found another weak spot in this extraordinary dramatist and laughed the old robust laughter of our race which, incidentally, is not at all the Homeric laughter of the elder gods. The cause of this ridicule was Maeterlinck's habit of repeating very simple phrases over and over again. It is worth while mentioning these two little points because Maeterlinck himself has dwelt upon them in his later work. But before attempting to gauge the Belgian's actual significance in modern Europe, it is necessary to glance back at two or three other phases of artistic development, particularly at the more recent development of the drama. For it is in the gradual evolution of the drama that the very essence of Maeterlinck's philosophy will probably find its ultimate expression.

The first night of "Hernani" did not mean very much for the people who had abandoned the traditions of Shakespeare, but the appearance of Dumas fils had a certain obvious emphasis that it was impossible for us to miss. Dumas fils meant for us modernity, meant for us the breaking away from the robust school of Dumas père, and the substitution for the pseudo-heroic pictures, of Parisian cameos, dazzling in the clean-cut hardness of their workmanship.

Another obvious influence—we are speaking here only of those who are acknowledged by the man in the omnibus—was that of Ibsen. Here, again, the inexorable label was found necessary and the masterpieces of Ibsen were termed "problem-plays." Now, in one of the most mordantly personal open letters that was ever penned by a human being, Dumas fils has categorically laid down the precise motives by which he is actuated as a dramatist. For him the stage is a tribunal of appeal from the common verdict that had done so much to warp his own life. Dumas says: These definite, concrete evils exist, let public opinion put them right; it is possible because the evil is mainly in the wrong-headedness of society. Ibsen at no time of his life held any such brief as this. Far from

having developed the genuine "problem-play" of Dumas, he seems to us to be the very antithesis of the French dramatist both in treatment and in conception of life. Dumas has his roots in Rousseauism and aims at redemption. Ibsen reverts to the old fatality under a new name—heredity, from which there is no redemption possible. Dumas leads up to a decision, Ibsen closes with a question. Compare, for example, "La Femme de Claude" with "A Doll's House." The Frenchman's verdict rings out like a pistol-shot in one word—work. But the enigma of the Norwegian is solved by no formula whatever. The fact is, Dumas commenced a phase of work which is being continued with national gaiety by the author of "Les Deux Écoles," and with deadly earnestness by Brieux. But Ibsen has nothing whatever to do with any of them. He has no message for the London County Council, he is not dealing with their problems, he is dealing with life. And because he is dealing with life he is a groper after the dim, half-divined truth, and not an expounder of facile riddles. He does not lead up to any author, and yet after a fashion he suggests a turning-point in the evolution of the drama at which Maeterlinck aims. Ibsen has this much in common with Dumas, he wishes to clear the air of lies. Maeterlinck has this much in common with Ibsen, his supreme aim is to explore the recesses of the human soul. But if Ibsen is considered the mere reviver of the old problem-play, this similarity will hardly explain the infinitely more shadowy and elusive Belgian poet. A rational attempt at explanation is to be found in a little volume, "Thoughts from Maeterlinck," admirably chosen and arranged by E. S. S. (Allen). This book gives us a series of extracts from his works interpreting his thoughts upon the deepest issues of life and destiny, and from its perusal it becomes clear that it is impossible to classify Maeterlinck, or to restrict him by a label to any niche or corner of human criticism.

We commenced by alluding to his dramatic work, and we shall revert to it in spite of the fact that the selections from the plays are in the minority in this volume. To begin with, Maeterlinck rebels against the idea of external fatality as a motif in drama, even the fatality of heredity, so terrible in Ibsen, even the menacing shadow of death which hovered ever about his own early creations. "Real fatality," he says in "Wisdom and Destiny," "exists only in certain external disasters—as disease, accident, the sudden death of those we love; but *inner fatality* there is none." And in this differentiation, not only of the external from the inner life, but even of the external from the inner fatality, we find the clue to much that has roused the prejudice of Anglo-Saxon readers. It explains those shadowy, evasive beings who, although no longer oppressed by the awe of impending doom, yet are most articulate in their silence, and whom action, in the ordinary sense, disturbs rather than reveals. It explains the haunting repetition of simple phrases, the habit of peasants, which, for that very reason, Maeterlinck adopts as the simplest and most natural form of expression. It explains why it is that the Princess Maleine has in her veins a vitality none the less real because it is not of the circle from which Maeterlinck would lure us. It explains how it is that there is a subtle wisdom in the words of Aglavaine which passes beyond the barriers of our calculating morality. It is, perhaps, the very starting point in the new art, the art of detachment from the common violence of life, the art of interpreting the soul through the soul's language of silence.

The old motifs, the pride and lust of kings, are meaningless for Maeterlinck. The practical problem of sociology, the *dénouement* of which is to establish or refute a previous verdict, has no place in this new art. It is an art neither of violence nor rhetoric. "For, in truth," as he says in "The Modern Drama," "the farther we go into the consciousness of man, the less struggle do we find." And again, in "The Treasure of the Humble," "And

indeed the only words that count in the play are those that at first seemed useless, for it is therein that the essence lies."

Much has been said about the symbolism of Maeterlinck, and there has been much more or less rabid invective against symbolism, as though words themselves are not symbols, and painfully inadequate ones, as most of us at one time discover. This is what he says himself on the subject: "Je ne crois pas que l'œuvre puisse naître viablement du symbole, mais le symbole naît toujours de l'œuvre, si celle-ci est viable." Again, "Pour lui," writes M. Georges Leneveu in his study of Maeterlinck, "le symbole est la fleur de vitalité du poème. Si le symbole est très haut, c'est que l'œuvre est humaine." But perhaps the following little extract will best suggest to the general reader the very core of Maeterlinck's philosophy, the actual pivot upon the truth or falsehood of which depends the scientific value of his theory of dramatic art as opposed to the glamour of his dreams:—

Savez-vous bien—et c'est une vérité inquiétante et étrange—savez-vous bien que si vous n'êtes pas bon, il est plus que probable que votre présence le proclame aujourd'hui cent fois plus clairement qu'elle ne l'eût fait il y a deux ou trois siècles?

In this passage from "The Treasure of the Humble," we read the secret of an art which is one of divination rather than narration, of reflection rather than action, of slow growth rather than swift development. Live your external life, Maeterlinck would say to us, but remain master of your inner life through which alone the soul speaks. And because violence disturbs the inner life by causing every faculty to be concentrated upon some external object, drama in the old sense, the drama, that is to say, of the intellect, can never interpret the hidden message which, he would tell us, is waiting for all. So much we may learn from him explicitly, but there is much in Maurice Maeterlinck that will not pass into the formulæ of sentences, much that can only be half divined, for, as he has said: "Des que nous exprimons quelque chose, nous le diminuons étrangement."

It is strange how the whisper of this poet penetrates through the roar of alien voices. Strange how this haunting suggestion of an art which seeks to interpret the *nuances* of the soul persists in the very teeth of M. Rostand's gospel of the *panache*. Strange that the "Treasure of the Humble" should endure beside the distorted Nietzscheism of Maxim Gorky. Strange that the shadow of "Monna Vanna" should challenge the flame of "La Gioconda." Detached from the common view of life, remote from the common pursuits of men, Maurice Maeterlinck is yet no mere visionary, but rather one who would call us to the recognition of a higher reality, of which each has some dim foreboding, a half fear even, as of something caught and lost in a dream. For the author of "The Treasure of the Humble" aims at nothing which is to be exclusive or exotic. His very detachment from ordinary opinion is caused by his being nearer to the great central truth from which an inquisitive intelligence would lead men astray to side issues:—

It happens somewhat with the thoughts of men as with a fountain; for it is only because the water has been imprisoned and escapes through a narrow opening that it soars so proudly into the air. As it issues from the opening and hurls itself towards the sky, it would seem to despise the great, illimitable, motionless lake that stretches out far beneath it. And yet, say what one will, it is the lake that is right. For all its apparent motionlessness, for all its silence, it is tranquilly accomplishing the immense and normal task of the most important element of our globe; and the jet of water is merely a curious incident, which soon returns into the universal scheme.

For Maeterlinck the lake is the species, and it is from the species and not from any abnormal individuality that

he seeks to learn the mysterious and yet simple secret of the soul. Heedless of praise or blame, he, too, is tranquilly accomplishing his task of interpreting those higher degrees of consciousness through which the race may yet arrive at an ampler field of perception, a deeper and truer reading of the mystery of being.

The Violin in Climax.

AMATI, Stradivarius, and Guarnerius should have lived to see this day. They made instruments of "wailful sweetness" which the age of science cannot approach, but we have their reward. It must be accepted that never, in the history of the violin, have there been so many great wielders of the bow as to-day. The claim is easily justified. A century ago, when Beethoven was alive—and it seems almost a myth that men like us could claim that giant as a contemporary—such works as the "Kreutzer" sonata might be well enough rendered at a concert; but the solo violinist would thereafter proceed to show what he could do on one string or with two fingers, or, for aught we know, his toes; whereat our great grandfathers applauded. Time was when Paganini was a hero; to his ashes peace. Then, indeed, rose Joachim, the master who played sixty years ago in London. And to his side there came a woman, Madame Norman-Neruda, known to our generation as Lady Hallé. These remained; and to them was added a Belgian professor called Ysaye. These three remained, and to them came a young German called Kreisler; and to these four, the other day, an English girl called Marie Hall. And within the last few months and days all these five great artists have been heard in London; Dr. Joachim and Lady Hallé of the older generation, Mons. Ysaye intermediate, Herr Kreisler and Miss Hall with who knows what possibilities before them. From our list we omit—not through a mnemonic failure—the names of Kubelik and Sarasate. Add them, if you will, and make the sacred number. We hardly place them with the five first-named. Señor Sarasate has a power and tone at the top of the finger-board which we never heard equalled. Herr Kubelik is more, we must suppose, than even a Paganini redivivus. We believe that no one else has ever double-stopped on harmonics as he has; sounded simultaneously, that is to say, on two strings, two overtones produced by so gently bowing them that they vibrate only in segments of their length. We grant the astounding technique of these players, yet we would adhere to the five who have recently been amongst us as artists of a higher order, who constitute, in their number, a justification for our belief that the violin is in climax; that those old Italian artificers have yet their "wages of going on and not to die."

And here a word in defence. We would not appear to glorify the executive and interpretative artist beyond the creator. We believe that we go to hear Bach played by Kreisler rather than to hear Kreisler play Bach. Now that three unequalled performances of Wagner's trilogy have been succeeded by our first Beethoven festival, it would be effrontery to write of the executant as if he were the composer, of the means as if it were the cause. And our adherence to these five players is not finally determined by their skill: else we would make them seven. We laud them because they scorn the gallery and, with rare and doubtful exceptions, ever regard themselves as guardians of a trust, and their neuro-muscular skill as no end in itself. It is because they play Beethoven and not Paganini, Bach and not themselves, that we would further consider them. One beautiful work of Dr. Joachim's we indeed know, and some work of Mons. Ysaye, but, generally speaking, these artists know that the creation has been already done; that for them remains interpretation. Glory enough, listening we feel.

So it may be asked whether the violin is in climax—whether violin-playing too comes within the scope of evolution—in that Miss Hall reaches higher than Lady Hallé, or Kreisler than Joachim. We do not find this so. Their common presence to-day is proof of progress, were progress not *a priori* postulated. But amongst themselves we do not see it proved. The time is too short, or the older artists are consummate, or we are wrong; but we believe Dr. Joachim and Lady Hallé equalled only, not surpassed. You may answer that the younger players are young; that in thirty years Miss Hall may reach a higher height. That her acme is not yet we admit; that we may be there when it comes we hope; but that she will ever exceed the power of her Austrian senior we deny. One must not judge by tone. Mere power in this regard is a matter not so much of art as of muscle. The other week, in the last concert of the Joachim Quartet, when the great executant played the greater creator Brahms, his tone was not as it was once. Similarly Miss Hall, a slight girl, has not the tone of Herr Kreisler. The circumference of his biceps is greater than hers. Other things—skill and the violin used—being equal, that is practically the only factor of difference. If comparison there must be—and comparison is not odious if it be for the elucidation of a principle such as that of the upward trend of aesthetics—it must be based not on quantity of muscle, but on quality of art.

But nothing, in the case of these five, is to be gained by comparison—unless, indeed, it were to demonstrate how fatuous and irrelevant is the attempt to put great artists in a string, as who should say, Bradley runs a hundred yards in 9½ seconds, Downer in 10, and Smith or Jones in 10½. You may number “sprinters,” but you can no more number spirit than you can photograph it: nor in either case would it be worth doing; the magic would have fled.

Suffice it to record that the young are true to the ideals of the old. Take Joachim, the senior, and Miss Hall, the junior, of our quintet. Two years ago, at a memorable musical festival in Leeds, “where the choirs come from,” we heard Dr. Joachim play Mozart’s Sonata in A major. Anyone could play the notes: technique is at a discount. Hence only a consummate artist, world-honoured, would dare to play Mozart nowadays; for the public wants something wonderful, and there is nothing wonderful, is there, in a simple thing like that? But Dr. Joachim did play it, to our reverent wonder. And Miss Hall, a modern of the moderns, born since the death of Wagner, and with Paganini cadenzas at her mercy, played it a few days ago. We hope Mozart heard.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

It is not often that a scientific book may be read with ease, profit, and pleasure by the general reader, and hence the agreeable surprise of M. Metchinkoff’s “*Etude sur la Nature Humaine*.” It is as easy and pleasant as the illustrious savant’s conversation, with a refreshing naïvete and a large simplicity which are so characteristically Russian. With the help of perfected hygiene, M. Metchinkoff promises us an existence so prolonged that at seventy we may be said to be cutting our wisdom teeth, and fit only then to undertake the solemn responsibilities of public life. After a hundred we shall drop into the quietude of age without any sign of senile degeneration, and somewhere in the middle of the second hundred the instinct of natural death will develop, and, like the patriarchs, we shall gladly accept the rest of death. Such will be the consequences of scientific rectification of the “disharmonies of the nature of man.” Disease will be banished along with inherited blemishes, nobody will eat

or drink too much, reason helping to diminish the part our evil qualities have hitherto played. M. Metchinkoff is not at all exclusive in his sources of information, as is proved by his varied selection of quotations. All sorts and conditions of men jostle in these instructive and delightful pages: Byron, Heine, Schopenhauer, Max Nordau, Baudelaire, Plato, Confucius, Lao-Tsen, Buddha, Sanscrit and Hebrew litterateurs, Tolstoy and St. Paul. When we contemplate the general mess of politics it is something to look forward to the advancement of social science which he promises us, when only the aged, who have acquired a large experience and have preserved all their faculties, thanks to the integrity of their physiological condition, will rule in public affairs, and the young, that is all who have not reached seventy or eighty, will be exclusively engaged in finding their feet and learning slowly the ultimate value of common-sense.

I cannot class myself amongst the admirers of Anatole France’s new book, “*Histoire Comique*.” It has the grace, the wit, and irony which never forsake M. France even when he drops into obscenity. I own I see no justification for such a curious book. When it is gross it is very gross indeed, and the main subject is unpalatable. Of course nothing could leave M. France’s hands without the distinctive qualities that are his—the softened brilliance, the exquisite clarity and precision of touch; the wit, the delicate revelation of his incomparable erudition, the quaint and unapproachable charm; who, for instance, but Anatole France, the matchless charmer, could write such pages as the doctor’s dissertation on Time in the actress’s dressing-room? It is a masterpiece intercalated in a book which in itself is far from being a masterpiece. Here we have our France of that gathering of gems, “*Le Jardin d’Epicure*.” “We say of a thing that it is in the present when we perceive it precisely. We say that it is in the past when we only retain of it an indistinct image. A thing, were it accomplished millions of years ago, if we have received as strong an impression as possible of it, will not be for us a thing past; it will be present to us. The order in which things roll into the abysses of the universe is unknown to us. We only know the order of our perceptions. To believe that the future is not because we do not know it, is to believe that a book is unfinished because we have not finished reading it. . . . We are allowed to say that for us the future is not much more obscure than the past. We know that generations succeed generations in travail, joy, and suffering. I glance beyond the duration of the human race. I see the constellations that seemed immutable slowly change their form in the heavens; I watch the Chariot remove its ancient team, the belt of Orion break, Sirius faint out of view. We know that the sun will rise to-morrow, and that for long still, through heavy clouds or light mist, it will rise every morning. . . . Our knowledge of facts is our unique reason for believing in their reality. We are aware of certain facts to come. We needs then must hold them as real. And if they are real they are realised. Thus your play was played a thousand years ago or half-an-hour ago,” he adds, turning to the playwright on the first representation of his play, “which comes absolutely to the same thing. It is believable that we are all dead this long while past. Think so and you will be tranquil.” This is not precisely the kind of reflections one expects to hear in the green-room, but it is quite conceivable that when M. France is the visitor such things may be said.

When we have taken exception to the trial and condemnation of the heroine of M. Rod’s book, “*L’Inutile Effort*,” we have exhausted our measure of blame. A Frenchwoman was lately hanged in England for the murder of her child. M. Rod is indignant and cherishes the conviction that she was innocent, and so he writes a novel that, but for the absurdity of the *dénouement*, is a sober and mournful study written with all M. Rod’s

literary rectitude and perfect sincerity. But he hangs his little milliner without a ghost of evidence, and believes this is English law. Besides, there is no reason on earth why she should have killed her child, even supposing evidence against her. M. Rod's argument is that the British jury is a single concrete animal full of Puritanical prejudices. He allows it no reasoning qualities, no average intelligence. Because an unmarried woman is the mother of a child she is, naturally, in its estimation guilty of the worst. Now the British jury does not expect to find a Lucretia in every milliner. And when it is confronted on all sides with evidence of perfect motherhood, of maternal sacrifice and adoration, of no concealment of the child's illegitimate existence, and sees an honest man ready to adopt it and marry the mother, it does not accept infanticide on no evidence.

H. L.

Impressions.

XXXV.—The Time of Buttercups.

THE roses were out on the cottage walls. They rambled over the warm bricks: and the high box hedge that secluded one of the gardens from the road could not hide the giant poppies that gleamed red behind the green screen. As I passed they flashed back the sunshine in a trail of light. But the roses and poppies were incidental. It was the time of buttercups, meadows of them, stretching from dyke to dyke along the marsh. All the land was yellow, and where it was not yellow it was green, and white—such dazzling whites they were in the sunshine. White were the sails of the toy boats on the river that wound through the marsh; white were the backs of the geese that walked gravely in single file through the buttercups; white was the hawthorn that still lingered; white the garments of the boy cricketers on that first day of June.

The village dozed, and when the treble of the boys' voices was momentarily hushed I heard the lark, and intermittently the decadent cuckoo. But as the day wore on to afternoon, the figures of little girls white-shod, with white stockings encasing their little legs, and dresses yellow like the buttercups, or red like the poppies, began to trail through the hot lanes. They carried garlands, but around the hems of their dresses were buttercups, and strings of buttercups were fastened in their hair. Buttercups, too, powdered the field behind the windmill where the maypole stood, not as high as the mast of a vessel of one hundred tons as in the old days, but quite a proper maypole with coloured ribbons fluttering in the wind. England had not quite forgotten the old days when her heart was merry, and with horn and tabor she brought the hawthorn home at sunrise. The first of June was a little late in the year to gather the hawthorn, and to dance round the maypole, but this was the children's festival, and what is a month in the life of a child? May Monday or Whit Monday, who could not dance to such a tune as "Come, Lasses and Lads," in the time of buttercups and roses, with never a cloud in the sky, all the trees clothed in green, and birds singing. A circle of little boys in smock coats, red beribboned, stood around while the little girls in buttercup yellow and poppy red frocks danced their sun-bonnets off their heads and twined the coloured ribbons about the maypole.

Near by the lightning of yesterday had made a long, clean cut from top to root in an oak tree that had seen centuries of June days, saying as it seared, "Your time has come: another June shall see you leafless"; near by three brisk revivalists had drawn their van covered with warning texts into a field and were even now pitching their tent

for the evening service; but such finger-points and hints of the ways of the external world must wait for the passing of the May Queen, chosen just because she was beautiful, and for no other reason. Borne shoulder-high came this garlanded child, buttercups round the hem of her dress, roses in her hair—emblematic of the old world's homage to beauty.

To-morrow we will revert to the grey ways of the world and approve the custom of prizes for good conduct and intellectual industry, but for this day it is different: just beauty and young vigour—each honoured, each borne shoulder high, the prettiest girl and the best boy cricketer on the first of June in the time of buttercups.

Drama.

Benedick and Beatrice.

MISS ELLEN TERRY, weary of being a Viking, has returned, in "Much Ado About Nothing," to one of those great Shakespearean parts in which she long ago established her secure reputation. But that she has not forgotten the renascence of this stage is shown by the fact that in the present revival Mr. Gordon Craig gets, so far as I know, his first opportunity of mounting Shakespeare. To Mr. Craig I will return; when Shakespeare is in the case, it is only decent that the play and the acting should have the first consideration. I will not pretend that, for all her spirit and charm, Miss Terry is quite my ideal Beatrice. I am quite certain that Mr. Oscar Asche is not my ideal Benedick. I cannot conceive of a burly Benedick; and there is more brawn than airiness in Mr. Asche's interpretation of the man. But will any of us ever see our ideal Beatrice and our ideal Benedick? These are parts to tax the most subtle artists under the most perfect conditions. The amazing comedy of the duel of sex, which is "Much Ado About Nothing," is in its essence a duologue. The pair of lovers, whose passion slowly dawns upon us and themselves through their wit, whose souls we overhear while we hear their jesting, should claim our whole attention. When they are on the stage, not a significant gesture, not a revealing intonation, should be missed. The rest of the company should be as silent as the arras in the background, while they stand there, saying what they do not think. Such a suggestion needs only to be made to be refuted. It is not in the English tradition; and the swords of man and woman must continue to be crossed, as best they may, in the rough and tumble of a trivial picture. And could Shakespeare himself, then, get anything better from his mimes? Who was the marvellous boy for whom he wrote Portia and Desdemona and Beatrice, Helena and Cressida, Lady Macbeth and Cleopatra, and then wrote no more? Was it Salathiel Pavy, who played for three years, and for whom "Death's self was sorry"? Literary history will not, I fear, have it so. Was it Mary Fitton, masquing once more, as when she would "tucke vpp her clothes" and slip out "as though she had bene a man" to meet her lover, the Earl of Pembroke? The notion may be commended to the fantastic theorizers about the Sonnets.

"Much Ado About Nothing" is the one of all Shakespeare's comedies which can least of all stand being played the fool with by the actors. It is an extremely difficult play, and unless carefully handled may readily seem at certain points impossible. Shakespeare was attempting the very hazardous technical problem of introducing a subordinate element of tragedy into a comedy. This is, of course, quite different from the opposite device, which he frequently uses, of relieving and enhancing tragedy by scenes of comedy. It carries with it alternative dangers.

If the players are not on their guard, the effect of the contrast may be either that the comedy appears unreal and impertinent, or that the tragedy appears unreal and melodramatic. In "Much Ado About Nothing," however, I do not think that Shakespeare had any choice. He had, somehow, to show the emotional depths that lay behind the brilliant and slightly hard exterior of Beatrice, and to do this is, dramatically, the object of the whole plot against Hero, leading to the tragic repudiation of her in the church by Claudio. It is all in order that Beatrice may be able to say to Benedict, "Kill Claudio!" and, "O God! that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place." And the tragedy of Hero is quite subordinate to the comedy of Beatrice. The critics have exhausted themselves in fruitless efforts to find in the Hero story an end in itself and an illustration of the title of the play. Shakespeare's titles are hardly ever significant, and the proper one for the play is that, which it has in a contemporary account-book, of "Benedicte and Betteris." The way in which the Hero story is kept in subordination is rather interesting. It is only allowed to become vital just at the point where it touches Beatrice and her relations to Benedick. During the rest of the play it is strenuously belittled. The audience are let early into the whole secret. Don John and Borachio are made the most conventional villains possible. Their plot is outwitted by the most foolish of clowns. The rehabilitation of Hero is deliberately artificial. The tragic element has served its limited purpose, and the audience are not to dwell upon it. The difficulty is of course Claudio, whom, frankly, Shakespeare has not succeeded in rendering sympathetic. I cannot imagine why the scene underneath Margaret's window was not brought into the play, instead of being merely narrated. It might easily have been used to apologise for, or at least to explain, Claudio. But probably Shakespeare did not wish to apologise for Claudio, who, like Bertram in "All's Well that Ends Well," belongs to a type for which he had a great contempt. On the other hand, Shakespeare did introduce one scene which is very unjustifiably omitted at the Imperial Theatre. It is the scene in which Hero is robbed for her wedding, and it is important because it brings the two cousins together, and mediates between the Beatrice of the wit-combats and the Beatrice of the church.

What I feel about Mr. Gordon Craig is that he is moving very fast in the direction of compromise. He gives us foot-lights now! and an elaborate trellis-work in the garden-scene, which is a great deal more like the normal pseudo-realistic representation of foliage than I quite like to see. The masked dance in the first act is pretty enough; but it is inevitable to wonder where Leonato got his lime-light effects from. The most successful scene is that in the church. Here the grouping and all the accessories are well designed; and the effect of height is admirably attained by means of long hangings draped in circular folds and painted to suggest pillars.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

France and Her Sculptors.

FRANCE encourages her sculptors: in Paris, and in towns throughout that pleasant land, they are bidden to spur their imaginations, and to mature their skill that France may be glorified, and her splendid past made to minister to her present. Wherever you walk in Paris, the eye is again and again delighted by a vista that opens through wide streets revealing some monument of heroic size, some impression of prancing horses, outstretched wings, and flying figures sounding trumpets in the clear air. France's genius for the architectural prevision sense that relates sweeping

topographical improvements one to another, never fails her. When she threw the Alexandre III. bridge across the Seine, and placed dazzling gilt groups on high stone pillars at either end, she knew they would allure the roving eye, and conduct it onward to the sombrous gilt of the Invalides dome: when she built the two Palaces of Art amid the chestnuts of the Champs Elysées on either side of the approach road to the bridge, and placed on them great symbolical groups of stone figures that lean out over Paris proclaiming with flamboyant gestures that here is the art centre of the world, she knew that those heroic stone groups would encourage her sculptors to dare, to penurise themselves in producing year after year those monuments to La Gloire that France loves. And she can do so without fearing that the passion for the Titanesque, for the monument that gives wings to a street, will spoil the taste of her sons. For in the Louvre, in their quiet cool places, stand through all the changes of taste and the wounds of time, those two matchless examples of eternal beauty—the Winged Victory, and the Venus of Milo. With her intense modernity and love of novelty, France keeps her reverence for the old. The gilt figures on the Alexandre III. bridge flash readily at the spectator; but the Winged Victory must be sought, not without trouble, in the interminable corridors of the Louvre. You meet her suddenly, flying through the air on that archaic boat—on a staircase—and you know that before you is the most beautiful thing the world has produced.

The French sculptor dares, and his daring is encouraged. Those who have not visited the sculpture garden of the Old Salon can hardly realise the effect of the eight hundred shining white figures and groups when first seen from one of the galleries. The sunshine pours through the great arch of the glass roof, the exhibits stand out proudly in the open, or lurk behind shrubs and trees, and in this large sunny place birds fly and sing. Leaning over the gallery I delight myself with the bright contrast of white marble and green trees, and pick out from the avenues and glades, where the visitors wander, typical examples of the art of sculpture in France in the present year. For daring, for the Frenchman's delight in constructing dithyrambic mementoes, the size of a gasometer, to La Gloire, let me instance M. Ducuing's "La Toulousaine." A peasant woman, quietly knitting, was so filled with patriotic ardour when she heard some passers-by singing "O moun pays! O Touloso!" that she threw down her work, and rushing out joined in the chorus. Such was the incident that fired the imagination of the sculptor. On the top of the erection he has placed a life-size figure of the peasant woman still grasping her knitting while she shouts the chorus to the skies, and beneath her—well, not being learned in the history of Toulouse, I transcribe the sculptor's explanation of the jubilant figures that support this plump, patriotic peasant woman: "Le piedestal synthétise le passé glorieux de Toulouse dans la Guerre, la Paix, la Poésie, les Sciences et les Arts." There you have exemplified the spirit, and the leaping ambition of one of the schools of modern French sculpture. Such a monument could not be shown at Burlington House: the doors are not high enough to admit it. The vehement action of "La Toulousaine" is characteristic of much of the sculpture at the Salons. Repose is not the note; even the limbs of the recumbent nudes are turned and twisted into attitudes that recall the writhing arms and legs of the Laocöon group. M. Mengue has certainly given a kind of repose to his "Messaline," but to compensate for this sobriety, he has committed the atrocity of placing her on a carved wooden bed. Among the groups of action I must certainly include the two specimens where lions are the chief performers. In one of them, M. Carvin's "Martyr," the lion, with his claws dug deep into his victim's body, is in the act of making a meal: in the other, a group called "La Fiancée du Lion," we are presented to the lion in love, and the sculptor has been good enough to write a

description of the incident on a sheet of carboard, which is propped up against the lion's paws. But one can safely neglect groups of sculpture that require half a page of letterpress to explain them. M. Lambeau gives no explanation of his "*Le Faune Mordu*." This huddle of limbs is no doubt well devised, and well executed, as is M. Marin's "*Danaïdes*," a subject that Rodin, one of the few who know, treated as a lyric; but what pleasure is to be derived from a group so ingeniously involved that it takes five minutes to trace the owners of the various limbs? It was quite a relief after this puzzle exercise to sit in a chair and look placidly at M. Hettner's simple figure of a man drawing a bow, and by way of change to gaze upon the rugged head of M. Aronson's "*Tolstoy*."

M. Houssin's "*Le Bateau de Sauvetage*" has at least the merit of being plain to the eye at the first glance. Five sailors are running the lifeboat down the beach, and in the distance you see the ship in distress. Where this mammoth wall decoration will find a home, I cannot hazard a guess: nor can I suggest offhand a suitable habitation for M. Noé's "*Le Trône des Césars*" with a headless body as the main support of the throne; nor for "*The Retreat from Moscow*" (wolves and all); nor for a representation in relief of a Spanish Bull-fight; nor for a Lourdes paralytic suddenly restored to health; nor for the mouth of a hippopotamus yawning so vigorously that the head of the paralytic could be dropped with ease into the cavity; nor for the miner and the agricultural labourer who have fallen dead by their work. M. Frémiet's colossal statue of Lesseps for Port Said is journalism. The knowledge that he had a market for it must have helped him in his pedestrian task; but M. Frémiet, who is, of course, *hors concours*, has been so kind as to send only the head of Lesseps to the Salon. At a guess I should say it is about a yard high.

As with the pictures, the good work in the sculpture building must be sought; but it is there. I liked the severity of M. Houdain's group of three navvies bearing on a lever, the pathos of M. Breton's "*Eurydice*," and M. Guilloux's "*Baiser Mortel*," one of those piteous groups that gain in emotion from the very hardness and whiteness of the marble—ideas that the Teuton makes hopelessly sentimental, but to which the Gaul gives that sense of tears in human things that quite disturbs the Teuton's equanimity.

There is no Rodin in the little garden of the New Salon where last year his *Shades* gave distinction to the few picked monuments that stand in the open air. But I could not pass Madame Warrick's realistic *Impenitent Thief*—and, for the rest, I remember a little statuette, extraordinary clever, of Frémiet in a silk hat and carrying an umbrella; and the figure of a young girl, slim, very modern, lying dead, saying, I think, "I am at peace."

Although Rodin does not exhibit, his influence persists, and at that moment he was in London sending those who care for such things to the Burlington Fine Arts Club, where a remarkable loan collection of Greek sculpture and antiquities has been gathered together. It was the head of Aphrodite by Praxiteles lent by Lord Leconfield that was arousing M. Rodin's enthusiasm, and he was saying: "It is life itself. It embodies all that is beautiful. It is beauty itself. Those parted lips!" C. L. H.

Science.

The Evolution of Sense.

THE curious sense of internal sinking which followed my perception of the fact that the printer had credited me last week with the use of the word "unethical," set me a-thinking of the Evolution of Sense. The amoeba is a relation of mine and is endowed with sensation; but, were he to crawl over that horrid hybrid, the substitution

of one initial vowel for another would cause him little or no perturbation. His sensory powers would possibly acquaint him of the nutritious iron in the ink wherewith the word is printed, but that would be all. Similarly the amoeba may well be dimly aware of the aerial vibration which we term sound, but he is appreciably removed from the opera-goer who thrills at the ecstatic agony of Isolde's "*Liebested*," and still further from the sensory development of the genius who conceived that deathless song. Sensation, indeed, has travelled far in its development from the mere reaction to external stimuli, exhibited by the amoeba or the microbe, up to the literary sense, or the "sense of the fitness of things," or the "moral sense," or any of those precious potentialities of the true sense of beauty which constitute the subject-matter of the science of Aesthetics.

Goethe has told us—if I remember aright—that there is no essential distinction between two lovers who rush into one another's arms and an atom of carbon that grapples to itself with the hooks of chemical affinity an atom of oxygen wherewith to form carbonic oxide. But we may leave this analogy or possible identity for the nonce, and consider sensation, or the power of appreciating external forces, as we find it in the lowest forms of life. I will take, instead of an amoeba, a white blood-cell or leucocyte, which is hardly distinguishable from an amoeba. If, under the microscope, you watch a leucocyte in a drop of blood making play with a microbe, you have an opportunity of studying the simplest form of sensation. It is partly physical, partly chemical; and therefore may be compared to a sort of compound of touch and smell. The force which determines what will happen in such a duel has been called chemotaxis. If immunity has been established by some method or another; if, for instance, the patient from whom your drop of blood has been obtained is recovering, the leucocyte's sensation is described as a state of "positive chemotaxis." Not only is he aware of the presence of the microbe, but he responds by attacking, enveloping, digesting and thus disposing of it. If, on the other hand, the patient is having the worst of the battle, the leucocyte is aware of the microbe indeed, but is repelled rather than attracted; the condition being known as one of "negative chemotaxis." In other cases a leucocyte may approach a microbe, having become conscious of its presence by this rudimentary physico-chemical sense, but may then discover that its foeman is more than worthy of its steel, and will retire—with inaudible apologies. It is said that, in such a case, the leucocyte may return later, with a couple of friends, and engineer a tripartite attack—but this I have not seen.

Now, the leucocyte or the amoeba being unicellular is complete in himself. He is all sensory, as he is all motor and all digestive and all reproductive. But in multi-cellular organisms, such as we become, a division of labour is effected. Certain cells become segregated for the sensory functions of the organism; and these are naturally the superficial or external cells. Very low in the animal scale we find a definite division of the body cells into external and internal. The former are known as the epiblast, the latter as the hypoblast. Between the two there appears, in slightly higher forms, a collection of cells called the mesoblast, from which our bones and muscles, for instance, are developed. But I want especially to consider the epiblast, which is by far the most interesting of the three. Being external, it is, of course, the layer that assumes sensory functions. Its powers are very limited in the simple animals, being hardly more differentiated, indeed, than are those of the amoeba or the white cell of the blood of higher animals. But if we pass to such an animal—and we may consider man himself—we are not surprised to find that the epiblast or external layer of cells of the human embryo forms, amongst other things, the skin. The cells of the skin are, of course, the most external, and could not be

developed from either of the other two primitive layers. And, of course, the skin, like the epiblast from which it is developed, and like the epiblastic layer of the adult forms of simpler animals, is a sensitive structure. The sense of touch, the sense of pain, the sense of temperature all find in the skin their means of receiving external stimuli. Than this chapter in the embryology and evolution of sense nothing could be more natural.

But if we observe the embryo at a very early stage of its development, we find upon its surface a longitudinal ridge where the epiblastic cells become especially numerous. This ridge becomes a groove, and by a process of infolding of this groove—which two simple diagrams would make obvious, but which it is difficult to describe in words—certain of the cells of the epiblast lose their original external position and sink into the substance of the embryo, so that some of the cells of the mesoblast or middle layer come to separate these particular epiblastic cells from their fellows which remain on the surface. These buried cells, for whom is an incomparable destiny, are called the neural or nerve-epiblast, for from them are formed the brain and the entire nervous system of man, from them is developed the grey matter of the surface of that brain, and in it is manifested consciousness, which makes possible all other phenomena, religion, science, history, art and thought.

Now the significant thing is this: that the entire nervous system is developed, so to speak, from the skin. Its cells are originally superficial and external, but are withdrawn from the surface to the centre of the organism. In the case of an animal that has no nervous system proper, the external surface—its “skin”—is the sensitive portion; is, indeed, its nervous system. The higher animal, very early in its history, withdraws part of its primitive skin, encloses and protects this part in the skull and spinal column (developed from the mesoblast), and is enabled to develop it to a degree previously unattainable and barely—even by its possessors—conceivable.

Now we have gone so far as to consider the original epiblast divided into two portions, the cutaneous epiblast which remains external, and the nerve-epiblast which has passed inwards. This nerve epiblast is essentially sensory, as is the cutaneous epiblast from which it has parted company. But if it is sensory it must needs re-establish communication with the surface of the body, where stimuli are received. A vision-centre in the brain is of no value unless there be eyes at the surface. So by an extremely complex series of processes the neural epiblast contrives to send back emissaries or nerves to the surface whence it came; and upon the ends of these nerves, which are in themselves useless, are formed “end-organs.” Such end-organs are the eye, the ear, the olfactory mucous membrane in the nose, the taste-bulbs on the tongue, and the touch-bulbs in the skin. The entire apparatus is formed of nothing but epiblast—of nothing but the original external layer of the embryo. I cannot insist too much upon this fact, for its significance is extreme. The manner in which the reunion between the nerve-epiblast and the cutaneous epiblast is effected varies within wide limits. In the case of the eye, for instance, the systematic zoologist will tell you that one of the features which distinguish the vertebrates from the invertebrates is that in the latter the essential parts of the eye are formed from the skin, to which the brain—or developing nerve-epiblast—merely sends forth the optic nerve; whereas, in the vertebrates, whose eye is a much more highly developed organ, the cutaneous epiblast contributes hardly more than the covering of the eyelids, whilst the brain itself develops a special bulb-like portion which it advances upon a stalk—the bulb becoming the eye, and the stalk the optic nerve.

The entire nervous system is thus primarily a receiving apparatus, a means of sensation; developed, indeed, from the very surface of the body. As it exists in the developed

human frame it constitutes the supreme object of scientific study. The tendency to glorify one branch of science at the expense of another is on the high way to specialism in the worst sense of the term, and ends in unenlightened fanaticism; but it is permissible to assert that the study of the human nervous system—call it neurology, psychology, “cerebral biology” with Comte, or by whatever name you please—has a fascination and a value that are transcendent. For in consciousness, the root-problem of psychology, and in the nervous apparatus of which consciousness is the chief function, are the possibility of any knowledge whatsoever, are the roots of the science of logic, which is our indispensable instrument of thought, and are the foundations of the two highest sciences of all, those twins of so deep a mutual indebtedness, Aesthetics and Ethics. The sun is indeed the glory of the heavens, and the source of all life upon our globe, yet psychology studies that which is even greater; for when the Beautiful and the Good are met in a heroic soul, there, in Emerson’s inspired phrase, is “a man to make the Sun forgotten.”

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

“Science and Philosophy.”

SIR,—To have been the occasion of Mr. Saleeby’s deeply interesting and illuminative dissertation on “Science and Philosophy” should sufficiently excuse whatsoever presumption be laid to my charge therein. Yet I would ask your further indulgence, in order to assure Mr. Saleeby that he has been misled by my inept quotation from Emerson—an unlucky interpolation which I need not stop to explain, but for which I humbly apologise: that, thus, nothing was or could be further from my intent, than to “call in question Locke’s famous discovery,” and title to “father of modern psychology”: that, indeed, I only share Mr. Saleeby’s allegiance to the “sanest of philosophers”—even as to “the boundaries between faith and reason,” but likewise his avowed obligations to Lewes: and, lastly, that the main purpose of my letter was but to point out the apparent illogicality—in adducing any one man’s philosophy in refutation of another’s while at the same time proclaiming all knowledge to be mere matter of personal *faith*—that “Each of us has his own philosophy, therefore: nor do we question your right to yours”!

As a sincere and grateful admirer of Mr. Saleeby’s lucidity in the obscure pathways of Science, I ventured to solicit, and hoped to receive, his philosophical assistance in this, to me, metaphysical “cul-de-sac”—he will recognise the helpful distinction of terms, which he does not, however, himself appear to have adopted from Lewes; but alas! in this particular predicament Mr. Saleeby would seem to pass by—declining the office of good Samaritan to the lame and halting intelligence of—Yours, &c.,

A. J. E.

A Forgotten Philosophy.

SIR,—In the latest of his astute and engaging essays your contributor, Mr. Saleeby, makes out a case for G. H. Lewes’s dogma that philosophy is impracticable. I quite understand what this means: merely that there is no system of philosophy absolutely convincing in the exact sense in which, for example, the Multiplication Table is. Well, I should much like to know whether Mr. Saleeby, who, it is obvious, is equipped by scholarship as well as by natural aptitude to treat the subject, has included in his study a work called “The A Priori Argument for the Necessary Existence of God,” by William Honeyman Gillespie? This book, published

early in last century, seems to be almost wholly unknown. It came into my own hands quite accidentally in a remote part of Scotland some years ago. If Mr. Saleeby has seen it, might not he devote a paper to its examination? Mr. Gillespie attempted the task which is nowadays generally declared impossible of achievement, and his argument had extraordinary ingenuity.—Yours, &c., J. M. S. M.

The "Marriage" of Mazarin.

SIR,—The myth of the Mazarin marriage dies hard. Mr. Hassall is its latest sponsor in the attractive sketch of the Cardinal's career with which he has enriched the "Foreign Statesmen" series, commented upon in the ACADEMY of 30 May; and your reviewer accepts the story, as, indeed, did Mr. Hilaire Belloc when writing on the same volume a short time ago.

The basis of the myth is an indubitable mistake. "Being only in deacon's orders," says Mr. Hassall, "Mazarin, although a cardinal, could lawfully marry." Possible unfamiliarity with Catholic practice has here certainly misled the author. Inability as to the contraction of wedlock commences for the Catholic ecclesiastic, not even with the diaconate, but with its preceding step—the subdiaconate. But there is very strong evidence that Mazarin was more than a deacon. He was a priest. This is clear from the statement in the well-known folio of Ciacconius, a work whose authority is accepted, I believe, by every scholar. The entry respecting Richelieu's successor runs thus:—

"Tot divitiis Regum Galliarum munificencia collectis, ex hac vita abiit Julius Mazarinus, qui renuntiatus Cardinalis Gallie, ac Regis amatissimus nunquam Urbem invisit, quare licet Presbyteris Cardinalibus adscriptus, titulum non habuit."
—Vitæ et Res Gestæ Pontificum Romanorum et S.R.E. Cardinalium, t. iv. 615 D. Romæ, MDCLXXVII.

Even more conclusive is Mazarin's own deed. He administered the Sacrament of Extreme Unction to his dying niece, the Duchesse de Mercœur, the lady of whom we read in the pages of Madame de Motteville. This he could not have done had he not been a priest. Now, the testimony of the Abbé de Cosnac, afterwards Archbishop of Aix, who also visited the dying girl, is distinct. In his memoirs he writes:—

"Le soir, les médecins commencerent à changer de ton, ils dirent qu'il falloir lui donner l'extrême onction. M. le Cardinal lui vint donner ce sacrement."—Mémoires de Daniel de Cosnac, i, 254. Paris: Société de l'Histoire de France.

Surely the time has come when this useless and baseless myth might, in the phrase of Carlyle, have "wise oblivion"—earth and a quiet burial.—Yours, &c.,

St. Charles's College, WALTER SYLVESTER.
St. Charles's Square, London, W.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 193 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the three most pregnant and felicitous sentences selected from any authors. Our competitors have not been very happy in their selections, and the range is curiously limited. We award the prize to Mrs. Arthur Lloyd Sturge, Dolobran, Chislehurst, for the following set:—

Fancy plays like a squirrel in its circular prison, and is happy; but imagination is a pilgrim on the earth—and her home is in heaven. —Ruskin.

Discouragement is but disenchanted egotism. —Mazzini.

The true wisdom is to be always seasonable, and to change with a good grace in changing circumstances. To love playthings well as a child, to lead an adventurous and honourable youth, and to settle when the time arrives into a green and smiling age, is to be a good artist in life and deserve well of yourself and your neighbour. —R. L. Stevenson.

Other replies follow:—

The principle of the Gothic architecture is infinity made imaginable.

—Coleridge.

On the one hand, all aristocracy is wrong which is inconsistent with numbers; and, on the other, all numbers are wrong which are inconsistent with breeding.

—Ruskin.

Take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told it you, if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition.

—Charles Lamb.

[G. W. L., Great Grimsby.]

The men appeal to the auditors, whether the arguments are not such that none but an idiot or an hireling could resist, is an effective substitute for any argument at all. For mobs have no memories. The passions, like a fused metal, fill up the wide interstices of thought and supply the defective links; and thus incompatible assertions are harmonised by the sensation, without the sense of connection.

—S. T. Coleridge.

There are no fields of Amaranth on this side of the grave; there are no voices, O Rhodopé, that are not soon mute, however tuneful; there is no name with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last.

—W. S. Landor.

Every man has a religious belief peculiar to himself. Smith is always a Smithite. He takes in exactly Smith's-worth of knowledge, Smith's-worth of truth, of beauty, of divinity. And Brown has from time immemorial been trying to burn him, to excommunicate him, to anonymous-article him, because he did not take in Brown's-worth of knowledge, truth, beauty, divinity. He cannot do it. Iron is essentially the same everywhere and always; but sulphate of iron is never the same as carbonate of iron. Truth is invariable; but the Smithate of truth must always differ from the Brownate of truth.

—O. W. Holmes.

[R. F. McC., Whitby.]

Give me leave, therefore, without offence, always to live and die in this mind: that he is not worthy to live at all that, for fear or danger of death, shunneth his country's service and his own honour, seeing that death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal, wherefore in this behalf *mutare vel timere Spero*.

—Sir Humfrey Gilbert.

To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all—on the same grim condition to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

—R. L. Stevenson.

I learned this, at least, by my experiment, that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavours to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours.

—H. D. Thoreau.

[A. R., Knock, Co. Down.]

Better is an handful with quietness, than two handfuls with labour and striving after wind.

—Ecclesiastes.

L'or est confondu avec la boue pendant la vie des artistes, et la mort les sépare.

—Voltaire.

Overmastering pain—the most deadly and tragical element in life—alas! pain has its way with all of us; it breaks in, a rude visitant, upon the fairy garden where the child wanders in a dream, no less surely than it rules upon the field of battle, or sends the immortal war-god whimpering to his father; and innocence, no more than philosophy, can protect us from its sting.

—R. L. Stevenson.

[P. L. B., Tonbridge.]

A BUYING=MACHINE

It is a law deducible from certain very interesting observations, which are described in this column, that physical action is always the most effective when it is most natural and most simple. So it is also with action other than physical, with economic action. Yet in the process of buying, for instance, our ordinary methods of purchase are very far indeed from being the most natural and the most simple.

The first buying of primitive man was done with labour. But whatever form of labour was his currency, he bought from hand to mouth. If you had told him to save up his labour for months and to bank it in a reservoir of force before he bought his food, he would have answered you that he would starve in the meantime. To-day we do not starve if we hoard shilling by shilling, but we are not following the line of least resistance, we are not economising effort. We are not gaining the use of the product at the moment when we begin to exert our energy and to incur friction by saving the money for its purchase.

Every effort of self-denial or self-control is, economically, a waste. The effort of living for to-morrow which moralists commend is a restraint upon natural forces. And "The Times" system of serial payments, by which the purchaser receives his copy of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" as soon as he begins to pay for it, and has the use of it while he is paying for it, is in accordance with natural law. It is the process which would be followed by a man who was a perfect buying-machine, an engine operating with the utmost efficiency and the least friction.

An Economic Immorality

To-day is the time when the buying-machine can most effectively and economically be set in motion for the purpose of buying the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The price is less to-day than it will be if the purchase is delayed. It is economically immoral, then, not to seize the opportunity, not to use to-day the inquiry form printed on this page, in order to procure the "Encyclopædia Britannica" on easy terms and at half the catalogue price.

The Motor-Power of a Man

Without too great modesty a man may admit to himself that it is possible for him to find valuable examples of conduct outside the human race, and that even so unimaginative a thing as a machine may afford him a hint. And although the palpable purpose of this advertisement is to prove no more than that he should buy the "Encyclopædia Britannica" upon the instant, the argument from mechanics, which is presented in that connection, may not be without its usefulness in respect to other things he has to do. He may place himself, for the moment, upon the level of a machine, without dissatisfaction, when he reflects that he is the best of all machines.

A man of ordinary size and strength, as he paces a path of a hundred feet long, is exerting a power sufficient, if he but sticks at his task, to transport a weight of no less than 1,012,500 tons for that distance.

In not more than three days he would, without undue effort, if his walking were translated into carrying, have conveyed the Edinburgh express train, weighing three hundred tons, from one end to the other of his stretch of path.

Or again, if all the motor-power a man can expect to use were concentrated upon a cricket ball, that cricket ball would travel some hundred and twenty-five million miles—as far as if it reached the Sun and, bounding off it, flew to Mercury.

The reader may be surprised at these statements, for it is only natural that he should forget how wonderful an engine his own skin encases. Habit has dulled his appreciation of commonplace appliances, and it is not surprising that he ceased, when he was short-coated, to wonder at the motion of his hands and feet. Yet if he will turn to a source of information that is certainly accessible enough, the article "Mechanics," in the fifteenth volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," he will find on p. 773 an analysis of a man as a machine that not only supports these statements, but is as interesting as any novel he may have laid aside in order to learn something about himself. And as it is probable that he is glancing at this advertisement for the very reason that he does not possess the "Encyclopædia Britannica," he may be glad to find the facts very briefly set forth here.

The Natural Law of the Eight-hour Day

The purely mechanical nature of a man's activity is illustrated by his inability to free himself from the formula that indicates how much time he should spend in receiving, and how much in employing, energy; for he cannot with economy depart to any great extent from the ratio of two hours' intake for one hour's production—in other words, the rule of using one-third of his time in action, the eight-hour day. And, as in the case of any other machine, his efficiency must be gauged, not only by the sum of energy employed but also by the completeness with which the power is transmitted and applied to the work in hand. A man then, as is shown by a table on the page already cited, is at his best, his efficiency is greatest, when he uses his strength without the interposition of any appliance.

Simplest Motions most Effective

And just as his arms and legs show a greater product in proportion to the energy expended than he can develop by using any tool of any sort, so will the most elementary of his motions, walking, transmit more force than any other form of action. If he wants to transport his millions ton weight in a lifetime, the way for him to do it is to walk at a natural pace, some four miles an hour, three hundred days a year for five-and-twenty years—or thirty years, if he is wise enough to work only eight hours a day instead of ten.

The Mechanics of Buying

How is this same law of the economics of force to regulate his course of action when he regards himself as a buying-machine?

Obviously, by his discarding all artifices, going back to nature, as when he walks along the level. What then is the economically mechanical way for a man to buy?

As the opening lines of this advertisement show, the best way is to buy upon the plan arranged by "The Times" for the sale of the "Encyclopædia Britannica"; making serial payments, paying at the effective moment when the price is lowest—in a word, behaving like an absolutely perfect buying-machine. The way to do this is to make use to-day of the inquiry form which appears on this page, and thus to procure without delay full details of the easy payment system and the bargain price which are two salient characteristics of the offer made by "The Times."

The one essential point is that the buying-machine should begin to operate to-day, while the resistance is at its minimum.

WRITE TO-DAY

TO: THE MANAGER, "THE TIMES" Publication Department,
125, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Please send me 220-page illustrated book containing specimen pages of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

Name _____
(Please write clearly.)

To post this to-day
is the mechanically
expedient course of
action. Address _____
A.C. 61 _____

Rank or Occupation _____

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?

—R. Browning.

Love, fortune, a venture, wonder—the four winds of desire!
—W. B. Yeats.

I shall know even as also I am known.

—St. Paul.

[M. I. E., Lampeter.]

Idea: do not govern or overthrow the world: the world is
governed or overthrown by feelings, to which ideas serve only
as guides.

—Herbert Spencer.

I blame equally those who take sides for praising man, those
who are for blaming him and those who amuse themselves
with him; the only wise part is search for truth—search with
many sighs.

—Pascal.

Great thoughts come from the heart

—Vauvenargues.

[C. O. V., Norwood.]

It is good we return unto the ancient bounds of unity in the
church of God; which was, one faith, one baptism; and not one
hierarchy, one discipline; and that we observe the league of
Christians, as it is penned by our Saviour; which is in sub-
stance of doctrine this: "He that is not with us, is against
us"; but in things indifferent, and but of circumstance, this:
"He that is not against us, is with us."

—Bacon.

We carry with us the wonders we seek without us: there is all
Africa and her prodigies in us; we are that bold and
adventurous piece of Nature, which he that studies wisely
learns in a compendium what others labour at in a divided
piece and endless volume.

—Sir Thomas Browne.

Nothing but the infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos
of human life.

—J. H. Shorthouse.

[W. A. L., Blackheath.]

When a man has lived to a fair age, he bears his marks of
service. He may have never been remarked upon the breach
at the head of the army; at least he shall have lost his teeth
on the camp bread.

—Stevenson.

They also serve who only stand and wait.

—Milton.

C'est la force et le droit qui règlent toutes choses dans le
monde; la force en attendant le droit.

—Joubert.

[R. W., Sutton.]

There are many matters in which one may waylay Destiny, and
bid him stand and deliver.

—R. L. Stevenson.

The service of philosophy, and of religion and culture as well,
to the human spirit, is to startle it into a sharp and eager
observation.

—Walter Pater.

If there is an angel who records the sorrows of men as well
as their sins, he knows how many and deep are the
sorrows which spring from false ideas, for which no man is
culpable.

—George Eliot.

[A. M. B., London.]

Competition No. 194 (New Series).

This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best set of verses
on June. Not to exceed twenty lines.

RULES.

Answers addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY,
43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first
post of Wednesday, 10 June, 1903. Each answer must be
accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of
Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending
more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt
with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.
Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Winbolt (Frederick J.), *Messalina: A Tragedy*.....(Drane) 3/6
Dunst (Simon), *Bub and Sis*.....(Woonsocket Publishing Co.) net \$1.00
Byse (Fanny), *Milton on the Continent*.....(Stock) 3/6
Alab and other Poems.....(Chiswick Press) net 5/0
Kastner (L. E.), *A History of French Versification*.....(Clarendon Press) net 5/6
Lehmann (R. C.), *Crumbs of Pity and other Verses*.....(Blackwood) net 5/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Davidson (James W.), *The Island of Formosa, Past and Present*
(Macmillan) net 25/0
Fitzpatrick (Thomas), *The Bloody Bridge*.....(Scaly) 10/0
Byrne (Matthew J.), *Ireland under Elizabeth*.....() 7/6
Carpenter (Edmund J.), *The American Advance*.....(Lane) net 14/6
Benson (Eugene), *Sordello and Cunizza*.....(Dent) net 2/6
Helmolt (Dr. H. F.), *Edited by, The World's History. Vol. III.*
(Heinemann) net 15/0
Black (Charles Drummond), *The Marquess of Dufferin and Ava*
(Hutchinson) net 16/0
Fischer (Th. A.), *The Scots in Eastern and Western Prussia*.....(Schulze)
Sauborn (F. B.), *The Personality of Emerson*.....(Goodspeed) net \$3.00
Escott (T. H. S.), *King Edward and His Court*.....(Unwin) 16/0
The Jewish Encyclopedia. Vol. IV.....(Funk & Wagnalls)
Gilbey (Sir Walter), *Early Carriages and Roads*.....(Vinton) net 2/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Macdonald (Greville), *The Religious Sense in its Scientific Aspect*
(Hodder & Stoughton) 3/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Fitzgerald (Percy), *Lightning Tours*.....(Everett) 2/6
Partsch (Joseph), *The Regions of the World: Central Europe*.....(Heinemann)
Browning (Oscar), *Impressions of Indian Travel*.....(Hodder & Stoughton) net 2/6
Brückner (Jessie), *Danish Life in Town and Country*.....(Newnes) net 2/6

ART.

The Work of Botticelli.....(Newnes) net 2/6
Ward (H. Snowden), *The Masterpieces in the National Gallery, London*.....(Hanfsaengl)
Die Meisterwerke des Rijks-Museum zu Amsterdam.....()
Wyllie (W. L.), *Nature's Laws and the Making of Pictures*.....(Arnold) net 15/0

EDUCATIONAL.

Hassall (Arthur), *Temple Primers: The History of France*.....(Dent) net 1/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Descamps (E.), *New Africa*.....(Low)
Ward (H. Snowden), *Profitable Hobbies*.....(Dawbarn) net 0/6
Protheroe (Charles), *Life in the Mercantile Marine*.....(Lane) net 3/6
Jessop (Gilbert L.), *Cricket Notes*.....(Arrowsmith) 1/0
Brownfield (C. D.), *The Coming of the Colonist*.....(Dent) net 4/6

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

In consequence of the publication of the "New Letters
and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," with the introduc-
tion by Sir James Crichton-Browne, the executors of the
late Mr. Froude have determined to publish a statement
written by Mr. Froude himself, entitled "My Relations with
Carlyle." With the statement will be published a letter
from the late Sir James Stephen dealing with the same
subject which was printed for private circulation in 1886.
The pamphlet will be issued by Messrs. Longmans and Co.
early this month.

Mr. Murray will shortly publish the third edition of
"The Book of Ser Marco Polo, the Venetian: Concerning
the Kingdoms and the Marvels of the East," translated
and edited, with notes, by the late Colonel Sir Henry
Yule. This new edition has been revised throughout in
the light of recent discoveries by M. Henri Cordier.

Sir John Strachey's work, "India: Its Administration
and Progress," originating out of a series of lectures
delivered at Cambridge in 1884, was first published in
1888; a second and revised edition appeared in 1894. A
third edition is about to be issued by Messrs. Macmillan
and Co.

Mr. John Lane announces "The Poet's Charter," by
Mr. F. B. Money-Coutts, author of "The Revelation of
St. Love the Divine," "The Mystery of Godliness," &c.
The present volume is a prose work on poetry, "showing
its value, dignity, and divine authority," as exemplified in
"The Book of Job."

NOW 16/-: HEREAFTER 32/7

FOR THE SAME VOLUME.

THE buying public have, in some cases, themselves to blame for the high prices of which they complain. The Encyclopedia Britannica is, perhaps, the only article offered for sale of which the price may safely be made as low as possible without the danger of creating a false impression. For its reputation is so firmly established that it does not depend upon any circumstantial support. Yet the process by which the present price of the 35 volumes is for a short time made possible is in itself so interesting a story that it may well be told. How can "The Times" afford to sell this newly-completed book, the fruit of an outlay of more than £300,000, of which the final volume was published only a few weeks ago, for a first payment of a guinea, to send the whole 35 volumes to the subscriber as soon as that first payment has been received, to accept thereafter monthly payments of only one guinea—at the rate, indeed, of only 4s. 10d. a week—when the total of these payments is less than half the catalogue price?

The answer to these questions is that the cost of printing a book is so greatly reduced when the volumes are produced in vast quantities that each one of an edition of 5,000 copies costs 50 per cent. more than each one of an edition of 15,000 copies. In the case of an edition of 1,000 copies the disparity is even greater. And the demand for the Encyclopedia Britannica is so great that it was quite safe for "The Times" to prepare a number of copies great enough to reduce the printing cost per copy to a figure incomparably smaller than that at which any other important book has ever been manufactured. The Encyclopedia Britannica may to-day be had for £28. That means 16s. a volume, instead of 32s. 7d. a volume, which is the catalogue price—a moderate price, too, for a large quarto volume, written by men of the highest authority, containing 1,142,857 words and hundreds of elaborate illustrations. Only a certain number of copies, only the first lot printed of the completed work, can be supplied at this 16s. price. When a further printing on a smaller scale becomes necessary in order to supply these orders, the cost of production may well be more than doubled.

There is, then, ample reason for immediate action if you propose purchasing at all, and the question whether it is advisable to purchase at all is one upon which you can bring to bear the most convincing evidence. More than £100,000 (the total being, as nearly as can be determined from the accounts already audited, between £115,000 and £117,000) has been expended upon the task of bringing the Encyclopedia Britannica up to date. Here then is

PROOF NUMBER 1.

This large expenditure would not have been incurred if the Encyclopedia Britannica was not the best library reference in the world, a thoroughly practical and useful book, a book for which the demand is absolutely assured, a book which in the purchaser's own interest cannot be too strongly recommended to him.

PROOF NUMBER 2.

A thousand contributors chosen by editors who had themselves been selected by "The Times" have been, during the past three or four years, engaged in this task of completing and bringing up to date the Encyclopedia Britannica. Among the names are those of Lord Rayleigh, Sir William Crookes, Mr. Swinburne, Sir Archibald Geikie, Lord Brassey, Sir Richard Jebb, Sir Francis Jeune, Sir Frederick Lugard, Lord Davey, Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, Sir Leslie Stephen, the Bishop of Winchester, Count Gleichen, Cardinal Vaughan, Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood.

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PROOF NUMBER 3.

For the columns of "The Times," where for obvious reasons it would have been indecorous for the staff of "The Times" to pass judgment upon the manner in which this task of completing the Encyclopedia Britannica had been executed, reviews have been written by the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker, Lord Avebury, Mr. James Bryce, the Bishop of Ripon, Sir Michael Foster, Henry Cabot Lodge, of the United States Senate, Professor Case, of Oxford, Lord Davey, and Mr. Henry Tedder.

PROOF NUMBER 4.

Enthusiastic reviews have been published by the most authoritative newspapers, including the Standard, Manchester Guardian, Spectator, Pall Mall Gazette, Daily Telegraph, Scotsman, Academy, Morning Post, Kölnische Zeitung, Athenaeum, Yorkshire Post, Globe, Daily Chronicle, Observer, Glasgow Herald, Westminster Gazette, Liverpool Post, Le Temps, Daily Mail, Church Times, Bristol Mercury, Truth, Guardian, Daily Graphic, Irish Times, and Neues Wiener Tageblatt.

PROOF NUMBER 5.

Over 6,300 letters of congratulation upon the manner in which the Encyclopedia Britannica has been brought up to date have been received from those who, having purchased the work, cannot but be severe critics, for it is not in human nature that the scrutiny of a purchaser should be over-indulgent. Among these letters are to be found such expressions as

"I fervently thank God that I have every evening by my armchair information on every subject it is possible to conceive." "I have found the completeness and thoroughness of the articles to exceed my expectations." "Every man who can possibly afford it ought to possess the complete work." "A very valuable work, and cheap withal." "I consider the 35 volumes of the Encyclopedia Britannica the best investment I ever made." "I value the volumes as one of the greatest of my treasures, and would not part with them for any consideration."

In these proofs you have a body of opinion which is altogether conclusive. The judgment of "The Times" is that the Encyclopedia Britannica before it was completed was the best book in the world. If that had not been the opinion of "The Times," the ninth edition would not have been reprinted by "The Times" and subsequently completed by "The Times." It is the judgment of "The Times" that the Encyclopedia Britannica has been brought up to date in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. If this had not been the judgment of "The Times" the completed work would not have been sent forth by "The Times."

Bearing all this in mind, being fully warned that if you do not avail yourself at once of this opportunity to procure the Encyclopedia Britannica at half-price, you will never again be able to buy it on these extraordinary terms, knowing as you do that the present price of 16s. a volume will soon be changed to 32s. 7d. a volume, knowing that those who have bought the book at this half-price consider it more than worth the full-price; knowing, as you also know, that a man whose income is only £65 a year could afford to pay at the rate of 4s. 10d. a week for the Encyclopedia Britannica—with all these considerations in your mind, can you avoid the conclusion that you should at once file your subscription?

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The Literary Week.

THE production of the Poet Laureate's "Flodden Field" at His Majesty's Theatre, for one night, has been followed by the publication of the tragedy. It makes a volume of one hundred and fifty pages and ends thus:—

Help! Help! What use of help, when hope is none?
Thus do I baffle help, and bid farewell
To life, love, everything!

[Stabs herself, and dies.]

Among the books published during the week we note the following:—

A LITERARY HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. By J. H. Millar.

Mr. Millar's volume of seven hundred pages is designed to supply an account of the English-speaking Scots from the beginning of the fourteenth century down to the present day. It includes literature written in the vernacular, as well as that written in ordinary literary English. Mr. Millar, as a "true Scot," does not claim to have altogether avoided a touch of partiality, but he hopes "that no constitutional prejudice or bias has led him to the unconscious and unintentional misrepresentation of the views of men with whose temperament and habits of thought he may chance to find himself in imperfect sympathy." Some of the chapter headings read: "The Golden Age of Scottish Poetry"; "Sir Walter Scott"; "The Rise of Periodical Literature"; "The Victorian Era: 1848-1880."

THE ORRERY PAPERS. Edited by the Countess of Cork and Orrery. Two volumes.

The collection of papers from which the contents of these volumes have been mainly selected were chiefly made by John, fifth Earl of Orrery, who ultimately became also fifth Earl of Cork, though some of the earlier papers were evidently compiled by his father, the fourth Earl of Orrery. The correspondence includes letters written to and received from such men as Dr. Barry and Swift. A letter dated from "Corke, April 3rd, 1737," opens thus:

"Dear Sir,—I am very glad there are twelve thousand Pounds worth of Half-pence arrived. They are twelve thousand Arguments for your quitting Ireland. I look upon you in the same State of the unfortunate Achaeminides amidst Gyants and Monsters: Do you not remember the Description of Polypheme and his Den?" The volumes are full of valuable historical and social material, and are excellently illustrated by portraits in photogravure.

MASTERS OF ENGLISH LANDSCAPE PAINTING. J. S. Cotman. David Cox. Peter De Wint.

The summer number of the "Studio." The editor claims that this is the first serious effort to do justice to the work of these three English masters. Hitherto in books and articles they have been represented only by black and white illustrations: the present volume contains many plates in colour. The essay on John Sell Cotman is written by Mr. Laurence Binyon, that on David Cox by Mr. A. L. Baldry, and that on Peter De Wint by Mr. W. S. Sparrow. The coloured reproductions have evidently been made with great care, and the whole volume is interesting and valuable.

ALL who have the best interests of literature and literary ethics at heart cannot fail to be pained by the present aspect of the Froude-Carlyle question. The matter has practically left the region of decent controversy, and is resolving itself into a series of wrangles over the graves of people who might surely have been left to rest in peace. Personally, we do not care whether Carlyle or his wife was the more to blame, nor do we much care whether Froude made certain errors of judgment and fact. What we are certain of is that no good cause is served by all this raising of unsavoury dust. Sir James Crichton-Browne has heralded the fact in the daily press that the "Contemporary Review" is next month to publish a "conclusive answer" by him to Froude's "My Relations with Carlyle," recently published by Messrs. Longman, which Sir James Crichton-Browne calls fresh "Froudacities." We suppose the thing will drag on until it dies of inanition.

B

THE welcoming of M. Rostand to his seat in the French Academy was an event of more than ordinary interest. The youth and astonishing success of the new member accounted partly, no doubt, for the enthusiasm of his admirers; but beyond that was the feeling that M. Rostand stood for the spirit of reaction against the sordidness and unhealthy realism of much of the modern French drama. Such a scene would have been impossible in England, but in Paris nothing could have been more delightful and natural. "The Times'" brief extracts from M. Rostand's and the Vicomte de Vogüé's speeches occupied over a column of close type. From M. Rostand's speech we give a characteristic passage:—

Il faut réhabiliter la passion. Et même l'émotion, qui n'est pas ridicule. Il est temps de rappeler à ces Français timides qui ont toujours peur de ne pas avoir l'air d'être nés assez malins, qu'il peut y avoir toute la finesse moderne dans un œil résolu; qu'un certain genre d'ironie ne fait plus désormais partie que des élégances de bons élèves; et que la *blague*, impertinence dont croient se rajeunir les plus bourgeois sagesse, n'est que le monnaie par quoi Joseph Prudhomme essaie de remplacer ses lunettes! Rien de plus lourd que les désinvolures. Pirouetter, c'est se visser au sol. Le véritable esprit est celui qui donne des ailes à l'enthousiasme. L'éclat de rire est une gamme montante. Ce qui est léger, c'est l'âme. Et voilà pourquoi il faut un théâtre où, exaltant avec du lyrisme, moralisant avec de la beauté, consolant avec de la grâce, les poètes, sans le faire exprès, donnent des leçons d'âme! Voilà pourquoi il faut un théâtre poétique, et même héroïque! Et je songe,—oh, vous m'en excuserez tout à l'heure!—je songe à ces correspondants qui me faisaient sortir quand j'étais au collège. La plupart, n'admettant pas les joies inutiles, me menaient visiter des monuments et des musées, au ronron d'une causerie instructive, et, après cette bonne petite fête didactique, me reconduisaient un peu las, et n'en sachant pas davantage. Mais il y en avait un qui arrivait brusque, pimpant, la moustache ébouriffée, l'œil bleu: je le vois encore. Il m'enlevait gaiement, me transportait dans des paysages bien choisis, et me contait de belles histoires de guerre et d'amour. Parfois un de ses mots avait l'amertume saine d'une feuille de laurier qu'on mâche; il était jusqu'au soir étincelant sans y tâcher, ou profond comme par mégarde; il me ramenait ébloui et reposé; il m'avait appris de tout sans avoir l'air de rien; j'entends encore sa voix charmante; il s'appelait Villebois-Mareuil. Eh bien, les personnages de théâtre sont les correspondants chargés de nous faire sortir de cet éternel collège qu'est la Vie—sortir pour nous donner le courage de rentrer! et sans médire de ceux qui, dans notre intérêt, nous gâtent un peu nos dimanches, celui qui nous fait encore le mieux *sortir*, c'est un héros!

In an article called "Firstliness," printed in our issue of May 8, we said, concerning a character in Miss Langbridge's "The Flame and the Flood": "One remembers a prototype—coarser, less drawn—in the gallery of Miss Helen Mathers . . ." Miss Mathers writes to us: "Like many other obscure, humble persons, I sit meekly at the feet of my critics—but I really haven't time to puzzle out slipshod English—so write to ask you if enclosed means 'well-drawn.'" It is a curious meekness which, sitting at a critic's feet, announces the imperfection of his shoes! The answer to Miss Mathers' question is so simple that it is scarcely an adequate return for her confiding letter. "Less drawn" means with less drawing. A face drawn in outline is less drawn than the same face drawn with wrinkles.

MR. PERCY WHITE has sent to the "Author" an extract from a letter received by him from a friend who has been reading "Evan Harrington" in the original 1861 edition. The writer comments on the fact that in the final edition "many admirable passages have been cut out and a good deal of fun and broad humour has been lost." He adds

that an interesting little paper might be made out of a comparison of the two editions. The suggestion is belated. A good many little papers were written on the subject some years ago when the complete revised edition was being issued.

ON Sunday last there was held in Rome, in the Church of San Marcello, an expiatory service to atone to Our Lady of Sorrows for certain verses in Gabriele d'Annunzio's latest volume of poetry, "Laus Vitæ." The church was packed with a devout audience, and when a rumour was passed round that d'Annunzio was present, a cry was raised "Bring the heretic out." As a matter of fact the offending poet was in Florence, from which stronghold he is said to speak with great cynicism of the way in which Roman Catholic circles have received his verses.

THE Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest cannot, we imagine, be feeling particularly happy. Any reasonable minded person who has followed the discussion which has been slowly developing during the past weeks must be convinced that the Trustees have failed in their duty to the nation. It is all very well for Sir L. Alma Tadema to refer to the Trustees' critics as "foolish persons"; that does the critics no harm and certainly it does the Trustees no good. Last week the "Saturday Review" returned to the attack with unanswerable effect. To the plea advanced by certain Academicians that works by such men as Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and Whistler were not for sale "in the ordinary way" the "Saturday Review" replies by taking the year 1892. In that year the Chantrey purchases were as follows:—

- "Between Two Fires" (F. D. Millet), £350.
- "June in the Austrian Tyrol" (J. MacWhirter, A.R.A.), £800.
- "The Annunciation" (A. Hacker), £840.
- "Solitude" (G. Cockram), £150.
- "Stormy Weather" (L. Rivers), £40.
- "Life in the Street" (W. Osborne), £26 5s.
- "Indian Rhinoceros" (R. Stark), £65.

Upon which the "Saturday" comments:—

Now we will not discuss the exact class of mediocrity into which all these works fall; we will only ask whether no works of the distinction required by Sir F. Chantrey and otherwise eligible were obtainable at the time of purchase. The answer is easy. In that same summer, at a single sale, first-rate works by Rossetti and Burne-Jones, the "Eve of St. Agnes" by Millais, and the "Princesses du Pays de la Porcelaine" by Mr. Whistler were disposed of. This last picture, if we remember aright, was purchased for between £400 and £500. Is anyone going to assert that Mr. Hacker's "Annunciation" was a picture to be bought in preference at double the money? Will Sir L. A. Tadema and Mr. Frampton put their names to that? Or do they consider that the English nation made a better bargain when they obtained a water-colour by Mr. Cockram (whoever he may be) at £150, than the French when Mr. Whistler let them have his Mother's portrait for £120?

It is pretty clear that if the Trustees do not take their duties more seriously, the interference by Parliament, provided for by Chantrey's will, will have to be invoked.

A WRITER in the New York "Critic" has been discovering that there are certain resemblances between Mr. Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways" and Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter." The resemblances strike us as much more superficial than actual. Indeed, they were hardly worth pointing out. But we suppose that so long as novelists write novels there will be found ingenious pursuers of parallels lying in wait.

In the same magazine we find a "Defence of Fine Writing." The writer of the article seems to misunderstand our modern use of the phrase. By "fine writing" we nowadays mean writing deliberately forced beyond the just use of words, or writing on a note too high for its theme. The writer to whom we refer seems to suppose that Maeterlinck indulges in fine writing; she adds "and probably [he] would not apologise though he were caught in the very act of passionately and eloquently uttering a lovely truth." But to Maeterlinck the derogatory phrase "fine writing" could hardly ever be applied. Indeed, the writer misses the whole point. We read:—

The question is, How is the Anglo-Saxon to accustom himself to beauty? Could he, by the wearing of smoked glasses, mitigate the glare till his eyes became strengthened sufficiently for him to look at loveliness without blinking? Since he is an idealist in the matter of morals, may we not hope that he will presently cease to be a literalist in matters of art?

The Anglo-Saxon has no need to accustom himself to beauty in matters of literature; he has the most beautiful literature in the world from which to draw. No one objects to writing which is fine, but the "fine writing" of certain strenuous strivers after effect has nothing to do with the sanity and beauty of true literature.

ONE of the authors, whose birthdays fall in June, dealt with in the current "English Illustrated Magazine," is Mr. Thomas Hardy. Mr. H. W. Nevinson's brief summary of Mr. Hardy's outlook and work is quite admirable. He writes:—

To compare the man who has created such poignant scenes of pity and terror as the meeting of Troy and Bathsheba over Fanny's coffin, or the discovery of Tess at Stonehenge, or Knight clinging to the sea-pinks upon the cliff without a name, or Jude and Sue turning back unmarried from the altar—to compare such a writer with so undramatic a poet as Wordsworth may seem strange, but the comparison is inevitable. The resemblance has little to do with the obvious love of both for the face of external nature, and their intimate knowledge of all her aspects in beneficence or desolation. It is not here their secret lies. In spite of their country life and country themes, neither of them has any connection with idyllic art. To them nature is not the home of prettiness and rustic peace, and their men and women have nothing whatever in common with nymphs and swains. Both love the mankind that lies close to the breast of earth, and is as truly sprung from her as the grass and trees. In speaking of mankind, they never lose sight of this ancient world, so full of strange history, so full of unconscious influences and associations, which for generations have nurtured the children of men and form the setting of their lives.

The analogy is certainly interesting, though the difference in temperament between the two writers resulted in very different final conclusions.

THE "Vanity Fair" cartoon last week represented Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson. Mr. Benson is an Eton master who writes, but he has the faculty of writing without any suggestion of the pedagogue—a rare thing in men who combine teaching with letters. "Vanity Fair" says that Mr. Benson has been accused of having written "Dodo." The confounding of Mr. Benson's name with his younger brother's, Mr. E. F. Benson, is natural enough, though there is small affinity between their work. Mr. A. C. Benson is primarily a poet, and his best prose has the quality which perhaps only the practice of verse can give.

THERE reaches us from Aberdeen a cheap little book called "Knock-about Yarns." Is the success of "Wee

MacGreegor" to result in an inundation of fiction from Scottish provincial cities? We are inclined to hope not. These "Yarns" are not very brilliant, and there are a great many of them. The first opens thus:—

Sir, I am regularly riled. One of your writers in "To-Day" says: "The only man of whom there is any record of having visited the Island of Lewis is Dr. Johnson."

Who is Dr. Johnson, I should like to know?

I suspect "J. F. F." takes advantage of your large circulation and his position on your staff to advertise his friend Johnson.

Why should his friend Johnson be the only man to visit the Lewis?

We cannot feel particularly amused.

THE summer assembly of the National Home Reading Union is this year to be held at Ross. A circular which we have received says: "Of the charms of the Wye Valley it is unnecessary to speak. Herefordshire hospitality is hardly less famous. The prospects of a successful picnic are therefore amply promising." We cannot commend the style of this communication, but as the Dean of Westminster, Mr. Owen Seaman, and Mr. P. H. Wicksteed are to lecture to the members, no doubt the "intellectual feast" promised will be a pleasant aid to the picnic.

WE are shortly to have, from a firm of Edinburgh publishers, a series to be known as the "Lighthouse Library of Great Thinkers." We do not much care for the general title, but the first three volumes are well enough. These are to be Pascal's "Thoughts on Religion and Philosophy," Marcus Aurelius's "Meditations," and "Essays," by Schopenhauer. The volumes are to be printed on Dutch hand-made paper.

A BOOK which has recently aroused a good deal of interest in America is Helen Keller's autobiography, "The Story of My Life." Both Mr. W. D. Howells and Mr. Carl Snyder have written about it. A good many books reach us from America which we could well spare. Such a personal narrative as this we should be glad to have. Helen Keller is a woman of many accomplishments, though she has neither sight nor hearing.

IN the "Weekly Critical Review" Mr. W. B. Yeats has some haunting verses entitled "The Happy Townland." We quote the two opening stanzas:—

There is many a strong farmer
Whose heart would break in two
If he could see the townland
That we are riding to;
Boughs have their fruit and blossom,
At all times of the year,
Rivers are running over
With red beer and brown beer.
An old man plays the bagpipes
In a golden and silver wood,
Queens their eyes blue like the ice
Are dancing in a crowd.

The little fox he murmured,
"O what of the world's bane,"
The sun was laughing sweetly,
The moon plucked at my rein;
But the little red fox murmured
"I do not pluck at his rein,
He is riding to the townland,
That is the world's bane."

M. MARCEL PRÉVOST, M. Alfred Capus, and M. Gangat, agent-general of the Société des Auteurs Dramatiques, have been in Russia on a special mission, that mission being to try to arrange for the protection of literary and dramatic copyright. They have, says the Paris correspondent of the "Morning Advertiser," been going quietly about visiting their play-writing colleagues, "and as a result are amusing the boulevards with 'Russia is the very best country in the world,' messages which read something like good advertisements. M. Capus says, 'As a result of our mission I shall produce "La Chatelaine" in St. Petersburg in October.' M. Prévost adds, 'And I shall bring out my new book "Le Roman des Deux Mondes,"' while poor M. Gangat chimes in, 'And I shall write a full report of our journey'—and many of us are irreverently smiling."

THE annual report of the Committee of the London Library contains some interesting facts. The total cost of the admirable catalogue issued not long ago was £4,250, but the gross charge to the special catalogue account has been only £3,488 7s. 11d. The sales up to the end of April amounted to £1,361 1s. 10d., and there remain in stock 1,700 copies. The total membership of the library is now 2,912.

Bibliographical.

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON having quoted in his book on Robert Browning Mr. Swinburne's playful lines on "the weary and wearisome laureate of Oxonicules"—

There was a bad poet named Clough,
Whom his friends all united to puff, &c.,

a correspondent has been led to ask me when and where the little *jeu d'esprit* first appeared. It was introduced by Mr. Swinburne (with a variation in the second line) into a very interesting essay on "Social Verse" which he contributed to one of the magazines in 1891, and afterwards reproduced in his volume entitled "Studies in Prose and Verse" (1894). In this essay (it is worth recalling) Mr. Swinburne described Clough as "Mr. Lowell's realised ideal and chosen representative of English poetry at its highest in the generation of Tennyson and Browning." Mr. Lowell, of course, never said anything of the kind. Turn to his essay on "Swinburne's Tragedies" (in his "My Study Windows"), and you will find that what he really wrote was this: "We have a foreboding that Clough, imperfect as he was in many respects, and dying before he had subdued his sensitive temperament to the sterner requirements of his art, will be thought a hundred years hence to have been the truest expression in verse of the moral and intellectual tendencies, the doubt and struggle towards settled convictions, of the period in which he lived." I am sure Mr. Swinburne did not deliberately misrepresent Lowell; and yet reference to Lowell's actual words should have been easy.

Mr. Austin's "Flodden Field" made its appearance in book form on the morning after the performance of the play at His Majesty's Theatre. There has been some wonder that Mr. Tree did not prefer to stage the Laureate's "England's Darling" (published in 1895) which might have proved, dramatically, stronger. (It suggested, by the way, the title of a brochure, published in 1898, called "Alfred the Great, or England's Darling on the Egyptian Campaign.") Mr. Austin has always shown a penchant for the dramatic form in verse. He described his "Tower of Babel" (1874) as "a poetical drama"; his "Savonarola" (1881) and his "Prince Lucifer" (1887) were announced as "dramas in verse."

Reference has been made in the daily press to his old verse-satire, "The Season." This found a critic in the "Seasoning for a Seasoner" of B. B. Stevens (1861), and, indeed, the adverse comments were so numerous that Mr. Austin was led to reply in his "My Satire and its Censors." Has anybody ever read his first book, "Randolph," published just half a century ago? or his "Five Years of It," which came out five years later?

While grateful to Mr. A. H. Bullen for now giving publicity to the collection of Campion's Poems which he printed privately in 1889, we must not forget to acknowledge the labours of his predecessors in the popularisation of the old poet-musician. First of these may be named J. C. Collier, who, in his "Illustrations of Early English Popular Literature" (1863), included some "lyrics of old lutenists," among whom was Campion. Then came Mr. Arber in 1880 with "Lyrics, Elegies, &c.," of Campion's, included in "An English Garner." In 1896 the poet-musician was especially honoured, for while Mr. Ernest Rhys brought out a collection of his "Lyric Poems" in small but dainty form, Mr. J. Gray selected "Fifty Songs," for which Mr. C. Ricketts designed the "borders and decorations." It should be noted that Mr. Bullen includes in his book Campion's "Observations in the Art of English Poesie" (1602).

It may be news to some that the late Mr. George Bentley was among the literary publishers. It is well known that he did not accept without question the verdict of his "readers," and that he took special interest in the editing of "Temple Bar." More than this, it appears from a passage in Messrs. Coates and Bell's "Marie Corelli" that, just twenty years ago, Mr. Bentley printed for private circulation a little green-covered volume of prose essays—seven in all—on such subjects as "An Evening with Erasmus," "An Afternoon with Odd Volumes," "How the World Wags," and so forth. To this booklet he gave the title of "After Business"—which reminds me that "After Business Hours" was the title of a comedy by the late Augustin Daly.

Could not Messrs. Newnes have found some other translation of Goethe's "Faust" than Anster's with which to start their "Pocket Classics" series? Surely good old Anster has had his day? He figured in Henry Morley's "Universal Library" (1883), in Messrs. Routledge's "World Library" (1886), in Sir John Lubbock's "Hundred Best Books" (1893), and in last year's issues of the "Unit Library." Four reprints in twenty years are not so bad. Messrs. Newnes are more happily inspired in their selection, as their second "classic," of the memoirs of the first Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, though it is only ten years since Mr. Jenkins edited those memoirs for the "Golden Treasury" series under the title of "The Cavalier and his Lady."

The two latest additions to Messrs. Routledge's "Half-Forgotten Books" are G. H. Rodwell's "Old London Bridge" and Albert Smith's "Pottleton Legacy." The latter may pass; but surely "Old London Bridge" is more than "half" forgotten? I do not forget that Messrs. Routledge themselves revived the book, in two volumes, so recently as 1888. The edition of 1848-9 was published with illustrations. In 1861 the story was issued in an abridged form. Rodwell wrote, also, "The Memoirs of an Umbrella" (1845), and "Woman's Love" (1846). He is, however, likely to be best remembered, in the long run, by his books on musical science, and by his contributions to the stage (such as "My Wife's Out," "Teddy the Tiler," "I'll be your Friend," and so on). A poor farce lives longer than a poor novel.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Mr. Lucas's "Lamb."

THE WORKS OF CHARLES AND MARY LAMB. Edited by E. V. Lucas. Vol. I. Miscellaneous Prose, 1798-1834. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

We suppose that a reviewer, strictly speaking, has nothing to do with the human side of modern authorship, with its patience and sacrifice, its hopes and trepidations. He is concerned with the result. Yet if imaginative sympathy is a necessary part of his equipment, how can he limit it to the result? Will he have no vision of his author's long labours of correspondence, transcription, and arrangement? May he not realise that a man must be older when he writes his "Finis" to a long work than when he made his first note, and that he may have lived in almost monastic submission to his task and ideal? For our part we think it proper to remember these things, and after careful study of this volume our first impulse is to congratulate Mr. Lucas on his approaching release, with honours, from a task of much toilsomeness and complexity. Literary endurance is not a thing to be taken as a matter of course, and he has shown that he possesses it in no ordinary degree. In this case, moreover, it has been the endurance of the winning runner. We wish to weigh our words, but we have no hesitation in saying that this volume indicates that the edition to which it belongs will for many years be the indispensable one to all students of Lamb.

Its note is its abundance and vigilance of help. Mr. Lucas has suppressed all impulse to sententious comment, and has consecrated his space to discovery and elucidation. It may be that some readers will miss that touch of the fugleman which most editors of Lamb have shown in their notes, but they will at once perceive that if Mr. Lucas does not play the tabor of appreciation unceasingly, he is unceasing in his attention to more practical matters. He gives more information than any other editor has dreamed of giving, and therefore has rightly refrained from adding one kind of abundance to another. Thus he will give us no critical introductions, a denial for which we are thankful in an age when most editors insist that we should formally shake hands with our oldest friends at their every appearance in the marketplace. What Mr. Lucas does give us is a body of notes of unexampled fulness. This volume alone contains about 160 pages of them, and many a page contains a dozen entries. The personal history, bibliography, allusions, and intellectual pedigree (so to speak) of every essay or article are studied with a scholar's passionate interest in detail. This, of course, and not the song and incense of appreciation, is the true work of the annotator. The result is an edition that is pre-eminently an Elian museum, to which the professed student and the ordinary reader whose interest has been quickened into inquiry must alike come. It was inevitable, as it was to be desired, that sooner or later Lamb should receive the tribute of unstinted supplementation. For it must be remembered that his immaterial charm, his Ariel allusiveness, were built not on air but on earth, not on passing fancy but on human experience as he found it in himself, his friends, and the complex age in which he lived. This tribute he has now received, and it is the concern as much of the general reader as of the specialist.

The present volume disposes of Lamb's miscellaneous prose, that is to say of all his prose except his work for children, his extended notes in the "Dramatic Specimens" and Garrick Extracts, his prose plays, and his Elia essays. Beginning with Rosamund Gray, these Miscellaneous writings are arranged chronologically from 1798 to 1834, the year of Lamb's death.

Eighteen compositions are here publicly identified as Lamb's for the first time. In some cases it does not appear that Mr. Lucas had to delve the oblivious earth very deeply in order to bring them into sight. Eight papers in the "Examiner," contributed to a feature called "Table Talk," can have escaped identification only because earlier editors shared the indolence of their reviewers. Thus a little piece called "A Sylvan Surprise" is proved to be Lamb's by an outlying remark of Hunt's in his essay on the "Suburbs of Genoa," where he says: "C. L. could not have been more startled when he saw the chimney-sweeper reclining in Richmond meadows." This obviously referred to something of Lamb's in print, and Mr. Lucas has found it in the "Examiner" paper that we have just named. Again, the conclusion of some "Playhouse Memoranda" has only to be read to be recognised as a sketch of the familiar Elia essay, "My First Play." So, also, in "A Town Residence" we find Lamb's unmistakable touch, and a quotation which he introduced eight years later into "The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple," the "bricky towers" lines of Spenser.

Just as surprising in its ease (after the event) is Mr. Lucas's discovery of Lamb's hand in a series of papers signed "Lepus" in the "New Times" in 1825. These have never before been identified as Lamb's, yet only search and an ordinary memory were needed to bring them to light. For example, there has long reposed in Canon Ainger's edition of the "Letters" a letter of 1831, written to Landor, in which Lamb complains humorously of a family of bores. In this he says:—

Next, I forgot to tell you I knew all your Welsh annoyances, the measureless B.'s. I knew a quarter of a mile of them. Seventeen brothers and sixteen sisters, as they appear to me in memory. There was one of them that used to fix his long legs on my fender, and tell a tale of a shark every night, endless, immortal. How have I grudged the salt-sea ravenor not having had his gorge of him! The shortest of the daughters measured five foot eleven without her shoes. Well, some day we may confer about them. But they were tall. Truly, I have discover'd the longitude.

It is hardly credible that this letter never before linked itself in the mind of an editor with the following passage in a "Lepus" paper called "Many Friends" in the "New Times" of 1825 (seven years earlier than the letter to Landor) and now presented by Mr. Lucas:—

There was my old friend Captain Beacham—he died some six years since, bequeathing to my friendship three stout young men, his sons, and seven girls, the tallest in the land. Pleasant, excellent young women they were, and for their sakes I did, and could endure much. But they were too tall. I am superstitious in that respect, and think that to a just friendship, something like proportion in stature as well as mind is desirable. Now I am five feet and a trifle more. Each of these young women rose to six, and one exceeded by two inches. The brothers are proportionately taller. I have sometimes taken the altitude of this friendship; and on a modest computation I may be said to have known at one time a whole furlong of Beachams. But the young women are married off, and dispersed among the provinces. The brothers are left. Nothing is more distasteful than these relics and parings of past friendships—unmeaning records of agreeable hours flown. There are three of them. If they hunted in triples, or even couples, it were something; but by a refinement of persecution, they contrive to come singly; and so spread themselves out into three evenings' molestation in a week. Nothing is so distasteful as a sight of their long legs, couched for continuance upon my fender. They have been mates of Indianmen; and one of them in particular has a story of a shark swallowing a boy in the bay of Calcutta. I wish the shark had swallowed him.

An heroic feature of Mr. Lucas's notes is his attempt to trace all Lamb's quotations to their sources. This is one of exceptional difficulty, both because of Lamb's wide and curious reading and because he will often quote only a couple of words, which might be from prose or verse.

One only regret we have in connection with the notes, and it is that the Hogarth pictures inserted in them for reference were not reproduced, as they might easily have been, from original Hogarth prints, instead of from T. Cook's re-engraved and sometimes reversed prints. The fascination of Hogarth depends so largely on his niceties, and these must have been so keenly enjoyed by Lamb, that we could have wished that originals had been employed. The reproduction of *Gin Lane* in Mr. Lucas's pages does not compare well with the one achieved by the same process in Mr. Dobson's "Hogarth." The most familiar picture in "*Marriage à la Mode*" is reversed, and the preference given to Cook's "*March to Finchley*" over Luke Sullivan's masterly print results in an illustration that might have been better. The worst instance is the boat scene in "*Industry and Idleness*," with its weird Thames banks, and gibbets. What with Cook's difficulty in getting an unreversed print, the different character of his line, and the omission of Hogarth's border and the text from Proverbs, this illustration is really not worthy of an *Elia* banquet.

One of Mr. Lucas's oddest discoveries is that Lamb was once placed in the stocks on a Sunday morning, for brawling during church hours, at Barnet. This fact bears directly on a paper entitled "*The Confessions of H. V. H. Delamore, Esq.*," in which this gentleman is made to confess with every humorous circumstance of reluctance and self-defence this long-past episode. To Mr. Bertram Dobell, whose "*Side Lights on Charles Lamb*" very recently appeared, belongs the credit of discovering by search and from internal evidence, that this paper is by Lamb. And now Mr. Lucas has supplied proof of the fact, which he had already permitted Mr. Dobell to publish, that the exquisite Delamore's experience was Lamb's own. His note says:—

Our evidence, which, fortified by this little article (a discovery of Mr. Bertram Dobell's), is very strong, is to be found on the fly-leaf on the annotated copy of *Wither* (see page 453) now in the possession of Mr. Swinburne, and originally given by Lamb to his friend, John Brook Pulham of the East India House, the author of the etched caricature of *Elia*. On this fly-leaf Pulham has recorded that during a country walk on a certain Sunday Lamb was set in the stocks for brawling while service was in progress. According to Mr. Delamore, the indignity was suffered at Barnet, and it was probably, if what he says about the short duration of the punishment be true, nearly as much a joke on the part of the authorities as on the part of Lamb. I cannot find any record of the incident in the Barnet archives, but the stocks are still standing, on the outskirts of Barnet, on Hadley Green.

It would be pleasant to pick out more nuggets of annotation from Mr. Lucas's pages, more especially one or two of his longer disquisitions. Never, we think, have all the questions arising out of Lamb's "*Confessions of a Drunkard*" been so thoroughly and judiciously considered. It would be impossible to quote in full a note which fills four and a half pages, but we are in agreement with Mr. Lucas in his gently expressed dissent from Mr. Thomas Hutchinson's theory that Lamb wrote this paper of 1813 as a joke at the expense of the Quaker editor (William Allen) of the "*Philanthropist*," where it first appeared. As he says: "Lamb's jokes were always jokes, and it is difficult, sitting down to these '*Confessions*' with what anticipation we will of humour or whimsicality, to rise from them in anything but sadness. They are too real for a '*flam*.'"

We have left undescribed many of the editor's careful anticipations of his reader's wants. It must be added that Messrs. Methuen have produced an excellent format. The page is large and generous, the type admirably clear, and the paper has, we think, been chosen with special skill. The second of Mr. Lucas's seven volumes will contain the *Elia* essays, and we understand that the issue of all the remaining volumes will be rapid.

"The Family of Love."

RISE AND FALL OF THE ANABAPTISTS. By E. Belfort Bax. (Swan Sonnenschein. 6s.)

IN closing the third and final volume in his interesting study of the Reformation, Mr. Belfort Bax makes an ingenuous disclosure. It is evident that the religious movements of the middle ages would not have concerned him much if it were not for their association with things secular. Thomas Münzer, Jan of Leyden, Jan Mattheys, and the rest of those who "sought the revindication of social justice in the early sixteenth century," are admitted to have had follies and shortcomings; "but," says Mr. Bax, "they were, in a sense, the forerunners of Modern Socialism, and, as such, let us spare them a passing tribute of recognition." They certainly deserve recognition; but it is surprising to find Mr. Bax making it in a spirit scarcely to be distinguished from gratitude. Though they were eminent in their way, one would hardly expect socialism, or any other ism, to regard them as creditable ancestry. Their principles, it is true, were not dissimilar from those of certain Protestant communions to-day. It may be said that they were merely a particularly earnest faction in the revolt from Rome. They held that each human being had the right of literally interpreting the Scriptures according to his "inner light"; that any man conscious of a "call" was entitled to preach; that "they were the true Church of Christ, well pleasing to God"; and that, as Christians resist no evil, they "needed no law courts, nor should ever make use of the tribunals." The Anabaptists of nigh four hundred years ago, that is to say, were uncommonly like the United Presbyterians of Scotland early in the nineteenth century. Apart from the students who include the phenomena of humanity in the purview of natural history, not much is known about the "U. P.'s." About them, therefore, an explanatory word may be considered relevant. In "*Lothair*," Disraeli makes one of his characters, a cardinal, announce, as a colossal secret, that the new "church" in Scotland was in reality a means taken by Rome to bring back the Northmen, and consequently the English, to the bosom of the Church; but that must have been a mistake. At any rate, the United Presbyterians, who at the beginning avowed themselves a purely spiritual body, having nothing to do with politics and nothing to say to the law, speedily became the bitterest sect of worldlings beyond the Tweed. Having spent more than half a century in attempting to abolish Church and State, two years ago, in despair, they sought and obtained union with the Free Church, an organization which promotes progress by methods of a Fabian kind.

Like the Voluntaries of later day, the Anabaptists were impelled towards departure from their original tenets. That was inevitable. Political developments came naturally from their creed.—

Behind the meetings for Bible reading and mutual exhortation, behind the breaking of bread, the "Sacrament," were duties and obligations and a general regulation of life on the basis of common principles, a regulation enforced by the moral influence of the members of the community upon each member. The rules relating to property, which always involved at least the duty of assisting the community alike individually and collectively, were obligatory upon every member. These rules ranged, as we have seen, from a kind of compulsory almsgiving to complete communism.

The Anabaptists declared all who were not within the fold to be an abomination to God; objected to every governmental function; and recognised no relation to the State. In short, soon they were as much in the hum of secular commotion as any modern man what time the floods of demonstration are out upon Hyde Park. They came into constant collision with the forces of law and order. That, however, is far from being the most instructive incident in

their history. As theologians generally are, they were aggressive in logic, and were not afraid of the results to which some of their tenets led.—

Their special distinction consisted in the dogma that the elect could not sin. They carried this point so far as to strike out of the Paternoster the words "Forgive us our trespasses." They appear to have held a kind of antinomian doctrine, which has often appeared in the history of theologico-ethical speculation, to the effect that the baptised believer might do what he liked, since, if he sinned, it affected the body alone, with which his soul had no more to do than with any of the other things of this world.

Their otherworldliness had issues which convince us, somewhat shockingly, that a certain Tory philosopher was not so far out in his reckoning as he seemed to be when, some years ago, in what was considered a most scurrilous article, he declared that Socialism would lead to the nationalisation of human love as well as to the nationalisation of the land. This seems actually to have happened. It was one of the first fruits of the Anabaptist evangelical Communism. "The question of property-holding was, as may be imagined, a great bone of contention. That of the right or duty of cohabitation with a husband or wife (as the case might be) who was outside the fold was hotly debated." Indeed, after a process of reasoning which is detailed by Mr. Bax, the original Evangelical Socialists held that Heaven plainly meant women "to become harlots."

The antinomian doctrine of course came in here, according to which, for the re-baptised, sin was impossible, as no bodily act could affect the soul of the believer. "For the women did sin in having intercourse with their husbands, but they did not sin when having intercourse with brethren, because in that case there was a spiritual bond between them."

These happenings were in Germany; but our own country was not altogether without similar cantrips. Anabaptism crossed the sea to England, and in the reign of Elizabeth it "took definite shape in the form of a sect or party calling themselves the Family of Love." As the subjects of good Queen Bess were unsympathetic, the revival had to be conducted mainly in secret. At any rate, Mr. Bax's account of what went on in England is meagre. "The meetings," it was written, "were first of all held in Shoemaker's Alley, in London, beginning at four o'clock in the afternoon and sometimes continuing till nine o'clock the next morning, which time was spent in drunkenness, uncleanness, blasphemous words, filthy songs, and mixed dancing of men and women stark naked." It was not a friendly historian who published these words; but a document purporting to be a summons to one of the meetings for the promotion of the Cause of Progress, which was picked up in a tavern, lends weight to the historian's dark misgivings. It ran as followeth: "Dear Sister and Fellow Creature, whose sweetness we reverence and whose person we adore, whose witty conceits we admire and whose subtlety we wonder at, we do by this our handwriting enjoin that you personally appear, at the place where we last had some infernal conference, half an hour past four in the afternoon of the present day." On the Continent, we learn from Mr. Bax's vivid narrative, the Anabaptists formed not a few industrious and highly prosperous communities. That is remarkable. A marvel of the same sort came about in the United States, where in respect of their successful enterprises the Mormons were, and are, a cause of envy to the orthodox among the neighbouring citizens. England also has witnessed a similar thing. It is noteworthy, Mr. Bax writes, that the parts of England where the Anabaptists chiefly flourished "became the most fruitful seed-ground of Quaker principles. By their contemporaries the Friends were uniformly regarded as a sect of Anabaptists, as may be seen from the theological literature of the period." The Quakers are notoriously a wealthy people. Unhappily for Mr. Bax, they do not show much practical favour to the

aspirations of Socialism. It is to his credit that he deals so gently with what must seem to him their errors. Indeed, our chief critical feeling after reading this book is that, though a zealot, Mr. Bax is a capable and sprightly historian.

Fiction.

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH. By Samuel Butler. (Grant Richards.)

THIS posthumous tale by the author of "Erewhon" is not really the latest of his works. A prefatory note by Mr. R. A. Streatfield tells us that it was written between 1872 and 1884 and then laid aside with the intention that some day it should be rewritten. It is extremely characteristic of Mr. Samuel Butler's individual temperament and outlook upon life, whimsical and discursive in method, racy in expression, and full of satire which is often genial and occasionally, to our taste at least, a little acrid. According to Mr. Streatfield, the work was largely contemporaneous with "Life and Habit," and may be regarded as "a practical illustration of the theory of heredity embodied in that book." We regret that we do not recall what Mr. Butler's precise theory of heredity is. What "The Way of All Flesh" chiefly illustrates is the antagonism of the generations, and its satire is mainly levelled at certain more or less unconscious views of parental responsibility which the author detects lurking beneath the moral pretensions of the British bourgeoisie. They may be summed up as "will-breaking":—

At that time it was universally admitted that to spare the rod was to spoil the child, and St. Paul had placed disobedience to parents in very ugly company. If his children did anything which Mr. Pontifex disliked they were clearly disobedient to their father. In that case there was obviously only one course for a sensible man to take. It consisted in checking the first signs of self-will while his children were still too young to offer serious resistance. If their wills were "well broken" in childhood, to use an expression then much in vogue, they would acquire habits of obedience which they would not venture to break through till they were over twenty-one years old. Then they might please themselves: he should know how to protect himself: till then he and his money were more at their mercy than he liked.

The narrative, for Mr. Butler is nothing if not biographical, carries us through the history of several generations of Pontifexes. It is upon the head of the Rev. Theobald Pontifex, who has the misfortune to be a priest as well as a parent, that the vials of the author's scorn are most liberally poured. And the story culminates in the career of the Rev. Theobald's son Ernest. The will of Ernest Pontifex is broken in youth. He grows up with an extreme ignorance of the world, which lands him first in prison and subsequently in a most undesirable marriage. Finally he touches earth, like Antaeus, in the bitterness of experience, and rises up to be a man and hate his father. A philosophical doctrine as to the formation of character by personal experience seems to be at the bottom of the book, but it must be observed that Ernest Pontifex was much helped in the task of recovering his balance in life by the receipt of an unexpected legacy of £70,000.

THE SHADOW ON THE QUARTER-DECK. By Major W. P. Drury. (Chapman and Hall. 3s. 6d.)

OUR habit of specialization has the trick of limiting the individual outlook to a particular province, so that a modern writer, as a rule, is bright only in a special focus, and lacks the universality of the ancients. Major Drury's "province" is the Marine, that unfamiliar amphibian with the ribald nicknames, and out of this province Major

Drury has brought us much that is amusing with a good deal that is new. "The Shadow on the Quarter-deck" is somewhat violent in its manner, and a shade flamboyant in its humour, but both violence and flamboyance are of the sort due to an excess of good animal spirits upon an uncritical mind. The action is emphasized into melodrama: the humour is, as it were, placarded, but both go to make a very boisterous and merry story. It seems that Major Drury has had in mind a desire to acquit his service from the charges brought against it these many years by the men of the Navy proper. He has made his hero a bold Major of Marines. He has made his villain (a most healthy scoundrel, by the way) a post-captain R.N., and the action takes place aboard the latter's command, H.M.S. "Belligerent." Without any seeking after effect, and in a few suggestive words here and there, Major Drury gives a strangely vital picture of the life aboard a battleship, both in the wardroom and on the lower-deck. The chapter dealing with gun-practice, and the chapter telling of a furious gale in the Atlantic, are both admirable. Two phrases will show the reader Major Drury's effective power of narrative:—

Overhead the trucks of the two military topmasts were sweeping great ellipses on the night.

And

A little crowd of bare-footed seamen in oilskins came skidding along the poop (dodging the charging projectiles with cat-like agility).

Major Drury is more at ease when writing of the rank and file than when describing the wardroom mess. His book is eminently readable, though we think his talent would give us better things if it flowed in deeper channels.

ALL THE WINNERS. By Nathaniel Gubbins. (John Long. 3s. 6d.)

THIS is a volume of sketches, stories and reminiscences, and belongs to a class of "literature" which owes much of its popularity to the "Sporting Times." It deals with an odd world—with odd ideals; a world in which the backing of horses is known as "the great game," in which "dear little women" put their money on with the "metallicians," in which "the eminent bookmaker" is not Mr. Percy Fitzgerald of Dickens-land, but one Mr. Henry Steel, of Newmarket Heath; a world in which a heath suggests nothing but the odds and champagne or curses to follow, a world of dull rowdies in which there is nothing but a previous conviction to distinguish a "sportsman" from "one of the boys," nothing but dress to distinguish a duchess from a drab. Treated by an artist, or even by a mere humorist, this world of squalid ideals might blossom with meaning or sparkle with fun. But Nathaniel Gubbins does not stand—in the literary sense—far enough away from these intolerable cads to get their proper focus.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE KING OF FOLLY ISLAND. By SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

A volume of eight stories, some of which have already appeared in "Harper's," "Scribner's," and "The Atlantic." The title story describes a holiday which an American man of business spent on a small island near the coast of Maine, and of which a fisherman recluse to whom it belonged was "King." The fisherman's daughter, in her enforced isolation, is a pathetic figure, and the story suggests that at her death she was able to impart to her new friend "a legacy of all her unsatisfied hopes and dreams." (Duckworth. 3s. 6d.)

JUICY JOE.

By JAMES BLYTH.

Mr. James Blyth believes that the people of the Norfolk Marshlands are the most brutalized and degraded inhabitants of these islands, and he has written this book to prove it. "In the tragedy of the marshes," he says, "I have not inserted a brutal action, not a coarse word, which has not been actually done or said to my personal knowledge, or been within the sphere of probability," and he admits that the purpose of the story is to impel others to find a remedy for the state of things which he describes. He calls the book a romance, and dedicates it to Mr. Max Pemberton. (Richards. 6s.)

THE LOVE OF MONSIEUR.

By GEORGE GIBBS.

A spirited romance of Stuart times. Monsieur Mornay was of the Embassy of France, and when the story opens he pays his addresses to the Vicomtesse de Bresac, who hates him as a "lady killer" and despises him as a foundling. But by a confession of the lady's guardian, who is killed by the hero in a duel, it is revealed that she has no right to the title and that the real Vicomte is none other than Monsieur himself. The story moves rapidly through a series of exciting adventures, and the love of Monsieur is at length returned. (Harper. 6s.)

THREE GLASS EYES.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

One of Mr. Le Queux's characteristic sensational stories. This time the villain is a millionaire who, in the accomplishment of his crimes, makes use, among other ingenious devices, of Eastern leprosy imparted by an Abyssinian ring. The book opens with a murder and closes with a marriage, and the action passes in England. (Treherne. 6s.)

THE MISCHIEF OF A GLOVE.

By MRS. PHILIP CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY.

A Tudor romance by the author of "From Behind the Arras," which appeared in the First Novel Library. The story opens in the reign of Queen Mary at a feudal castle with its courtyard and keep, and "a modern wing." The narrator is the daughter of the lord, a fierce baron of the olden time, and the man she loved had nearly fallen a victim to the Spaniard, when, in the last chapter, we hear the news that "the Queen is dead and the Princess Elizabeth has come to the throne." (Unwin. 6s.)

HIS DAUGHTER FIRST.

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SATURDAY: 13 JUNE, 1903.

Books about Places.

A Retrospect.

DURING the past year many topographical and travel books have been published, but few have been of outstanding interest; in the main they lack personality. No novelist has set down his impressions, as Mr. Gissing did in "By the Ionian Sea," nor has such a writer as Mr. Hilaire Belloc tramped it to Rome or elsewhere. Of plain and unadorned guide-books there is no end, and it is pleasant to record that these improve as time goes on; but the topographical books that make any claim as literature are rare. This is the more to be regretted in an age in which most people are more or less travellers—travellers, but not loiterers by the way. It is for the loiterer by the way that the true book of place or travel should be written; it is the loiterer by the way who has time to consider what he sees in relation to his own individuality, and who likes also to compare his conclusions with those of men who have grown contentedly weary on the same road. There is an infinite human sympathy in that contented weariness, whether it be of mind or body, and from it, on the rebound, springs the best kind of appreciation. Why do not a few of the many writers who travel, and who address letters to the newspapers on indifferent topics from places whose mere names are an allurements, tell us of what they have seen and rejoiced in? Perhaps it is because they do not see, and have no faculty for simple joy.

The most individual book of the kind to which we refer is Mr. W. H. Hudson's "Hampshire Days" (Longmans), noticed by us only a fortnight ago. Mr. Hudson's book is topographical, which is well, but it is also human and steeped in personality, which is much better. Such a book reconciles us to life in conditions not wholly natural by reason of its outlook upon those natural things to which we may yet attain. Other naturalists, as we said, have been employed in work similar to Mr. Hudson's, but other naturalists are mostly content just to record their scientific observations. Mr. Hudson brings those observations into touch with human things, so that his book is "a delicate, sombre, and suggestive monologue on life."

The most important London book is, of course, the late Sir Walter Besant's "London in the Eighteenth Century" (Black). It was at first supposed that Sir Walter's great scheme would include a modern "survey" of London, giving an orderly and particular account of its streets and houses; we were, indeed, to have a perambulation. But such a task was too great for his years, and to such a temperament as his the side-issues raised would have been too alluring. The finely produced "London in the Eighteenth Century" proved to be a larger and more highly organised work of the type of the author's "London," "Westminster," and kindred books. Sir Walter's natural and inevitable point of view as a novelist, leading him to search for picturesque episode, rather injured his work as an historian, but both to the general reader and the student his *magnum opus* is full of matter. It is a compendium of fact, anecdote, statistics and description. He was not a writer who took much count of the philosophy of history, and he was not over exact as to his authorities; indeed, he specifically warned his readers not to ask him for authorities. There we have the way of the novelist, and not the way of the writer

of exact history; but when all is said, Sir Walter's work remains a worthy literary monument to the London which he knew and loved so well, and for which he worked, in many directions, with such generous and consistent devotion.

Amongst other London books we have had the usual guides, and several volumes in the "Fascination of London" series (Black), notably those on Chelsea, the Strand District, and Kensington. A volume of more than usual interest to many Londoners is Mr. C. G. Harper's "Cycle Rides round London" (Chapman and Hall). Mr. Harper not only writes with simple zest of the country which he covers, but he is full of local associations, which he sets forth with personal interest and an evident pleasure in such gossip.

The year has perhaps been richer in books of travel and description outside England than within its borders. A volume of great interest and importance is the Duke of the Abruzzi's "On 'The Polar Star' in the Arctic Sea." The ship was arrested in Teplitz Bay, where she had to be abandoned. There the hardships began. The crew and provisions were transferred to a hut on shore, and soon afterwards the Duke lost two fingers by frostbite; whereupon the command of the sledge expedition was bestowed upon Captain Cagni. The expedition pushed as far as 86° 34' N. latitude, and so eclipsed previous pilgrimages.

Three other books of travel in distant lands worthy of particular mention are Mr. Sarat Chandra Das's "Journey to Lhasa and Central Tibet" (Murray), the Earl of Ronaldshay's "Sport and Politics under an Eastern Sky" (Blackwood), and Sir Martin Conway's "Aconcagua and Tierra del Fuego" (Cassell). Mr. Das's record had rested for twenty years in the pigeon-holes of the India Office; but the difficulties of travel in Tibet do not decrease, so that even to-day his account remains the most authentic now extant. The Earl of Ronaldshay's book is unassuming and stamped with veracity; with small literary skill he yet succeeds in conveying to us the alluring spell of the East. Sir Martin Conway's "Aconcagua and Tierra del Fuego" is a book of a different class. All lovers of travel and the virile spirit are debtors to Sir Martin for a great deal, and not least for this last volume. We are to have no more records of exploration from this most kindly and human of travellers.

Before passing to books dealing with the British Isles, there are two or three histories of places to which particular reference must be made. First of these, perhaps, comes Mr. Langton Douglas's "History of Siena" (Murray). Many cities have been vulgarised, but Siena yet retains something of an incommunicable dignity and reticence, and it is the city's dignity and reticence which Mr. Douglas has expressed. His personal feeling for the Tuscan city is visible on every page. He frankly holds a brief for Siena, and the curious irony of history has compelled him to hold it against Florence. In this light Mr. Douglas sees the city of Dante as Siena's hereditary enemy. The chapter on Siennese painting is naturally of the first importance, and is worthy of the rest of Mr. Douglas's admirable book. It seems a far cry from Siena to the Holy Land, but Lady Butler's "Letters from the Holy Land" (Black) have something of the same personal charm and point of view. Perhaps no spot of earth has been so much written about, and much of that writing has been charged with perfunctory sentiment. Lady Butler avoids such sentiment; she writes in a spirit of true reverence, individually expressed, and the illustrations with which she enriches her text are admirable. Although Dr. George Brandes' "Poland" (Heinemann) is more a study of nationality than of place, it may be mentioned here as a piece of work instinct with true insight and a finely liberal spirit. We may also name Mrs. Churchill's "Samoa 'Uma'" (Sampson Low), which, though it lacks real appreciation of the people whom Stevenson grew to love so well, yet is suggestive and pleasantly written.

We now turn to books dealing with matter nearer home. Miss Goodrich-Freer's "Outer Isles" is, perhaps, too one-sided in point of view, but where strong personal feeling is concerned we can condone such a fault, always provided that it is not carried too far. Miss Goodrich-Freer, we consider, did not carry it too far. In writing of such a region of romance and desolate beauty the personal point of view is almost everything, and certainly the author has a natural sympathy which cannot fail of its appeal. The chapters dealing with the *Ceilidh*, that gossiping or visiting custom growing spontaneously from the islands' environment, are particularly valuable. Some of the *Ceilidh* stories are curious comments upon superstitious revivals tempered by Christian faith.

Much has been written about the Lake Country (we notice a book on the subject written by Canon Rawnsley in this issue), but few Lake Country books have been so observant and pleasant as Mr. W. T. Palmer's "Lake Country Rambles" (Chatto). Mr. Palmer's unambitious volume has simplicity and real appreciation; he knows what he is writing about, and he gives sound advice. The chapter on "Crag Climbing" should be read by everyone before he risks his neck on attempts which look easy, but are extremely difficult. In addition to its practical utility Mr. Palmer's book has a sense of the quietness and solitude of the Lakes which is unknown to, and unrecognised by, the ordinary rushing tourist.

Three other volumes which seem to call for special mention are "Dovedale Revisited" (Sampson Low), by "The Amateur Angler"; "The Sea-Board of Mendip," by Mr. Francis A. Knight (Dent); and "Tramps of 'The Walking Parson'" (Scott), by the Rev. A. N. Cooper. To these must be added Miss M^{rs} Muriel Dowie's "Things about our Neighbourhood," a book delightfully fresh, practical, and humorous. In the abundance of so-called country books, and the dearth of those having knowledge and actuality, Miss Dowie's work came as a surprise and a recreation.

In looking back over the year's topographical books, and particularly English topographical books, what we find lacking is individuality. Things, men, scenery, all these to be of value to the reader (we do not, of course, include purely technical work), should be seen through an individual medium. In that respect literature is inevitably at one with the other arts. Merely to catalogue is weariness, and it must be confessed that this is too much an age of catalogues. As a rule we have to go to our novelists for true interpretations of scenery and place—potably to Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy, and Mr. Quiller-Couch. Why does not Mr. Quiller-Couch write a book about Cornwall, not forgetting that he is a novelist, which would be impossible, but putting his heart, for the time, into the more restricted medium?

The Doone Country.

A BOOK OF EXMOOR. By F. J. Snell. (Methuen. 6s.)

THERE was room for such a general account of Exmoor as this, and Mr. Snell has done his work well. The book is full of information, a good deal of it gleaned at first hand, and from first to last it is pleasant and readable. The author begins with an account of Exmoor through the many changes which affected it in the times of Britons, Saxons and Danes, and proceeds to summarize, very succinctly, matters of forest law and forest life. Exmoor, from Saxon times to 1818, ranked as a royal forest, though nowadays it is difficult to believe that those great, bare, sweeping uplands ever carried trees. There is an Exford tradition that the timber was felled to supply the mines there, a tradition the truth of which is not improbable. But a forest did not necessarily imply a region entirely wooded, and it may safely be admitted that at one time Exmoor had a right to the noble name.

We have found the most attractive chapters in the volume those dealing with the Doones, Dialect, and Folklore. Certain writers, among whom was Mr. E. J. Rawle, denied that the Doone tradition had any satisfactory historical foundation; Mr. Rawle, indeed, doubted the existence of the Doone legend. But Mr. Snell will by no means have the general accuracy of Blackmore's beautiful romance so lightly impugned. He shows conclusively that Blackmore's reference to the nurse-tales of his childhood was perfectly correct, and that he confirmed those memories when he stayed on Exmoor. We read:—

When Blackmore was not writing, how did he employ his time? . . . He went about . . . talking to the villagers, and seeking to pick up scraps of information—especially, perhaps, the "nurse-tales" of which he speaks. For ourselves, we were rather fortunate in our quest, lighting on a Mr. Huxtable . . . who was able to furnish us with some typical "nurse-tales." Huxtable's mother was a native of Challacombe, and when he was a child she used to regale him with startling narratives . . . about the Doones. For fear of the Doones, she told him, farm buildings were arranged in a square, with communications between the different parts, so that it was possible to pass from kitchen to barn, and from stable to shippen, without going out after dark.

The Doones at last fell upon evil times. Another writer on Exmoor says: ". . . it must have been in 1800, or about that time, when the last male Doone, emaciated and old, went out with his poor little granddaughter to sing Christmas carols and gather a few pence. They were found together in the snow, quite dead, on the road between Simonsbath and Challacombe, or so I have been informed." There is a kind of dramatic propriety in the last of a lawless race turned carol singer.

The dialect of Exmoor does not differ widely from that of the rest of Devon, though experts can distinguish sub-varieties. There is certainly a difference between the dialects of North and South Devon, as anyone with a quick ear may readily discover. But these differences are likely to become less and less marked; dialect, indeed, as we noted the other day, is going the way of so many other old and characteristic things. People are becoming ashamed of the distinctive home speech. Concerning folklore Mr. Snell has an interesting section—interesting rather for its survivals to-day than for particular local instances. We have ourselves known cases of the active force of curious superstitions in Devon which would seem incredible to people steeped in the practicality of towns.

We have been able to do no more than touch upon certain points in Mr. Snell's very interesting book. All lovers of Exmoor should possess it, and who that knows Exmoor does not love its wide spaces, its exquisite villages, and its pure air?

The Wordsworth Country.

LAKE COUNTRY SKETCHES. By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. (MacLehose.)

WHAT do they know of England who do not know the noble English country? The surest ground for a healthy patriotism is a close and loving knowledge of a single corner, perhaps, of a single county. It is such knowledge that Canon Rawnsley brings, together with the necessary enthusiasm, to the making of his books about the English Lake Country. With the closest study of the local history and character he combines something of the larger view. He is no writer of guide-books, yet the true tourist will do well to supplement his Black or Collingwood with such a volume as this. He will meet in its pages with real worthies of the country he is visiting, and learn something of its best human products while he wanders about its fells.

Who ever heard of William Pearson of Borderside, naturalist, poet, and friend of Wordsworth? Who knows

the name of Joseph Hawell, the Skiddaw shepherd? Or of John Crozier, Master of the Blencathra Hunt, "who never bet a penny in his life"? These were men, true natives of those heart-winning valleys, whose lives had in them that sincerity and bigness which makes them worth knowing, and of an almost epic value. The Keswick parson saw them in their true light, and has done well to present us with these finished studies of them.

Who loves the Lake Country must love Wordsworth too. Canon Rawnsley is never tired of Wordsworth, and never more entertaining than when he writes about him. How much of their popularity, it might be asked, do the Lakes owe to Wordsworth? And how much to their beauty is the poet's fame indebted? No doubt there is action and re-action of this kind, and many a man who, travelling from lake to lake, from valley to valley, finds in his guide-book the name of Wordsworth linked with scenes which charm him most, and stands, perhaps, by the simple graves in Grasmere churchyard, hearing the much-loved Rothay ripple by, feels truly something of the influence of a poetry he has never cared to read. It is thus that poetry acquires that cumulative value which is seemingly so out of all proportion to its practical importance in every-day affairs.

The truth has often been questioned of the peasant characters in Wordsworth's poems. It happily occurred to Canon Rawnsley more than twenty years ago to inquire among the poet's peasant neighbours then surviving what character they could give of him. The results of that research are embodied here in his first chapter, and cannot be ignored by any serious student of Wordsworth. It would not be fair to the author to quote all his best anecdotes, but the old man may be taken as typical, who said: "A Jem Crow and an auld blue cloak was his rig, and as for his habits, he had noan, niver knew him with a pot i' his hand, or a pipe i' his mouth." After that it is pleasant to learn that "Wudsworth was a man as was fond of a good dinner at times, if you could get him ti it, that was t' job." His alcohness is much insisted on. He did not hob-nob with his neighbours, did not seem to notice much, but was for ever pacing the roads or his own garden walks (never, it seems, the mountain tracks) and always composing poetry. "He was ter'ble thrang with visitors and folks, you mun kna, at times, but if he could git awa fra them for a spell, he was out upon his gres walk; and then he would set his heid a bit forrad, and put his hands behint his back. And then he would start a bumming, and it was bum, bum, bum, stop; then bum, bum, bum reet down till t'other end, and then he'd set down and git a bit o' paper out and write a bit; and then he git up, and bum, bum, bum, and go on bumming for long enough right down and back agean. I suppose, ye kna, the bumming helped him out a bit."

In spite of his austerity, the poet was "a kind man." His goodness to the sick is mentioned by many witnesses, and those who knew him best were those who loved him most.

Hartley Coleridge, "l'il'e Hartley," was a prime favourite with the folk; there are several stories about him, and a good one of Prof. Wilson. But there is sport as well as poetry in Canon Rawnsley's books. Indeed, the two things go together in that country, as witness this from a song by John Richardson of St. John's-in-the-Vale:—

The hunt is up, the hunt is up;
Auld Tally's in the drag;
Hark to him, beauties, git away,
He's gone for Skiddaw Crag.
Rise fra ye'r beds, ye sleepy-heads,
If ye wad plesser know;
Ye'r hearts 'twill cheer, if ye bit hear
John Crozier's Tally-ho!

It will be remembered that on the other side of Skiddaw lived the veritable John Peel, and Graves who gave him to the world in a song.

In the German Manner.

CENTRAL EUROPE. By Joseph Partsch. The Regions of the World, edited by H. J. Mackinder. (Heinemann.)

DR. PARTSCH is Professor of Geography in the University of Breslau. We do not recall any Chair of Geography in the Universities—soon to number fifteen—of these islands: perhaps it would seem absurd to have a Professor of so small and slight a subject as geography sounds to many worthy persons. But the word means a writing about the earth, and Dr. Partsch has written about the very large and important part of the earth called Central Europe: and has done so in the German manner of doing such things. He has told us whence Central Europe came and whither it is going. He has told us what manner of men live there; whence they came and whither they tend. He has told us how they spend their time, and why, and with what results to themselves and their neighbours. In a word, this admirable volume contains all that is known about Central Europe—its geological past, and present, and future; its "history" in the ordinary sense; its ethnology and its politics; its religion and its outlook upon things; its value to its neighbours and their value to it; its economics and its physiography; its nomenclature and the etymology thereof; the mutual relations, in every possible sense, of its parts; its rainfall and its hours of sunshine; its wheat and its rye; its tunnels and its fortresses; its fauna and flora; and its every other feature, abstract or concrete, absolute or relative.

The book took several years to write: we wonder it did not take several lives. The German manuscript was too long for English readers and the present translation is much abridged. The text is as complete as even a modern scientific work of German origin could be; but its value is further enhanced by numerous original maps and plates and diagrams, illustrating (we select at random) the distribution of the mineral wealth of Central Europe, the number and position of its principal fortresses, the areas that produce brandy, the geological formation of the site of Buda Pesth, the position and direction of the Simplon tunnel, and so forth.

In one place alone we have been able—with much labour—to discover a few words which have become out-of-date within the last few months. Dr. Partsch remarks that the acquisition by Germany of Heligoland is "of ambiguous value. While this rocky islet remained in the hands of England, Germany might at any time have had the annoyance of seeing a hostile fleet collect there, but now that it is protected by German batteries it makes it an outlying point open to the first attack." Elsewhere we are told that the "rocky islet" is made of Triassic sandstone; and recently it has been found that the island is fast disappearing. Whether Lord Salisbury had obtained expert advice when he exchanged a vanishing island for a stable slice of Africa, will probably never be known. Undoubtedly Bismarck would not be allowed to ignore the German geologists in such a matter were he alive to-day, and it is certainly a contribution to the irony of things that Germany, of all places, should have been taken in by us, of all people, on a simple matter of applied science. We believe a last desperate attempt is being made to shore up the island and protect it from wind and wave and weather. But such last desperate attempts have seldom been successful in the world's history. It is already "protected by German batteries," but from foes infinitely less powerful and insidious. The odds seem to be that when Dr. Partsch comes to prepare a second edition of this monumental and wholly admirable book he will have to speak of Heligoland in the past tense alone.

Three Travel Books.

TRAVELS IN SOUTHERN EUROPE AND THE LEVANT, 1810-1817. From the Journal of C. R. Cockerell. Edited by his Son, S. P. Cockerell. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.)

NORWEGIAN BY-WAYS. By Charles W. Wood. (Macmillan. 6s.)

SERVICE AND SPORT ON THE TROPICAL NILE. By Captain C. A. Sykes. (John Murray. 12s. net.)

HERE are three very different books of travel. One represents the early nineteenth century style of the amateur. The last represents the style of the amateur in our twentieth century. And the middle book may be said to show the skilled and literary amateur of the present day. Mr. Cockerell's travels in Turkey and the Levant are judiciously selected and strung together by his son. They are, as his son frankly says, nowise vivid or skilful. Yet as mere plain, unvarnished records of a state of things no longer existing, they have their value. Mr. Cockerell, together with colleagues two of whom were Germans, discovered (among other things) the Aegina marbles; which, partly by bad management and the cock-sure supineness of the British Museum agent, partly (it would almost seem) by German sharp practice, were suffered to pass to Bavaria. But these things have been told elsewhere. The real interest lies in Greece, and to a certain extent Turkey, as they were seen by an Englishman before Greece was free, and Sultan Mahmoud had made an end of the Janizzaries and begun the Europeanising of the Turkish army. Mr. Cockerell reached Constantinople just as the Sultan was setting out against the Russian invaders. Every Turk then wore a turban, instead of the modern fez. The head-dress of the Janizzaries was a cap, "from the centre of which sprang a tree of feathers which, rising to a certain height, fell again like a weeping willow and occupied an enormous space." He thus describes the Turkish troops :—

The number of troops passing to Adrianople is incredible, and such barbarousness and total absence of discipline could, one would think, never have been known even in the Crusades; but they are unbelievably picturesque. A warrior disposed to defend his country (for none are compelled; only, happily for the Empire, the Turks are naturally inclined that way) goes to the Government and demands whatever he thinks will fit him out for the purpose. He gets 200 or 300 piastres, which is to find him in arms and ammunition. These will consist of a brace of pistols, a broadsword, and a musket, more often chosen for its silver inlay than for its efficiency. He is confined to no particular dress. He wears what he likes, and goes when and how he likes. The Government finds him in provisions. . . . They commit the most wanton cruelties and robberies in their march. . . .

As you meet these independent ruffians in the street they look at you with the most supercilious contempt and always expect you to make way for them.

The Turkish rule in Greece, as shown in these pages, was atrocious. The Cadi at one place attempting some villainy against their servant, they gave him their minds freely. He revenged himself on the Greek "Papa" with whom they lodged, by laying accusations against him at Athens. An Athenian policeman came down, entered the house, and bullied everyone royally, eating and drinking at the "Papa's" expense, singing, swearing, and threatening with his weapons anyone who retorted. Next day he carried off the "Papa." Another of these ruffians, arriving at the place, pretended to have lost on the road a purse of eighty piastres. All the inhabitants must turn out to search for it, and when they could not find what probably was never lost, he claimed and got the money from the town. The book is full of the miseries — and contemptibleness — of the Greek in those days.

Very different is Mr. C. W. Wood's book on Norway. It is written with a bright narrative skill, a good descriptive touch, and in the modern fashion which throws aside

the dignity of travel. Its peculiar feature is that Mr. Wood reports at length the conversations with his fellow-traveller and the various people they met, giving the book the look of a story rather than a sober record of travel. The method appears perilous, but is so well handled as to give the book a lightness and attraction which surprise one by their novelty. These verbatim and suspiciously trim conversations certainly try our faith; Mr. Wood's memory, or invention, must be unusual. But the artifice succeeds, and that is everything. Norway never showed more fascinatingly than in Mr. Wood's pages. Either he was peculiarly fortunate, or the Norwegian inn-land-lady is a most unwontedly superior person; for his talks with these ladies are enough in themselves to send men a-touring to Norway. At Egge, otherwise a forbidding place enough, his friend and he were met on the hotel-steps by a woman who was "almost fashionably dressed, was young and good-looking, with a striking appearance and a mass of golden hair." She spoke excellent English with an American accent; and when they were writing letters by lamp-light—

She came into the sitting-room, having changed her dress for some light, gauzy, and very becoming material, sat down upon the sofa as though to the manner born, and took up some light fancy-work. She really looked very lady-like and handsome, with dignity and *sang-froid* sufficient for an arch-duchess.

Elsewhere she is described, on this same occasion, as "all frills and flounces and fairy gossamer, carried off with an air and a grace, and fitting like a glove." Her talk was on a level with her looks. She proved the daughter of a Norwegian farmer; had lived in America, and was shortly going to Christiania to marry a rich merchant she had met in America. Mr. Wood is careful to warn us that such apparitions are not within his experience of the Norway farmer's household; or there might be an exodus to Norway of wife-seeking youth. Nor did he ever encounter anything so gorgeous at other hotels; but ladies come down in the world: polite and well-to-do widows, and the like, flit through his remembrances of the Scandinavian hostelry. These things are not what one travels for; but they are so alien to anything English that we cannot avoid emphasizing them. The country Mr. Wood describes thus-
It is by a lake at Skei :—

Blue sky and sunshine above, blue flashing water beneath: an intensely hot day; everything about us rich and luxuriant; the velvety grass gemmed with innumerable flowers. Forget-me-nots and wild pansies grew in profusion; a hundred other specimens might be found for the seeking. Vast pine-woods where the sun threw wonderful lights and shadows; where one entered into the cool shade, the solemn depth and solitude and silence of the forest; where the scarlet fungus almost dazzled one with its gorgeous splendour; where nothing stirred, nor was even the flutter of a bird on the wing heard or seen. With perpetual youth and no change in the condition of things, this might well be paradise.

But there are gloomy pictures as well, such as the road to Egge; and there is the reputed witch of Langeland station :—

A woman rose up just within the doorway, a startling and fearful apparition. She rose and rose until it seemed she must be seven feet high. Her gown was a rusty black; her face resembled a bird of prey—eagle eyes and nose, a wide mouth showing enormous, cruel-looking teeth curled like cork-screws. . . . Her unkempt hair hung down her back. It was jet-black, stiff and wiry as horse-hair, surrounding her head like a halo; but a black halo, evil, portentous.

Her manner was near as witch-like as her aspect; but probably that unlucky deformity was her sole right to her fearful reputation. A well-written and originally conceived book; though the conversations which brighten it do not lend themselves to quotation.

Colonel Sykes' Uganda book is, as we have said, modern amateur work; without skill of narrative or description, without construction; but with the modern intimacy, familiarity, and chatty confidentiality which distinguish it from Mr. Cockerell's book. It is purely a straightforward account of his own work and the big game shooting which is the Englishman's characteristic diversion in wild countries. He promises to let his Soudanese troops and the Uganda natives "speak for themselves"; but that excellent intention (perhaps from lack of literary skill) remains sadly unfulfilled. His account of his experiences is nevertheless instructive, and interesting for itself, though not for its treatment. You may learn, for example, the inexhaustible uses of the banana. You can even get drunk on the banana—or on its juice, mixed with water and fermented in the sun. You can wash with it, in the form of soap—if you do not mind your hair becoming bristly as a blacking-brush, and your clothes stiff as cardboard. These are drawbacks in a soap. Colonel Sykes' account of the Soudanese troops is enthusiastic and very attractive, though they do fail to "speak for themselves":—

They are gifted with a delightful cheerfulness under the most adverse circumstances, and are the most thoroughly professional soldiers I have ever met. When recruits are wanted, it is only necessary to walk through their village and select the most likely looking youngsters. You find them ready-made soldiers, for the children drill each other as soon as they can walk, and I have often seen a child manœuvring about several smaller children. He will first form them up, give general instructions and see them carried out, chiding his squad for slackness or inattention, all with the serious air of his father.

Their obedience and love for their white officers he praises warmly. "I knew one officer whose men loved him so much, that one of them offered all his pay as a gift if he would only return to them, and when he lay seriously ill his two native officers took it in turns to sit at his door for the purpose of keeping out death." To which precaution they ascribed his recovery. Nor are the white officers less attached to their Soudanese, says Colonel Sykes; whose book would be improved by less of the conventional traveller's humour with which we are over-familiar.

SWITZERLAND. Macmillan's Guides. (5s. net.)

This new guide book aims at affording "the traveller a readable, concise, and accurate book of reference without a superfluous amount of detail." It is not surprising that new guide books are issued. The rich redundancy of Murray, admirably adapted for the leisured and well-to-do, the full yet practical Baedeker, do not appeal strongly to the tourist who must economise in time and money and make the utmost of a rare opportunity.

Now what does the ordinary man expect to learn from a guide-book? First, he will seek to know how he may reach the country of destination most cheaply and expeditiously; next, what facilities of transit by rail, road, or steamer exist in the country itself; thirdly, what places may be visited in the time at his disposal; and lastly, how far satisfactory board and lodging can be obtained at reasonable rates.

We incline to think that the present volume is defective in its information on these important points. It fails to show how Switzerland can best be reached, and it contains no systematic general account of the Swiss railways, though there is an excellent railway map. Under the head of luggage (p. xxxvi.) the pedestrian should find some reference to the opportunities for sending comparatively heavy luggage by parcel post. Again, the inexperienced traveller is not provided in this work with a series of skeleton tours showing how varying periods of time may be most profitably spent in various centres. Lastly, the

tourist needs the most careful information possible concerning hotels, for on this must largely depend the pleasure of his trip. The book before us furnishes an hotel list with prices, but we miss the guiding star of Baedeker which has almost invariably led us into comfortable quarters.

Having said so much of omissions, let us tell briefly what the book provides. Some introductory pages treat of history and politics, and these are followed by hints to travellers, miscellaneous useful notes, lists of baths and springs, and scientific dissertations on glaciers and avalanches. After the hotel list we find over 200 pages, which constitute the main section, describing in detail the routes from point to point, interspersed with accounts of the chief towns and mountain centres.

The introductory matter comprises a great deal of information in a condensed form, and should prove interesting to the tourist who remembers that Switzerland does not exist merely for holiday makers. We may point out, however, that the census figures on p. xlv are not those of the "last census," which was in 1900 and not in 1893. The correct total for 1900 appears on p. xxx. We doubt the utility of brief vocabularies in which the pronunciation is not shown. We should like to hear an average British tourist ask at Lugano for a "sciugamano." Throughout the book it would be advantageous if the pronunciation of all names could be indicated.

With regard to directions for walks and for journeys from place to place, we have tested the details here and there with favourable results. Instructions are given in clear and concise language. The compiler of the volume has done well to omit detailed accounts of how difficult peaks should be ascended. The tourist, if he wants such aid, is rightly left to the professional guides. On the other hand, a few interesting notes about famous ascents of mountains like the Matterhorn are very properly furnished. These appeal forcibly even to the non-climber. Adequate hints are given for the ascent of easier heights in which the inexperienced mountaineer can dispense with a guide, and yet obtain more magnificent views than many loftier peaks can provide.

In conclusion, we must draw attention to the numerous maps and plans, which deserve the highest praise for their combination of clearness with full and careful detail.

HANDBOOK FOR LINCOLNSHIRE. Second Edition. (Stanford. 7s. 6d.)

A NEW edition in the series of Murray's "Handbooks," now published by Mr. Edward Stanford. The first issue was prepared by the present author; he has now thoroughly revised his work and brought it up to date. In his preface Mr. Jeans points out the rather remarkable fact that Lincolnshire has nothing approaching the rank of a real County History. On the other hand, the materials for such a history exist, and are ready to the historian's hand in many excellent topographical works, such as Thompson's "History of Boston," and Bishop Trollope's "Sleaford and the Wapentakes of Flaxwell and Aswardhun."

The present volume is designed simply and clearly. After brief summaries of the county's history, geology, botany, and so forth, we come to the routes, of which there are four-and-twenty. The information is presented in the smallest possible space consistent with real usefulness, and the maps are excellent.

IMPRESSIONS OF INDIAN TRAVEL. By Oscar Browning. (Hodder. 3s. 6d. net.)

A VOLUME dedicated to Lady Curzon, with four verses of inscription, the first of which runs:—

A month I lived in high romance,
In stately porch and columned hall;
Through rout and banquet, song and dance,
You were the beautiful Queen of all.

Thus may a don be permitted gracefully to express himself in a mood inspired by unusual sights and happy recollections. And, indeed, it is rather difficult to get away from the don in these pages, pleasant though they be. There is about Mr. Browning's impressions too much of purpose, too little of contemplative loitering; he got too much into the time at his disposal, and though there is nothing of the ordinary tourist in his point of view there is a hint of the tourist in his delight in getting over the ground. However, any sensible book about India is welcome, and Mr. Browning's book is in the main sensible enough. He has, too, something of the spirit of place.

The author's journeyings took him to Calcutta, Darjeeling, Ghazipur, Benares, Delhi, and half a dozen other places. The best chapter in the volume strikes us as that on the Taj Mahal. The outward shape of the Taj is familiar to most people; Mr. Browning is careful to remind us that there is a great ivory model of it in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. But so seen "its primness and symmetry offend you." When you come to the real thing, says the author,—

... it will fascinate you so as deprive you of all power of laudatory expression, and it will haunt you ever after to your dying day. It will float in the clear Tuscan air above the bell-tower of Giotto, and arise across the lagoon beside the Doge's palace and St. Mark's. . . . From whatever point of view you look at it, it is the same—a snowy peak of symmetrical cloud, evoked from below the horizon of your ken by some magic of the Indian air, an illusion, but most real, a temple "never built and therefore built for ever."

Mr. Browning's general attitude towards Indian questions, particularly those of purdah and caste, is sound and reasonable, though he occasionally expresses himself with a quaint superiority. Thus he writes: "If I were a collector with a native assistant under me, I should frequently consult him and give great weight to his opinion." In one place the author allows himself a foolish commonplace. Writing of the no doubt ugly promenade and so on at Aden to commemorate the name of one Briggs, he calls it the "last word of Anglo-Saxon culture," a meaningless and unjust cliché. But Mr. Browning is not often caught tripping in matters of taste.

THE ISLAND OF FORMOSA, PAST AND PRESENT. By James W. Davidson. (Macmillan. 25s. net.)

THIS large volume of seven hundred pages is the work of the United States consul for Formosa, and deals with the history, people, resources, and commercial prospects of the island. Mr. Davidson is not only qualified by his official position for the production of such a work, but he has been on the spot during the recent years which have seen Formosa pass from the stagnant rule of the Chinese into the hands of their progressive neighbours of Japan. He was one of the newspaper correspondents who early in 1895, on the outbreak of hostilities, went to Formosa, which shrewd observers had considered to be a likely point of Japanese attack, and thus he is able to tell the story of events which have come under his personal observation. This book is not, however, a mere war correspondent's record of experiences, for Mr. Davidson properly subordinates recent events to the whole story which he has to tell. He begins with a history of Formosa from its earliest appearance in Chinese myth, and devotes rather more than the first half of his big volume to the history of the island, the greater portion of it being necessarily concerned with nineteenth century events. For many readers—in these days of fierce commercial competition—the second part of the book will be the more interesting, dealing as it does with the staple tea and camphor industries, with the development of sugar growing, with the mineral and other natural products (gold "takes a lead in the island's minerals, and promises a future development which may

possibly make it the leading product of Formosa"). Coal and sulphur are both important products, and there are many plants of great economic value, such as jute, hemp, and other fibre-produces, including the pine-apple. The various "groups" of natives are described, and a special appendix deals with the birds of Formosa. Mr. Davidson's closing chapter deals with the island of to-day, its imports, exports, and so on. The volume is freely illustrated with photographs (and has, for frontispiece, by way of contrast with these a really beautiful coloured sketch by a Japanese artist of Mount Morrison). When Mr. Davidson first went to Formosa eight years ago "there were no books in the English language obtainable (on this subject), and to the English-speaking people in the East generally Formosa was a land of tea, camphor, savages, and fever." Future visitors to the place will find invaluable information in this volume.

DANISH LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By Jessie Bröchner. (Newnes. 3s. 6d.)

THE history of Denmark as a nation is a history of decline; while she has decreased we have increased, and our one time master has become the smallest kingdom in Europe. Yet the Denmark of to-day is a country by no means decadent, and for the Denmark of to-morrow, under the influence of the new democratic spirit, the prospects are bright enough. Miss Bröchner's excellent little volume contains a clear summary of the changes which have overtaken Denmark, as well as a picturesque account of the country as it is. The opening chapters deal with national characteristics, government and politics, church and religion, the universities and professions, and so forth. The author then proceeds to more intimate matters, such as art and letters and the position of women. Denmark claims to be the greatest newspaper reading country in the world; a day without its newspaper is an incomplete day to the Dane. In the Danish world of letters the name of Dr. George Brandes naturally comes first.

The chapters on Copenhagen and country life will probably have the strongest appeal for most readers. The Danes are a most hospitable people, and they love nothing better than full guest chambers. Miss Bröchner says: "After one or two visits, one seems to know the whole neighbourhood, squire and parson, and doctor and farmhands, and if one cannot always remember the names of the latter, the faces at least are familiar, and one becomes quite attached to these trusty and honest folk, who contentedly lead their uneventful and laborious life." The author regrets, as every one must, the vanishing of the national peasant costume and the decay of innumerable old customs, particularly those connected with Church and family festivals. The "Natmandsfolk" (gypsies of the Moorland) seem to have gone for good.

An admirable little book, not in any sense a guide book, but full of information for people who really want to understand something of the meaning and actuality of Danish national life.

HAMMERSMITH, FULHAM, AND PUTNEY. By G. E. Mitton and J. C. Geikie. The "Fascination of London" Series. (Black.)

PERHAPS no three London suburbs have seen more change during the past century than the three dealt with in this volume, yet a good deal of the old and dignified remains. Bradmore House still stands in Great Church Lane, and in its grounds two or three old cedars still survive the labours of many gardeners. The house has been much altered, largely by a gentleman who intended part of it for the occupation of Mrs. Oldfield, the actress; but Mrs. Oldfield never came. The best known house

'n Hammersmith is probably that on the Mall, known as Kelmscott House, where, as we read, "lived William Morris, R.A., whose influence on the artistic development of printing and in many other directions is well known." That statement is an example of the way things should not be done. It is news to us that Morris was ever an R.A., and why dismiss in three lines a man like Morris, when thirty are often given to entirely unimportant people?

In Fulham lived Richardson, and John Rocque, the map-maker. Putney has fewer literary associations. The assiduous worshipper may stand and gaze at Mr. Swinburne's modest house on Putney Hill, and here and there something remains to recall the days when Pepys and Evelyn talked of the suburban village. More space might well have been given to these three suburbs; they are not, perhaps, of first importance, but to the Londoner of to-day they represent a great deal. It seems to us that a mere catalogue is of no great value: each suburb has a character, an atmosphere, which is part of its life, and some attempt should be made to reproduce that character and that atmosphere.

COUNTRY RAMBLES, BEING A FIELD NATURALIST'S AND COUNTRY LOVER'S NOTE BOOK FOR A YEAR. By W. Percival Westell. With an Introduction by F. G. Aflalo. (Drane.)

THE Rev. Gilbert White set a fashion which has had many followers, and yet his "Selborne" stands to-day easily at the head of the class of books giving notes on local natural history. But if they cannot rival a classic such as that one dealing with wild life in the quiet Hampshire parish, no books of the kind which are the fruit of a love of nature and patient observation—and the two qualities do not always go together—can be undeserving of welcome. The latest volume of the kind, "Country Rambles," by Mr. W. Percival Westell, will by no means rank with the best of its class, yet it will prove a helpful aid in the study of field natural history to Mr. Westell's fellow lovers of birds and flowers. The notes are often of the baldest—and often most inelegantly expressed—but they may serve as a guide to other residents in the county of "pleasant Hertfordshire." The pages describing a visit to the Zoological Gardens might well have been omitted; some of its passages suggest the "Children's page" of a magazine rather than the note-book of a field naturalist:—

Of course I had to see the Polar Bear. What a tall fellow he is when he stands on his hind legs, and what a lovely set of pearly teeth he possesses.

Where he is simply recording the arrival of different species of birds, the dates of their singing, the times of the flowering of plants and so on, he is interesting, but he would have been well advised to have given the "diary" of these events by itself without the interpolation of facts which may be gathered from any of the text-books, such as: "It is interesting to note that there are about 70 British butterflies and about 180 regular British breeding birds." The volume is lavishly illustrated, and includes a series of admirable photographs of birds' nests, eggs, and young. Especially interesting are the photographs and the accompanying notes illustrating the method by which a young cuckoo evicts its companions from the nest.

EARLY CARRIAGES AND ROADS. By Sir Walter Gilbey. Illustrated. (Winton. 2s. net.)

WITH our roads crowded with the strangest miscellany of wheeled traffic from bicycles to 80-horse power motors, it is a little surprising to be confronted with the information that wheeled vehicles for passengers are only about three and a half centuries old in England. In this little summary of the development of carriages Sir Walter

Gilbey is not concerned with the latest manifestations of man's ingenuity in devising easy and rapid means of conveyance along the roads. With the advent of the railway he seems to give the subject up with a sigh. What he does is to chronicle some of the earliest mentions of wheeled vehicles, first as war chariots, and then as aids to agriculture, and finally as passenger-carriers. A great novelty in Tudor times, by the days of the Stuarts the chariot had evolved into the hackney coach, and instead of the wheeled vehicle being an object at which passers-by might gape with wonder, it became a nuisance to be legislated against, and a menace to the prosperity of the watermen. Along with the development of the great mail-coach from the horse-litter, we have notes on the development of the roads from water-courses and pedlars' tracks to the well-made highways and byways which since the days of Macadam have been among the glories of England. It is amusing to find that when wheeled traffic began to cut the roads into a bad rutty condition, the first idea of improvement was to widen the wheels into small rollers instead of hardening the roads to suit the narrow wheels. Sir Walter Gilbey has gathered a wealth of details on the allied themes of carriages and roads, and though he presents his facts in a somewhat bald and unattractive fashion, his book should impress many readers anew with the wonderful revolutions of the wheel that have been made within the past century. The illustrations are capital.

WALKS IN NEW ENGLAND. By Charles Goodrich Whiting. (John Lane.)

THIS is one of those curious books which the reader may regard either in the light of a poetic exposition of nature, or merely as the undigested observations of a reflective man. But, in any case, and in whatever spirit the reader approaches the book, he will assuredly learn nothing whatever about walking, though something, no doubt, of the mechanical side of writing fanciful prose. "Come, thou song sparrow," begins chapter one; "Dumb are the fence rails he lights on, silent the bush and the brier. Oh! for the charm that delights one when the sun rises red as a fire, and the sparrow springs swift from the ground in bright unrestrainable joy, and in a sweet whirlwind of sound lets out the whole secret employ" This is a sample of the style. And chapter after chapter is the same, songs, word pictures, music, all in eulogistic, sensuous strain, and of what? Certainly not of walks in New England, or anywhere else. "When we observe the sand violets foot leaves, and the most beautiful St. John's wort, the evening primrose, the robin's plantain, the saxifrage, the golden rods, we can but feel that the perpetual truth is summer just as the perpetual truth is life."

The publishers have done well by the author, they have printed and bound and illustrated the book charmingly; the paper is excellent, the whole get-up of the book is cool and refreshing: it must be left to the reader to decide whether the title of the book is descriptive of the contents.

Mr. Charles Eyre Pascoe's; "London of To-day" (Jarrold) is now in its eighteenth year of issue. The book is not exactly a guide, but it is the kind of book to prove useful to people who come up to London with vague ideas. Account is taken of the changes of which London is now in the throes. Messrs. Ward Lock have brought "London" in their illustrated guide books series up to date; it includes an account of the new Holborn-Strand developments. In the same series we have received Paris, the Isle of Wight, and Hastings. Mr. E. J. Goodman's "Best Tour in Norway," first published in 1898, has been reissued by Messrs. Sampson Low in a cheap edition.

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The State Called Reverie.

It is difficult for the writer who hides himself behind the garrulous we of journalism to criticise Mr. W. B. Yeats's new book. For criticism has essentially to do with the estimate or interpretation of a message or revelation in the known terms of a common language. But Mr. Yeats does not speak the common language and does not appeal to the common verdict. For the ordinary reader this work will produce the impression of a highly sensitized individuality expressing itself with the facility of long habit in terms of the most remote sub-consciousness. Even when, by reason of the narrow limits of verbal expression, such a reader will find himself in agreement with Mr. Yeats, there will be still an abyss between them. It is as though two men were to praise the same graveyard, one because of the safe quiet of the place, the other because it is here that the ghost of his lost hopes will rise up to claim him. It is as though two men were to draw closer together in a storm, one because he fears the death-gleam of the lightning, the other because the vibrations have aroused the slumbering horror of his soul. And yet, because Mr. Yeats has seen the shadowed outlines of things in themselves as opposed to mere externals, he is able to convey to us the impression of listening to one who has in some strange moment of trance or vision peered into the mysterious heart of beauty before whose terrible altar he has abandoned the petty hopes and fears of men.

The minds of most of us are as inured to inherited habit as our bodies are inured to clothes. Throw off one layer of consciousness and there comes a sense of strangeness. Throw off another and the easy safety of life seems to be slipping away from us. Throw off another and the startling horror of the realities behind phrases breaks in upon us. We are no longer measurers of time and space, but isolated atoms suffocated by the knowledge that you can deduct nothing from infinity, that "solar systems" and all the vast architecture of science are but as children's ramparts before a darkened ocean. And it is to this brink of despair that Mr. Yeats would lead us, to this brink and yet further into the serenity of the naked, awakened soul.

Verbally, these conclusions are platitudes, but to be really conscious of them, to realise the futility of objective knowledge—that is granted, mercifully, to the very few; and of these few Mr. Yeats is one.

Let us return to the banal little simile of the children building before a darkened ocean. The common verdict would still be for those who, in the face of the terrible unknown, mapped and planned and made fixtures, were it only to lull the terror of their loneliness. But one can imagine some one child turning aside from the common task, forgetful of the common danger, his face illumined by the radiance of a strange glad secret. Where had he caught it? From whence had it come? The little toilers and explainers would know nothing of it, and would look askance at their comrade as an idler and trifler. Questioned, he could explain nothing, but in his

heart he would know that his joy came to him from the very source of their terror. For the joy of mystery would be his, by which he alone had caught through the sea's moan the whisper that has haunted the world before righteousness was dimly guessed at, the pervading whisper of beauty.

It is to this whisper and to no other voice that Mr. Yeats will listen, and he lures us away from the impetus towards action, and the desire of life, to watch with him the wraiths rising slowly from the abyss. And these wraiths carry to him the immortal legacies of dead songs and hidden symbols, all the sorrowful inheritance of an elder faith. For to this author a legend is the surviving soul of a lost poetry, into which are woven one knows not what despairing messages. It is in itself the universal tie linking man with man across the accidental barriers of time. For a legend is the supreme confession of a race, haunting its children until they have become dulled to all save external voices. Moreover, it is generally the confession, not of attainment but of infinite desire, not of gladness and success but rather of sorrow and despair. In the following exquisite passage the author seeks to explain this persistent melancholy:—

Life was so weighed down by the emptiness of the great forests and by the mystery of all things, and by the greatness of its own desires, and, as I think, by the loneliness of much beauty; and seemed so little and so fragile and so brief, that nothing could be more sweet in the memory than a tale that ended in death and parting, and than a wild and beautiful lamentation. Men did not mourn merely because their beloved was married to another, or because learning was bitter in the mouth, for such mourning believes that life might be happy were it different, and is, therefore, the less mourning; but because they had been born and must die with their great thirst unslaked. And so it is that all the august, sorrowful persons of literature, Cassandra and Helen and Deirdre, and Lear and Tristan, have come out of legends, and are, indeed, but the images of primitive imagination mirrored in the little looking-glass of the modern and classic imagination.

This seems to us to convey the artistic inspiration of "Ideas of Good and Evil" (Bullen). It is in harmony with the message of Maeterlinck which would bid us abandon the logical triumphs of the intelligence in order to absorb the pervading consciousness around us. For ever pervading the little external circumstances of the individual life, the petty triumphs and defeats, the transitory loves and hates, is the totality of what the world has hoped and dreamed and feared. There is the inspiration, there the common inheritance from which we turn aside avert of the immediate barter. "Those who are subject," quotes Mr. Yeats from Shelley's fragment upon life, "to the state called reverie, feel as if their nature were resolved into the surrounding universe or as if the surrounding universe were resolved into their being." It is to the reverie as opposed to the rhetoric of drama that these new poets would guide us.

It is not a revolution that they demand, but rather a reversion to the old simplicity and the submission of a more acutely sensitive consciousness to influences brooding ever near us. And the expression of this poetry will be neither optimism nor pessimism in the accepted sense. It will be the expression of one who having found joy in the mysterious beauty, is yet penetrated by the knowledge that it must remain for ever elusive. And because the source of joy is remote from external things and can be neither acknowledged nor defended by the human reason, this poetry will draw nearer and nearer to the shadowy creations of legends and further and further away from the practical bargains and contracts of life.

When one opens so urbane and amiable a volume as Lord Lubbock's "Pleasures of Life," or even a book of a negative significance, such as the powerful "Wisdom of Life" of Schopenhauer, one finds, interwoven and implied rather than explicitly stated, a certain general theory of

life at which the individual, ever seeking the actual and the definite, may grasp for his soul's good. This general theory, with Anglo-Saxons at all events, is inevitably applied to conduct. It cannot be said that any such theory is either categorically stated or even implied in these "ideas of good and evil." Perhaps, if we are to insist upon an ethical formula, we may find one suggested in this quotation from William Blake: "I know of no other Christianity, and of no other gospel, than the liberty, both of body and mind, to exercise the divine arts of imagination, the real and eternal world of which this vegetable universe is but a faint shadow, and in which we shall live in our eternal or imaginative bodies when these vegetable mortal bodies are no more." Mr. Yeats's gospel of life is the gospel of art, and he looks to the more primitive peoples to save the world from the weariness of success. Perhaps some day the sociologist and the economist, nay themselves, will see that there is something in this contention which at any time may have a most intimate bearing upon practical questions. In the meantime the effortless grace and subtle glamour of this book speak for themselves in a language all may read.

Whatever may be idly urged for or against this author's conception of art as the redemption of life, he has given us in this volume the perfected expression of one who has chosen his course and whose own theories of art are for ever removed from all verbal wrangling whatever.

A Multiform Appeal.

A HIGHLY praised poem by a noteworthy man of last century, the highest achievement hitherto of the most original and scholarly of living English musicians, a yet unfinished but already majestic example of Byzantine architecture, the playing of an excellent though not perfect orchestra, and solo singing of the first order—these are the factors that were common in last Saturday's multiform appeal to each individual of the large audience that assembled in the new Roman Catholic Westminster Cathedral to hear, under the bâton of the composer, the first performance in London of Dr. Edward Elgar's setting of Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius."

This work was first produced in 1900 at the last Birmingham Festival. It has since been heard in America and various places in Germany, notably in Düsseldorf, where the part of Gerontius was sung by Dr. Ludwig Wüllner, who gave an even finer rendering of it last week. It is said that its arrival in London has been so long delayed partly because of the imperfection of metropolitan choruses. At any rate the North Staffordshire singers did very fairly well, notably in the chorus of the demons, especially as some allowance must be made for Dr. Elgar's very indifferent conducting of his masterpiece. The distinction between the supreme faculty of musical conception and the art of directing a body of executants is well illustrated here; as is the double character of that latter accomplishment. To be great, a conductor must be an interpreter, and he must be a directing machine. Now Dr. Elgar is assuredly the most competent man on earth to "interpret" that which he has himself created, but the means of communication between his will and his forces are inadequate. The conducting of this gifted composer is therefore indifferent. So, in our opinion, is Grieg's pianoforte playing—a parallel instance.

The "Dream of Gerontius" belongs, of course, to the post-Wagnerian epoch of musical evolution; and it is essentially a Wagnerian work—in its melodic characteristics, in its orchestration, in the employment of *leit-motifs*, and so forth. Needless to say this is to suggest no disparagement of Dr. Elgar's genius. It is the necessary consequence of the fact of Wagner. He is

what Leibnitz would have called the "sufficient reason." To us the music allotted to the Angel seems throughout to be the most intimately inspired of this oratorio. It was sung by Miss Muriel Foster last week with an art and a spirituality that are rare. Her fine voice never before convinced us so entirely. Notably the final stanzas, with their musical power—certainly not derived from the words, mean alike in thought and expression—were sung to positive admiration. The jaded audience rose, almost as one woman, with what we believe was an audible sigh of relief, as the short oratorio sank into silence. Strictly speaking, we have, therefore, no idea how the work ended on the particular occasion in question. There is reason to believe that it ends—and ended—in what musicians call a "perfect cadence," but this was lost for us in the rustle of numberless silken petticoats, irritating at all times, and never more so than on Saturday. But it was a very brilliant gathering.

After hearing, within the compass of a few hours, the rendering of works by [Strauss, under his bâton, and of this oratorio of Elgar, under his, it becomes a need to set down some sort of comparison between these two composers who are, with the more than doubtful exceptions of Grieg and Dvorak, the most original and powerful of the men who are writing music at the beginning of the twentieth century. One hundred years ago, by the way, Schubert and Beethoven were alive, and Strauss's songs are vastly inferior to Schubert's, whilst the "Dream of Gerontius" or the "Coronation Ode" are not to be mentioned with Beethoven's "Mass in D"; but Strauss and Elgar are the best of our time. Both build upon Wagner; but Strauss is an innovator whose many remarkable characteristics there is no space here to discuss, whilst Elgar, if with less power, at any rate worships beauty rather than audacity.

We cannot, in common fairness, leave the special occasion of last Saturday without a tribute to the impassioned and reverent singing of Dr. Wüllner and the effective treatment, by Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, of the short passages allotted to him. But the memory of these singers' solitary voices raised in that great amplitude of the late Mr. Bentley's framing, urged the question of the acoustic properties of the Cathedral, a question which cannot but have a serious interest to lovers of music for centuries or millenia to come. St. Mark's, finest of all Byzantine churches, is far on in its second millenium, and despite the fate of the Campanile, is standing firmly still. This new cathedral in London is built without iron, constructionally is precisely right, every arch is explicit and avowed, the walls may be twenty feet thick—reasonably, therefore, we may predict that music will be heard within it more than two thousand years hence. And acoustically it is perfect. We have listened to music from almost every part of this vast building and we have never detected the suspicion of an echo. Further, there is that magic enhancement of tone which is the chance prerogative of cathedrals alone, cathedrals, most of them, built when music as we now know it was non-existent. That magic quality which causes a boy's voice in York Minster or Westminster Abbey almost to transcend all other human experience—that almost mystic power, mercifully unreduced by science to ratios and quantities, is present here. Both these older fanes have echoes, in which respect the Westminster Cathedral is superior to them. Indeed, the late Mr. Best, the "prince of organists," must needs have added its name to his dictum that "if you were to fry sausages in York Minster or Westminster Abbey it would sound magnificent." Certainly no auditory experience could well surpass, as we remember it, the great organ of York Minster playing the Dead March in "Saul" on the occasion of the death of Archbishop Thompson, or the boy chorister singing "I know that my Redeemer liveth" in the same church on Easter morning. The greatest choral work ever written, however, is Beethoven's stupendous

"Mass in D." That work cannot be heard in York or in the Abbey, but in the new Cathedral it can and must be heard. Cardinal Newman has paraphrased the "Credo" in the poorest of verse in "Gerontius." Dr. Elgar could make very little of it. Some day we hope to hear the same orchestra, a larger organ, and some chorus not too far beneath the great Festival Chorus of Leeds, singing Beethoven's "Credo" in the Westminster Cathedral. There, as never in the Leeds Town Hall or any other building with which we are acquainted, might be realised the indescribable grandeur of Beethoven's genius. Who that has heard can forget? The words "et sepultus est" are sung in adagio time with a hush of shivering sorrow. There is a silence, and the tenors hurl out on a high G the "et" which never meant so much as here; another silence, and then the fugal chorus "et resurrexit." Words do not describe these things.

But from the majestic and imperishable Latin which Dr. Elgar, himself a Roman Catholic, ought some day to essay, we must return to the poem of Newman. Written in 1865, when its author was sixty-four, and six years after the "Origin of Species," it has no meaning for our century. It is conceived in the most naive materialism of the Middle Ages, a materialism which does not offend in Dante or Milton, for it was of their time, but which is an anachronism here. Newman has included several verses from the Douay perversion of that immortal Hebrew poem which is known as the ninetyeth psalm. As a former Anglican he must have known the "Authorised" version, and one would have thought that if he was unable to use that he would have refrained from employing one so manifestly inferior. Dr. Elgar has shown some judgment in omitting many of the conspicuously poor parts of the poem, and his setting is generally appropriate, with the remarkable exception of the line in which the Soul of Gerontius says, "I go before my Judge." The text explains further on that the "eager spirit has darted," and "with intemperate energy of love, flies," &c., but Dr. Elgar has set the words of the Soul in adagio time entirely opposed to any suggestion of haste.

The most important matter, however, is the future of Dr. Elgar's genius. He was forty-six last week, the age at which Schumann died. Chopin, Schubert, Mozart, and Mendelssohn had done their work and gone before the age of forty, and the powers of the Jew had already shown signs of decadence. The rule with musical genius is precocity and early decay. There are exceptions. Beethoven, though stone deaf long before his death at the age of fifty-seven, was greater then than ever. Wagner died at seventy, shortly after finishing "Parsifal," his masterpiece. Now Dr. Elgar published nothing until he was thirty-five. He has steadily developed since. At the Birmingham Festival, to be held in October of this year, his new oratorio, "The Apostles," is to be produced. In all probability it will mark an even further advance of his genius. The words, like those of the "Messiah" and "Elijah"—also written on British soil, though not by Englishmen—are taken from the Bible. And this is the point we would urge. Dr. Elgar will not do his duty to himself, or his fellows, or his art, if he reverts to the doggerel of the "Coronation Ode," or such a poem as the "Dream of Gerontius." Dr. Elgar must adhere to Biblical words if he wishes to write more oratorios. From that source he can obtain, in language of transcendent beauty, sublime ideas in endless numbers. His literary taste in the matter of lyrics, also, seems to us generally good, but not impeccable. Let him remember Schubert's settings of Goethe, Handel's "Messiah," and Beethoven's Masses, both in C and D; and, if he would seek immortality for his music, let him see to it that it be married to immortal words.

Impressions.

XXXVI.—The Author as Father.

At the book-stall I bought a new book. I bought it for three reasons: it was not a novel; it smacked of a full-blooded brain-packed joyousness laid on, in painting language, with the palette knife; and I had a "good morning, better weather at last," acquaintance with the author. Then, having quarter of an hour to spare before the train started, I entered the refreshment room. There I met the author, but he did not see me; he was reading his own volume, and it delighted him. Balancing himself on a stool that seemed hardly able to support his burly body, a bottle of stout and a plate of sandwiches by his side, the crumbs tumbling over his beard and waistcoat, his great ungainly frame rolling with laughter at his own phrases—there he was, a man unconscious of his surroundings, young in spite of his beard and girth, sparkling with vitality, and enjoying the present moment to the uttermost. He swayed as he read, biting widely into two sandwiches at a time, guffawing, with not an atom of self-consciousness about him. I fed my eyes on the rollicking sight till it was time to take the train for the country town where, that afternoon, a school in which I was interested was playing another school at cricket.

As the match had begun at noon, I alighted hurriedly from the train and hastened to the cricket field. Turning out of a lane, I came suddenly upon the players and stopped to absorb the good sight. On a grass incline at the upper boundary sat the boys on rugs spread upon the grass, huddled together, two hundred and more of them, flapping linen hats on their heads, each small face bent forward, each pair of lungs applauding everything. Trees shaded the outskirts of the field, the sun shimmered on the fresh cut turf, and out there in the glow of a June afternoon the white, lithe figures vied one with another at the unmatched game. The scene was so English, so eloquent of Home, that, as I walked round the field, I thought sadly of those Englishmen in foreign lands—sandy and parched—who struggle on from day to day in the hope of seeing once again an English cricket field.

I nearly fell over the author. He was lying at full length in the tall grass, half hidden by the roller. His book was open before him, the pages kept flat by his pipe, but he was not reading. A small boy, the tiniest cricketer I have ever seen, was just leaving the pavilion to take his place at the wicket. The author was visibly excited. He gave me a huge smile, dragged me down behind the roller, and whispered hoarsely, "That's my boy! I don't want him to see me yet. Little beggar, at the last match they thought he was a kid and bowled him lobs. He knocked them all over the field and won the match."

We watched. The son made two off the first ball. He wielded his bat like a master, added eighteen runs to the score, and was then run out. It was not his fault. His partner had forgotten the shortness of the son's legs. "Eighteen!" gurgled the author, "Good lad!" and, against all rules, he rolled and ran across the field to greet his son at the pavilion.

I caught the last train back to London. After the train was signalled I saw the author lumbering up the road to the station. "Eighteen's good!" he said to me as he wiped his brow with an ultramarine handkerchief. I looked for his book in vain. Perhaps he had presented it to his small son. He talked cricket in gusts all the way to London—mainly about his son's wrist play.

Drama.

A Triple Bill.

THE Stage Society was in its maddest merriest mood on Monday last, when it concluded its season with three short plays, no one of which could have met with any measure of acceptance on the commercial stage. So far as the first two items in the bill were concerned, this, perhaps, can hardly be matter for surprise. Mr. Ian Robertson's "The Golden Rose, or The Scarlet Woman" (why not one or the other?) and Mr. S. M. Fox's "The Waters of Bitterness" were both of them experimental to a degree which, however pardonable in the eyes of the kindly critic on the look-out for talent, the ordinary patron of the commercial stage could not be expected, after his dinner, to appreciate. He does at least desire, and not without justice, that the dramatist shall take the trouble to let him know what he is driving at. And this is an elementary point of technique which neither Mr. Robertson nor Mr. Fox had altogether succeeded in regarding. Mr. Robertson's "bas-relief in one act" was conceived in a spirit of symbolism. The Scarlet Woman sat in her sunless lane before her doorway with its inscription "*Accipio blanda intrantes*," holding in her hand the golden rose of poisonous lust. The young girls, with their chatter of lovers, shunned the alley. The inventor bending over his model, the artists absorbed in their art, passed by, deaf to her blandishments. Then came the student, in the innocence of his youth, and she called him, and as they talked, innocence awoke in her also, and the child Love that she thought dead came to life again, and she put off the scarlet robe, and a ray of sunlight came into the dark street and gilded her face and hair and she sat there with the child in her arms. The scheme was simple and dignified enough and the setting restrained and statuesque. But I must confess to a feeling, than which nothing is more annoying in a theatre, that I could not, throughout the long dialogue between the woman and the student, quite catch the author's drift in detail, or see how it all contributed to the main idea. Moreover, in actual representation, it seemed a little more difficult than may be apparent from the analysis to separate the physical from the spiritual, the literal from the symbolical.

The difficulty with Mr. Fox's play was something of the same character, although poetic symbolism here gave way to rather dismal tragi-comedy, the influence of "Everyman" to the influence of Ibsen. Miss Marsden is the lady of limited means and imperfect attractiveness, whom you meet in foreign hotels. Unfortunately she has the instincts of affection which do not always coincide with the coral lip or the compensating dot. She falls in love with a youth, who is not only on the point of dying from consumption, but also hopelessly, for that reason, in love elsewhere. She bores him, and all the other people in the hotel, to extinction. Ultimately, although egoistic and self-absorbed, she realises that she is only making herself ridiculous. She does the man she loves the last kindness, if it was a kindness, of persuading him to give up the pistol with which he had designed to take his life, abases herself by confessing her love for him, and uses the revolver herself. The situation is not without merit, and merit of a distinctively dramatic order, but Mr. Fox's inexperience betrays itself, partly in his failure to make any of his characters in the slightest degree interesting, except the heroine, and partly in the fact that until the very last moment the audience remain wholly uncertain as to whether they are meant, primarily, to weep with Miss Marsden or to laugh at her. Naturally, the choose the easier course, of laughing, and consequently the *dénouement* seems to them melodramatic and unreal. It is perhaps hardly unreasonable to expect a dramatist,

so far as the main emotional colour of his piece is concerned, to put his cards on the table from the beginning.

It is not difficult to understand the dislike of the patrons of the commercial stage for Mr. Bernard Shaw. Obviously, one does not go to a theatre, after dinner, to come away with a sense of uncertainty as to whether the fun has been, all the time, made for one or at one. In "The Admirable Bashville," however, Mr. Shaw is, for once, as genial as he was irresponsible. It is a play of the highest spirits. Long ago Mr. Shaw wrote in "Cashel Byron's Profession" the story of the loves of Cashel Byron, the prize-fighter, and the beautiful heiress, Lydia Carew. This theme he now takes for the basis of a delirious burlesque, which, in the most rotund and flowing Shakespearean blank verse, throws derision upon everything on heaven and on earth, within the theatre and outside it. A "galaxy of talent," headed by that most finished of *comédiennes*, Miss Henrietta Watson, and including Mr. Aubrey Smith made up to represent Mr. Shaw himself in the part of an Irish policeman, plays with the utmost spirit in a piece of exquisite fooling. The golden days of burlesque, when burlesque was not yet merged in the nothingness of musical comedy, are recalled. Mr. Shaw's satire does not even spare the Elizabethan Stage Society, and the scene passes on a Shakespearean platform over which totter, during the intervals, superannuated beef-eaters, bearing placards to indicate that it represents, now "A Glade in Wiltstocken Park," now "A Room in Park Lane," now "The Agricultural Hall, Islington."

Mr. Shaw's humour does not leave one inclined to dwell very much on the farce of "Just like Callaghan," which is being played at the Criterion. This is adapted by Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox from the French of MM. Hennequin and Duval. I daresay it was very funny in French. In the translation, although the idea on which the piece is based, that of the invention by one Manderberry of a wholly fictitious Callaghan as the person really responsible for the peccadilloes which might otherwise be charged by his wife and his mother-in-law upon himself, is of a strictly farcical character and not wanting in ingenuity, yet the situations and the dialogue are not particularly amusing in detail, and towards the end the action degenerates into little more than horse-play. Both Miss Annie Hughes and Mr. Frederick Kerr are worthy of better things than this; nor can either of them be said to be witnessed to advantage. One scene, between Miss Hughes and Miss Fanny Brough, alone approaches the higher levels of comedy.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

Pictures for a Room.

If I possessed a room barren of pictures, and was permitted to adorn it with attractive works seen for the first time this week, the task would not have presented difficulties. I should have found them included in a small collection in Brook Street, at The Dutch Gallery, where one may be always sure of seeing pictures by men of distinguished talent, who never cry their wares in the market-place, and who have chosen to stand outside the hurly-burly of competition. It is something to escape from the glare and glitter of Bond Street, and to stand face to face with a portrait by Mr. Whistler, a small work, cool in colour, reticent in expression, suggesting that this Violinist is a reflection of one's own mood, someone quietly alive, and not merely a portrait of a lady holding a violin. The painting is thin, the modelling delicate, the tones are related to and merge in one another, offering to the eye the pleasure that an old

piece of faded tapestry gives. One would not tire of this enigmatic little lady. I am sure that I should acquire this picture, and I would hang it, by itself, above the mantel-piece. Then there is Mr. C. H. Shannon to consider. Those who want brilliance and vitality in painting do not seek it in him. His pictorial vision is always low in tone; you feel that he is not looking actually at life, but painting impressions of an idealised world, assisted by life, but not disturbed by it; impressions that an imagination, reflective and fastidious, calls up at twilight when the eyes are half closed. So a man seated on a balcony at an open air concert, a little removed from the promenading people, the great lighted band pagoda, and all the emotional activities that the conjunction evokes, may, looking up at the blue night sky, discern pictures that are related to the life about him, but in the allusive, shadowy way in which dreams are related to reality. Two of his pictures I should hang in this room, one facing the window, the other on the wall opposite the Whistler. Both express in paint one of those intense moments of emotion, with no hint of sentimentality, that Rodin has expressed in sculpture: both scenes are placed in that crepuscular light where forms are shadowy, outlines blurred; where white flesh and white garments are no longer white, and blues and greens have taken on their quiet night colour. One picture is called "The Mermaid"; there is no hint of the joy of life in this fantasy unseen of mortal eyes: it takes place in the desolate places of some fairy ocean. A boat is riding on the waves, heeling over, for the fisherman, one of those brown-bodied figures of the Golden Age, is crouched in the stern of the boat. He is bending over the gunwale, clasping a mermaid, whose body is half hidden by the waves that foam about her. Submissive, she yet turns her head reluctantly from his kiss; called by the world, she is still claimed by the sea. It is not in the least like a modern work: it belongs to that class of pictures that are never in the fashion or out of the fashion, that have in them the elements of greatness. More modern is Mr. Shannon's "The Music Room." A favourite subject with French painters is the effect of music on a small, neurotic audience; such a picture is now being shown in Paris, where the emotions of some of the humbler frequenters of a *Lamoureux* concert are italicised in the characteristic Salon way; but that is not Mr. Shannon's way. You see dimly a room in steep perspective, covered with a blue and green druggel, bare, but for the outline of a chair placed against the wall. Looking closer, you discern in the centre of the room three figures. One girl has swooned. She lies prone on the floor, her passive hand resting on her violin. A companion tends her, kneeling; a third girl bends over to replace another violin in its case. This theme is evidently a favourite of Mr. Shannon's, as he has already used it for one of his lithographs. Even those who disapprove of subjects in painting must welcome a picture like this where the subject is so unobtrusive, so subordinate to the colour scheme, and yet so subtly suggestive. I would be well content to live in a room hung with these three pictures.

Mr. Shannon from his youth upwards has painted in the Old Masters manner. He is akin to Mr. Watts, but there is no sort of relationship between his work and the work of Prof. Adolf von Menzel who, if age and honours entitle a painter to be described as an Old Master during his lifetime, certainly belongs to that hierarchy. He is eighty-seven years of age; he is very small of stature, and "Berlin adores the tiny champion of Prussia's greatness." All who follow the trend of art matters must know, from the columns of appreciation of himself and his work published in the papers this week, that a Menzel exhibition is being held in London. The place is the French Gallery in Pall Mall, where the visitor,

inspired by the desire to see the productions of this painter, whose reputation "has spread through Europe"; whose brush has "contributed so much to keep alive the fame of Frederick the Great," will find a wall crowded with drawings in pencil, chalk, and water-colour, and a few oil pictures. Well, the peripatetic critic can but describe what he sees, and I have never seen the Frederick paintings that "have long since become a classic." But at the French Gallery, secluded from the other pictures by an encircling arrangement of purple cloth, hangs his "Piazza d'Erbe, Verona." A child would learn from this crowded, animated scene that Menzel is a great draughtsman. Every figure is bristling with life, and avid for your notice; but so little are the figures related to each other, that you could cut the picture into four parts, and each part would still remain a vivid presentment of animated life in the "Piazza d'Erbe, Verona." The figures are better drawn than the figures in Mr. Frith's "Railway Station"; but, if one likes Mr. Shannon's work for certain qualities, it is impossible to like Prof. Menzel's biograph of a Market-Day at Verona. His drawings and sketches are academically as perfect as such things can be; but I do not feel inspired by "Moltke's Field-Glasses" or "A Group of Hedgehogs," however perfectly they may be presented on paper. Perhaps my power of appreciation was a little affected by the manner in which "Professor Adolf von Menzel, H.F.A.: A Contemporary Sketch," which was handed to me with the catalogue, is written. On the opening page I read: "Even at the present day his small hands, unaffected by old age, obey his comprehensive vision and impart to everything an artistic shape." On another page, this: "Whenever the little man, who is hardly 1.40 metres high, in his inevitable summer and winter coat, with his obtrusive umbrella pressed close to his body, is about to pass over a much frequented road, all the cabs and perambulators stop to let him pass." On another, this: "If the waiter places a nice-looking dish before him he first sketches it and then falls to with increased appetite."

There is no introduction to the catalogue of work in enamel, gold and silver by Nelson and Edith Dawson at the Dowdeswell Galleries. The beauty of these articles of adornment and decoration is their sure recommendation. The very titles of them allure—"An Enamel and Gold Pendant, with chrysoprase and aquamarines"; "Silver Box enriched with translucent enamels"; "Gold Pendant, with translucent enamel, aquamarines, spinel rubies, and pearls." In an age of picture making it is pleasant to think of these two artists working together, and bringing to their craft such fastidious taste, and a workmanship whose aim is always perfection.

C. L. H.

Science.

The World is Young.

THE world itself, of course, our planetary prison, is not young. Rather is it old. We call this the year 1903, as some approximate indication of our distance from the most important event in human history. One other date is comparable, in interest, to that—the date of our earth's first revolution around the parent sun. If a "year" be the period of one revolution, what is the real number of this year? We cannot say. Certainly the moon, as Prof. George Darwin has shown, is at least fifty millions of years old, and she was born long after the parent earth separated from the solar patriarch. The crust of the earth has probably been solid for more than a hundred million years. How much older the earth is we cannot say, nor how long it will be before she returns, like the prodigal, to the sun. Nor can we say what proportion the years

that are past bear to the years that are to come. This manner of statement is, indeed, unscientific, for the year is lengthening by about twenty-two seconds in each century, and is not a constant measure of time. At any rate, let us gain the clear conception that the life-history of the earth extends from the first second of complete detachment from the solar nebula to the inevitable though distant moment when she touches and becomes re-incorporated with the then dull and sullen mass that roams for ever, yet ever marks the immovable centre of gravity of the system that bears his name.

But if we take the world to mean the society of man—some day, perhaps, to form a new and all-embracing "Society of Friends"—if we complete the alliterative phrase and mean "the world and his wife," then the world is young. I will not wait to discuss the varying senses, observed by Tennyson, in which the words "young" and "old" may be used in this regard. We talk of the "old" times, but the moment of reading is older than the moment of writing these words. The race was never so old as it will be to-morrow. If we come to consider figures, we must clear our minds of any absurd ideas about the "first pair," the "cradle of the race," and so forth. The transition from some tailless "old-world" ape to man was a matter of many generations, displayed in the descendants of many pairs and not of one. But we may adopt as an approximate figure for the age of man a period of two hundred and fifty thousand years, which is believed to have fair claims to provisional acceptance. Furthermore, calculations based on the rate of solar shrinkage and upon other data seem to suggest a period of about three millions of years during which animal life will continue to be possible on the earth. Assuming these two figures fairly to indicate the facts, we may take it that the human race has only completed one-thirteenth part of its history. In this sense, therefore, the world is young. But it is only fair to modify these figures and endeavour to obtain some idea of the date when man became self-conscious. For from that date begins the history of the race, in perhaps the most valid of senses. The estimation of this later date is largely a matter of guesswork, but certain criteria we may find. One writer, I believe, has indicated some such period as twenty-five thousand years; a date some fifteen thousand years or more before the earliest known Babylonian records. Another theoretical method of estimating the length of time during which man has been self-conscious occurs to me, but I gravely question its worth. We know, of course, that the history of the individual is a recapitulation, in brief, of the history of the race. This is Von Baer's law, which may be stated thus, that "Ontogeny is the recapitulation of phylogeny." This concept, so far as I can judge, was known to Stevenson, as the pages of "Olalla" and the "Memoirs of Fleeming Jenkin" bear witness. Now, if we had some time-table which would indicate the correspondence between the stages in the development of a child and the history of the race we might find a key to the present question. If, for instance, a child became self-conscious at five years, and the normal period of development was twenty years, we might get some key to the date at which the race (the individuals of the race, that is) became self-conscious. This was the question I set myself; but the answer is not of my finding. It is not so easy to say, to begin with, when a child does become self-conscious. Tennyson, of course, has told us, in "In Memoriam," that "the baby new to earth and sky . . . hath never thought that this is I," but he gives us no further light. In my limited observation of children I have never been able to decide the point; and my appeal to an authority brought me many individual observations, but no definite dictum. The question, of course, is old, but I have not seen any particularly convincing answer. So with this initial difficulty the argument must cease for the time, and meanwhile let us assume that man has been

a self-conscious creature for twenty-five millenia. By self-consciousness is meant, of course, consciousness of self. If we take, then, this fundamental but illusive antithesis between the Ego and the Non-Ego as our standard we may say, in round numbers, that man, the animal with a point of view, is twenty-five thousand years old and has yet three million years to go. He is, therefore, very young indeed, for the proportion between these figures is as one to forty. Man, roughly speaking, is now a semi-articulate babe—not literally an infant but very newly promoted from that state—of one year old; he will die when he is forty.

So you see that there was some reason in Tennyson's wish that, once in a century, he might revisit the glimpses of the moon, and see how the world was going on. For we are in the very dawn of time. Archimedes and Hiero's engine and Democritus have caused many to forget how young Science is. Sir William Crookes, indeed, has gone to the other extreme and forgotten the Greeks altogether in his extraordinary statement, made at Berlin last week, that Englishmen were the first to inquire into the nature of matter. The centenary of Dalton has surely dazzled him. But science as we now know it is really very young indeed—three centuries, indeed, we may say. The "De Magnete" of Dr. William Gilbert, of Colchester, Physician to Queen Elizabeth, may be said to mark the first coherent assertion—earlier even than Bacon—of the inductive method, the method of argument from facts to theories and not vice-versâ. In the final establishment of the *à posteriori* or inductive method of reasoning as the only weapon of science we may find the beginning of the scientific epoch. I have not forgotten Copernicus and many more, but they do not invalidate the statement that science, or "organised knowledge," as a factor of proper importance in human affairs, is only three hundred years old. I must postpone any consideration of some of the consequences which must follow in years to come, notably in the science of bacteriology. It does not seem to have occurred to any one that disease-producing bacteria will some day be extirpated altogether by the agency of man. That aspect of bacteriology will be purely historical, and the science will be developed in its industrial relations. But serious consequences will ensue. The death-rate, falling in all civilised countries, will drop to eight or seven per thousand per annum. The birth-rate is also falling in all civilized countries, but the time must come when the world becomes crowded to an unmanageable degree. Many social changes must occur; but I believe that all animals, except in so far as they contribute to man's welfare, will be made to cease. But there is plenty of room for speculation here, is there not? Man is only one year old just now: he will have other requirements and somewhat different habits when he is forty. The world is very young.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

Maeterlinck and Robert Browning.

SIR,—In a recent issue of the ACADEMY there was a brief allusion to an article by me in the New York "Independent," in which I pointed out a surprising similarity between Maeterlinck's play, "Monna Vanna," and Browning's "Luria." The ACADEMY said that I seemed to think M. Maeterlinck had borrowed something from "Luria," and added, "We see no reason to suppose anything of the kind. Criticism by parallel is threadbare." Your readers may be interested in the following letter I received from M. Maeterlinck himself:—

"67 rue Raynouard—Paris—22 Mars 1903.

"CHER MONSIEUR :

"Je viens de lire avec intérêt, dans 'The Independent,' la note que vous avez bien voulu consacrer à 'Monna Vanna.' Vous avez parfaitement raison: il y a

entre une scène épisodique de mon 2^{me} acte (celle où Prinzivalle démasque Trivulzio) et l'une des grandes scènes de 'Luria', une similitude que je m'étonne de n'avoir pas vue signaler plus tôt. Je m'en étonne d'autant plus que, loin de cacher cette similitude, j'avais tenu à l'affirmer moi-même en prenant exactement les mêmes villes ennemies, la même époque et presque les mêmes personnages: alors qu'il, eût été bien facile de transposer le tout et de rendre l'emprunt méconnaissable, si j'avais eu l'intention de le dissimuler.

"Je suis un lecteur assidu et un ardent admirateur de Browning qui est selon moi l'un des plus grands poètes que l'Angleterre ait eus. C'est pourquoi je le considère comme appartenant à la littérature classique et universelle que tout le monde est censé connaître. Il est donc licite et naturel de lui emprunter une situation ou plutôt un fragment de situation, comme on en emprunte journellement à Eschyle, à Sophocle, à Shakespeare. Ces emprunts, quand il s'agit de poètes de cet ordre se font, pour ainsi dire, *coram populo*, et constituent une sorte d'hommage public.

"Pour le reste, en mettant à part cet épisode, qui occupe une place si accidentelle et si accessoire qu'on pourrait le supprimer sans que mon drame en fût ébranlé, toute ma pièce s'écarte complètement de la tragédie de Browning et n'a plus rien de commun avec elle. Cette scène s'élève donc dans mon drame comme une sorte de stèle isolée que ma mémoire pieuse y a dédiée au souvenir du poète qui avait créé en mon imagination l'atmosphère ou se meut 'Monna Vanna,' au souvenir d'un maître entre tous admiré."

Upon my requesting permission to publish this letter, I received another from M. Maeterlinck, cordially giving the desired authorisation, and containing this paragraph, which should also be printed here:—

"Je ne vois nul inconvénient à ce qu'elle soit publiée telle quelle. Je crois seulement me rappeler que j'y disais que la scène entre Prinzivalle et Trivulzio avait été empruntée à Browning. Il serait plus exact de dire qu'elle m'a inspirée par la lecture de 'Luria.' C'est d'ailleurs ainsi que ma nouvelle pièce 'Jocquille,' m'a été inspirée par la 'Tempête' de Shakespeare. S'il semble naturel de chercher un point de départ et un motif d'inspiration dans Shakespeare, pourquoi s'étonnerait-on qu'on les cherche dans Browning?"

As "Monna Vanna" is one of the most notable of contemporary plays, its debt to Browning should be a matter of general interest.—Yours, &c.,

WM. LYON PHELPS.

Yale University, New-Haven, U.S.A.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 194 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best set of verses, not exceeding twenty lines, on June. Forty-one replies have been received. We award the prize to Miss Laura Stephens, Wentworth Cottage, Howth, co. Dublin, for the following:—

Och, 'tis I that's sad an' lonesome
This lovely summer's day,
For thinkin' o' the Hill o' Howth
That's north o' Dublin Bay.
Me father's cabin's on the cliff
Among the heather brown,
Where the little quare ould rabbits
Do be leppin' up an' down.
The bracken buds is just as green
The furze bloom's just as fair,
An' the same white gulls is whirlin'
An' schreechin' in the air.

I'd give the two eyes in me head
To see it all wance more:
The sunshine on Ben Edar an'
The haze along the shore.
Mavrone, mavrone, I sometime wisht
I'd never crossed the say,
For 'tis I that does be lonesome
On a fine June day.

Other replies follow:—

Darkness and wintry grief
Have gone despairing to their prison-house;
No dwelling-place have they
Among the sunny boughs.
Tranquil beneath the dawn,
The red-rose sleeps in joy, as if it knew
The fragrance of its leaves,
The glory of its hue.
As in its circle slow
The dial finger points from hour to hour,
The beech-tree shadow moves
On waves of grass and flower.
No sorrow-haunted night
Lingers and broods along the western sky,
But day links hands with day
In golden unity.

[E. H. T., Manchester.]

O! the slender sorrel spires
In the meadow-lands of June!
Roses light the hedgerow briars,
And the gleaming sorrel spires
Burn aloft like cresset-fires
All the golden afternoon.
O! the slender sorrel spires
In the meadow-lands of June!
Far from all marauding foes
Are these meadow-lands of mine:
Here the small bee-orchis grows,
Far from all marauding foes,
And the little red-stemmed rose
Lets its creamy petals shine.
Far from all marauding foes
Are these meadow-lands of mine.

[J. E. B., Ipswich.]

How all the garden faints with drowsiness!
The world seems dead: the only living thing
Is that small vehement sun which cannot bring
A sense of youth or life wherewith to bless.
Narcissus hangs his head; laburnum's dress
Lies in the dust; the birds forget to sing;
Green buds are waiting for their opening;
And I am weary of the day's hot stress.
Oh for an hour of cold December! How
The hot blood cools to think of thick white snow!
How the tired heart is braced to think of some
Slow dawn coming up from the East, each bough
White with the kiss of Winter! . . . But I know
That one day frost and snow will surely come.

[C. F. K., Monton Green.]

The air is grey with dust and thick
With ceaseless clamour, brutal noise,
The sun beats on these miles of brick,
The breeze dies strangled;—who enjoys
This London June?

But somewhere, not so far away,
Deep fields of grass grow ripe for hay,
Long leagues of grass sway green and grey
Before the west wind's wand'ring way,—
West winds in June!

By waterway and waterfall
Green river reeds grow close and tall,
The dragon fly threads through them all,
While in the copse the cuckoos call
"Cuckoo!" in June.

Throughout the sunny summer land
The blackbirds whistle, swallows play,—
Loud roars the traffic down the Strand,
The pavements glare; this is, we say,
The month of June.

[Mrs. C. Y., London.]

June lies down in the meadowland
 With an aching head and with tired feet :
 Full is her bosom, her face is tanned,
 Freckled with wind, and with sun and heat ;
 Dusky her hair that the breeze has fanned,
 And her brow is flushed, but her breath is sweet.
 Down the lone hill track, through the furze aflame
 From the sun's new fire and the morning haze
 To the greenwood dells and the bowers she came,
 And the dazzling noon and the blinding ways.
 Drowsy and warm, and flushed and tanned
 June lies down in the meadowland.

And far to her ear seems the whispering breeze,
 Lark-song, and the burn's cool gush and spurt ;
 But at evenfall, when the landrail jars
 From the misty leas, she leans alert,
 Watching through tapestry of trees.
 Sleepless, night's revelry of stars.

[H. R. S., Newcastle-on-Tyne.]

"O come and view my joys anew," so whispers blue-eyed June,
 "My meadow-sweet is at your feet, my songsters are in tune ;
 The forest glade shall lend you shade when sunbeams fiercely fall.
 I've carpets spread to tempt your tread, I've blessings for you all.
 "Yon mower blithe shall swing his scythe and scent my balmy gales.
 And milkmaids pass, each sunburnt lass with treasure in her pail :
 My roses pink shall make you think that Flora's lips have pressed them ;
 If cloudless skies should tire your eyes my drowsy nights shall rest them.
 "I've healthy joys for ruddy boys, and sports on village greens ;
 I've picnic glades for laughing maids and crowns for rustic queens :
 Mount, minstrel larks, o'er glens and parks your herald anthems fling,
 Let tidings go, let mortals know what varied joys I bring !"

[J. E., Bradford.]

Competition No. 195 (New Series).

This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best description of "The Place which has left the most vivid Impression on my Mind." The place may be either at home or abroad, and replies must not exceed 300 words.

RULES.

Answers addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 17 June, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon ; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

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TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Inglis (Harry, R. G.), The "Royal" Road Book of Ireland (Gall and Inglis) net 1/0
 Cook's Continental Time Tables and Tourist Handbook.....(Cook) 1/0
 Jackson (E. L.), St. Helena : The Historic Island.....(Ward, Lock) 6/0
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 Weir (Harrison), Our Poultry. Part 15.....(Hutchinson) net 0/6
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NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

The new volume of the "Cambridge Modern History," dealing with the United States, is to be published on June 24 by the Cambridge University Press.

Evidence of the organized and scientific study now devoted to English literature in America, is given by the edition of "Representative English Comedies," which is being produced under the direction of Mr. C. M. Gayley, professor in the university of California. The plan of the work is to trace the development of English comedy from its ecclesiastical origins to the point at which Sheridan left it ; and this will be done in five carefully planned volumes, each containing a selection of comedies chronologically arranged. The first volume about to be published in this country by Messrs. Macmillan covers the pre-Shakespearean period, and, after a general introductory essay on the origins, begins with two interludes by John Heywood, who wrote early in the sixteenth century, and closes with an essay by Prof. Dowden on Shakespeare as a comic dramatist, showing his relations to the earlier work, to contemporaries, and to later comedy.

The two next volumes in Messrs. Macmillan's Pocket Novels series will be "Mrs. Pendleton's Four-in-Hand," by Mrs. Atherton—the story of an enterprising widow who, receiving four proposals on the same day (six months after her bereavement), believes herself the subject of a joke, and retaliates by accepting all four, with comic consequences ; and "Mr. Keegan's Elopement," by Mr. Winston Churchill (the American, not the English author), who shows the remarkable degree of initiation possessed by warrant officers in the American Navy.

The collection of Rossetti papers, which Mr. W. M. Rossetti has arranged, will be published by Mr. Sands next week. It is a continuation of the two volumes of Rossetti's literary remains which appeared some years ago. The present volume brings the record down to 1870.

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The Literary Week.

THE books published during the past week have neither been numerous nor particularly interesting. In fiction Mr. W. D. Howells has broken silence with a volume containing three stories dealing with the supernatural. "Carmen Sylva" has also published a collection of short tales with an introductory poem "written in English for this volume" by, we presume, the Queen of Roumania. Mr. E. F. Benson leads off with "The Valkyries," the first of a series of romances founded on the themes of the grand operas. Among the books of the week we note the following:—

MY COLONIAL SERVICE. By Sir G. William des Vœux. Two Vols.

Sir William des Vœux' official life ended more than a decade ago, when ill-health made it necessary for him to resign the government of Hong Kong. The author says in his preface: "As it is . . . probable that even my name is hardly known to the great majority of my countrymen, I fear that this book, when judged by its outside, is likely to be regarded as the 'ponderous biography of a nobody.'" There is not, we imagine, much risk of that. Sir William des Vœux served in British Guiana, St. Lucia, Trinidad, Fiji, Australia, Newfoundland, and Hong Kong, and the main object of his book is to illustrate in detail the operation of the principles of Colonial government. The volumes have portraits and illustrations.

CALIBAN'S GUIDE TO LETTERS. By Hilaire Belloc.

Upon the cover of Mr. Belloc's little book stands the above title; on the title-page we read: "The Aftermath, or Gleanings from a Busy Life: called upon the outer cover, for Purposes of Sale, 'Caliban's Guide to Letters.'" The Guide is divided into various chapters, such as "Reviewing," "The Short Story," "The Short Lyric,"

"The Interview," "The Personal Par." The author says in his preface: "Nothing is Good save the Useful, and it would have been sheer vanity to have published so small a selection, whatever its merit, unless it could be made to do Something, to achieve a Result in this strenuous modern world." There are two pages of imaginary opinions of the press, and an index that is certainly original. The book is a very bright exercise in good fooling and honest satire.

A WRITER in the "Atlantic Monthly" gives some interesting particulars concerning Miss Helen Keller's "Story of My Life," to which we referred last week. The writer says: "Here is the narrative of a young woman who has been deaf and blind from infancy, written in idiomatic English, and indicating the possession of a culture well above that owned by the average college girl of her age. Such an achievement is a new thing in the world." The extraordinary earnestness and tenacity of purpose which resulted in this culture and appreciation are almost appalling, when we remember that they grew in darkness and silence. The secondary heroine in Miss Keller's book is the lady who taught her. She had placed in her charge, at the age of seven, a child quite undeveloped in mind or affections, having no idea of the existence of language, and approachable only through the senses of taste and smell. In two weeks the teacher had won the child's affection, and in four her pupil had grasped the conception of language. Many of Miss Keller's letters are included in the volume. The first begins thus: "helen write anna george will give helen apple simpson will shoot bird." From such pathetic fumbblings, by almost imperceptible degrees, the knowledge grows till a real perception of the beauty of words is attained. Then there occur sentences such as this: "I think only those who have escaped that death-in-life existence from which Laura Bridgman was rescued can realize how isolated, how shrouded in darkness, how cramped by its own impotence, is a soul without thought or faith or hope." Such a triumph of education and development is full of hope for the deaf-blind of the future.

In an article in the "North American Review" on Sir Alfred Lyall's "Tennyson" Mr. Frederick Harrison says:—

Like almost all our poets, except Milton, Gray, Coleridge, and Arnold, he published a great deal more than he need have done. Tennyson no doubt published far less of careless, ill-digested, and poor work than almost any of our poets. All of them, except Milton and Gray, sank at times into bathos unworthy of them. This Tennyson never did. But he published much, in his later career, which is inferior to his best. The future will no doubt be content to remember little more than a half, or even a third, of his immense output. Most of his poems would be more effective if they were only half as long as they are.

Those few sentences contain many disputable statements. Coleridge, in spite of his small poetic production, published some work which the world could very well have done without; and surely all of our poets, except Milton and Gray, did not sink into bathos. We could name a dozen who never became bathetic, though it would be difficult to name one who was not sometimes weak. And the last sentence quoted we can by no means accept; it is one of those generalisations which are so easy to make, so difficult to substantiate. Remembering the best of Tennyson's work we are convinced that it would have lost immeasurably if it had been shortened by half. There are times when Mr. Harrison seems to confound the methods proper to philosophy with the methods proper to poetry.

AN Australian Librarian, writing to us from Kalgoorlie, enters a protest against the methods of certain London publishers. He points out that Messrs. George Bell and Son have issued, under the title "The Little Red Captain," a book by Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne originally published by Messrs. Chatto and Co. in 1895, with the title "Honour of Thieves." How is the public to tell that the new title represents an old book till it has paid for its disillusionment? Again, our correspondent says: "I would also like to call attention to the practice adopted by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. of omitting the date of publication of their colonial editions, which I consider should be placed on all books." Our correspondent adds: "The Colonial Editions issued by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., Messrs. Methuen and Co., and Mr. William Heinemann are, however, eminently satisfactory, especially when compared with the works issued by a few firms who profess to make a speciality of their Colonial editions."

THE treatment of animals in Italy has greatly improved during recent years. Naples, once a great sinner against its beasts, has done much to remove the reproach, as the Duke of Portland's report recently demonstrated. But Spain still lags behind. In a letter to "The Times," dated from Cordova, Mrs. Craigie said:—

It is, no doubt, hard for the uneducated Spaniard, accustomed from early childhood to the tortured beasts, again indescribable, of the bull-fight, to understand or imagine the sufferings of a cheap, worn-out horse (costly animals receive admirable treatment invariably); but yesterday I saw an Englishwoman of the well-to-do class, her children, and their governess driving complacently up a steep hill heavy with thick mud in a three-horse omnibus, the leader of which had large sores on both sides of his body and was altogether unfit to be in harness at all. The driver used his whip with nice ingenuity on the sensitive wounds of the animal; and, although I ventured to call attention to his action, the occupants of the vehicle (hired for their own use) seemed to think it a matter too sordid for refined minds bent on a happy afternoon in a beautiful garden, once reached.

The possibilities of reform, as Mrs. Craigie suggests, lie largely with the tourist. And it is the tourist's business to see to it.

IN quoting last week from Miss Mathers' letter, apropos of our article entitled "Firstliness," we appear, quite unintentionally, to have omitted certain words. Miss Mathers asked whether our "less drawn" meant "well-drawn, ill-drawn, or how-drawn." Our quotation stopped at "well-drawn," and Miss Mathers considers that our readers may suppose that she intended indirectly to praise herself. We had no intention of conveying such an impression.

THERE has reached us from Paris a volume in the series entitled "Pages choisies des Grands Écrivains" containing translations into French from Charles Dickens. Both the translation and the introduction are the work of M. B.-H. Gausseron. The introduction concludes thus:—

Je ne puis mieux résumer ma pensée qu'en une comparaison qui sera comprise de tous: Charles Dickens fut un Alexandre Dumas qui avait l'âme de Vincent de Paul.

THE production of three of Mr. W. B. Yeats's plays in New York, under the auspices of the newly-born American-Irish Literary Society, seems to have been a success. Some of the critics appeared rather doubtful about the whole business, and saved themselves by vagueness. The "World" said:—

The value of Yeats's plays lay in their polished literary finish, their definite underlying purpose clothed in symbolism, and their unerring beauty of expression.

And the "Times" critic wrote:—

Mr. Yeats, though first a poet and a literary mind, has evidently either a natural talent or an acquired power in the line of theatrical effect. Though in his more serious effort he is apparently engaged chiefly in the exposition of an idea, he succeeds in translating it in his plays into action, which serves to bring the thought into a visible picture. There lies the difference between that which is merely poetic and that which is dramatic.

WE have received the first volume of the "Works of Temple Chambers." It contains an "entirely original and largely vegetarian comic opera in two acts," called "The Family of Smith, or Milk and Eggs." This production is reprinted, we are told, from the "Granta," and its dedication runs thus:—

DEAR BILL,

Kindly accept herewith, according to promise in writing, the dedication of the first five hundred copies of this volume of my Works. But you must not expect that the succeeding editions will bear your name. They will be dedicated to others of my friends, in an order to be determined by the warmth of their praise. As an expression of esteem it is more cordial and less expensive than tie-pins.

But the first edition shall be called "Bill's" by future bibliographers. You and I have haunted the dear old Savoy together. This opera was planned in your presence. You read it before anyone. To you alone I have explained the jokes. Now it is your duty to boom it, reveal my identity to all your acquaintance, and oblige

Yours pseudonymously,

TEMPLE CHAMBERS.

There seems to be some fairly amusing matter in the little volume, but why prejudice us against it by a dedication so sadly undergraduate?

WE notice the following amusing paragraph in the "Weekly Critical Review":—

The Editor of the "Weekly Critical Review" offers his sincere apologies to John Gurdan, Esq., for the verses which were inserted at the end of the criticism of that author's

poem "Erinna," and which looked very much like a sarcastic cut at the book. The mistake occurred through an error in paging, committed by a foreign compositor.

It was rather unkind to insist that the compositor was foreign.

THE Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest have lately been the objects of attack, and, in our opinion, of just attack. Now it is the turn of the National Gallery. In a leading article in the "Burlington Magazine" we read:—

In former years a London dealer who had a particularly fine picture in his possession would have offered it to the National Gallery; now that is the last thing that he thinks of doing; he knows too well that the authorities of the National Gallery would probably not take the trouble even to look at it, and that some of those who would have a voice in deciding whether it should be purchased have not the necessary qualifications for making such a decision. The evil has been increased by the insane rule now in force, that the trustees of the National Gallery must be unanimous before any picture is purchased—a rule which, as anyone with sense would have foreseen, has led to an absolute deadlock. Within the last few weeks, for instance, the chance of purchasing a superb work of Frans Hals at a very moderate price has been lost to the nation, simply because one of the trustees of the National Gallery refuses to agree to any purchase that does not suit his own preference for art of what may be called the glorified chocolate-box type.

In the meantime such museums as those of Berlin, Boston, Munich, and Amsterdam find it worth while to buy largely in London.

WE cut the following example of cheerful and jaunty journalism from an evening contemporary:—

The gentleman (Ludwig Eisenbaum) who started to cross the Atlantic in an open boat has abandoned the little pleasure trip. He got wet through in a storm and rheumatism ensued. Hence he concluded that "discretion was the better part of valour," and turned up the job.

MISS EDGEWORTH'S "Helen," just reissued in Messrs. Macmillan's Illustrated Pocket Classics, was, we are reminded by Mrs. Ritchie in her introduction, written when the author was quite an old woman. It was written, too, when sorrow had touched her nearly: it was begun long after the death of her chief critic, her father, and during the time when she was prostrated by physical weakness largely due to the loss of her young brother. When she could snatch time from the administration of an estate—an Irish estate—she sat down to "Helen." It took four years to complete the book. Mrs. Ritchie concludes her pleasant introduction by quoting Mrs. S. C. Hall's description of the brilliant little lady in her later years:—

In person she was very small,—smaller than Hannah More, and with more than Hannah More's vivacity of manners; her face was pale and thin, her features irregular, they may have been considered plain even in youth, but her expression was so benevolent, her manners so entirely well bred, partaking of English dignity and Irish frankness, that you never thought of her in reference either to plainness or beauty—she was all in all; she occupied, without fatiguing, the attention, charmed by her pleasant voice, while the earnestness and truth that beamed in her bright blue—very blue—eyes made of value every word she uttered. Her words were always well chosen, her manner of expression was graceful and natural, her sentences were frequently epigrammatical.

A RECENTLY published volume of Irish stories, entitled "The Passionate Hearts," by Anna MacManus (Ethna Carbery), has a more than ordinary and a pathetic interest. The writer's book of verse "The Four Winds of Eirinn,"

had a rather remarkable success—it is now in its ninth edition. The present volume comes to us after its author's death. From a preface by Mr. Seumas MacManus we extract the following:—

She who wrote these stories of our people loved them with a love that was deep and tender beyond what words of mine could convey. When she wrote of our people, when she spoke of our people—her people—her eyes went wet with fondness. Her faith in them was full, and great, and strong. Through their noble nature Mother Fire would, she knew, ere long rise triumphant.

Little dreamt she that ere the glory burst upon Erin, God should have taken her to watch for it from His footstool. Yet, now that the grass is green above her grave in Donegal, the friends who knew her—who knew her unending work for our land, and who knew the passionate love of country that consumed her—can stand by that little mound and say from their hearts: There lies one who gave her young life to Ireland.

The little volume has a cover design in colour by "A. E.," whose work is well known to all lovers of real poetry.

THE endless story in the "Review of Reviews" opens this month with a description of the massacres at Kishineff. Such a journalistic opportunity, no doubt, was not to be missed, but we cannot think that any good purpose is served by the gory realism of Chapter XXIV. The bare newspaper narratives were quite enough.

MISS JANE BARLOW has an article in the "Pilot" concerning "Business in Glen." Glen suffers from a dearth of reading matter; for many a mile round "the only reading material purchasable for love or money must be sought in the senselessly vulgar mottoes inscribed upon those plaster-of-Paris sweets, by which the youth of the neighbourhood are, to their physical and mental disadvantage, beguiled of their rare halfpence." Yet Miss Barlow says that this dearth co-exists with the keenest appetite for something to read. Practically all the younger people know how to read; they have the key, but can find no door to open with it. Occasionally, and only occasionally, a newspaper finds its way to Glen:—

On those long, empty-handed evenings, when the last word has been conned in the ill-printed columns, and when the lamp screening the window, and the fire flushing the wall, seem to light no purpose of profit or pleasure, the hours must lag leadenly. It appears quite possible that we have here one reason for the exodus of young folk so steadily proceeding from the country, if we may conjecture some of them to be scared from their parent's door not so much by dread of the grinning wolf poverty, as by disgust at the crawling slug, dulness. To banish the latter pest in remote and out-of-the-way places such as Glen, no means could be more effectual than a well-equipped travelling library van. . . . Meanwhile, however, the book trade in Glen cannot be said to thrive, and as another of the neighbours remarked: "You'd get as much reading off the clouds in the sky as off anything else you'll find in the parish."

There are times when we could gladly wish our reading to be confined to the "clouds in the sky." But then we do not live in Glen.

ONE of the pleasantest of the many recent new attempts to tickle book-buyers is Messrs. Macmillan's series of "Pocket Novels by Favourite Authors." The little books are modestly bound in green cloth and the type is clear and nicely spaced. Mr. Marion Crawford's "Man Overboard" and Mr. Winston Churchill's "Mr. Keegan's Elopement" are prefixed by portraits of the authors, and at the end there is a brief sketch of their lives and work. Perhaps the word "novel" hardly properly applies to the series; the books are rather amplified short stories. "Man Overboard" contains only about fifteen thousand words.

THE first bound volume of the "World's Work" lies before us. We have from time to time called attention to the actuality and value of this most practical of monthlies. In the matter of photographic illustration the "World's Work" has gone about as far as it is possible to go. The portraits are real character studies of living men whose influence is actively at work to-day. Mr. Henry Norman's articles on the motor are amongst the most interesting and useful in the volume. Both for the busy man and the man of leisure, this handsome volume is full of suggestion.

THE "Tabard Inn" Library, of which we gave particulars some time ago, has now got to work, and its promoters have confidence that its success in England will be as great as in America. The other day, in reponse to a single advertisement, applications were received from over fifteen hundred intending subscribers.

SOME remarkable prices were realised the other day for books once owned by Thackeray. We give some of the figures. A copy of the first edition of Charles Tennyson's "Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces," 1830, with Thackeray's signature, two sketches and an original poem of twelve lines by him, entitled "Written in Solitude," £140; "The Connoisseur," 1757-60, volumes 1 and 3 only, in the first of which there are several clever pencil sketches and notes by Thackeray, £25; "The Elements of Euclid," 1791, with the autograph, "W. M. Thackeray, Charterhouse," a pencil sketch and note in pencil, £11 10s.; M. Starke's "Information and Directions for Travellers on the Continent," 1832, with several pencil sketches by Thackeray, £61; Ainsworth's "Latin Dictionary," with the autograph "W. M. Thackeray, Charterhouse, July, 1827," and three pencil sketches by him, £24; and "Guide Indispensable du Voyageur," Brussels, no date, with seven pencil sketches by Thackeray, and the autograph of Henry Carmichael Smyth, his father-in-law, £41. All these books, it is pleasant to note, were purchased by one buyer.

Bibliographical.

THE keen appreciation with which Mr. Bernard Shaw's burlesque in verse, "The Admirable Bashville," was received at the recent performances of the Stage Society, should induce Mr. Shaw or his publishers, or both, to print and publish it separately in a cheap form. At present it is to be found only at the end of the volume, published in 1901 by Mr. Grant Richards, which is mainly devoted to the text of "Cashel Byron's Profession." Of course, Mr. Shaw's preface to the skit should be reprinted with it. It will be remembered that in the general preface to this volume Mr. Shaw told us that Mr. W. E. Henley had suggested the dramatization of the novel: Mr. Henley could hardly have anticipated that his suggestion would eventuate in "The Admirable Bashville," the best thing of its kind since the "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern" of Mr. W. S. Gilbert. "The Admirable Bashville" would be the better, no doubt, for a little judicious "cutting": there might then be some chance of its getting on to the regular boards, though there would be the danger of its falling into the hands of the gifted amateur.

As our newspapers are the real educators of "the people," it is always a pity when they mislead their pupils. Poetry, for instance, is largely known only by quotations, and it is a real evil when those quotations are inaccurate. In one journal the other day I saw these lines (on carping scribes) attributed to Tennyson:—

The only answer unto such
Is perfect silence while they brawl.

Now, what Tennyson actually wrote in the first draft, which appeared in "Punch," was—

The noblest answer unto such
Is kindly silence when they brawl.

This he afterwards altered to—

The noblest answer unto such
Is perfect stillness when they brawl.

This is the reading now given in the collected works.

For the sake of the Printers' Pension Corporation I trust that the publication called "Printer's Pie" has had a large circulation. At the same time, as a bibliographer, I anathematize such products, which are the despair of my class. Who is to keep pace with such casual and ephemeral concoctions? They are almost as difficult to capture and record as that elusive creation the "privately-printed" volume. Some of the contributors to "Printer's Pie" are so eminent that their smallest offspring must needs be noted when discovered. The brochure itself is issued from the office of a weekly paper. Should not bibliographers conspire to regard such vagrom miscellanies as non-existent, or at least negligible?

The little "Dante Treasury" just added to the "Bibelot" series has the merit of attracting attention anew to a rhythmical version of the "Divine Comedy" which is rarely mentioned nowadays—that which was produced in 1833-43 by Ichabod Charles Wright, the Nottingham banker-poet, and which was regarded by Tom Moore as "exceeding even Cary's" in excellence. The "Treasury" is edited by Mr. J. P. Briscoe, the head of the Free Library at Nottingham, to whose local sympathies we are no doubt indebted for this resuscitation (in extracts) of the Ichabod Wright translation.

I see, by the way, that among forthcoming "Bibelots" will be an anthology of "Pickwickian Wit and Humour." I should hardly have thought that had sufficient novelty; most people who care for "Pickwick" at all have got it by heart. I remember that, some time in the eighties, some one published a collection of "Wellerisms," chosen from "Pickwick" and "Master Humphrey's Clock." There has also been a collection of "Tales from Pickwick." Now Mr. Percy Fitzgerald will have to add to his "History" of that work.

There will be a public, no doubt, for the memoirs of Peter the Great which Zenside Ragozni is to contribute to one of the numerous "series." It will probably be more elaborate than the somewhat jejune monograph which Mr. Oscar Browning produced in 1898, and probably somewhat less elaborate than the "Life" by Waliszewski which was translated by Lady Mary Loyd in 1897 (one-volume edition in 1898). I suppose Waliszewski will be taken as having superseded Eugène Schuyler, whose "Life" of Peter, published here in 1884, went into a new edition in 1891.

From a bibliography in the current issue of the "English Illustrated Magazine," I gather that Mr. W. B. Yeats first appeared in print in the pages of the "Dublin University Review" (September, 1885). To that Review he contributed in the following year "Mosada," which, reprinted in book form in 1887, constituted his first separate publication. Then came "The Wanderings of Oisín" (1889), "The Countess Kathleen" (1892), and so forth. Virtually his literary career began with "The Countess Kathleen."

The promised "pocket Lamb"—800 pages on thin paper—is likely to be very popular, if the type be only sufficiently large and clear. The new India paper is a boon and a blessing in such cases as these. The only extant one-volume edition of Lamb is, I believe, that issued by Messrs. Chatto, and that is of a portly habit. The "pocket Lamb" that is to come will be, I trust, really pocketable.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Critics' Bible.

ENCYCLOPEDIA BIBLICA. Vol. IV., Q to Z. Edited by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne and J. Sutherland Black. (Adam and Charles Black. 20s. net.)

THE fourth and final volume of this Encyclopædia presents no very marked difference from its predecessors. If the student of the Bible, or, for that matter, the general reader, happens to turn for information to articles like those on "Sennacherib," by Mr. C. H. W. Johns, or "Siege" and "War," by Prof. Owen Whitehouse, or on "Syria," by Mr. D. G. Hogarth, Mr. A. Shipley, and Dr. Hugo Winckler, he will find within all that he can possibly want to know, put with a brevity and point that leave nothing to be desired. In the article, "Text and Versions," by Mr. F. C. Burkitt, he will also find what is in effect a treatise on the difficult subject of textual criticism, written with hardly an unnecessary word, but without the excessive compression that appears in some of the other articles, while it will cost him but a glance to convince himself of Mr. Burkitt's complete mastery of his subject, and the care and pains that he has taken to bring his remarks up to date. In Prof. W. Max Muller's articles on Egyptian subjects, such as "Rameses," "Shishak," "Tahpanhes," "Tirhakah," and others, and in those on "Shekel" and "Weights and Measures," by Mr. G. F. Hill, we feel that we are listening to the voice of experts, and can only regret that such experts should not have been allowed more elbow-room. In all these matters the Encyclopædia is excellent, and has nothing to fear by comparison with any of its rivals.

We find a different state of things when we turn to those controversial or doctrinal articles, which are, as before, written with the apparent desire of upsetting the traditional or received interpretation hitherto placed upon the more important statements of the Bible. Prof. Schmiedel leads off with an article on "Resurrection and Ascension Narratives," in which he disposes, very much to his own satisfaction, of the idea that the appearances of the Founder of Christianity after the Crucifixion had any existence elsewhere than in the over-heated brains of the supposed beholders. He admits, indeed, that "the historian who will have it that the alleged appearances are due merely to legend or invention must deny not only the genuineness of the Pauline Epistles [we have seen that this is denied by another writer in the Encyclopædia], but also the historicity of Jesus altogether." But he seeks to show that there is no evidence that the risen Jesus ever ate, or was touched, or spoke; while he declares his own conviction that no watch was ever set upon the Sepulchre, that it was never found empty, and that all the earlier appearances took place in Galilee and in Galilee alone. He then examines most of the hypotheses on which it can be supposed that the disciples believed that they saw what they say that they saw, and pronounces in favour of the visions being merely "subjective," or in other words, due to the imagination. After going through the whole argument, he concludes that "the most that can be claimed is that it proves the possibility—the probability if you will—of the explanation from subjective visions." Later, Prof. N. Schmidt, in "Son of Man," tells us that "it is extremely difficult to believe in the historical character of the trial before the Sanhedrin," and Mr. Maurice Canney in "Synædrium" that "it is impossible to gather from the New Testament really reliable details of the trial that resulted in the crucifixion of Jesus." While in "Son of God," Prof. Schmidt asserts that "there is no reason to suppose that the great darkness, the earthquake, the rending of the veil in the temple, and the rising of the dead from their tombs [at the Crucifixion] actually occurred"; that "a critical study of the synoptic material

leads inevitably to the conclusion that Jesus never called himself 'the Son of God,' and was never addressed by that title"; and that "he was proclaimed as such by voices from heaven and hell is a notion consonant with the ideas of the time, but not of such a nature as to command belief at present." At the risk of anti-climax it may here be mentioned that in the article on "Romans (epistle)," Prof. Van Manen contends not only that this epistle is not by St. Paul, but that "no serious efforts to defend its genuineness have as yet ever been attempted."

Looking back, now, through the earlier volumes (which were reviewed in the ACADEMY of 2 December, 1899, 23 February, 1901, and 26 April 1902), we find it possible to reconstruct the Central Figure of Christianity as he appears to the writers in this Encyclopædia. According to Canon Cheyne and his contributors, the "historic Jesus" was a completely human being, there only existing in him such divinity as is capable of being found in a man. He was not born at Bethlehem, nor of a virgin; being the son, in the ordinary way of nature; of Joseph and Mary. No miracles were performed by him, and he was never called the Son of God by himself or by anyone else during his lifetime. The central fact that he was crucified is admitted, but all the accessories of the crucifixion, including the presence of any male disciples thereat, are later accretions to the legend. He never rose from the dead, the stories that he did so being traceable to collective hallucinations undergone by his followers in Galilee and due to religious excitement. As to how far the New Testament preserves any record of his teaching, only five sayings attributed to him are absolutely authentic. These are: "Why callest thou Me good? none is good save God only;" the statement in Matthew that blasphemy against the Son of Man may be forgiven; those in Mark that the relations of Jesus held him to be beside himself, and that even the angels of God and the Son were ignorant concerning "that day and that hour"; and the cry from the Cross of "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken Me?" Our ignorance in this respect is quite as noteworthy in the case of St. Paul, for none of the epistles attributed to him are by his hand, nor the epistle to the Romans, nor can anything be said regarding his life with certainty save that he actually existed, that his first attitude towards the followers of Jesus was one of hostility, but that he afterwards joined them and passed the rest of his life as a wandering preacher. It seems hardly worth while in this connection to speak of the Old Testament, but it may be mentioned that it is stated in the present volume that no book in it is written by the author to which it is attributed, and that the general tendency of the whole work is to refer the principal traditions therein to heathen sources.

That these assertions, if true, should be published, is one of the points on which we, at any rate, have no quarrel with the projectors of this book. But the reader cannot be too often warned that their truth or falsehood depends not upon fact, but upon conjecture. No new discoveries affecting the veracity or otherwise of, for instance, the received gospels have been made, and although our geographical and archaeological knowledge is more extensive than in the Dark Ages, the discrepancies which undoubtedly exist between the different gospel narratives are not more patent to us now than they were to writers like Tertullian, Origen, and Jerome in the early days of Christianity. These last-named persons, too, were better equipped than ourselves, both by race and proximity, for the understanding of the scene on which the opening part of the drama of Christianity was enacted, and they wrote in the presence of learned and astute opponents who would have been quick to expose any manifest flaw either in their facts or their arguments. In spite of this, they continued to assert their belief in the substantial correctness of the Bible narratives, and given their good faith, it is

difficult to see why they should have done so if the inconsistencies and absurdities of these are so evident as to deprive them of all title to credit. In one word, we can hardly think that it has been reserved for a few professors in European and American universities to point out to us after a process which, although dignified by other names, is merely one of collation and comparison, the intolerable amount of chaff which surrounds the few grains of wheat that they are pleased to allow to us.

Lest it should be thought that this is merely an argument *ad captandum*, we venture to give one instance of the manner in which the destructive criticisms in this Encyclopædia are evolved. Very early, indeed, Canon Cheyne, after his manner, adopted the theory of Winckler (lately refuted by Dr. Budge) that the Misur or Musri of the cuneiform inscriptions did not, as had hitherto been supposed, always mean Egypt, but generally referred to a rather undefined territory in North Arabia. He did not, however, lay much stress upon the matter, and the article on "Arabia" in the first volume contained no mention of it. In a short article on "Jarha," however, Mr. Stanley Cook happened to mention that Jarha, who in the Book of Chronicles is said to be an Egyptian or Mizrite, might possibly be an inhabitant of this supposed North Arabian Musri, and that the name might perhaps be considered to be identical with the Jerahmeel who in the same chapter is said to be the first-born of Hezron, the grandson of Judah. This was followed up by another article on "Jerahmeel" by the same author, wherein it is said that the names coupled with Jerahmeel in Chronicles "betray an affinity with South Palestine." This immediately produced a "tag" appended by the chief editor in which he hazards the guess that "the Jerahmeelites were a much more important tribe or collection of tribes than we have imagined," and gives "a list, probably incomplete, of O. T. names which may have been corrupted from Jerahmeel." The appetite comes, however, in eating in such matters, and this proved to be as the letting-out of water for Canon Cheyne. From this page forward it is hardly possible to turn over the leaves of the book without the name Jerahmeel meeting the eye. Adam, Lamech, Enoch, Abraham, Amraphel (whom we have been elsewhere taught to look upon as Hammurabi of Babylon) are all of them declared to have names identical with Jerahmeel. Amalek and Elam are in like manner said to coincide with this mystic word, the garden of Eden is said to mean the garden of Jerahmeel, the cities of the Plain are the cities of Jerahmeel, and the oppressors of the Israelites in what are known as the "Servant" passages in deuterio-Isaiah are said to be Jerahmeelites. So, too, Hiram-abi, who in his proper place in the Dictionary is allowed to wear his own name, is under the word "Solomon" assumed to have been called Jerahmeel; while the "algum-wood" used by him in the building of the Temple is said to be better described as "Jerahmeelite timber." Bethlehem is in like manner said to be "an early corruption" of Beth-Jerahmeel, and it is pretty plain that these identifications are to be continued in the "Critica Biblica" that Canon Cheyne contemplates publishing. It really seems as if he attributed to the word Jerahmeel all the magical efficacy lent by the old lady to "Mesopotamia"; yet his belief in it seems to date from Mr. Cook's ingenious reference, and it is plain that it was not in his mind when the plan of the Encyclopædia was first excogitated. This is surely the very midsummer madness of criticism.

It follows from what we have said that the book has, in our opinion, entirely failed in its purpose. It cannot be recommended to the orthodox or even the unorthodox believer, both of whom will find in it much to shock, though nothing to shake their faith. Nor to the opponent of Christianity, for it demands of him belief in the inspiration of the critics instead of in the criticised documents.

Mrs. Browning in French.

LES SONNETS DU PORTUGAIS D'ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.
Traduits en vers Français avec Préface, Texte Anglais en regard, et Notes, par Léon Morel. (Paris: Hachette et Cie.)

Two aims, more or less incompatible, lie before the translator: one is the precise rendering of his author's meaning; the other the production, in his own tongue, of a piece of good literature. The degree in which the one or the other of these two aims should prevail must depend largely upon the nature of the matter to be translated. In rendering a scientific treatise, a statement of fact, or an ancient record, faithfulness and clearness are all in all. To sacrifice to literary considerations one iota of exactitude would be indeed to play the part of the traitor who lurks proverbially in the skin of every translator. In such a case the path to be followed lies clear enough; it is a question, not so much of literature, as of honesty. But when we come to deal with a work of sheer beauty, a poem, for instance, the very essence of which lies in harmony, in exquisite expression, and in power to call up a particular atmosphere of emotion, then our course becomes more uncertain, and the exact balance of duties difficult to strike. To translate Euclid is plain sailing; but how shall we translate "Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh," or "Les Cadets de Gascogne," or—with M. Morel—the "Sonnets from the Portuguese"? The task is beyond achievement, and therefore endlessly attractive. For we must not only follow the thought and something at least of the shape; we must at the same time so fit these things to the language and the temperament of another race as to make them evoke, in the new readers, the same kind of delight and emotion as were awakened in the old. To use Stevenson's metaphor of the juggler, we must keep up at least half a dozen oranges at once, giving an impelling touch now here, now there, and never suffering any one of the half-dozen to drop to earth. To do this, with even approximate success, demands, first, the literary sense—that gift with or without which we are as surely born as with or without the ear for music; second, not only a wide knowledge of, but also a deep feeling for, both tongues; third, a very high degree of technical equipment. It demands, in short, all the qualifications of the original writer, except (vast exception!) the creative spark, and plus a certain dose of critical insight and a considerable intimacy with an alien language.

That the *flair* of the translator is more or less a natural aptitude may be seen among boys at school. Every schoolmaster knows that one pupil, with perhaps no very great knowledge of Latin or Greek, will, time after time, produce Latin and Greek prose the standard of which is far above that of class-mates better instructed, more painstaking and possibly of greater general ability. There does undoubtedly exist in some persons a natural feeling for the connotations of words, a sympathy with the turns of language, and this quality, desirable in the original writer (although at least two great writers of our own day and tongue have lacked it), is essential to the translator. It is a gift apt, like most artistic gifts, to run in families. Moreover, so curious are the windings of human faculty that this sympathy may be partial; a schoolboy's Greek prose may be always good, and his Latin prose always poor; with equal knowledge of both tongues, one man will translate admirably from the French and clumsily from the German, while another, perhaps, will translate excellently from the German and awkwardly from the French. Not many translators can do equally well in every field, any more than most actors can play both Hamlet and Touchstone.

The mental processes indeed of actor and translator are much akin. In each case the thought of another man has to be first taken in and then given out again in a new

medium—a form of intellectual exertion for which the average Englishman has no eye, so that the actor appears to him an idler, and the translator a copyist. The fascination, too, of the two arts is not dissimilar; translation-fever, though less conspicuous, and perhaps less acute, is as common as stage-fever, and more enduring, so that many a man carries through life the silent conviction that he alone, penetrating that *Sleeping Beauty's* thicket where hundreds have perished before him, is capable of adequately translating Horace or Heine. What literary man of any classical schooling has never attempted "Eheu, fugaces—" ? How many score versions (and never a good one) have been made of "Du bist wie eine Blume" ?

But although Horace and Heine remain the most baffling of individual authors, the tongues in which they write are free from certain differences of spirit which render peculiarly difficult the translation of French verse into English or of English verse into French. These difficulties are naturally enhanced when a complicated verse-form, like the sonnet, is to be reproduced; and the enterprise upon which M. Léon Morel has adventured was fraught with perils. On the whole, he has surmounted them with astonishing success. One or two of his sonnets are veritable triumphs, and succeed in rendering every shade of Mrs. Browning's meaning—sometimes more happily, and pretty often more smoothly than his original—in reproducing just the breaks and stops of the English, and in being, at the same time, charming poems in French. It would surely, for example, be impossible to better this:—

My poet, thou canst touch on all the notes
God set between His After and Before,
And strike up and strike off the general roar
Of the rushing worlds, a melody that floats
In a serene air purely. Antidotes
Of medicated music, answering for
Mankind's forlornest uses, thou canst pour
From thence into their ears. God's will devotes
Thine to such ends; and mine to wait on thine!
How, dearest, wilt thou have me for most use?
A hope, to sing by gladly? . . . or a fine
Sad memory, with thy songs to interfuse? . . .
A shade, in which to sing . . . of palm or pine?
A grave, on which to rest from singing? . . . Choose.

Sous tes doigts, mon poète, a vibré toute note
Que Dieu fit, du passé jusqu'au terme des âges,
Évoquant ou calmant, sur la mer sans rivages
Des tourbillons du monde, une rumeur qui flotte
Purement dans un ciel serein. C'est antidote
Qu'en toi l'humanité trouve pour ses usages
Les plus désespérés, ton magique langage
Qui guérit, vient de là. Telle est la tâche haute
Que Dieu t'assigne, et t'y seconder est la mienne.
Comment, ô mon Aimé, puis-je te mieux servir?
Suis-je un espoir, gaité de tes chants? . . . ou la peine
Que mêle à ta musique un triste souvenir?
L'ombre . . . pin ou palmier, de ta muse sereine?—
La tombe et le repos? . . . C'est à toi de choisir.

Yet the effect of the French is not quite the effect of the English; the longer line slackens the *tempo* and imparts a tone of languor and dreaminess. Since a sonnet in lines of ten syllables would doubtless seem intolerable to French readers, the translator must accept this difference as one of the conditions of his task, and set himself to fill up as best he may the twenty-eight extra syllables in each sonnet. To some extent his language—especially with the sounded *e* mute of verse—fills them for him, but not completely. It is almost impossible that he should avoid amplifying, and amplification we find, accordingly: an adjective where Mrs. Browning has none, two adjectives where she has one, little clauses to which nothing answers in the English. These have, almost invariably, the true note; the thought is not distorted,

it is often indeed elucidated—but it is diluted. Here is an example:—

Is it indeed so? If I lay here dead
Would'st thou miss any life in losing mine,
And would the sun for thee more coldly shine
Because of grave-damps falling round my head?
Pourrait-il être vrai? Si j'étais là sans vie,
Toute vie à tes yeux serait morte avec moi?
Le soleil désormais brillerait pâle et froid,
Si la brume entourait ma tête ensevelie?

Once or twice the amplification is a serious weakness. Thus:—

Et morte, si Dieu veut, t'aimerai mieux ailleurs,

falls very far short of—

If God choose
I shall but love thee better after death,

and the whole difference lies in the unhappy and enfeebling word "ailleurs." On the other hand, there are passages where M. Morel improves upon his original.

Et d'un coup, un grand cœur s'éprend jusqu' à la mort

is both a finer line and a better ending than—

And great souls at one stroke may do and doat.

From some few misreadings of his author perhaps no translator can be free; and surely in Sonnet 42 M. Morel is wrong to translate "my lost saints" by "mes saintes délaissées." The lost saints are surely the loved ones taken away and rendered sacred by death, not saints outgrown and left behind. But these failings are small indeed; the whole level both of faithfulness and of poetic merit is extraordinarily high, and leaves the attentive reader wondering whether M. Morel who displays as a translator so many of the poet's endowments possesses also the one thing more, and could, if he would, give us original work of equal excellence.

The Last of It?

MY RELATIONS WITH CARLYLE. By J. A. Froude. (Longmans, Green. 2s. net.)

THESE notes, found after Froude's death, at the bottom of an old despatch-box, tear the last veil from his knowledge of the Carlyle household; and are supplemented by a letter from the late Sir James Stephen, justifying Froude's action in the conflict which arose out of the attempt to prevent the publication of the dangerous Carlyle documents. They should be the last word in a fray which can scarce be carried further without indecency. The result is to justify Froude's action in a publication which he believed to be in accordance with Carlyle's wishes, though not to acquit him of misjudgments in the manner of it; and to set his view of Carlyle's relations with his wife on what seems a solid foundation of facts. But while it adds a deeper cause for the pair's disunion, and does away with the hope that their mutual love survived the friction, it does not otherwise alter the view we expressed in noticing Sir J. Crichton-Browne's contentions.

The essential point of this last revelation is that Carlyle was unfit for marriage. It is stated on the authority of Miss Jewsbury, of references (apparently) in Mrs. Carlyle's Diary, and of common talk among the Carlyle circle. It is supported by the now disclosed fact that she constantly talked as though she were free to leave him, and more than once was within an ace of doing so. The Ashburton business receives confirmation, and Carlyle's wild temper towards his wife, which it seems once went so far as leaving bruises on her arms. Carlyle,

says Mr. Froude, was egotistic, overbearing, scornful and denunciatory in a reckless fashion; his egotism combined with dyspeptic gloom made him abnormally exacting and abnormally irritable, while his temper was savage. Absorbed in his own work and affairs, he did not perceive his wife's illness, and homilised her on patience if he did: but upon his own sufferings he was eloquent. He killed her devotion; and when, alarmed by her nearly fatal illness, he tried amendment, it was too late to recover it. Nor was it long before she died. He had worn out her nerves.

It is an indictment we do most potently believe. But the old defect remains: the wife was not quite the patient martyr of devotion she appeared to the fascinated eyes of Mr. Froude.

There is a story which illustrates the aspect of the case that Mr. Froude has unconsciously eliminated. A visitor calling on the Carlyles met the philosopher going out of the door, looking dazed and depressed. Entering, the visitor found Mrs. Carlyle on the sofa, and the story came out. She had lain for days with a sick or neuralgic headache, unnoticed by her husband; and Carlyle, coming down from his work, had that moment inquired, with an air of sudden consciousness, "Aren't you well, my dear?" She expressed her feelings—with the sofa-cushion. Now Mr. Froude gives us Mrs. Carlyle, without the sofa-cushion. Nay, he writes:—

It had not been that he was consciously indifferent, but he was pre-occupied. He made little of other people's sufferings; she had rarely complained at the worst, and was a Stoic in the sternest sense of the word.

For our part, we should say: "Complain—but don't shy the sofa-cushion." It may be, of course, that Stoicism admits sofa-cushions, as a purely symbolic mode of expression. No doubt, had Carlyle been a complete philosopher, he would have remembered Xantippe, and reflected that evolution had mollified wifely missiles, if not manners. But Carlyle's philosophy always lacked completion.

And here, by the way, one cannot but reflect what an excellent good thing it was for Socrates that no one (Xenophon, for example) wrote a Memoir of Xantippe. That little incident, so curiously parallel with the case of the Chelsea sage and his wife, had probably a side much more favourable to the lady than antiquity would have us believe. But Mrs. Carlyle's tongue was keener than Xantippe's, with the added deadliness of culture. If Carlyle had an ugly temper, how often was it lashed to fury by a tongue which took the skin off you like a cat's, as himself said? Was it the invisible bruises scored by that tongue which provoked those too-visible bruises on her arms? A patient, loving woman would have found Carlyle hard to live with. This nervous woman with her tongue a-flicker like a dragonfly's sting, who had loved a man she did not marry, and was disappointed of offspring from the man she married, was not the woman to attempt it. That shipwreck in the very start of the marriage voyage was fatal to its chances. But with two such consorts, there never were any chances. She mocked at her husband to Froude. That is significant. Had she ever really loved him, it is not credible she could have mocked at him to Froude, though she hissed with mockery to the man himself.

A Brilliant Sheridan.

THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA, DIPLOMATIST, VICEROY, STATESMAN. By Charles E. Drummond Black. With 25 full-page illustrations. (Hutchinson. 16s. net.)

ABOUT seven years ago Mr. Black, who had recently retired from work at the India Office, thought that it would be well if he set about writing a life of Lord Dufferin. Lord Dufferin did not ban the project; but it seems clear that

he thought its accomplishment would be in the nature of love's labour lost. "He informed me," Mr. Black writes, "that the publication of his private correspondence, which he pointed out to me, and which was of a most voluminous character, occupying over a score or so of bound tomes, would be a long task devolving on others after his decease." That was a pretty plain hint; but either Mr. Black did not perceive it or he was not daunted by it. Encouraged by a publisher, whom he consulted at his eminent friend's suggestion, he resolved to write the book. Now that his task is completed, he must realise that it was an enterprise conducted under difficulties of quite an exceptional kind. When a man who has spent his life in diplomacy withholds all his private correspondence, what material has a biographer to work upon? As every public speech of the great man necessarily conceals his thoughts on all but the most unimportant of human affairs, the subject-matter is singularly scant. Such a man's oratory at complimentary banquets, howsoever graceful it may be, is a fragile basis on which to build an estimate of his character or of his services to his Sovereign and the country. There are, to be sure, the ambassador's despatches, published in the Blue Books; but as a rule all the affairs with which these dealt are past and done with long ago.

Nevertheless, we are very glad to admit that Mr. Black's work is not quite so much a matter of book-making as, on reading the preface, we feared it was bound to be. In capacities enabling him to gain knowledge from which ordinary travellers are shut off, Mr. Black himself has been abroad a good deal. Thus, in dealing with Lord Dufferin's viceroyalty in India, he is in a position to stroke a good many diplomatic *t's* and dot a good many diplomatic *i's*. We have read the chapters on that period with keen interest. The subjects on which they discourse do not come into the province of a journal that is almost purely literary; but we should be doing injustice to Mr. Black if we completely ignored them. Suffice it to say that, finding a text in the problems which confronted Lord Dufferin in India, Mr. Black, out of his own knowledge, has many important things to say about our relations with Afghanistan and Russia. Once again we have to note the peculiar fact that, whilst many home critics of international affairs are continually assuring us that in no part of the world have we any cause to suspect Russia of aggressive designs, the observer of affairs abroad is certain that we have, and frontiers and forts, and the military forces at our command, appear to him matters calling for earnest consideration. Mr. Black, by the way, thinks he has some slight cause to suspect the Amir of inconstancy in his allegiance to England.

Early in his career, Lord Dufferin, in concert with the Ambassadors from France and Russia as well as those of smaller Powers, had to enquire into troubles in Syria. The Turks, it was said, had been slaughtering the Christians. All Europe rang with rage against the Sultan. Then, as recently, when the truth came out it was surprising. "In the course of the investigations it became clear that it was the Christians who had provoked the Druses into embarking on a war of extermination. The former, agitated by the success of the anti-feudal movement, had long meditated an onslaught on the Druses, eventually to end in the overthrow of Turkish authority in the Lebanon. The Turks, perceiving what was intended, and probably afraid of using force towards the Christians, determined to chastise them through the instrumentality of the Druses." When the trouble was over and the Christians were asked "to submit the names of such people as were deserving of capital punishment," the good Bishops furnished a list of four thousand nine hundred! Mr. Black's book gives us very few glimpses of Lord Dufferin as a man of letters; but in the chapters recounting the very pleasant period in Canada, there is a snatch of poesy which, we imagine, is made public now for the first time. Towards the close of

her husband's term of office, Lady Dufferin took part in theatricals at the Government House. Before the final fall of the curtain, she recited an epilogue ending in these linds:—

Oft shall yearning fancy fondly fill
This hall with guests, and conjure up at will
Each dear familiar face, each kindly word
Of praise that e'er our player souls have stirred,
Till 'neath the melting spell of memory,
Our love flows back towards you like the sea;—
For know—whatever way our fortunes turn—
Upon the altar of our hearts shall burn
Those votive fires no fuel need renew—
Our prayers for blessings on your land and you.

So deft in gracefulness that it almost seems a mere exercise in fatal facility, this is in the true Sheridan spirit, which, happily, is still of joyous influence throughout the Empire.

The Perpetual Undergraduate.

CRUMBS OF PITY AND OTHER VERSES. By R. C. Lehmann. (Blackwood. 5s. net.)

OUR university system may sometimes encourage young men to be old; but it more often keeps old men young and ordinarily-aged men boys. Mr. Lehmann, we assume, is the ordinary age—forty or thereabouts—but he is still an undergraduate; and so, we imagine, he will be to the end. Those whom the Gods love they keep young; the true elixir vitæ is the water of the Cam (or the Isis).

We give the Cam the preference, because Mr. Lehmann is a Cambridge man, and this book is largely a eulogy of Cambridge life. It is all boyish. The poems at the beginning, pretty sentimental ballads of little girls and their daddies, are boyish—as though Holmes's charming wish had been granted by the angel, and the poet could be a boy again and be a father too. The poems that follow—the best in the book—on dogs and horses and wine—are boyish; the poems in praise of rowing, and flirting in Maytime, and all the old business of proctors and dons, are boyish; the "Lives of Great Men" are boyish. The boyishness differs in kind: sometimes it is boyishness in feeling, sometimes in mental limitation. For example, only a boyish critic of life could believe in the street arab who is made to say to his companion, after seeing the Queen go by:—

We wos 'ip-'urrayih'—she seed us plain
For she gave us a look—like a cup o' tea
When you're shiverin' cold with the wind and rain:
That's just 'ow 'er look went into me.
And I feel that 'appy I'll take my 'ook—
I don't want to see no more o' their fuss;
But I'm goin' 'ome to think o' the look
Wich the Queen, God bless 'er, she give to us.

Mr. Lehmann here might almost be said to be not boyish, but girlish. The thing makes one blush to read it, so untrue is it, so wilfully symmetrical. Again, in the "Lives of Great Men," Mr. Lehmann shows his boyishness in thinking them worth doing or worth reprinting. The only method for such work, short of the method of genius which goes its own gait, is intense epigrammatic compression. Mr. Lehmann has not enough wit or enough technical distinction to tarry by the way.

The best poems are those upon animals and wine. Here Mr. Lehmann leaves the conventional sentiment of Mr. Clement Scott and Mr. Sims, the conventional attitude of Praed and Calverley, and sets his mind a genuine task—to say something authentic about something he loves or is interested in; and the result is that

we find him to have fancy, which is halfway to being a real poet. This, of Rufus, a spaniel, is pleasantly thought, and said as well as one could wish:—

Old dog, content you; Rufus, have no fear:
While life is yours and mine your place is here.
And when the day shall come, as come it must,
When Rufus goes to mingle with the dust,
(If Fate ordains that you shall pass before
To the abhorred and sunless Stygian shore),
I think old Charon, punting through the dark,
Will hear a sudden friendly little bark;
And on the shore he'll mark without a frown
A flap-eared doggie, bandy-legged and brown.
He'll take you in: since watermen are kind,
He'd scorn to leave my little dog behind.
He'll ask no obol but instal you there
On Styx's further bank without a fare.
There shall you sniff his cargoes as they come,
And droop your head, and turn, and still be dumb—
Till one fine day, half joyful, half in fear,
You run and prick a recognising ear,
And last, oh, rapture! leaping to this hand,
Salute your master as he steps to land.

Good also, in a less tender but not less admirable vein, is the fancy which personifies Benedictine as a typical Frenchman, in a later poem. This is where Mr. Lehmann is doing his own work and work which he does alone. The rest is derivative. We would not for a moment discourage him from writing: it is by answering every impulse that such minds find themselves; but we would advise him to get a trusted friend who is not a perpetual undergraduate to make the selections for publication.

Revolutionary Gossip.

PARIS IN '48. LETTERS FROM A RESIDENT DESCRIBING THE EVENTS OF THE REVOLUTION. By Baroness Bonde (née Robinson). Edited by C. E. Warr. (Murray. 8s. net.)

THE Baroness Bonde was an Irishwoman by birth, the daughter of Sir Richard Robinson, of Rokeby in Ireland, and of Lady Helena Moore, daughter of Lord Mountcashel. But her early years were all but continuously spent in Paris, where her parents then chiefly resided; so that she must have been almost more a French than an English girl. These letters were written to her friend, Mrs. Ashburnham, during the revolution of 1848 against Louis Philippe. When there was no Reuter, when (as she says) mails were stopped and letters opened, such letters might well be sought after by Wellington and Palmerston. Even at this day, when the events she describes are ancient history, her letters are fresh and interesting. She has an eye for character, and still more an eye for events, for description. Amidst the broils of that troublous time she seems to have moved with a freedom rare in women. While she was still a child she had her revolutionary baptism, her father (by compulsion) taking her with him into the midst of the revolt against Charles X., where she saw two men shot down in an attack on the barracks of the Rue de la Pepinière. He had stipulated that she should not cry, and she kept her promise; though a bystander dragged her into a porter's lodge, alarmed by her danger, exclaiming: "There is no sense in leaving a child in the street under a cross-fire." What she saw herself is always valuable and admirably told; her reports are often—report. Such hearsay things are sometimes introduced by "It is now publicly confessed," or the like: sometimes as flat personal statements, not therefore the more reliable. But yet many of her second-hand stories have value, since she communicated with men high in office, or otherwise able to know what passed. The estimation which such men as Palmerston set on the letters is evidence enough of this.

The Baroness gives a graphic picture of Paris after an insurrection :—

From the Rue de la Paix to Montmartre there is not a tree, not a column, not a lamp-post, nor even a railing left standing. Even the wooden shelters of the coach-inspectors are lying in the middle of the roadway, charred and smouldering ruins. Armourers' shops are the picture of desolation, and almost every man is armed! Guns, swords, pistols, are hung in wild confusion round the men in blouses, and gentlemen, too, are most ridiculous figures, with cockades on their hats, and sword-belts over wadded overcoats. The "Marseillaise," the "Parisienne," and the "Chant des Girondins" are sung in nightly chorus in every street. Small industries have sprung up as if by magic. "The national cockade, one sou"; "Les Republicanes," songs suppressed by the ex-tyrant, 15 centimes," &c. I afterwards went to the Tuileries, and there, indeed, the devastation was most melancholy; not a window left, the stone piers of the gates pulled down, and plumbers busy in many places replacing the bent and broken railings. Bands of Défenseurs de la Patrie and hideous women were found in the Salons of the Palace, and the Carrousel was full of most ludicrously armed ruffians. One, about sixteen, was mounting guard with the greatest gravity, having on his head one of Madame Adelaide's bonnets, and on his back a blanket; his pistols were fastened with curtain loops, and his sword was without a scabbard. Others were half in uniform, all grave, civil, and orderly.

Elsewhere, indeed, she again testifies to the extraordinary native soldierliness of the French. Scenes like these, gossip about the inner working of the Revolution, are mingled with bright touches of mirth and satire. Such as that, for instance, of the Orleanist lady who indignantly denied the generally attested cowardice of the King and Princes. She vowed that "the King was on horseback all the morning, and that the Princes fought like lions, but the crowd was so great that no one found it out." Altogether this is one of the cleverest and most amusing collections of a woman's letters which have been issued for a long while.

Live and Let Live.

THE SOIL: AN INTRODUCTION TO THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF THE GROWTH OF CROPS. By A. D. Hall. (Murray. 3s. 6d.)

THIS is a serious and practical volume which has the characters that go to make a good text-book. And consequently—since we are not farmers all—it would hardly fall for comment here, but that earth has an important bearing on the eligibility of the earth for us.

We all live at the bottom of a great ocean of air, of which, by way of breathing rather than drinking, we take copious draughts some twenty times or so each minute; day and night, year in, year out. By far the greater part of the air is a mere make-weight in this process. It passes into our blood—as Tennyson said of the "quiet night" when a maiden slept—but merely because it happens to be there. And yet this element nitrogen is, when properly combined, a necessary of all life. We may well ask whether the vast atmospheric store of this indispensable element cannot be made good to us. Of ourselves we can do nothing. The gas is in the lungs and blood of every man alive at this hour—but to no purpose. This is where the Soil steps in.

Not so very long ago it was thought that plants obtained their nitrogen from the air. This is the case only with one order, however, the leguminosae. These include clover, peas, beans, vetches and so forth. Upon the roots of the leguminosae are found certain excrescences which contain bacteria. The high and the lowly plant live together for one another's benefit. It is a case of "symbiosis." The green leaves of the higher plant avail themselves of the sun's radiant energy to form sugar,

which is passed down the stem and roots to the bacteria waiting below. These consume the sugar and thereby obtain the necessary energy for their peculiar function, which is the "fixation" of the free nitrogen contained in the air of the soil. Then the bacteria hand over to the senior partner the nitrogen compounds thus formed, whereby he lives. Wherever this order of plants is to be found, some portion of the nitrogen of the air, omnipresent as is yet not of us, is thus seized for the benefit of the pea and the bean, upon which we feed; and for the benefit of the clover, and therefore of the cow, and therefore of the cow's milk; upon both of which we also feed. Wherefore unto certain humble bacteria are our thanks.

So that even if, like the present writer, you never see the country but from a flying train, and have a difficulty under those circumstances in distinguishing wheat from oats or potatoes from turnips, you may find in this book a thousand illustrations of a fundamental law that concerns us all. It is this: every living thing on our planet is bound by countless chains to all the rest. None of us will ever get out of this world alive. We are all at each other's mercy. And even a bacterium may be not so black as he is painted.

Other New Books.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS. By Richard Garnett. New Edition. (John Lane. 6s.)

FOR some months life has been saddened for our friends by our inability any longer to buy remainder copies (at eighteen pence) of Dr. Garnett's "Twilight of the Gods." Now comes Mr. Lane's reprint (with additions) to remedy the defect and to make it a simple matter for all the world to be instructed in the doctrine of the book of Ad and other succulent lore. But some of the glory has for ourselves departed, because we first knew these pleasant exercises in sardonic irony in larger type and on heavier paper, and they no longer "come to hand" as once they did. We feel like the returned traveller who still loves his native place, but dislikes the new town hall. Not that Mr. Lane's edition is not good. Far from it. But the old edition has been such a joy to us that we prefer still to read in it. And the twelve new stories are not so rich and rare as to interfere with this preference. The best of the wine is in the older bottle. Here and there in the additions—notably in "The Wisdom of the Indians" and "The Rewards of Industry"—we find gleams of the sly, saturnine humour that makes "Abdallah the Adite," "Ananda the Miracle-Worker," and "The Poet of Panopolis" such precious things; but for the most part the recruits are trifles, belonging very obviously to an inferior vintage—inferior, however, only to Dr. Garnett's own products, not to those of ordinary growers of the grape. None the less, new vintage or old, how we envy those readers who now come appreciatively to "The Twilight of the Gods" for the first time!

KING EDWARD AND HIS COURT. By T. H. S. Escott. (Unwin. 16s.)

MR. ESCOTT'S book is a diligent and fairly interesting compilation. Opinions are expressed, but for the most part they are the predominant opinions of the hour; Mr. Escott does not permit himself to advance speculative theories, nor does he impart to his book much flavour of personality. Apart from innumerable court, society, diplomatic, and other details, his object seems to have been to prove that England, at any rate as officially

represented, has become cosmopolitan, and that cosmopolitanism he sets down to the influence of the King:—

The coming of age of the then Prince of Wales, still more the setting-up of his establishment next year at Marlborough House, gave the signal for the fashionable recognition of eligible trans-Atlantic strangers in the social latitudes of Belgravia or Mayfair. London, as it were in a moment, from the most insular and dulllest of cities was, by royalty's immediate patronage, converted into the smart capital of the world.

Mr. Escott divides his book into thirteen chapters, dealing with such matters as the Sovereign at Home, the Diplomatic Circle, the Colonies in English Society, the Church and Society, and so forth. Into each chapter is packed a quantity of varied information, and it is to the author's credit that he has kept clear of backstairs gossip. It is a pity that more stories have not been introduced for the enlivenment of the book, but no stories are better than silly ones. The concluding chapter deals with what Mr. Escott calls the "Empire's Parliamentary Pillars," in which the names of Lord Selborne, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, Lord Rosebery, and a score of others star the pages.

LIFE IN THE MERCANTILE MARINE. By Charles Protheroe. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. PROTHEROE'S narrative has the defects of its merits. It is evidently a first-hand account of certain voyages, but we could have wished to see it edited and even re-written. Some quite inexperienced writers have succeeded in writing well, but Mr. Protheroe is not one of these. Indeed, his book does not gain verisimilitude from its amateurish manner, but rather the reverse. Here and there it almost reads like the work of a man deliberately apeing the amateur. But once you can reconcile yourself to the author's manner the book is real enough. It is no landsman's narrative, carefully compiled and therefore inaccurate, but the record of genuine experiences. The experiences are not particularly exciting—a drunken captain comes as near to real excitement as anything in the volume—but nevertheless the book is one to read. It gives a clear picture of things as they are in the British Mercantile Service, from the conduct of a good ship to the misconduct of a bad. Mr. Protheroe's final conclusions are sound. In effect, he says, let the Mercantile Marine be well-managed and well-equipped, and the English boy will still show the old spirit by taking to the sea. At present he is not over-anxious to go to sea. Why? Mr. Protheroe gives some substantial and practical reasons. But surely every landsman has heard Mr. Protheroe's stories. They are old beyond belief and poor at that. Perhaps sailors are glad to hear the old crusted yarns repeated; for ourselves we have no such charity.

Fiction.

THE RIDDLE OF THE SANDS. Edited by Erskine Childers. (Smith Elder. 6s.)

THOUGH this book takes the form of the alarmist romance, a form which is sometimes suggestive but too often melodramatic, the "Editor" has been at pains to clothe it in the deceptive garments of truth. He has made it very real, very actual. He has given it a painfully stippled background. And though towards the end he has adopted conventional methods, the book rings curiously true, like a transcript of experience, and has a sharpness of outline unusual to such books. The tale tells of two young Englishmen and their adventures aboard a seven-ton yacht, the "Dulcibella," on an autumn cruise among the German (or East) Frisian Islands. Now the North

Sea littoral is no good place for a yacht, and autumn is no nice time for a cruise, but it is in just these intimate details of the cruising, and of boat-management among sands, that the author writes with such strange confidence and ability. Helped by the three charts included in the volume, anyone at all skilled in boats can figure for himself the "little joy" attaching to such a cruise. There is sand on all sides, dun and dolorous. There is sand shifting at each tide, and local currents changing with the changed outcrop of the sand. Low tide exposes mud and sets the yacht ashore, and then the voyager must get into the mud and shove the boat off. It is a dreary muddy business, but has a fascination. The two young men on the "Dulcibella" go cruising through the silted Frisian sea-board, heaving the lead, marking the set of tides and currents, and watching, with the grim stealth of conspirators, the movements of a German gun-boat and a German yacht. They suspect some secret matter of the State, some hidden plot, coming to slow maturity behind the grey flats veiling the Frisian shore. Suspicion warms to certainty. The tangled threads of incipient ship canals; the strategic import of the sand-dunes and the variant channels, slowly unravel and unveil till the two comrades grasp the fact that an invasion of England is slowly in preparation. Masked by the sand-flats an army could embark upon lighters and be speedily towed by tugs or gunboats to our defenceless East Coast. We should have no North Sea Fleet. Chatham could be of no assistance; and, in fact, the results would "appal the stoutest heart."

The book is well written. The yachting portion is excellent and full of valuable things. The tale is somewhat conventional, and the ending shows a falling off and lack of plan. It is good romance, though scarcely worthy of the patient, careful study devoted to the building of its frame.

THE WAY BACK. By Albert Kinross. (Constable. 6s.)

"THE WAY BACK" is distinguished from the ordinary run of novels by the fact that Mr. Kinross set out to write it with two definite ideas in his head. Two ideas (however interesting) may not seem to afford much foundation for a book of some three hundred pages. But, when one remembers that most novelists set out without any idea at all, two in one book give it a claim upon our attention. One of Mr. Kinross's leading motives is the corrupt and debasing influence of a phase of modern journalism, which, according to him, guides public opinion because clever men are willing to prostitute their minds to gain power and circulation for their journals, not caring whether this power is for good or evil. The other motive is the enduring power of love, deep-rooted between a man and a woman, even though the two be separated and silent. Mr. Kinross points "the way back" from the mad rush for money and power, but it is a pity that his method of doing so is so strident. He seems to write in a frenzy and his readers may be excused if they sometimes find his methods hysterical and involved, almost to the point of being incomprehensible. Especially is this the case at the beginning of the book. At first it requires an effort to get a grip of the story at all. Later, the characters are straightened into the semblance of reality, and one soon begins to see them as living people. Bartol, the strong man, who forces his way to a height of unworthy power, and then finds his way back to the ideal through the love of a woman, is well done, but it is not until the middle of the book that we begin to feel that sympathy with him upon which the author clearly reckons. Hertha is not quite so clearly drawn, but as a sketch she fills the eye; and the lesser characters, especially the faithful Climself and the charming but unprincipled Peggy, are roughed in with broad effective touches.

THE SHUTTERS OF SILENCE. By G. B. Burgin. (John Long. 6s.)

THIS is Mr. Burgin's nineteenth novel, and will probably be not the least popular of the growing series. In it we are taken back to Canada and the neighbourhood of the Four Corners, where the Trappist Monastery of Mahota closes the Shutters of Silence on the lives of its inmates. Here we find Brother Colombe (the illegitimate son of Winchester and the woman who is now Lady Geste), who was taken in as a foundling seven years before. The youth—Harry Winchester is his name in the world—is about to take his vows, when his father, late repenting, seeks him out and takes him away. The situation and feelings of a youth who wears ordinary clothes for the first time, speaks to a woman for the first time, eats ham and eggs for the first time, in fact begins to live, must be interesting, and Mr. Burgin makes the most of them. Even to a hardened man of the world, the real live Countess who on the slightest steamer acquaintance "bent over his chair and suddenly pressed the audacious scarlet of her lips to his" would make a startling episode. To Harry, who had kissed nothing but the Abbot's hand—! But Mr. Burgin's women are often a little forward. For while the Countess kisses the innocent son, the barmaid at the wayside station embraces without a moment's warning the ice-cold father. Harry meets his mother in England, of course, admires her, and discovers the secret of his birth. It would be unfair to disclose more of the plot, which is by no means complicated. Mr. Burgin composes quickly, we should gather, and that may be the reason of his resort to somewhat old-fashioned methods in the drawing of his characters. There are endless soliloquies in which people explain their situation to the stars or the looking-glass. And we cannot believe that the bland passionate Countess, having slyly put some liqueur into Harry's coffee just before kissing him, would have made this remark:—

Nature is always improved by, and you will enjoy it still more when viewed with, all the comfort of material accessories.

The story ends where it began, behind the Shutters of Silence at Mahota. Incidentally Mr. Burgin gives some vivid pictures of life in a Trappist monastery.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

QUESTIONABLE SHAPES. By H. D. HOWELLS.

A volume of three stories, all dealing with the supernatural. The central figure of "His Apparition" is an observant American who, abandoning his profession, "had contributed himself to the formation of a leisure class, which he conceived was regrettably lacking in our conditions." While on a visit to a friend's house he saw an apparition, and the story is occupied with a delineation, in Mr. Howells' subtle and subjective manner, of the difficulties in which he became involved. (Harper. 6s.)

BEGGAR'S MANOR. By R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.

A country love story by the author of "The Courtesy Dame." When the book opens the owner of Beggar's Manor is in love with Annabella, but being persuaded that he has unwittingly compromised a village girl he chivalrously marries her. His wife inherited money and vulgarly triumphed over the reversal of their positions. The story tells of his release from her and of his happy engagement to Annabella. (Heinemann. 6s.)

LONDON ROSES. By DORA GREENWELL MCCHESNEY.

"An Idyll of the British Museum." The story opens in the manuscript room where Rhoda let fall a leaf from her sketch-book covered with studies of the briar-rose. It was returned to her with a pretty note "with thanks for the vagrant perfume," by the man whose "vivid hazel eyes" had caught her own. One of the characters comes under the suspicion of having stolen a valuable document, and the action is carried forward in carefully studied scenes, among the manuscripts, in the sculpture galleries and under the big dome. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

MY LADY OF THE BASS. By SIDNEY HERBERT BURCHELL.

An historical romance of the days of William and Mary by the author of "The Duke's Servants." "The seizure and the defence of the Bass Rock for three years," says Mr. Burchell, "and the final remarkable surrender of the island fortress form a romantic paragraph in the history of Scotland." The book opens with an evening encounter in the Sussex hills in which a fair lady is rescued from a perilous position by the hero of the story. (Gay and Bird. 6s.)

A SON OF THE FLEET. By MRS. E. KENNARD.

Mrs. Kennard writes of the Fleet rather from the standpoint of the people at home than of the Lieutenant in the Mediterranean Squadron. When the telegram arrived telling his parents of Bobbie's serious illness, they set out for Malta by the overland route. The rest of the book relates Bobbie's recovery in Bighi hospital, his flirtation with the Admiral's daughter, and various other matters. (White. 6s.)

THE LAKE OF GOLD. By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

"A narrative of the Anglo-American Conquest of Europe." When the millionaire was shown the plans of the airship he saw in the scheme "the means of controlling the whole commerce and communication of the globe, which, of course, meant practically being money-lord of the whole world, the controller of every market and of every line of land and sea traffic." The book relates the triumphant working out of the scheme. (White. 6s.)

THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE. By WILLIAM FARQUHAR PAYSON.

Céleste, in whose drawing-room the book opens, could not decide whether the young author had declined to meet her "because her slightly demi-mondaine appearance repelled his innocence," or because his desire to do so was so great that he subdued it for the good of his soul. There is a rich publisher in love with the heroine, from whom she demands an introduction to the author. The latter, a failure with "great ideas," began to turn out "saleable merchandise" as Dolly Cohen, and the plot turns on the complications resulting from his double personality. (Harper. 6s.)

THE HEART OF A GREAT MAN. By LUCY M. RAE.

The great man was a scientist who had invented a scheme for rendering this country impregnable to a foreign foe. The curtain rises upon "The Brethren of Darkness," a society acting on behalf of the Russian Government in detecting such schemes. One of its members, Madame Radanzi, undertakes to discover the plans of the scientist, whose love she had once inspired. The book develops along conventional lines, and closes with the words: "Before sentence was passed on Anna Radanzi, Anton Garth was dead." (White. 6s.)

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The Essay: Ancient and Modern.

THE English Essayists! The very phrase has a delightful sound: outside fiction, it represents the most humane, the least formal, the most friendly, personal, and artlessly artistic mode of communication between writer and reader. Yet withal elastic, adjusting itself to the needs of individuality, so that in given hands it attains something of the grand style, and a more set structure: you have the *négligé* of Leigh Hunt, and the brilliantly elaborated balance of Macaulay, where the whole edifice is carefully proportioned, and nothing "wanders at its own sweet will." It was the last word of art's endeavour to join hands with the multitude, before art degenerated into the article, a manufactured thing like the sausage or the sandwich. You cannot manufacture the essay. A manufactured essay is an apparent failure, like a manufactured poem; but a manufactured—veritably a hand-made—article may be a quite useful and workmanlike "article" of commerce. So one handles with interest, and one knows not what remembered perfumes from the sweet and goodly past of letters, Mr. Peacock's "Selected English Essays" (Grant Richards). One's interest is increased by its bravery of range; not shrinking to confess writers of yester-year as classics, it stretches from Francis Bacon to Richard Jefferies, J. A. Symonds, and R. L. Stevenson. When you see the handy little pocket-volume in which is sealed, Arabian-wise, the genius of four centuries, you have truly your misgivings; and the editor throws himself on your mercy by professing that here is a purely personal and arbitrary selection—in fact, a selection made for practical and personal use in a private class of English Literature, and intended for students preparing to face an examination in which essay-writing is a prescribed subject. (With equally engaging confidence would your examiner set his candidates to write an Ode, did time allow it, and custom exact a knowledge of English verse.) So if past essayists are omitted who should not be omitted, blame considerations of space; if present essayists, difficulties of copyright. Has Mr. Peacock given a "liberal interpretation" to the term "essay," so as to include, e.g., Carlyle's lectures on "Hero-Worship"; and does it seem inconsistent to stretch your limits, when you confessedly are straitened to include all that lawfully comes within them? The appeal *ad misericordiam* disarms you. Is the editor avowedly capricious in regard to the length of the quotations by which he represents his several authors? Again the same propitiatory plea: "A poor thing, sir, but mine own."

Well, we take our text as we find it, and are glad to have it; though better, we think, might have been. There is much taste in the selections, if at times a rather exasperating caprice. But that ingenuous editorial confession of sin shall not baulk us of a relieving grumble or

so by the way. Nay, finding nothing of the sixteenth and seventeenth century but Bacon and Cowley, we are constrained to ask at once, if Carlyle's lectures could be included, why not somewhat of Sir Thomas Browne? The last chapter of the "Urn-Burial," some portion of the "Garden of Cyrus," the "Letter to a Friend," or other such masterpieces, if formally they belong to the treatise, essentially are as truly essays in their artful divagation as the "Hero-Worship" selections, or indeed more so. The final chapter of the "Urn-Burial," separated from the rest of that treatise, sustains no slightest injury, and has all the form of a lengthy essay by Bacon, wanting his want of imagination. Bacon is a fine forerunner of the English essay. Yet we confess Bacon's exceeding saplessness is at variance with what constitutes our typical idea of the essay. They are pemmican, these little, juiceless papers, of matter and solid sense all compact—English sense, worldly wise and practical. The style—the mechanical style—is as the matter, tendinous and fleshless. Cowley, now, is an essayist indeed, he has the essay in the pleasant marrow of him. An egotism kindly as Bacon's is cold; a gentle wisdom; a "mazy error" like that of a garden maze, wandering yet ordered; a cultivated gossip; a structure of speech flowing, elbow-roomy, yet organic, like the matter and the general style themselves; these things make Cowley a very type of the informal essayist (and the essay, in its original conception, is essentially a thing informal).

But of course, the culmination of the light-handed, graceful essay came with the early eighteenth century—as regards manner, perhaps, rather than matter. The typical essayist of essayists, after the informal kind, is perhaps Montaigne. One associates with it a certain wisdom and pregnancy of matter, made delightful by the informal whimsy of the handling. It is wisdom in gown and slippers. But the charming masters of the eighteenth century have small pretence to wisdom—they are just at their weakest when they try to "instruct the town" with their shallow little philosophies, their pedantic little moralities, and their insufferable be-periwigged sageship generally. It is as shrewd and amusing critics of manners that they are best and wisest: they come nearest to being sages when they are only trying to amuse the town. Literary wisdom lies in doing the thing you enjoy doing. If they fell short of the ideal essay in substance, their manner was exquisite. Mr. Peacock very happily enables us to contrast Steele with Addison by separating one of Steele's papers on Sir Roger de Coverley from those of Addison on the same subject. Dear old Dick Steele does not suffer by the comparison in the eyes of any sympathetic reader. True, in the specimen chosen (Sir Roger's account of his picture-gallery) character is considerably disregarded; Sir Roger talks as pointedly and prettily as Steele himself. It has not Addison's character-drawing, it has not his delicate ridicule, it is more careless and off-hand in style. It is not Addison. But it is Steele. And Steele is an excellent good thing. There is a gay and sweet dexterity of epigrammatic style, which is yet so easy that it seems the casual rattle of social high spirits. The mere humanity of him is charming. There was somewhat about Dick Steele of R. L. S. in a periwig. His sly hits are delightful; less satire than exquisite chaff. For example, Sir Roger's ancestor, who "is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand"; or the other who narrowly escaped death at the battle of Worcester, "for he was sent out of the field upon a private message the day before the battle." Of Addison it is too late to speak; that urbane suavity of style, that demure malice of satire, like a very polished town cat playing with diverse mice, town and country, are well known. These are the two here included that matter: Swift or Defoe were not essayists; Pope's bit of Swiftian satire has no right of place, more than like satire of Swift and Arbuthnot which is excluded.

In the later eighteenth century Johnson and Goldsmith are the outstanding figures; and Johnson in such light essay-work as "Dick Minim" is a dancing bear. It were better to have included the passage on Iona, or some serious effort which shows his sonorous balance and mournful majesty of thought at their best. There is perhaps scarce a whole essay of his which does him justice. His touch is too heavy for the form. But for the clarity and shapeliness of Goldsmith's English, his delightful humour, the essay was a ready instrument. With him the essay of Steele and Addison sets in a mellow after-glow.

The modern essay is a new thing. It has forgotten the arm-chair attitude which is the leading trait of the essay as it was born with Montaigne. It has forgotten how to idle wisely, cultivatedly, or wittily. It has taken to be in rank earnest. It is purposeful—energetic, or critical, or what you please, but it nearly always has a purpose. Therewith comes a sense of form, and the obligation of form: it must be about something, and have beginning, middle, and end. To talk about a poker, and light upon a number of fascinating reflections, adorned with various knowledge, to the surprised contentment of your reader and yourself—this is impossible to your modern. His conscience would trouble him. Also his thoughts about a poker probably would not be worth the price of it. He could never get away from the poker. The original essay largely depended on the art of getting away from your subject. Nowadays, all a man can do with a subject is to write about it—which, after all, is what any fellow can do. The modern essay, in fact, began fatally to degenerate into the article, so that there is no real boundary-line between the two. Macaulay's essays (inadequately represented here by that on Goldsmith) are just long and brilliant articles. The same thing expanded becomes a biography, or biographical article, which in little was an essay. And in less it would be a "leader" or ordinary review. De Quincey is surely an article-writer rather than an essayist—when he is not writing those imaginative *bravuras* which range under no precedent at all. His famous "Murder as One of the Fine Arts" is no more an essay than some of Swift's ironic masterpieces, which Mr. Peacock has rejected for an unrepresentative essay on Style. Nor can the "Murder" be said to represent De Quincey, whose humour (unequal in this) is elsewhere weak. It would be to consider too curiously, however, were we absolutely to expunge these men from the ranks of essayists, in which they are a chief glory. The reader will not take our remarks too literally, or as more than an emphatic stressing of the change which has come over the modern essay. But there remain a band—Lamb, Hazlitt, and Hunt—who are essayists in the older sense. Hazlitt, indeed, is often of too energetic and purposeful a brilliance wholly to harmonize with the old tradition; but at times (as in essays here given) he is content to "laze," and is the very essayist—a fascinating essayist, too. As for Lamb, his delicious and sweet whimsicality is such that the essay seems born for him, not he for the essay. Hunt, with his amiable idle industry and gay flitting from sweet to sweet, keeps the secret of eighteenth century grace and lightness of touch as no man of his day kept it; and he too, in his limited, superficial, yet quite charming manner was an essayist born—nowadays, we think, too much underrated.

Of the moderns chosen by Mr. Peacock, Carlyle belongs to the strenuous order, nor do his lectures even profess to be essays. But Dr. John Brown ("Rab and his Friends"), Thackeray in the best of his "Roundabout Papers," and R. L. S., in their several ways all have the roving spirit, the lightness of handling, which makes for the typical essay. The two latter both studied in the eighteenth century school, and with what accomplished grace Stevenson mastered its secret, adding the something of his own fascinating character, needs no telling.

Addington Symonds is too deliberately accomplished, too studious of effect, to be quite the thing. But Matthew Arnold had the clarity and composed culture of the French essayists, and these four alone are sufficient to justify the essay in our day. Whether it can flourish in our twentieth century, so busied about many things, we greatly doubt. On living names we will not touch; but for the most part our best younger writers are either too prodigiously restless and eager to pack their work with effects, or frankly frivolous—which is quite another matter from the wise and airy leisure of the masters among the lighter essayists. Better the completion and purple patches of a Macaulay than *dilettante* frivolity. The advent of the democracy, which bodes ill for literature, bodes very ill, we fear, for the essay. The day is with the article. And the article may be made an excellent, a brilliant thing; but it is not the essay.

A Friend of Poets.

REAL autobiography—autobiography, that is, which includes the life of the soul as well as the conduct of the body—is a rare thing in literature. The tendency to set down strained conclusions, to overvalue effects, to cast a glamour across years that are not glamorous, is almost irresistible. At all times the springs of conduct are difficult to search out, and the man who is surest that he knows them is as often as not the least to be trusted. It is one of the privileges of humanity to deceive itself; the utmost honesty of intention will not save a writer from the unconscious exercise of that privilege. An autobiography, in its very nature, must be something of a vindication; its very existence asserts its author's right to live, and the right to live, after all, needs some defence. When Leigh Hunt undertook to tell the story of his life he approached the task with, perhaps, more than ordinary misgivings; he would have laid it aside again and again for other work. But his publisher wisely held that the world would be glad to read of a man so intimately concerned with certain of its doings, so devoted to simple and pure humanity; so the book was written, and it remains, and will remain, amongst the best books of its kind in English.

The edition of the Autobiography just issued, in two handsome volumes, by Messrs. Constable, under the editorship of Mr. Roger Ingpen, is in every respect worthy. The notes are not overdone, the bibliography is more than ordinarily complete, and the many portraits included really enrich the text. We are inclined to envy people who come for the first time to an intimate knowledge of Leigh Hunt in this form. Such a publication would at any rate seem to imply a revival of interest in an author whose love of letters was never obscured by any sordid considerations, who saw the best and strove after it, who delighted in beauty and sometimes expressed his sense of it in exquisite words. It would be a mistake to suppose that Leigh Hunt has ever dropped out: indeed, we were surprised the other day to find how many volumes of his are still in print; but we are sure that less than justice is often done him. As a writer, his best was often astonishingly good; as a man, the influence of his long life was all on the side of justice and honest appreciation. If he hated any man he had too much kindness to put it upon record. He came nearest to actual hate, perhaps, in his comments upon the Regent and Gifford. For his frankness concerning the Regent he paid in money and liberty, and posterity has found him guiltless; Gifford, in common honesty, he could not have treated with more consideration. As to Hazlitt, it was the lot of Hazlitt's best friends and admirers to find themselves at loggerheads with him pretty often.

"A pious, ingenious, altogether human and worthy book," wrote Carlyle to Hunt when the Autobiography was published, and it is just that. It is the book of an old man, ripe, tender, sensitive, human—an old man striving, with an honesty sometimes pathetic, always convincing and engaging, to tell the truth, to correct his first impressions, to pay a tribute of love and admiration to his friends, to do justice to those who called themselves his enemies. In his time Hunt was accused of many things—he was labelled democrat, atheist, free-liver. Democrat he was, though in a sense too aesthetic for our time; he was neither atheist nor free-liver. For a man with a keen perception of the beautiful he lived a life of singular moderation; he worked with a regularity rare enough in the history of letters, and his excesses were the excesses of a happy boy. One only fault may be laid to his charge—he was improvident. But it was not the improvidence of the wastrel; it was the simple improvidence of the man who can never come to grips with certain elementary facts; it also sprang, as his son wrote, "partly from a readiness of self-sacrifice, which was the less to be guessed by any who knew him, since he seldom alluded to it, and never, except in the vaguest and most unintelligible terms, hinted at its real nature or extent." He received as readily as he gave; certain of his critics seemed to assume that he never gave at all.

These pages are full of the most delightful self-revelations; they indicate the working of a mind fresh and always young upon the material of youth, the joy as well as the sadness of retrospect. But the earlier chapters, excellent as they are, must always give place to those dealing with Hunt's many and close friendships. No prisoner probably ever had such visitors as those who came to the decorated cage in which Hunt spent those curious months. "When I sat amidst my books," he wrote, "and saw the imaginary sky overhead, and my paper roses about me, I drank in the quiet at my ears, as if they were thirsty." There he wrote endless verses; there Hazlitt lingered on the threshold "which I had great difficulty in making him pass. I know not which kept his hat off with the greater pertinacity of deference, I to the diffident cutter-up of Tory dukes and kings, or he to the amazing prisoner and invalid who issued out of a bower of roses." There, too, came Cowden Clarke and Byron, and a score of others, and the Lambs, who found their way to Horsemonger Lane Gaol "in all weathers, hail or sunshine, in daylight and in darkness. . . ." It was there, too, that Hunt came to know Shelley intimately, whom he calls, with joyful and simple recognition, "my friend of friends."

The personal influence of Leigh Hunt upon certain of his great contemporaries was remarkable, notably upon Shelley and Keats. His literary influence on Shelley was unimportant, as Keats did not long survive, but his personal influence was entirely good. He was a generous appreciator, a man of infinite sympathy, almost womanly in his tenderness, altogether womanly in some aspects of his loyalty. Also—a rare distinction—he had no literary jealousy. The story of his connection with these two whom the gods loved is a story which can never fail of its appeal. The picture of Keats in the little Hampstead study and of Shelley sailing the paper boats on the ponds are immortal with a kind of homely and poignant immortality. And who can ever forget the passage in which he describes the fire, fragrant with wine and frankincense, which consumed Shelley and the faithful Williams:—

The beauty of the flame arising from the funeral pile was extraordinary. The weather was beautifully fine. The Mediterranean, now soft and lucid, kissed the shore as if to make peace with it. The yellow sand and blue sky were intensely contrasted with one another: marble mountains touched the air with coolness; and the flame of the fire bore away towards heaven in vigorous amplitude, waving and quivering with a brightness of inconceivable beauty.

That was a noble distribution of the mortal part of him who was all air and fire.

There is no need to dwell further upon this most delightful of books; in particular there is no need to follow Leigh Hunt's later years. They were active, placid in spirit, marred by a great sorrow, but a sorrow quietly and nobly borne. Nor do we propose in any way to attempt an estimate of Leigh Hunt's work. We have, on more than one occasion, endeavoured to draw attention to its special virtues; here we are concerned only with the man as he has given himself to us in this autobiography. And the man comes out with a sincerity and completeness wholly honest and often boyish. The book is a human book; it neither dogmatizes over life nor plays with it; it is a book for all lovers of this kindly, mistaken, generous, spinning world. We can do no better than conclude with these words of Hunt's:—

It is not possible for many persons to have had greater friends than I have. I am not aware that I have now a single enemy; and I accept the fortunes which have occurred to me, bad and good, with the same disposition to believe them the best that could have happened, whether for the correction of what was wrong in me, or the improvement of what was right.

To know of a man that he had many friends who served him and whom he served is to know that he lived not unworthily.

On the Best Prose Style.

WRITING upon the literary influence of Academies, Matthew Arnold has this remark: "The true prose is Attic prose." On the contrary, Prof. Saintsbury speaks of De Quincey as led aside to regard "all plain prose style as inferior; instead of, as it really is, in perfection the equal of the most ornate," and I suppose that we must consider the best Attic style as plain. Is this judgement, then, of Matthew Arnold a limitation of the critic? Is there an infallible standard of taste? Shall we say, with Mr. Herbert Paul, that "the greatest writer of English prose is Shakespeare"? Or is this saying of Mr. Arnold but a paradox in the proper sense of the word? I fancy that he might have defended his position in some such manner as this. Starting then with the familiar saying that "the style is the man" (which indeed has its exceptions, as—we are told—in some extent, to take an instance, is Marcus Aurelius; but these chiefly, where the author has not any adequate instrument to hand), I conceive that we may rightly regard prose style as the expression of the intellectual soul (if I may call it so) of him who writes. Let us consider, then, what is the finest intellectual spirit, the expression of which we must then, I think, be brought to maintain to be the best. And here everyone, I suppose, will agree that as poetry is the outward expression in the highest degree of the genius or inspiration of man, so is prose of his intelligence. Let no one imagine that any rigid line must needs be drawn, for was not Plato a born poet, and has not Prof. Saintsbury himself spoken of that exquisite style of Newman as "instinct with a strange quiver of religious and poetical spirit"? But the prose writer has the more to do with thought and ideas, while the poet expresses rather the universal elements of human life. I am of course all along desirous of conceiving style, not merely as a grace of the writer, but as an element in his superiority. Many critics have of late been impressing upon us the fallacy of cultivating style *quâ* style; but they have seemed to assume that distinction of style, as apart from fluency and a certain purity in the use of language, can ever come to a writer otherwise than as the

expression of his attitude of mind. To judge aright of an author's absolute merit, it appears, I mean, that we must regard his power of mind, his intelligence, his thought in connection with the manner of his expressing them. An ancient critic spoke of great style as "the echo of a great soul," and indeed we have no other measure of the writer's power save in the words in which he has presented it to us. Now the best Attic style is assuredly felt to be the expression of this finest intellectual spirit, of which I have been speaking. The Greek was the surest, subtlest, most delicate intellect; the old Greeks (and I am so far behind our times as to regard them as wiser than our moderns; and yet, I think, in another sense before the age, for this conclusion the future will again establish as true) had many fine proverbs, such as "Nothing in excess" and "Health is the best thing for a man"; they understood so well the qualities that went to make a sound and healthy mind. Clearness and purity of thought is an element, so is amenity and sweetness of temper, as opposed to the bitter and fierce acerbity of the partisan or the sectarian; so are grace and charm, the desire of the beautiful, dignity and serenity, vivacity and felicitous banter, for indeed ridicule, when light and polite, is often the strongest foe to folly and ignorance. In like manner, a calm and fearless attitude towards the world and the future is an element, a sense of proportion, a bold acknowledgment of all that is seen to be true, a cheerful buoyancy and sense of joy. Add to these elements of culture, right reasoning, lightness of touch, searching power and depth and delicacy of thought, which are the highest fruits of the pure intellect (in so far as we can separate things ever so intangible), and who will deny that their best expression is in the Attic style? Granting this, we are brought inevitably to the conclusion that the Attic is in truth the style of best make.

Let no one imagine that I am denying any virtues to those other styles, which men have used, which may be very good, and may express, as, for example, Carlyle's, a certain fine nobility of character and temper. But to the Attic style all merits are possible. Should we not say of Carlyle that his expression is indicative of boldness of intellect rather than of a deep and delicate power—nay, is not such a power impossible of communication through a style so turbulent, so unrestrained as his? Perhaps the Attic language was superior to our own. How impossible in English are those exquisite particles, stringing the whole together with the most delicate ties! But yet our language is surely no inadequate medium. True, some have found the plainer English style colourless, attenuated; but to say that is but to say (what is indeed the truth) that it is the harder to write than the ornate. The pure severity of Attic prose is not at all incompatible with "the warm glow, blithe movement, and soft pliancy of life," which Matthew Arnold found its characteristics, as we can see, I think, in that writer's own finest passages, or in Froude's. I have seen it said that simplicity is the highest quality of a great man's soul: is not, in like manner, simplicity the highest element of style? This plain prose too is capable of vivacity and the finer kinds of irony, which yet seem to me so utterly impossible in such a manner as Burke's, for example. Delicacy of temper demands a delicate instrument to express it. Especially, what a delicate humour, what an amiable gentleness, does one find in Goldsmith! What a sanity (I am not for a moment comparing them) in Dr. Jowett! But one cannot help detecting a richness, passing the golden mean, in John Addington Symonds, or even the late Mr. Myers. And is not Macaulay's style indicative of all those defects of mind, which, in spite of his many great virtues, have (I think) been brought home to him? In fine I will only add—lest some enlightened *advocatus diaboli* (solicitous of my soul's health) whisper in my ear that I find nothing good in all those styles other than the Attic: if we consider them aright we shall conclude that

all styles, used by the classic authors, have been a practical expression of immense penetrating virtues, but to the Attic, as I said above, all things are possible, making it supreme.
H. P. C.

Impressions.

XXXVII.—The Topiarius.

It was plain I had lost my way. That last gallop across the common had brought me out into a wooded country of sandy roads and silence. I scanned the landscape for the signs of smoke curling up in the evening air, but saw only the trees against the setting sun, saw too, a squirrel scurrying along a branch, and the gleam of a bunch of rhododendrons that the late storm had blown into the road. Michael pretended to shy at the flowers; but it was only a feint. He, like myself, was under the influence of the end of day in that corner of rural England. I threw the reins over his neck and dozed till someone should awaken me and point the homeward way. Some time later Michael stopped at a gate that admitted to a wood, and looked enviously, so it seemed to me, along the forest track of green turf that curled between the overhanging trees. "So be it," I said, unlatched the gate, and Michael pushed it open with his broad shoulders. A touch of the heel and he gathered himself for a gallop, I bending over his neck to avoid being caught up in the branches like Absalom; so we sped through the air for a mile or more till the wood gave place to a lane with trimmed hedges on either side. There Michael stopped, and I looking over the hedge saw, what I never expected to see in this world, a Topiarius, in the flesh.

He was very old, of course: his smock frock had once been white, and on his head he wore a bowler hat that, half a century ago, may also have been white. In his right hand he held a pair of huge shears, and with infinite patience he was trimming a small yew tree into the shape of a peacock. What a piece of good fortune! I, quite undeserving, had, by the merest chance, discovered a man engaged upon topiary work. I was probably the only person in all England who at that moment enjoyed an uninterrupted view of, to use Sir Walter Scott's phrase, "a topiarian artist." In that formal garden behind the hedge there were many pertinent examples of the topiarian art, or "verdant sculpture" as the schoolmen term it. Not a tree, not a shrub had been allowed to follow its natural bent. This inarticulate old gentleman with the shears, the world forgetting, by the world forgot, had trimmed and cut trees, shrubs, arbours, hedges into the similitude of animals, buildings, pyramids, columns, globes, and fish. Was this Survival content? I think so. It was love that directed his shears to clip that peacock's tail so finically. If he had a little son, he would make him a topiarius, not a chauffeur. Such as he do not move with the times.

I am one of those unfortunates whose memories retain all sorts of useless shreds of information, and forget the items that might be serviceable for advancement in the world. Gazing at the Topiarius I went back in memory to a school-room on a hot day in the early seventies. We had partaken at midday dinner of a dish called toad-in-a-hole, or toad-in-the-hole, and it was still early in the afternoon. Through the open school-room windows came the drone of bees, and the odour of tan with which the playground was strewn, and before me was a book with a picture of the Topiarius at work. Poor sleepy scholar, little did you think that a lifetime later you would be looking at him over a hedge, and remember that "the Topiarius was an ancient figure known in the Rome of the Cæsars"; that he worked in "alleys of yew and pleached arbours of hornbeam"; and that

Bacon said of "topiarian features"—"they be but toys; you may see as good sights many times in tarts."

How foolish it seemed to remember this useless knowledge, and to have such a hazy idea of Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy. I almost envied Michael's detachment: he was nibbling irregular patterns out of the hedge, quite oblivious of the Topiarius who was about to give the finishing touches to the peacock's tail. I made that indescribable noise in the back of my throat which a horse understands, muttered the word "sugar" and he bore me away. As we passed the last of the topiarian features, I waved to the Topiarius, but he did not raise his head.

Drama.

Race in Mimicry.

I TRUST that the promised revision of fiscal policy will not include any measure requiring London to entertain its summer *troupes* of travelling players from within the limits of the empire on which the sun never sets instead of from "that sweet enemy, France." The critic, in particular, who has abundant opportunities throughout the year of learning how the Anglo-Saxon genius understands things theatrical, would not with equanimity exchange, in June, the refreshing art of a Madame Bernhardt or a Madame Hading, for that of some leading lady from Canada or New Zealand. I daresay the wheat products of the Dominion may be as good as, although more expensive than, those of her foreign rivals. I am sure that nothing could be more expensive than French actresses, judging by the unanimity with which the managers of theatres at which they are engaged put up the price of stalls. But it would take a good deal of protecting to enable the home product to compete with the imported article in its yield of intellectual and artistic enjoyment. I am speaking, of course, of acting, rather than of plays. The contact of the insular mind with alien ideas and alien ideals is in itself, from the ethical point of view, an unmixed good. But I am not here, primarily, to talk about ethics, and I do not know that, merely as literature, the average French play—or, at any rate, the average French play which is brought to London—is very much better than the average English play. An exception should, perhaps, be made for "*Les Deux Écoles*" of M. Alfred Capus, which Madame Jeanne Granier is playing at the Garrick. M. Capus, in his own inimitable, unmoral—it is, I believe, his own epithet—way, has certainly a lighter touch than any English dramatist since the author of "*The Importance of Being Earnest*." Madame Bernhardt will appear in "*Phèdre*" and "*Andromaque*." I am looking forward to seeing Madame Réjane in "*La Robe Rouge*" of M. Brieux. But, apart from these, there is not much of French origin in the announcements, either of the Garrick, or of the Adelphi, or of the Coronet, which does not seem rather trite or otherwise unattractive. Daudet wrote the book of "*Sapho*," so he tells us, to be placed in the hands of his sons when they came of age. It has its merits; but, although it would be interesting to see three considerable actresses successively in the same part, I think that, on the whole, I would rather it should not be Fanny Legrand. I do not suppose that "*Les Demi-Vierges*" would smell any sweeter under the name of "Maud." The younger Dumas, again, has ceased to be actual, and cannot quite be said to have become a classic. And when it is observed that our visitors are producing translations of two of Mr. Pinero's plays, "*The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*" and "*Iris*," and of one of Ibsen's, "*The Doll's House*," it will be clear that they are hardly making a claim to be apostles of the French drama, as drama.

No! Obviously what one goes to the French play for is, in the main, to see the acting, as acting. And, having

seen it, it is perhaps fortunate that the holidays intervene before one is called upon to appreciate very seriously the English make-believe. It is astonishing, the difference. Set side by side with Madame Hading, or with the clever company playing in "*Les Deux Écoles*," the best of English actresses are but as so many schoolgirls saying their recitations. They move, and you see precisely why they move. It is to "break up the picture" or to prepare for an exit or an entrance. They gesticulate, with the fear of the drill-master upon them. They speak, and the eyes and limbs take no part in what they say. They are silent, and either fidget restlessly in the background, or blankly drop out of the scene and contemplate the audience. When Madame Hading moves, you do not think of why she moves. She could not move otherwise. When she speaks, she speaks all over. She is, literally, an artist to the finger-tips. Behind it all there lies, no doubt, an arduous technique; a consummate tradition and a prolonged and difficult individual training. But, as a result, the mind has completely mastered the body, and made of it a perfect instrument, perfectly under control, for the expression of every desired state of fancy or emotion, in a manner from which every shade of artifice is absent. It is not natural simplicity, but the higher simplicity which is only won through knowledge and discipline.

Why is it that—apart from genius, which is a wind blowing where it listeth—Anglo-Saxons cannot act? The question should really fall to the writer of another column than this to answer. It belongs to the obscure region of surmise as to the origin and permanency of racial temperaments. Some measure of the mimetic instinct is probably found in every variety of the human species. But in none has it been so highly developed as in that which ethnologists know as *Homo mediterraneus*. It was amongst the highly gifted peoples of the Mediterranean shores that acting first became an art, and it is amongst their descendants, the Latin peoples, that the tradition of acting survives to-day. When the Teutonic invaders first appeared within the purview of history it is recorded of them that they knew no public entertainments except a crude kind of sword dance. And it was the indifference of the barbarians to dramatic performances, far more than the hostility of Christianity, which led to the disappearance of the theatre in the sixth century. The Teutonic body, one takes it, is too gross to serve as a medium of expression. It refuses subjection and to become the sword of the spirit. However this may be, it was not until the resurrection of the Mediterranean elements in European civilisation at the Renaissance that the serious cultivation of acting once again began amongst the peoples of the south. To the north, not excluding these islands, it had never really meant anything.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

Pastels.

THERE is an engaging freshness about the fifth exhibition of the Pastel Society, just opened at the Institute, due chiefly to its cosmopolitanism. Vivid Frenchmen jostle staid Dutchmen, and challenge comparison with English and Scotch pastelists as changeable and various as their skies. Each man's work is grouped together, a scheme advantageous to those who have something personal to express, but disastrous to the invertebrate eclectic. In painting, as in writing, there comes a time when the prodigal impulses of youth are exhausted: when the world is no longer wide and wonderful, to be studied and claimed without effort: when two courses are open to the individual—just to go on dimly remembering and perfunctorily

repeating what he once saw and felt, or to tramp out of the primrose path in search of his true self, and the right food and fuel for the lean years. In a word, there comes a time when character tells. This system of grouping half a dozen examples of a man's work together is by way of being a confessional. It also divides the merely clever works of a season from those productions that have in them the something that endures. One exhibitor at this exhibition, Mr. W. L. Bruckman, whose name is new to me, emerged nearly scathless from this ordeal. He sends six pastels. Two of them, a clever, bustling sketch of a students' ball, and a view of Limehouse, might not have attracted my attention; but the feeling of the other four is so tender, the quality of the medium so persuasive, the colour so right in tone, the subjects so modest, that in them I found my chief pleasure at this exhibition. What are the subjects? Well, one has to do with a shepherdess; another with the interior of a stable; the third is called "Motherhood," a young peasant woman, a white cap on her fair hair, holding a sleeping baby. There is no hint of popular sentiment about the child: its posture has been carefully studied, and the composition, luminously brown in tone, is in quiet and simple harmony with the brown green background. The theme is as old as the world, the drawing and the colouring are neither clever nor dull: it is just sincere, the expression of a sympathetic trained temperament content to be itself. So with "An Idyll," but this is romance: indeed, these two little pastels might have been called Reality and Romance. "An Idyll" shows a glade in a wood, misty, like morning twilight, with a shimmer of light in the sky beyond the wood. And in the glade sits a shepherdess, first cousin to a Henner nymph, and at her feet lies a shepherd, and the time is youth, their youth and the world's youth, and the picture is lowly and unpretentious, and quite beautiful.

Certainly the modern school of pastelists can express the subtleties of nature, and of the face and clothing of man, in a way untried in the days when this delicate art was used almost exclusively for portraits. The east gallery is entirely filled with a loan collection of pastels of a past day, portraits of the eminent, gravely academic, and showing little more of the personality of the painter, than a camera suggests. The great masters apart, portrait painting went at jog-trot in those days, and it needed all the distinction of "A Member of the Walpole Family" to give interest to Rosalba Carriera's pastels. Turn now to the work of a Frenchman, M. R. Gilbert, and examine his portrait of M. Legay. The grasp of character, the ease of the pose, the suggestion of life and vitality in the sitter make the pastel portraits of the eighteenth century look more like lay figures than ever. There is no medium like pastel for aiding that running intensity of creative emotion that should flow from brain to fingers, losing nothing in the passage, and fixing itself on the canvas with a click. This portrait of M. Legay is a striking example. Another, in oil, is Carolus Duran's portrait, "The Old Lithographer," at the Salon des Beaux-Arts, the only picture, I notice, which the State has purchased from the new Salon. M. Bussy's portrait of Mr. W. E. Henley I cannot place in this category. It is very clever and very amusing, but the face, which is after all the essential part of a portrait, can only be described as a caricature, plus a look of rollicking humour, expressive, perhaps, of Mr. Henley's astonishment at finding that M. Bussy has decked him in a purply blue (two shades) coat and vest, that will madden the critic of the "Tailor and Cutter." But the shelves of books against which Mr. Henley is sitting are beautifully painted. They have fine quality: they are a picture in themselves.

Probably M. Bussy would reply that these purply blues are the colours he saw in the coat and vest. But the eye when once it has seen the little more than the average eye sees is apt to exaggerate. Do you remember a passage in a delightful book called "Idlehurst"

containing some wise remarks on this subject of "seeing"? Margaret, who had been taught at school to mix "shadow colour," cannot see the blues and purples which a companion, fresh from Paris, tries to show her in the sunlit gardens. At this point the author speaks thus: "I arbitrate (supporting myself against the weight of Slade Schools and Newlyn studios by memories of William Hunt and David Cox) to the effect that the colours are there, but that when once the eye has learned to see them, it is, save in the case of the great, sure to see too much, and to read into nature those dread anilines which invade the proprieties of the Academy itself."

"Save in the case of the great." Perhaps no one will upbraid me if I do not include M. Besnard among the great, and suggest that the vivid colour of his lustrous study called "Matin" could only have been seen by eyes that have forced themselves, year by year, to perceive a vast deal more than really exists. Here again we have a part of a picture that is a joy to look upon, in the delicate but firm modelling of the girl's half-revealed figure.

Mr. Pennell is original. Surrounded by vistas of glowing colour, he fills his place on the wall with seven pastels as black as the midnight sky—of Venice. Why not? We see Venice at night as well as by day, and those who arrive by the last train do not forget that silent gliding through murky waterways, the clean cut across the Grand Canal, the sensation of vastness, and the glimpse of weather-beaten, water-washed piles, such as Mr. Pennell shows in his pastel of the Grand Canal. Nor do they forget those hurrying clouds overhead, furtively lighted, indicated by Mr. Pennell in "A Venetian Sky." He brings to his pastels the skill of the black and white artist who focusses his effects, who chooses the picturesque incident, and who knows when to reject. Mr. Muhrman does not seem to be able quite to make up his mind to sacrifice his subsidiary motives for the sake of the one broad effect, which alone can give unity to a drawing. His pastels, pleasant though they be, roam. They roam largely, but they roam.

There are many other groups of pastels at this show, but they do not call for particular notice. M. Le Sidaner continues his misty impressions that are still beautiful in spite of many repetitions. Mr. Byam Shaw is cheerfully and conventionally himself in "My Wife, my Bairns, and my wee dog John," and a "He hath smitten the bars of iron in sunder," that means just as much as you care it to mean, or as little, and—well, it was late in the afternoon when I fell under the spell of M. Bauer with his romantic "Bridge at Toledo," just such a bridge as Don Quixote crossed, and his sombre "Mosque at Cordova." These were good to see, and just across the room are Mr. Bruckman's forest folk ageless as their idyll.

C. L. H.

Science.

Saviour of Countless Lives.

Who, then, is this Lord Lister, whom the press discovers and paragraphs every now and again, and whom London University is to "honour" by the conferring of a degree on Wednesday? With the great men of the time, who make and break and unmake our "laws," we are, of course, being well-informed persons, familiar; but not one in a thousand of those who owe their lives or their limbs or their friends to Lord Lister has ever heard his name. Wherever modern surgery is known, there they are, from Edward VII. to the innumerate aboriginal treated at a missionary hospital in Hong Kong or Uganda. Last year there were about 15,000 operations for appendicitis alone in this country, of which ninety per cent. were successful;

and that percentage is yearly rising. Thirty years ago one patient of three who submitted to a surgical operation died therefrom; now the figure is less than one in thirty, though operations are performed every day which would have been criminal three decades ago. At that time a surgical operation was a great event. The great operating theatre in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, where some of the first abdominal operations were performed, will seat six or seven hundred people. The latest of the ten tiny operating theatres which replace that one to-day, will hold eight spectators at a pinch, and not one may enter without special permission from the surgeon. And yet students see far more operations than they did before, for so many more are performed. Of last year's patients in London hospitals forty-one per cent. were surgical as against thirty odd that were medical. Thirty years ago the penalty of the supreme function of maternity was that a woman had a less "expectation of life" than a man. Now, by the application of the Listerian or antiseptic method to obstetrics, the reverse is the fact. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Professor of Anatomy at Harvard, writer of the stanza beginning "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul," and doer of many more things worth doing, was amongst the first to declare that "puerperal fever" was not a specific thing, like scarlet or typhoid fever. So did poor Semmelweis, who might have won Lister's imperishable fame had he employed, as Lister did, the scientific or experimental method. Nowadays puerperal fever means sepsis; surgical fever means sepsis; and sepsis is one common process the world over, as antisepsis or asepsis or Listerism is its one common remedy.

The law of continuity applies to great discoveries as to the rest of phenomena. Lister did not spring up and conceive antiseptic surgery *ex nihilo*. First came the discovery that yeast was a living thing. This proved the existence of minute forms of life: and connected fermentation with vital processes—for the grape-juice is the product of a living plant, and the change from the glucose or grape-sugar to alcohol and later to acetic acid, or vinegar, is also due to minute and living plants. Then came Pasteur. The accepted doctrine was that suppuration was due to the oxygen of the air. Public belief on scientific matters represents, roughly speaking, a distorted version of the scientific belief of half a century before, so if a child cuts its finger the maternal admonition still is to put on a bit of sticking-plaster and "keep the air away from it." Pasteur proved by experiment that "microbes" (his own excellent term), or "germs," or "micro-organisms," or "bacteria," are the cause of suppuration, which is as truly a fermentation as the processes initiated by yeast. "Thus," in Lister's own words, "was presented a new problem: not to exclude oxygen from the wounds, which was impossible, but to protect them from the living causes of decomposition. . . . To apply that principle has been my chief life-work." And one need hardly say that the application of that principle is not limited to the major operations of surgery, but is employed in every hospital and every practice all the world over, for the quick and safe healing of legions of injuries, "casualties," and minor operations.

When Lister began, he believed that the microbes were in the air, and he invented a "carbolic acid spray," which was used to disinfect the air in the neighbourhood of the wound. I well remember the theatre where—long before my time—this spray was used, and the accounts of a certain occasion when the thing broke and the carbolic acid ran along a familiar passage, and Lister made a few pertinent remarks on the unfortunate clerk in charge of it. But those were early days, and Lister's methods soon underwent modification. The microbes are not, generally speaking, in the air, but in the skin and on all other surfaces. "Imagine yourself and everything else covered with green paint," said Lister. So the spray was abandoned. Lister's solutions of carbolic acid were far

too strong at first, and, as they were weakened, the results, and the arguments based upon them, became more striking; for carbolic acid and other antiseptics are deleterious to living cells generally—though in varying degree—and weaken the patient's tissues and diminish their healing power, besides destroying the germs that may be there. Hence the celebrated remark of "The Times," which must have seemed very apposite, seeing that the use of these solutions was the essence of Mr. Lister's claim: "Mr. Lister's arguments are getting stronger as his solutions get weaker"!

The weakness of the solutions has now reached vanishing point in the aseptic method, which is the final form of Listerism. Yet I have heard an anti-viviselector—who had doubtless profited in many ways himself by Listerism—infer from Lister's recent words on the aseptic method that he himself had abandoned antiseptic surgery as a myth. Let me try in a few words to indicate the technique of the new method. As Lister showed long ago, antiseptics are in themselves a danger to the patient. Everyone knows that carbolic acid is poisonous, and one of the indirect results of Listerism is that suicide by this poison has greatly increased of late years—it being indeed one of the three most often employed—since it is now so readily accessible. Aseptic surgery maintains that no atom of any antiseptic is to touch the patient. Only "salt solution" of blood-temperature, or "normal saline" (so called because it contains the exact percentage of salt which occurs in the blood, and is therefore the only *absolutely* non-irritant substance known)—is ever applied to the patients' tissues, except where microbes are already present; in cases of "unbroken skin" (where microbes cannot have entered)—nothing else is used. But observe where the principle comes in. Every instrument is boiled. Every towel and cloth is boiled. The whole theatre is rubbed down with carbolic acid or other antiseptic. The table is similarly treated. The patient's skin is similarly treated for forty-eight hours before operation, but when the time comes, the now unnecessary antiseptic, which has already done its work, is carefully washed away with normal saline. The surgeon's hands are subjected to a complicated series of processes—which render the skin highly unfitted for subsequent piano-playing—and the aseptic method says, in a word, that all microbes are removed before operation, and that none will be admitted during or after it. The same technique is followed in every maternity hospital. The responsibility of the surgeon is now terrible, and personally I look with astonishment upon all who face it. He has the operation itself and the risk from the anæsthetic to consider, and for three days afterwards he has the consciousness that if a single step went wrong in the technique—if an assisting nurse put a finger tip to her hair, for instance, or if he himself had inadvertently adjusted his eyeglasses or otherwise touched a non-sterilized surface—the patient may die, and the death be not a "dispensation of Providence"—which formerly killed the women in maternity hospitals—but a theoretically preventable failure in the most complicated and difficult and responsible technique under heaven—violin-playing and billiards included.

Listerism began about thirty years ago in Edinburgh; it has three million years to run. C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

"The State called Reverie."

SIR,—In the ACADEMY for June 13 there was an article on this subject provoked by Mr. W. B. Yeats's book, "Ideas of Good and Evil," the writer of which agrees with Mr. Yeats that reverie is the begetter both of wisdom

and of good art. Anyone who has read Mr. Yeats's works knows that by reverie he means the surrender of the mind to the subconsciousness uncontrolled by reason or the will, and the writer shows throughout his article that he means this by it also.

Now we all know, by the experience of dreams, how the subconsciousness works when thus uncontrolled. Some condition of the body, some sound or light, will change our dreams from unreasoning delight to equally unreasoning horror, and both delight and horror are more intense than any waking sensation of the mind because all the mind's critical and inhibitive faculties are in abeyance. There is nothing to tell us that the emotions of a dream will ever come to an end, or to explain their causes, and they seem overwhelmingly strange and new, because the dream cuts them off from all sense or memory of like past experiences. Reverie then is an attempt to acquire this intensity and strangeness of mental sensation in a waking state by simulating the conditions of a dream. I quote again Mr. Yeats's quotation from Shelley: "Those who are subject to the state called reverie feel as if their nature were resolved into the surrounding universe, or as if the surrounding universe were resolved into their nature." That is to say their nature is passively surrendered to the influence of their surroundings, so that they affect the processes of the mind as imperiously as in dreams.

It is contended that the mind, by being thus thrown open to this uncontrolled influence, will acquire a mysterious wisdom beyond the reach of reason, and that it is a worthy task for a poet to describe the sensations and experiences of his subconsciousness thus uncontrolled. Now no one can deny that the subconsciousness of a poet must be richly stocked; that music and vivid images must exist in it before they can become part of his natural language. It is the subconsciousness that supplies him with the machinery of his art. The conscious exercise of the will or the reason will inspire him with the magic of words or of allusive phrases. It is certain also that a man whose subconsciousness is acutely sensitive to external influences, will be richer in experience and therefore wiser, if wise at all, than a man who takes in nothing except by conscious effort. But that is not to say that the habit of uncontrolled reverie is valuable for the practice either of life or art; or that the mere processes of a mind in uncontrolled reverie are fit subjects for poetry.

In the first place it must be remembered that in reverie as in dreams the play of the mind is at the mercy, not only of external things, but of the conditions of the body. Indigestion means nightmare to the dreamer, and deranged nerves may make a nightmare out of life to the man who has the habit of uncontrolled reverie. If you withhold your reason so that you may enjoy the pleasures of the mind the more intensely, you will not be able to employ it to mitigate the mind's pains. Nor will you be able to prevent it from reasoning perversely about those pains; for the reason will act somehow, and if not allowed to act normally, it will act abnormally. Now perverse reasoning about mental pain is the source of hypochondria, and hypochondria makes an end of both wisdom and art. The man who is blighted by it can neither live nor write well. Of course the habit of reverie will not by itself produce hypochondria. Provided the mind remain healthy, the reverie will be healthy also; but no one can ensure the health of his mind. We are all subject to slight mental disorders, and nothing is so likely to aggravate them as the habit of reverie. "Nothing is good or bad, but thinking makes it so," said the great hypochondriac of literature, and he meant the kind of thinking that reverie fosters, the thinking that is only a more explicit expression of mental sensations. If you conceive of life as a series of mental states and are so absorbed in them as to be indifferent to all external aims, when some disorder of the mind or nerves makes those states painful, life will be nothing to you but a blind

pain. You will not be able to cure it with your will, for the will loses its power unless exercised upon external aims. The reason acting perversely will interfere at every turn with the exercise of what will remains to you. The native hue of resolution will be sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought; for the hypochondriac thinks intensely though always irrationally, and his unreason is fearfully convincing to himself.

Unreasoning thought is the chief symptom of hypochondria. It is also the note of much of the poetry of Reverie, which sees an immense significance in mere mental sensations, and reasons perversely about them. For instance, beautiful things fill the poet with sadness, not because there is anything essentially sad in beauty, but by the mere reaction of delight into pain.

But the poet will not exercise his reason about that sadness. He will not see that it is a mere mental sensation. Associating it with beauty, he comes to think of it as beautiful in itself, and gives himself up to the luxury of grief about nothing. If he is able to express that grief beautifully, and in terms of beautiful things, he persuades himself and many others that there is some profound poetic significance in a process that is wholly physical. Looking to reverie for new poetic material, he gets from it what is material really only for the flattest prose.

This is not a paradox, but the plainest truth. The will and the reason, or whatever you like to call the faculties that produce consciousness out of subconsciousness, are the highest that have been evolved in us. Poetry is the highest expression of our nature, and needs therefore the exercise of our highest faculties not merely to produce it, but to put us in a fit state of mind for producing it. The great poet has mental sensations so intense by nature that he has no need to intensify them by freeing them from the control of the reason. His subconsciousness enriches itself from internal things without the help of uncontrolled reverie; and he uses its riches, not for their own sake, but to illustrate action. His mental sensations are never the subject matter of his art. He relates sorrow and delight always to definite events, and uses his intense capacity for both to express the sorrow and delight of others. Poetry in its essence deals with action, and to write great poetry a man must have lived actively, not passively. The highest poetry is dramatic or epic, and its subject the conflict of will with circumstance. A man must have experienced that conflict, and must have observed it with all the powers of his mind, before he can understand or express it. Uncontrolled reverie teaches him only to wince from it or to ignore it. It is the conflict of will with circumstance that produces the most real and so the most poetical joy and sorrow. We are more moved by the cry of Antony: "Unarm, Eros, the long day's task is done," than by the vague emotionalism of—

The stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill,
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still.

The one grief touches us to the quick because we relate it to our most real and reasonable sorrows. The other we know to be a mere blind pain, a kind of neuralgia of the mind, fastening upon the first pretext it can find for its existence and expressing itself musically only because the poet has the habit of musical expression and of thinking in beautiful terms. The one is a sorrow that only death can cure; the other can be cured by reason or distraction. It might be quickly forgotten in the prospect of a good dinner.

No art can satisfy us for long unless it satisfies our reason, and there is no element of reason in mere mental sensations. It is the very essence of tragedy and epic that they show some definite and reasonable cause for the emotions they express. Otherwise they will fail to communicate those emotions. The sorrow provoked by tragedy

is wholesome because based on sympathy with others. It carries us out of ourselves. But the sorrow provoked by the poetry of mere reverie is selfish and merely an indulgence in the same luxury of woe which that poetry expresses. Both morally and aesthetically the art of aimless reverie is inferior to the art produced by all the faculties of the mind working in harmony together; and in this age of feeble art distracted by conflicting theories that is a fact that cannot be too strongly insisted on.—Yours, &c.,

A. CLUTTON-BROCK.

Anabaptists and United Presbyterians.

SIR,—In an article under the title of "The Family of Love" a writer in the ACADEMY of 13 June makes a most astounding statement, to wit, that the Anabaptists of nigh four hundred years ago were uncommonly like the United Presbyterians of Scotland early in the nineteenth century. The United Presbyterians may be little known out of Scotland, and only in literature through Disraeli's burlesque reference to them in "Lothair." But since your writer has condescended to notice them, it is only fair to point out that they never taught the doctrine of the "inner light"—that anyone who had the "call" might preach, or that Christians should never make use of law courts. Their creed was the Westminster Confession of Faith and they differed from the State Church of Scotland solely upon the question of spiritual independence. They never went to antinomian extremes, nor held that human love should be nationalised. It is surely needless to say that they never indulged in indecent or blasphemous rites, or countenanced the mixed dancing of the naked sexes. In fact they have always been a very decent middle-class denomination. To this religious body did the late Dr. John Brown, author of "Rab and his Friends," belong, and many other worthy persons less known to fame. I can myself claim no connection with it, and write only from a sense of justice.—Yours, &c.,
Lanark.

W. G. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

[Our reviewer's statement simply was that the fundamental principles of the Anabaptists and those of the United Presbyterians were alike in origin. We did not for a moment mean anyone to understand that we suspected the "U. P.'s" of countenancing "the mixed dancing of the naked sexes." Beyond all doubt, however, they did hold the doctrine of the "inner light," though, like all Protestant communicants that adopted standards of faith, they held it inconsistently. What is "spiritual independence" if not an assertion of "the inner light" ?]

Mr. Lucas's "Lamb."

SIR,—Will you permit me to point out that your reviewer in the last paragraph but one of a most able and appreciative review of the first volume of the complete works of Charles and Mary Lamb by Mr. Lucas in the ACADEMY of 13 June would appear to lead your readers to conclude that Mr. Lucas favours the view that Lamb's "Confessions of a Drunkard" have in them more truth than exaggeration, whereas Mr. Lucas, in another part of his note, states that whatever proportion of truth may have been in them at the time of publication quickly disappeared, and that "one of the best proofs of the *untruth* [the italics are my own] of the 'Confessions' is urged by Charles Robert Leslie, the painter," an extract from whose "Autobiographical Recollections" he then gives.—Yours, &c.,

S. BUTTERWORTH, Major,

The Castle, Carlisle.

R.A.M. Corps.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 195 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best description of "The Place which has left the most vivid impression on my mind." Fifty-one replies have been received. We award the prize to Miss Evelyn Underhill, 3, Campden Hill Place, W., for the following:—

VERONA.

Forked battlements of the Ghibelline and the dreamy protection of her distant hills, give to Verona her peculiar air of militant and spiritual peace. Her charm—the charm of delicate strength—springs upon you as you first stand by the Adige, flowing in swift curves between Gothic palaces; and look from the fierce bridge of the Scaligers to the serenity of the mountain tops. The towers of her four great churches stand sentinel above crinkled roofs. She has the glory of some pale, ripe thing; the whole of her has such a lucent quality, to look at her is to think of sun-lit pearls. She is restful too; consciously res'ful, as the soul of a pearl seems to be. Not mournfully inert, or deliberately dazing for the tourist's satisfaction. Quiet, but softly vivacious, is life in the streets of Verona: in her ancient and coloured market-place, where the exquisite stains that were once Liberale's frescoes look down on the gentle bustle of old women and animals beneath. To the place of the Senators, before the most delicate loggia in Italy, Dante's memory brings an austere touch. You dip from hot squares into bare, hushed churches; striped rosy and golden without, anciently frescoed within. S. Zeno, that mystical place, where twelve old saintly statues keep guard before the sanctuary. S. Anastasia, of golden bricks, Pisanello's grey S. George faint above the chancel arch. That re-arrangement of the rocks called architecture is here a very plastic art. One thinks of pure strong-armed angels moulding houses proper for the spirit of man.

But the soul of her is in that busy market-place which speaks still of the Roman and the Middle age. Therefrom, narrow streets, their tall houses balconied in lacy iron-work, run everywhere to the Adige; where their bridges, like mighty fingers, point out from the City of Dreamers to the Hills of God.

[E. U., London.]

Other replies follow:—

CAMBER CASTLE.

Camber Castle is a notable ruin, unreachd by any roaring highway, found only by pleasant meadow paths. The level land looks kind and sweet in the sun; smooth windy fields, with here and there showing through the broken turf a patch of beach; travelling brooks, with here and there a bundle of trees; no railway to hustle its poignant solitude, no chandlers in its gateway, no officious spoiler to restore its broken arches; it is good and lonely, and squats and dreams on the old marshland between Rye and Winchelsea. Once since, its Tudor builders toiled here, the sea with its cold trick of obtrusion plunged over the flat fields and reduced the labours of their hands, and having heaped the grey walls with barren beach rolled back to its pit again. Green grass at length covered these signs, and under the turf where the sheep feed, under the thin earth you will find everywhere a depth of sea-stones. From such a base this ruin rises huge and round, its strong tower roofless and without floor. A narrow stairway curves up in the thick walls, with steps so worn that it is but a steep pathway now, and you descend clinging to each wall with careful hand, and with perhaps a little questioning fancy of what gallant knights had also trod the stair, or what slender finger-tips had brushed in the self-same way its dusty wall, what sorrow here was silent. From the outer walls one can look into Rye; and on a neighbouring road the red roofs of the farmhouse with poplars and the black conical malhousers shot with sunlight draw the eye in mute familiar fashion. This were, indeed, a place of sweet and certain peace; I left with a feeling deeper than regret.

[A. E. C., Brighton.]

IONA.

Mull, as the steamer moved along the Sound, appeared a mass of dark and melancholy high lands; and looking up the valleys, the view always ended in a blackness of grey mist. But after emerging into the outer sea, and passing Staffa, the sun burnt its way out gradually until the whole western sky was open and limpid, moving with little white clouds. Broken glints of bright blue began to swim and glitter on the great, green waters, and in the sunlight lay Iona, a stony and humble island with shining white beaches. I cannot forget the disappointment on first landing. The monuments, themselves only late ecclesiastical concretions of the huge and dateless legend that quivers around this barren island like a charm of the waters and the air, have undergone a last sack at coarser hands than

those of Norseman. It is great pity now, to see the poor fragments of carvings and inscribed blocks, neatly ranged and piled here and there by the final audit of archaeological duty. Three things only I saw that made me feel I was really in unseen penetralia of the dead Celtic world. There are the two last crosses, tall and thin with that strange outline of a lightless sun shaped between their arms, and the multitude of gravestones of kings and men of high estate, that now are all drawn close together on the way to the cathedral, a railled off street whereon no man walks. And around there is the granite and the roaring sea.

[F. W. H., Penarth.]

ARRAN.

We came to Arran one afternoon in August. About five o'clock we strolled up the hill and sat amid scented bracken and sturdy heather, in stillness unbroken save by the bleat of a sheep or the hum of a homing bee. Here and there on the hillside a blue scarf of smoke hung from a cottage chimney and slowly melted into the heat haze. In front of us lay the shining waters of the bay, dotted over with boats going out to the fishing. Far away to the north rose the peak of Goatfell, clothed by distance and shimmering heat with purple velvet. To the right towered the granitic mass of Holy Island, tinted here and there with wine-coloured heather; close at hand were rolling uplands, intersected by fairy glens, where the lady-birch in her silken robes and the scarlet-crowned mountain ash stood knee-deep in bracken and bog myrtle. The glorious sunlight flooded the whole scene, and the rippling waters of the bay reflected a million pin-points of silver light.

The sun sank behind the hill, and the slight breeze died utterly away. By and by the harvest-moon rose in solemn glory, and laid a golden pathway on the sea; a starry radiance shone at intervals from the lighthouse on the Holy Island, and one by one the cottage windows gleamed with pale candle-light. Slowly we went down the hill and wandered along the white road by the shore. The tongue of the tide lapped gently on the beach; the faint odour of wrack filled the soft air; the voices of returning fishers floated musically over the water, and now and then there was a rattle of oars, and a boat's keel grated on the shingle.

Thus did Arran weave her magic spell. [T. McE., Belfast.]

ATHENS.

A hot dusty road, stretching across a stony landscape; here and there a stunted olive or grey aloe adds to the dull monotony of the scene. As the drosky rattles onwards, weird faces peer in and distorted hands are thrust forward for alms. Over all, laying everything bare, beats the pitiless sun.

Gradually out of the distance a rectangular mound is seen; broken masonry on its crest earth-coloured and sad; whilst nearer at hand buildings begin to crop, new and old; here a little grey temple, there a fenced-in waste dotted with monuments appear among the mean habitations of the poor. Gradually the houses become larger, the boulevards more trim, until the great square of the town is reached. It is Athens! Crawling on foot up a winding path past houses, and open spaces littered with broken columns and stones, we come at last to the Protyleum—sternly impressive—and beyond, simple, perfect in its sovereignty stands the embodiment of earthly perfection—the Parthenon! From its steps is seen the purple sea with its sapphire islands, melting into an azure sky. The grey earth, fit accompaniment to this harmony in blue, joins in the grand psalm of praise to beauty. Athens reveals herself and the Greek spirit breathes over all.

Close at hand is a little building—"the temple to the unknown God," and the echo of an alien Jewish voice breaks in—"Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you." The glory which was Greece, the grandeur which was Rome passes, as must all human manifestations of beauty. Happy that a few stones are left to speak of what once was; but the Christian spirit, out-scoring the Greek, and straining beyond the mortal and finite, loses itself at last in the eternal loveliness which is God.

[H. G. B., Ayr.]

AM RHEIN.

Long shadows creep down from the hills, and for a moment the trees surge softly under a caressing wind which breathes fresh evening scents over the river. Then a stillness comes into the air: hushed Nature is impendent over the couch of the day. Already the sun-rays have taken a yellowish tint and fall aslant, begetting a myriad ruddy spangles on the mirror of the Rhine, as between walls of golden-green, it wanders interminably ahead towards that mysterious opal veil drawn across the horizon.

Slowly falls the sun, flaming through the heavens, softening the purple hills, spreading a golden glory over the west. For a moment the Tower of Godesberg, painted in black against the sky, might be taken for the cone of a volcano in eruption. Comely translucent cloud bergs float majestically on emerald lakes and sapphire seas, and waves of light breaking into crimson foam beat on the sleek baby clouds as they scud across the wake of the sun.

The banks of the river with all their irregularities—their trees, their castles, their distant church spires—stand out in ragged silhouette; whilst high above all, mid darkest mystery of pine forest, the Drachenfels points its gloomy donjon. . . . And still the sun is falling, falling through the heavens; still the Rhine wanders towards the molten sky.

"Lieb Vaterland magst ruhig sein"

Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein—"

singing with hoarse voices, a party of students, arm in arm, reel towards the nearest Bier-Garten. On the river, a tiny steamer, haling with quick pants at a huge timber raft, trails a sooty strain across the fading splendour.

Competition No. 196 (New Series).

In an article on "The Essay: Ancient and Modern," printed in this issue of the ACADEMY, the following sentence occurs: "The original essay largely depended on the art of getting away from your subject." This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for a brief essay, not to exceed 300 words, which best succeeds in getting away from its subject.

RULES.

Answers addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 24 June, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Wells (Prof. Amos R.), <i>Help for the Tempted</i>(Isbister)	2/6
Henson (H. Hensley), <i>Sincerity and Subscription</i>(Macmillan) net	1/0
A Churchman, <i>The Failure of the Churches</i>(Nash)	2/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Butler (Harold E.), selected by, <i>War Songs of Britain</i>(Constable) net	3/6
Meyer-Pörster (Wilhelm), <i>Old Heidelberg: A Play in Five Acts</i>(Siegle)	5/0
Burroughs (John), <i>Literary Values</i>(Gay and Bird) net	5/0
Fawcett (Edgar), <i>Voices and Visions</i>(Nash)	5/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Des Vœux (Sir G. William), <i>My Colonial Service. 2 vols.</i>(Murray) net	24/0
Cuthbert (Father), <i>The Friars, and how they came to England</i>(Sands)	5/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Dopp (Katharine Elizabeth), <i>The Place of Industries in Elementary Education</i> (King) net	5/0
Newcomb (Prof. Simon), <i>Astronomy for Everybody</i>(Isbister)	7/6
Barber (Samuel), <i>The Cloud World</i>(Stock)	7/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Nadkarni (G. N.), <i>Journal of a Visit to Europe in 1896</i>(Simpkin)	8/0
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EDUCATIONAL.

Latter (H.), <i>Précis Writing</i>(Blackie)	3/6
Scott (Sir Walter), <i>A Legend of Montrose</i>(")	1/6
Kerr (John G.) and Brown (John N.), <i>Elementary Physics</i>(")	2/0
Nall (G. H.), edited by, <i>The Anabasis of Xenophon. Book IV.</i>(")	2/0
Weekley (Ernest), <i>Exercises on the French Subjunctive</i>(")	2/0
Hartog (W. G.), <i>Little French Classics</i>(")	0/4
Wright (Alex.), " " " <i>Balsac's Un Episode sous la Terreur</i> (Blackie)	0/4
Ritson (Alice M.), " " " <i>Pascal's Pensées</i>(")	0/4
Goldberg (E. C.), " " " <i>Montaigne's Essays</i>(")	0/4
Kennedy (Mary O.), " " " <i>Chénier's Select Poems</i>(")	0/4
Wall (Arthur H.), " " " <i>La Fontaine's Shorter Fables</i>(")	0/4
Millis (C. T.), <i>Technical Arithmetic and Geography</i>(Methuen)	3/6
Lydon (Noel S.), <i>A Junior Geometry</i>(")	2/0
Weatherhead (T. O.), <i>Junior Greek Examination Papers</i>(")	1/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Parr (Olive Katharine), <i>The Voice of the River</i>(Routledge)	5/0
Williams (O. F. Abdy), <i>The Story of Notation</i>(Scott) net	8/6
Rose (Algernon), <i>On Choosing a Piano</i>(Scott)	1/0
White (Beuck), <i>Quo Vaditis</i>(Civic Press, New York)	\$1
Williams (Philip H.), <i>The Modern Chess Problem</i>(Routledge)	5/0
Harrison (O.), <i>The Book of the Honey Bee</i>(Lane) net	2/6
Elizabeth's Children.....(Lane)	6/0
Belloe (H.), <i>Calliban's Guide to Letters</i>(Duckworth) 1/6 net and net	2/0
Lane (Ralph), <i>Patriotism under Three Flags</i>(Unwin)	6/0
The Curator, <i>A Gloucestershire Wild Garden</i>(Stock) net	6/0
Tod (E. M.), <i>Wet-Fly Fishing</i>(Low)	

NEW EDITIONS.

Dante's <i>Vision of Hell, Purgatory and Paradise</i>(Newnes) net	3/6
The <i>Bibelots: An English Miscellany</i>(Gay and Bird)	2/6
A <i>Dante Treasury</i>(")	2/6
Crowley (Hastings), <i>The Golden Sayings of Epictetus</i>(Macmillan) net	2/6
Strong (Thomas B.), <i>A Manual of Theology</i>(Black) net	7/6
The Windsor Shakespeare: <i>Love's Labour's Lost</i>(Jack) net	2/0
Goddard (Fannie), <i>Newquay: The Vale of Lanherne, &c.</i> (Homeland Association) net	0/6
Southey (Robert), <i>The Life of John Wesley</i>(Hutchinson) net 1/0 and net	2/0
Macdonald (William), edited by, <i>Lamb's Essays and Last Essays. 2 vols.</i> (Dent) each, net	3/0

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The Literary Week.

WE have received since our last issue thirty-five new works, eleven new editions, and fourteen volumes of fiction. Among the publications of the past week we note the following:—

THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY. Volume VII.

The general subject of this seventh volume is the United States. It also narrates the history of Canada, of the French and English colonies connected with it, from their discovery down to the time when Canada passed under the British Crown; secondly, the history of the English Colonies in North America from their origin to the Declaration of Independence; and finally, the history of these colonies, after they had become the United States, from 1776 down to the present day.

HENRY ACLAND: A MEMOIR. By J. B. Atlay.

Sir Henry Acland, at his death, left a great accumulation of private correspondence relating to the subjects which had interested him during a long and active life. To these letters the author has had access. Mr. Atlay divides his biography of the late Oxford Regius Professor of Medicine into sixteen chapters. Such names as those of Owen and Huxley, Ruskin and Gladstone, appear in connection with matters which affected the many-sided subject of the memoir. The volume has six illustrations, including a reproduction of a water-colour drawing by Sir Henry Acland made on board H.M.S. "Volage." For frontispiece there is an appropriate portrait of Acland in yachting oilskins.

A SEARCH FOR THE MASKED TAWAREKS. By W. J. Harding King.

The word "Tawarek" means "God-forsaken," and it was applied to the nomads, with whom Mr. King's book deals, on account of their impious character. These

Saharan raiders are mysterious and elusive; though they inhabit a territory about the same size as Russia, and are almost as near to England, hardly any Englishmen have even heard their name. The author has collected some of his material from the writings of certain French authors, but much was gathered from the natives themselves. The volume has a number of interesting illustrations and a map.

THE controversy concerning "The Letters of Dorothy Osborne" has been followed by the reissue of Judge Parry's book. It will be remembered that this was originally published in 1888. In a new preface Judge Parry tells us that he has made no effort to print the actual text of the letters, adding that the translation here put forward "would probably not be adopted by another editor, who would naturally prefer his own phrasing and punctuation." The arrangement and dating of the Letters vary somewhat from those of the earlier editions.

THE encyclopædic spirit has reached journalism. We are to have shortly an "International Encyclopædia of Journalism," under the joint editorship of Mr. William Hill, of the "Westminster Gazette," Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, of the "Daily Mail," and Mr. Maurice Ernst, of the "Neues Wiener Tagblatt." The work will be written in English, but it is to describe the origin and development of journalism in all countries. There are to be special articles on editing, sub-editing, news-collecting, ownership, general management, and so forth, and by way of lightening the pages we are promised character-sketches of eminent journalists. This new encyclopædic venture appears to be another of the short cuts to knowledge which are becoming the vogue nowadays.

THE author of "Wee MacGreegor" has just published a little book called "Ethel." There does not appear to be any dialect in the story, which is prettily sentimental. There is a picture of Ethel on the cover.

THE New York "Lamp" prints a sympathetic article on the late Mr. R. H. Stoddard by one who knew him well. Stoddard was of the old school, both of manners and literature; he loved books and disliked the distractions of society. He had known many men of note—Bayard Taylor, Poe, Hawthorne, and a score of others—and of those he loved to talk even to the last. He was always buoyant and youthful. A few years ago he wrote to a friend:—

I go to the hospital to-morrow to have my second cataract removed, and I hope to be out in three or four weeks; at least I have the doctor's opinion to that effect. It's lucky, isn't it, that I am not Argus? Think of not seeing anything as it should be seen, and of a hundred eyes, and the calamity of having each one of them peeled at one time or another.

His old age was darkened, but still was not without serenity and hope. The writer of the article says:—

How bravely Mr. Stoddard bore himself in those closing years is known only to a few. The premature death of his brilliant son left the aged poet and his wife, "that woman of strange, impassioned genius," sitting beside a hearth where the fire had gone out forever. But there was no self-pity or despair. "Baffled, not beaten!" was his answer to a friend who came to him soon after Lorimer's death, and this was the key-note of the mood in which he waited death after the passing of his wife. The courage inherited from a race of New England sailors, and shown in his steadfast allegiance to his ideals, remained with him to the end, and he met death without question and without a trace of fear.

In the current issue of the "Magazine of Art" Mr. Spielmann continues his discussion of "Art Forgeries and Counterfeits." Siena, says Mr. Spielmann, is the headquarters of *gesso duro*, or plaster, counterfeits, but as a rule the trade is carried on there without any definite idea of fraud. The imitations are often admirably executed, but they are usually sold as imitations. But what of the people who buy these imitations, take them home, and exhibit them as genuine? That is where the real difficulty comes in. No doubt much of the trouble nowadays over the genuineness of art treasures springs directly from the foolish vanity of people who had not the courage to call things by their right names.

THE Secretary of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings recently visited Stratford-on-Avon with a member of the society's committee, for the purpose of reporting on the proposed site for the free library in Henley Street. In the report just presented the authors say, concerning the old houses known as the China Shop, which are to be used for the purpose of the library:—

We consider that the old houses are well worthy of careful preservation from their intrinsic interest of age, and that undoubtedly such buildings would be more likely to be permanently preserved if regularly used and occupied, which seems to have been only partially the case for some years. It is certain, however, if the houses can no longer be retained for their original domestic use, that in adapting them to the purpose of a library the modern brick front must be so extensively altered that its present character would cease to exist.

The writers come to the conclusion that if the buildings are to be used for a library a new front must be erected, and they consider it desirable that this new front should be of timber.

THERE is now in existence a Society of Masquers. The object of the society is to give performances of plays, masques, ballets, and ceremonies, and to produce only such works as convey a sentiment of beauty. One of its

chief endeavours will be to bring the stage back again to that beauty of appropriate simplicity in the presentation of a play which will liberate the attention of an audience for the words of a writer and the movements of an actor. Among the plays, &c., from which a first choice will be made, are:—

Marlowe: "The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus."
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It is also proposed to present plays and masques by d'Annunzio, Robert Bridges, W. B. Yeats, Gordon Craig, and others.

WHEREVER Canon Rawnsley may be we are sure of sonnets. We envy him the delight he must get from the writing of them. The other day, on his arrival at Lucerne, he had a sonnet ready for the local paper, which the local paper printed with joy, and on his way to Lucerne he had rendered a like service to Beatenberg.

MR. OWEN SEAMAN in this week's "Punch" lays his whip across the shoulders of the literary parasite. We all know the literary parasite; he is always with us, and always unmistakeable. Mr. Seaman touches him off thus:—

He lives within the public eye
 Immune from all investigation
 Of how he came to occupy
 That eligible habitation;
 I hear of no accomplished feat
 From which he takes the rank of writer,
 Yet almost everywhere you meet
 The name of Mr. Bertram Blighter.

His novel, "Neath a Woman's Spell,"
 His book of poems, "Past Repealing,"
 Those *jeux d'esprit*, "Half-hours in Hell,"
 That trifle, "Round my Study Ceiling"—
 All these are in a harmless vein
 And leave suburban bosoms lighter,
 But cannot possibly explain
 The splendid vogue of Bertram Blighter.

A moon amid refulgent orbs,
 A bee among a bed of roses,
 Their light and sweetness he absorbs
 And as his own elsewhere imposes;
 So, swarming up the rungs of fame
 With ever surer grasp and tighter,
 He bears his undisputed claim
 To be "the well-known Bertram Blighter."

But all the satire in the world will never affect the literary parasite.

THE armchairs in the French Academy left vacant by MM. Gaston Paris and Ernest Legouvé have been filled by the election of M. Frederic Masson and M. René Bazin—an historian and a novelist. At the election there were some notable absentees. M. Sardou was suffering from what is vaguely described as "inflammation," and M. Rostand was down with influenza. M. Ludovic Halévy was also absent.

A PLEASANT little booklet called "Sir Walter Scott and his Country," reaches us from Edinburgh. In the main it is a summary of what we already know, but there is one passage which has a personal interest. The writer came across an old man who had known Sir Walter :—

"Ay," he minded Sir Walter fine. "I seen him driving out in his carriage and pair, wi' Tom Purdie on the box-seat. He had on a shepherd's tartan plaid, and a glengarry cap wi' twa black ribbons hanging doon the back. I mind his dowg tae, Maida he ca'd it, and an awfu' work he made ower the beast! But he was as pleasant a man as you could speak to, though he wasna thought muckle of as a pleader, when they made him Shirra o' Selkirk. Is it his buiks you're speiring on? Ou ay, ye'll find a' his buiks ben the hoose."

LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON's narrative, "Furthest South with the 'Discovery,'" has been acquired for immediate publication by the "Illustrated London News." The pictures which Lieutenant Shackleton has brought home are of considerable interest, and include a photograph of the most southerly point ever attained by man, and many typical scenes of the explorer's hazardous life in the Antarctic regions.

THE cheap reissue of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters" has a new preface. We cannot see that any new preface was called for, particularly one so unilluminating as this: it strikes us, though we may be wrong, as merely a sop to the curious. The author now lifts the veil to the following purpose :—

Many have sought to know the name of the lady whose character they find so vividly suggested by her own letters, and there is no reason now why a fairly legitimate curiosity should not be gratified. Esther Marion Foley is the full name—one part of which observant readers may have guessed from the reference to "Ahasuerus" at the close of Letter Fifty,—the letter containing the postscript which was no postscript.

Those who wish to know more of her nature than is shown by these letters, may find some trace of it in her kinswoman, Doris Foley, playfellow and aunt to "the Modern Anteus," who so resolutely concealed her own tragedy from the world she was destined so soon to quit. They will not then make the mistake which some have made, of thinking that Esther Foley revealed anything in her life of the feeling which her last letters expressed.

FORDHOOK, near Ealing, once the residence of Fielding, is the last of the historic houses of Ealing to fall a victim to the builder. Fordhook was once the English residence of the author of "Tom Jones," he having lived there before he started on his memorable voyage to Lisbon. When we remember the outcry that was made a year or two ago against the destruction of Hogarth's house at Chiswick, it is curious that the recent destruction of Fielding's house has passed unnoticed even by the local press.

THE indefatigable Mr. Raymond Blathwayt has been interviewing Mr. Watts-Dunton for "Great Thoughts." The talk, naturally, was of "Aylwin" and gypsies. Mr. Watts-Dunton insisted that he had not idealised the gypsy character. Sinf and Rhona, he said, were actual types of gypsy women. We find it difficult to understand why people should be so eager to be assured of the genuineness of individual characters; so long as they are vital and alive the narrow question of portraiture should not come in. Yet even so genuine an artist as the late Jean Ingelow urged Mr. Watts-Dunton to tell her whether Rhona Boswell was a real woman.

A CORRESPONDENT of "Notes and Queries," gives a version of "The Three Ravens" which he took down from a recitation in 1859. The writer's father had it from an old farmer who was quite ignorant of reading. This farmer said that when he was young it was often sung at sheep-clippings, harvest-suppers, and the like. He also asserted that the scene of the story was a grass close adjoining the river Eau, near a deep pool called the Slaughter Hole. But no doubt this Lincolnshire version of the ballad was associated with the place quite without reference to facts :—

There were three ravens in a tree,
As black as any jet could be.

A down a derry down.

Says the middlemost raven to his mate,
Where shall we go to get ought to eat?

It's down in yonder grass green field,
There lies a squire dead and kill'd,
His horse all standing by his side,
Thinking he'll get up and ride;
His hounds all standing at his feet,
Licking his wounds that run so deep.

There comes a lady full of woe,
As big wi' bairn as she can go;
She lifted up his bloody head
And kiss'd his lips that were so red.
She laid her down all by his side
And for the love of him she died.

"The Twa Corbies" version is, of course, much finer, both poetically and dramatically; but this almost first-hand record is very interesting.

It is satisfactory to hear that Mr. Arthur Evans is not to conduct his further excavations at Knossos entirely at his own cost. An anonymous donor has contributed £1,000 towards the completion of the work, and various smaller sums have been subscribed.

THE New York "Nation," reviewing Mr. George Gissing's "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," takes rather a new point of view. We do not say that we agree with that point of view, but it is perfectly legitimate, and well expressed by the "Nation" critic. He says of the "Private Papers" :—

They are interesting and valuable for frank expression of unpopular truths, but still more, to some interpreting minds, for a naïve revelation of abysmal selfishness which Mr. Ryecroft (who looks like Mr. Gissing in thin disguise) seems hardly ever to have recognised as a possible constituent of his make-up. . . . Writing about his lack of friends during his very hard times, he remarks: "The truth is, I have never learnt to regard myself as a member of society. For me there have always been two entities—myself and the world—and the normal relation between these two has been hostile." But the consistency of Ryecroft's illusions is not often marred by such reflection. All his thoughts and opinions express the man who has cared only and cared profoundly for himself, relied on his own judgment, his own point of view, receiving nothing from the life around him, and giving it neither understanding nor sympathy. If that is the sort of man Mr. Gissing meant to delineate, he has done him with scrupulous fidelity. Such persons have a certain pathos, because, while they cry with truth that life has yielded nothing but stones, they cannot believe that it is because they never knew how to ask for bread.

THE second issue of "The House Beautiful" contains eight plates of various sorts, ranging from a design for a warehouse to a design for an ante-room. The plates are all printed in Stuttgart, and only one of the designs is by an Englishman. We almost scent a continental decorative invasion.

WE have this week to record two deaths, that of Mrs. E. T. Cook and that of Mr. Henry Pugh. Mrs. Cook was closely associated with journalism for many years, being the wife of Mr. E. T. Cook, sometime editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette," the "Westminster Gazette," and the "Daily News." Mrs. Cook was a regular contributor to the magazines; of her books the best known are "The Bride's Book" and "London Highways and Byways." She had a very real affection for London, and there appears only this week in "Men and Women" an article by her called "Piccadilly Memories." This, we believe, was the last article she wrote.

Mr. HENRY PUGH, whose death occurred in Paris, has been for the past seven years Paris correspondent of the "Referee" and other journals. At one time Mr. Pugh was well known in London; in the early life of "To-day" he had assisted Mr. Jerome. He knew Paris thoroughly, and made it his business to keep in touch with all that was afoot there. He had a wide knowledge of the French stage, was a good critic, and had a strong grip of politics. He died of a wasting illness which would have made many men incapable of work, but he kept bright to the end and wrote with his accustomed cheerfulness and regularity.

Bibliographical.

VERY welcome will be the little collection of George Darley's verses on which, it is understood, Mr. R. A. Streatfield is engaged for Messrs. Methuen. I presume the selection will be confined to the poet's lyrical pieces. Mr. J. H. Ingram reprinted "Sylvia, or the May Queen" (with a biographical introduction) in 1892, and Mr. Streatfield himself reproduced "Nepenthe" in 1897. The lyrics will now be very acceptable. It will be remembered that a volume of "Poems of the late George Darley" was printed for private circulation in 1891. It would be very pleasant if we could have the "Complete Works" of George Darley, including all his published verse and prose—"Ethelstan," and "A Becket," and the rest. For that, however, there would be but a small public. One thing I do hope, and that is that Mr. Streatfield may be able, in his introduction, to answer once for all the question whether Darley was the author of the play called "Plighted Troth" produced unsuccessfully by Macready in 1842. The actor, in his diary, mentions "Mr. Darley," omitting the Christian name. The point is of no great consequence, of course, but one likes these little mysteries to be cleared up.

I note that Mr. Grant Richards's reprint of Dryden's Virgil in the "World's Classics" is described as "Vol. I." of "The Works of John Dryden." Is it too much to hope that among those "Works," Mr. Richards will include at least a selection from Dryden's plays, which, so far as I know, are not at present obtainable in any form? It has always appeared singular that Dryden's plays were not represented in the otherwise interesting "Mermaid" series.

It is pleasant to know that Mr. E. V. Lucas is about to present us with a reprint of the poems for children which we owe to Ann and Jane Taylor. Nearly twenty years ago there came from Boston, U.S.A., a collection of the "Tales, Essays, and Poems" of these ladies, with a memoir of them by G. A. Oliver. But Mr. Lucas, I gather, will not attempt anything so elaborate. Messrs. Routledge reprinted the "Rhymes for the Nursery" in 1886; since then, apparently, Ann and Jane Taylor have been neglected. Between 1881 and 1883 Messrs. Nelson republished a few of their writings "for infant minds," and in 1884 the same firm brought out

the "Life and Letters" of Jane. In 1883, too, Kate Greenaway illustrated the Taylors' "Little Ann and Other Poems." All this, however, is almost ancient history.

The late Mr. T. W. Allies, who was born in 1813, continued his literary labours up to 1890, when, in his seventy-seventh year, he published "Peter's Rock in Mohammed's Flood." Prior to that had come "The Holy See and the Wandering of the Nations" (1888), "The Throne of the Fisherman Built by the Carpenter's Son" (1887), and "Church and State as Seen in the Foundation of Christendom" (1882). Four of Mr. Allies' earlier works were reprinted during the 'nineties. "The See of St. Peter," originally produced in 1850, was reproduced in 1896; "St. Peter, his Name and Office" (1852) in 1895, "The Formation of Christendom" (1865-75) in 1897-98, and "A Life's Decision" (1880) in 1894. The Church to which he 'verted in 1850 can have had no more zealous or voluminous propagandist.

That Mr. Laurence Hutton should have given us a work on "The Literary Landmarks of Oxford" is not at all surprising. This fertile American writer has apparently taken under his protection the literary landmarks of the world. His "Literary Landmarks of London" came out in 1885, and was re-issued in 1888 and also in 1892. In 1891 came "The Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh," and Mr. Hutton dealt similarly with Jerusalem in 1895, and with Rome and with Florence in 1897. He takes a great interest in the drama, and his works on Edwin Booth and the "Curiosities of the American Stage" have both been published in this country.

With reference to one-volume editions of Lamb's Works, a correspondent at Carlisle reminds me of that which was edited by Mr. Charles Kent and published by the Routledges. I presume the book referred to is the "Poetical and Dramatic Tales, Essays, and Criticisms" of Lamb issued in 1889. Whether this is "in print" or not I do not know, but I imagine that it had not the completeness of the edition sent out by Messrs. Chatto in 1892 and again in 1897, for that included the "Poetry for Children" and "Prince Dorus." We shall see what Messrs. Newnes do for us in this respect in their promised edition.

The prospect of a volume of the private correspondence of the late Earl of Lytton—covering, it would appear, the years in which he was best known as "Owen Meredith"—certainly has its attractions. Even those who have least admiration for Robert Lytton would be ready, I suppose, to admit that, like old Eccles in the opinion of his daughter Polly, "He was a very clever man." There was, indeed, a day when "Owen Meredith," as a poet, was a power in the reading world, and even so lately as 1890 a publishing firm thought it worth its while to re-issue his "Poems" in a cheap and handy form. Nay, if I remember rightly, Lord Lytton's "Marah" was issued in 1892 as "by Owen Meredith." The year 1893 saw the publication of new editions both of "Lucile" and of "The Wanderer," and the former of these bids fair to carry its author's name and fame farther than such efforts as "Glenaveril" (1885), "The Ring of Amasis" (1890), "King Poppy" (1892), and so forth. And a few of the Lyrics signed "Owen Meredith" may perhaps go even further down the stream of time than "Lucile."

Those who know the forthcoming "Chiswick" edition of Landor's "Pericles and Aspasia" to be quite out of their reach may console themselves. In May 1890 Messrs. Dent issued the work in two volumes with etchings, and a few months later Messrs. Walter Scott produced a little shilling edition. No doubt both of these publications are still in the market, and the latter appeals to the least well-furnished purses.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

English Literature Illustrated.

ENGLISH LITERATURE: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD. By Richard Garnett and Edmund Gosse. Vols. I., III. (Heinemann.)

THIS book is a disappointment, although, if the paradox may be permitted, it is a disappointment which we had fully expected. We remember how, a year or two ago, Prof. Dowden called attention to the admirable "*Histoire de la Langue et de la Litterature Française*," which had recently been completed by a number of French writers working under the direction of the late M. Petit de Julleville, and pressed upon English scholars the desirability of producing, by the method of collaboration, just such a delightful, erudite, authoritative work upon the history of our own tongue and our own literature. It seemed possible that the discussion upon Prof. Dowden's proposal might yield some fruition, when it was cut short by the announcement of a publisher that the important task had already been undertaken by Dr. Garnett and Dr. Gosse, and that the first instalment of their labours might be expected before many years were out. Well, the intimation was not altogether reassuring. Dr. Garnett, although a versatile writer and excellent librarian, was not known to have the knowledge of a specialist upon any branch of English literature in particular; and while Dr. Gosse might reasonably have been asked to contribute a chapter, say, upon the "metaphysical" poets or the Restoration dramatists to such a work as was hoped for, it seemed improbable that the width and accuracy of his learning would prove to be such as would adequately meet the demands that were apparently to be made upon it. In fact, no two writers, however conscientious and however well equipped, could possibly hope to do for English literature what it had taken a score or two to do for French. The whole essence of M. Petit de Julleville's enterprise lay in the fact that it was a work of collaboration, the production of a number of specialists, each writing of what he knew at first hand and more intimately than any other man. To take the first two volumes only, M. Petit de Julleville himself was the greatest living authority on the French mediæval drama, M. Jeanroy on mediæval lyric poetry, M. Leon Gautier on the *chansons de gestes*, M. Bédier on the *fabliaux*; and these and many others brought the mature results of their researches to this incomparable compilation. Did anybody seriously expect from Dr. Garnett and Dr. Gosse an equivalent to this? If they did, we fear they will be woefully disillusioned. The two volumes before us form half the contemplated work. The first, by Dr. Garnett, extends from the beginning of English literature to the reign of Henry VIII.; the second, or rather the third, by Dr. Gosse, begins with Milton and ends with Johnson. They are neither specialist nor authoritative, but merely add, so far as the text goes, to the very considerable number of popular manuals and narratives of literary history which have been poured out without stint during recent years. In saying this we do not wish to depreciate them unduly. They are good enough of their kind. Dr. Garnett's summary of the mediæval period, although obviously not depending upon first-hand research, is competent and careful. Dr. Gosse is the finer critic and the more original writer, but he is terribly handicapped by the necessity of constantly breaking off his chronicle to insert biographies of and extracts from individual writers in a smaller type. Moreover he has already gone over much of his ground at least twice, in his "*Short History of Modern English Literature*" of 1897, and either in his "*The Jacobean Poets*" of 1894, his "*From Shakespeare to Pope*" of 1885, or his "*History of Eighteenth Century Literature*" of 1889.

It will be claimed, we suppose, that the novelty and the individuality of the book lie less in the text than in the illustrations with which it is liberally provided. Says Mr. Heinemann:—

The design of the publisher of this work has been to produce a book which shall stimulate and gratify curiosity concerning the leading authors of our country and the evolution of its literary history. This curiosity is not to be confined within the limits of an acquaintance with a few dry manuals. It appeals to the eye as well as to the ear, and as the reader becomes attracted to the writings of this or that writer, and feels his enthusiasm enkindled, he desires to know, and to know instantly and without disturbance, not only who the writer was and what he wrote, but what he looked like, perhaps at various ages; where he lived, what his handwriting was, and how he appeared in caricature to his contemporaries.

No effort has been spared to satisfy the very natural and laudable curiosity to which Mr. Heinemann refers. Illustrations, many of them reproduced in colours, have been gathered together from all conceivable sources, at the rate of about one to a page. The ingenuity and industry bestowed upon this branch of the publisher's enterprise must have been enormous. We wish we could feel that it has been wholly profitable. Certainly the method of the object-lesson is by now established in almost every branch of study. It is recognised that the senses, and especially the sense of sight, are the channels through which the memory and the imagination may most vividly and permanently be stimulated. But clearly the method is not of equal importance in every study. In the natural sciences, dealing as they do with sensible and visual facts, it is of course indispensable. Its value in connection with social history, which is called upon at every moment to reconstruct the actual physical appearance of the past, is fully recognised in such books as the illustrated edition of J. R. Green's "*Short History of the English People*," or Mr. F. P. Barnard's more recent "*Companion to English History*." But it must be admitted that when one comes to literary history, which, after all, is concerned less with palpable facts than with formless and invisible ideas and emotions, it is distinctly less applicable. The authentic portrait of an author helps, no doubt, to interpret his work; perhaps also the presentment of the landscape or the buildings amongst which he lived; or such contemporary illustrations as the drawings of Canterbury pilgrims here given from some of the manuscripts of Chaucer's "*Tales*." But is one really taken much further by innumerable reproductions of pages of text from manuscripts which are in many cases not in the handwriting of the author at all, but in that of some scribe, or of printed title-pages which really throw little light on anything but the trade conventions of ancient and not particularly artistic printing-houses? Some of the material gathered together in these volumes is open to more specific criticism. The work is intended for the general reader, who is presumably not acquainted either with mediæval Latin or with Anglo-Saxon, or with Middle English, at least in their scribal forms. What then is he expected to make of a page of manuscript text written in one or other of these tongues, if it is offered to him without translation or even transliteration of its contents? A page from the "*Vercelli Book*," a page from the "*Ancren Riwe*," a page from Layamon's "*Brut*"—these are very amusing for the scholar to turn over, but we cannot persuade ourselves that the "general reader" for whom Dr. Garnett and Dr. Gosse principally cater will do very much but gape unstructedly at them. It must also be remembered that the illustrations add considerably to the cost of the book, and that the glazed paper on which they have to be printed adds considerably to its weight. We rather doubt whether the "general reader" would be inclined, or if he were inclined, would be wise, to pay £3 for a bulky work which he can hardly consult without sitting up to a table, when for a few shillings he can slip into his pocket any one of

half a dozen treatises on the same subject, quite as well informed and quite as well written, only minus the illustrations. Meanwhile, of course, we do not get, and do not seem to be on the way to getting our authoritative history of literature, written by the collaboration of specialists, of which there is really a very great need. Perhaps, now that he has stood aside so long, to give Dr. Garnett and Dr. Gosse their chance, Prof. Dowden will again contemplate the possibility of getting the specialists around him.

Scots Literature, Past and Present.

A LITERARY HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. By J. H. Millar. (Fisher Unwin. 16s.)

AFTER studying this book one's chief feeling is amazement at the industry of which it is the result. Even to read the many works of which it is a survey would seem to be the work of a lifetime. The volume begins with the poetry of 1301, and closes with the prose of to-day. Here and there, it is true, Mr. Millar comes upon a man of letters with whose works, as he frankly confesses, he is only in parts acquainted; yet there cannot be much doubt as to the character of his investigations. In respect to all the very great Scotsmen who are distinguished in literature, his criticism is at first hand thorough. Also, it is a faithful fulfilment of the promise in the title of his book. Mr. Millar has not dealt with the literature of Scotland merely. He has dealt with it in relation to Scotland in its social, political, and ecclesiastical developments. Thus his work is in a very real sense the "literary history" which it professes to be. In the chapters on Early Poetry, the Golden Age of Poetry, the Prose of the Reformation, the Ballads, the Poets, Divines, and Historians of the Seventeenth Century, and the Prose of the Augustan Age, Mr. Millar, it is obvious, has not infrequently dealt with his materials as prepared for him by earlier critics and biographers; but that is not exactly to say that his work is second-hand. Among the other peculiarities which make it markedly individual among the nations, Scotland has always had the quality of being actively literary. In cottage and manor, in the tap-room and the palace, her people display, and have constantly displayed, a familiarity with the racial poetry and prose which has no equivalent in England. This is not a superficial parrot-like knowledge. It is living and critical. Not only has it oral prevalence: it is also enshrined in admirable biographies of the notable Scots writers individually. To find the explanation is very difficult. If we may judge from an idea that recurs occasionally throughout his book, Mr. Millar thinks that the literary instinct, which is so strong in the Scots nature, is an unconscious artistry. Mr. Freeman seemed to believe that, the Scots vernacular being "the purest surviving form of English," Scotland, at the general dawn of the self-conscious or literary age, started in the race at an advantage. Our own belief is that, whilst neither Mr. Millar nor Mr. Freeman is wholly wrong, there is another and larger explanation. It is that Scotland shines in literature from precisely the same causes which obliged her to shine in war and in statesmanship. For at least two centuries after England had settled down into social and political prosperity, Scotland, less favoured by nature in the matter of economic conditions, was a country of poverty and struggle for the primary necessities of life. Thus, while Englishmen have for many generations been resting content in rather lazy middle-class gentility, the Scots, in constant training, have been pressing forward in all the arts of war and peace.

But there are some signs that the Scots have reached the zenith of their greatness in literature. Mr. Millar does not say so specifically; but incidentally he lets fall certain remarks which his countrymen will interpret,

sadly, as meaning much more than they say. In closing his essay on Burns he says that, "though vigorous attempts have been made to galvanise the muse into the semblance of life, it is plain to all with an eye to see or an ear to hear that she is as dead as dead can be; and it seems a tolerably safe prophecy to predict that no fruit worth the trouble of picking and preserving will now ever be yielded by the fertile and long-lived national tradition which was summed up and perfected in Robert Burns." Similarly, we read of Scott that—

take him all in all, he is, perhaps, the greatest unconscious artist in literature that the world has seen since Homer. Not that he was unaware when his day's task had come "twangingly off," but that he achieved his results, both in poetry and prose, with rapidity and ease, writing "as the spirit moved him" out of the fullness of an everflowing imagination, with no pauses for the discovery of the *mot propre*, or for the elaboration of those refinements to which a more self-conscious artist instinctively turns. His fame, which, perhaps, suffered a slight obscuration during the middle of the Victorian Era, has once more emerged into the full blaze of noonday; and the opinion of competent judges appears to be gradually tending towards the view which regards him as the most conspicuous and important figure in the annals of European literature in the nineteenth century.

It is not difficult to perceive that, just as Sir Walter was an unconscious artist, Mr. Millar is here an unconscious critic, and that implicit in his praise of the Wizard is sorrowful condemnation of those who have sought to wear his mantle. Not even Stevenson, master of technique as he was, wholly pleases him:—

It is rash to draw a hard-and-fast line between things so intimately connected as form and matter; but it seems not unjust to say that for Stevenson the effort came to be, not to find appropriate language for a superabundance of ideas, but to find ideas to be clothed in the exquisitely appropriate language which he had ever at command. No writer in our time—not even Mr. Pater—has had an ear like his for the rhythms and cadences of English prose; and none has been so keenly alive to the virtue of a well-placed polysyllable. "The tumultuary and grey tide of life," "an endless company of attenuated clouds," "the momentous and nugatory gift of life," these three phrases selected at random are illustrations of that keen sense of the value of words and names to which almost every page of his writing bears witness.

Still, there is nearly always something lasting in the work of Stevenson.

To define the missing element is not easy; we may call it backbone, fecundity of imagination, knowledge of life, anything we please, without hitting the true shade of meaning. It seems to correspond in the mental sphere to health and spirits in the physical; and those blessings Mr. Stevenson was doomed to enjoy in very scanty measure. Not that he was morbid in the worst sense of the term. The doctrine he preaches is that of duty and courage, and it was the doctrine which he carried systematically and strenuously into practice. Yet even when he preaches it most forcibly it comes to us with the unmistakable air of the closet, not to say the hot-house.

Having such thoughts about Stevenson, Mr. Millar, it is not astonishing to find, is not at all happy about most of the still more recent novelists of Scotland. In Mr. George Douglas Brown there lay very high hope; there is promise in Mr. Meldrum and in Mr. Neil Munro; but Mr. Millar cannot find happiness in other signs of the times. For a good many years now the circulating libraries "have been charged to overflowing with a crowd of ministers, preachers, and beadles, whose dry and 'pithy' wit had plainly been recruited at the fountain-head of Dean Ramsay; while the land has been plangent with the sobs of grown men, vainly endeavouring to stifle their emotion by an elaborate affectation of 'pecking' and 'boasting.'" Mr. Millar finds the writing of Mr. Crockett crude; but that is a comparatively small fault. "What has seriously to be deplored is the perpetual substitution of gross and

meaningless buffoonery for humour, and the presence of a rich vein of essential coarseness. These defects are conspicuous in the 'Lilac Sunbonnet,' a perfect triumph of succulent vulgarity; though how nauseous it is—how skilfully it makes its appeal to some of the worst traits in the national character—no one who is not a Scot can know." "Ian Maclaren" is no better, in the view of Mr. Millar. His is "the slobbering sentiment of the Sabbath, with a dash of gentility." A fairly good beginning was made by Mr. Barrie; but what a falling off was his! "Margaret Ogilvy" is "an exercise compared with which the labours of the resurrectionist are praiseworthy, and which many men (I believe) would rather lose their right hand than set themselves to attempt." In England it may not be easy to understand this violence on the part of Mr. Millar; but we have constantly noticed that his critical attitude is that of many Scotsmen, who, as Mr. Millar puts it, "resent this holding up of their countrymen to the ridicule and contempt of all sane and judicious human beings." In the pages under review the "Celtic revival" fares just as ill. By way of defending the Celt as he really is, Mr. Millar refers us to certain works apart from those that are milestones in the "movement," works in which the Celt "is presented to us as a man and a brother, and not as a moonstruck imbecile." Even as Mr. Henry Drummond, with his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," which "is a masterpiece of intellectual quackery," was a terrible descent from such philosophers as Hume, Hamilton, and Proctor Alexander, the sentimental romanticists and the maudlin mystics of modern times are so unlike the giants of the old days as to make Mr. Millar fear that the literature of Scotland has run to seed. At any rate, that, we gather, is what he would say if he spoke straight out. Of course, it would not imply that there may not yet be a healthy revival of letters in the North. Mr. Millar's book is, in itself, a portent. He has opinions, and a frank robustious way of uttering them: his style is his own, clear-cut; and even his parenthetical forked-lightning sentences have invariably an onward movement.

A Hero-Worshipper.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR GEORGE GROVE, C.B. By Charles L. Graves. (12s. 6d.)

THIS fine old gentleman spent eighty years on earth (1820-1900) and served his fellows and the coming race for the last sixty-five of them. He was not a genius. Prince of all musical amateurs as he was, his technical knowledge was of the smallest. First of all writers upon music, unequalled critic of Beethoven, protagonist of Schubert, he never wrote a bar himself. Heroes and the heroic he worshipped: yet to many whom we call heroes he never bent the knee. Wagner to him was immoral, noisy, insincere: yet he gave a needy student tickets for a Bayreuth festival. He never published condemnation of those whose music he could not appreciate; only in his private letters did adverse verdicts find a place. "I am no critic, bless you, and would rather love than condemn any day of the week." Dvorak's "Stabat Mater" left him untouched; "Tristan and Isolde" grossly displeased him; but he was no dogmatist. "Surely there must be something wrong in me that I cannot admire —," was his way of looking at it. He was no executant; a choral society had claimed him in his youth, and the piano occasionally. Thereafter he was only a listener. He could not read and understand the score of a new work, though he always took a copy of a Beethoven symphony with him to read on his travels. He loved poetry and was a judge of it; but does not appear ever to have written a line. He loved humour, and collected anecdotes and "Limericks" all his days, yet does not seem to have made many or good jokes. The literary faculty—in some degree—he had. Otherwise he created nothing. Yet this man served

music and art and thought to such purpose as few have approached. The secret of it was that he was a serious man and a hero-worshipper. In days when the fifth commandment and reverence for age were going out of fashion, when people read Carlyle's lectures for their style and missed their spirit, Grove remained reverent towards the heroic and worshipped it with something of the same quality, so that to-day he earns our homage. For the next best thing to being a hero is assuredly to worship the heroic. Grove, who loved the Bible so intensely, and did so much, in the "Dictionary of the Bible," for its study—Grove, who started the Palestine Exploration Fund (and thereby initiated the movement which finds Dr. Arthur Evans in Crete and Prof. Fürtwangler in Boeotia to-day) was no orthodox theologian. The idea of eternal damnation was revolting to him. None the less, rather the more, had he the worshipping soul, the "attitude of wonder." Nor does everyone praise great men to such high purpose in these days when religion seems to be coming back to its primordial form—still patent in the Celestial Empire—and is resolving itself again into little more than ancestor-worship. Grove was of those who justify and ennoble such a cult—reversion though it be.

We know not whether there is something in the profession of civil engineering which attracts those who are afterwards to become writers. Certainly Mr. Herbert Spencer once owned to that profession, and so did Grove, who spent many an hour of labour over the building of the Britannia bridge across the Menai Straits. Of music in his early days one hears but little, and the reviewer of a later generation who always associates Grove, as well he may, with the Symphonies of Beethoven, reads on wondering when something about music is to appear. For the post of first Director of the Royal College of Music was the last of many occupied—and filled—by this painstaking and enthusiastic man who claimed and fought to retain the "heart of a boy," even when hardening arteries and the consequent inchoate hebetude were presaging the apoplexy which ended his laborious and honourable days. Music was not his first love. Essentially he was in love with everything lovable, a worshipper of everything worthy. But before we pass to some brief account of the results of his worship let us quote one passage which shows a moment of creative inspiration. His one gift—assuming that love and reverence and enthusiasm and discernment are not gifts—was, as we have said, literary. His work was done with the pen, and with it he wrote one passage which was not part of his work, not dealing with Beethoven or Schubert or the topography of Palestine, but which has the indefinable quality which Grove himself so much admired, in both its musical and its literary form:—

What a beautiful experience your morning watch must have been! I love those times and have had many of them. I have often watched the dawn, till I realised so strongly the motion of the earth—heaving round towards the sun, and gradually discovering his light and warmth—that I felt myself, as it were, the only human being standing on the shoulder of the great round world, as it whirled round—and almost seemed to feel my hair being blown back by the breeze caused by the motion.

Copernicus robbed us of the anthropocentric astronomy which put man at the mid-point of all things; but is not that loss just a little compensated for by the notion that mother-earth is consciously and of set purpose revolving that, each in his turn on her shoulder, she may carry her brood to new day in the reviving glance of the sun?

Panegyric alone, however, is best reserved for those whose fine qualities are stamped upon no tangible record of work done. Grove began by building a lighthouse in Jamaica in 1841, and another, three years later, in Bermuda. Then he spent something under a couple of years at Bangor, helping to build the Menai bridge. In 1852 he was appointed secretary to the Crystal Palace,

a post which he held for twenty-one years, resigning it in 1873, in order to edit the "Dictionary of Music." Grove's work in relation to the music at the Crystal Palace can hardly be over-estimated for its value to the cause of music in this country, but perhaps its most signal achievement was the evolution of the analytical programme, which every concert-goer considers now-a-days at least as indispensable as his seat. Indeed it seems difficult to imagine what concerts were like before these invaluable aids to the musical intelligence were a commonplace. Thomson, Professor of Music in Edinburgh, seems to have written the first analytical programme in 1840, but to Grove, acting in the first instance on a suggestion of Dr. August Manns, we owe the development of the idea. For upwards of forty seasons Grove contributed the lion's share of the analyses to these programmes at the Crystal Palace, those of the works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann and Brahms being with hardly an exception from his pen. The analyses of the nine Symphonies of Beethoven were later expanded into the admirable and now classic volume which appeared in 1896. It is interesting to learn that, on his first hearing of the Choral Symphony (under Berlioz in 1852), Grove candidly confessed that he "could make very little of it."

An even more signal achievement was the inception of the Palestine Exploration Fund, which was entirely due to Grove. Mr. Graves well says: "To the present generation, Grove is best known as a musical educator, but when one surveys this great work of the scientific reconstruction of the past to which he gave a fresh and electrifying impulse in 1865, one cannot help feeling that he has established a more enduring title to immortality by launching the Palestine Exploration Fund."

Grove's work on the "Dictionary of the Bible" may not count for much to-day in the eyes of those who forget the last stone but one, when the topmost is in its place; but wiser people know better. The despised astrologers and alchemists were the founders of astronomy and chemistry; and Grove's original and patient investigations, carried out in the Holy Land itself, had and have their due worth. So with his fifteen years' editorship of "Macmillan's Magazine," after which we come at last to music, and abundantly. The "Dictionary of Music" everyone knows. There is simply no other in English. Notably in the case of Beethoven, do amateurs owe a lasting debt to Grove. There are thousands of instances, but the performance of the Choral Symphony in London the other week reminds us of one. Grove concluded by inference, from his study of the autograph score, that the Adagio was meant by Beethoven to be succeeded immediately, "as suddenly as possible," by the Presto, whereas the singers generally come on at that place, utterly spoiling the intended effect. Grove pointed this out to Dr. Manns, but without effect; to Richter himself, but unavailingly. To-day, however, the thing is established, and at the last performance in London, Beethoven's intention was fulfilled.

Space fails us to record the success and worth of Grove's directorship of the Royal College of Music. It must have been a privilege to come under his influence there. Two short quotations must find place to illustrate two of this man's three outstanding qualities. His power of work needs no quotation to demonstrate. Apropos of the pleasures of literary creation, he says:—

The only try I ever had at anything of the kind was my David, and I can well recollect that when I got him on to the slope leading down into the valley where Goliath stood roaring, my heart beat so that I could not write.

That for his enthusiasm; and for his hero-worship these: "I had rather be a devotee than a critic any day"; and this tribute from an old pupil: "The qualities which irritated him most in a student were—a casual manner, a slovenly style, and want of reverence for great men."

An Imperishable Idea.

THE DESCENT OF THE SUN. Translated from the Original Manuscript. By F. W. Bain. (Oxford: Parker.)

IN 1899 Mr. F. W. Bain published "A Digit of the Moon," a tale which purported to be a translation made from an original Hindoo MS., which had come into the owner's possession in a somewhat romantic manner. The critics in general were apparently disposed to look upon the work as a genuine translation, and their attitude may be illustrated by a quotation from "Notes and Queries": "We advise, however, every lover of Sanscrit literature to read this delightful product of Oriental imagination, and we would call upon Mr. Bain to give us with the least possible delay the entire work." After a delay of three years and a half, Mr. Bain has responded by publishing another Hindoo love tale, "The Descent of the Sun," which he introduces by the simple statement: "Here is a fairy tale which I found in an old Hindoo manuscript." In spite, however, of his learned notes on its character as a solar myth, and of his philological explanations, we are disposed to think that Mr. Bain is really too modest an author, and that his spiritual assimilation of the beauties and graces of Hindoo poetry has gone so far as to lead him to look upon his own creative faculty as a negligible quantity. We, however, are not disposed to merge Mr. Bain the author absolutely in Mr. Bain the translator, and we are very sceptical as to whether any other "translator's" hand but his could have produced tales so inherently beautiful as "A Digit of the Moon" and "The Descent of the Sun." In fact, though the material, the colouring, and the texture and the pattern of the fabric he has so cunningly woven are Indian, the hand of the artist designer is the hand of a European. Let us transcribe a passage from the love tale:—

Then Anushayini said slowly: "Dear husband, thou wert angry, and therefore indiscreet, and I fear lest by doing evil we may bring on ourselves punishment. . . . There is sin and danger in this rash experiment. . . ." But as she spoke her eyes rested on Kamalamitra, and bewildered him, and destroyed the persuasion of her words. For he heard nothing that she said, but was full of the blindness of passion, and more than ever convinced of the omnipotence of her beauty. And so, seeing that she could not turn him from his will, Anushayini gave in and yielded to him as to her deity. Nay, in the interior of her heart she rejoiced to find that she could not dissuade him, for she was filled with curiosity herself, to see whether in truth her beauty would prevail over the ascetic, though she trembled for the consequences. Alas! where beauty, and curiosity, and youth, and self-will, and intoxication combine, like a mad elephant, where is the cotton thread of self-control?

Then these two lovers kissed each other passionately, like travellers who have been separated for a year. And yet they knew not that they were doing so for the last time. And then they went together to the forest to find that old ascetic. And hand-in-hand they rambled about, like a pair of Love's arrows in human form, till they penetrated to the very heart of that wood. And there on a sudden they came upon that old sage, and saw him standing, plunged in meditation, motionless as a tree. And round him the ants had built up their hills, and his beard and hair trailed from his head, like creepers, and ran down along the ground, and were covered with leaves: and over his withered limbs played a pair of lizards, like living emeralds. And he looked straight before him, with great eyes that mirrored everything, but saw nothing, clear and unfathomable and still, like mountain tarns in which all the fish are asleep. . .

So Anushayini went forward, obeying his command, and stepped over the leaves with feet lighter than themselves, till she stood in front of the sage. And when she saw that he did not move, she raised herself on tiptoe to look into his eyes, saying to herself: "Possibly he is dead." And she looked into those eyes, and saw there nothing save two incarnations of timidity, that seemed to say to her as it were: Beware! And as she stood there trembling in the swing of uncertainty, Kamalamitra watched her with ecstasy, and laughed to himself, and said: "Certainly that old muni is no longer alive,

for otherwise she would have reached his soul through the door of his eyes, were it down to the lower world."

So, as they stood there, waiting, gradually that old sage came to himself; for he felt that his meditations were being disturbed by something or other. And he looked, and saw Anushayini standing before him like the new moon at the close of day, a pure form of exquisite beauty, a crystal without a flaw, tinged with the colour of heaven. And instantly by the power of his own mystical meditation, he divined the whole truth, and the exact state of the case. And he cast at that wayward beauty a glance, sorrowful as that of a deer, yet terrible as that of a thunderbolt: and immediately courage fled from her soul, and strength from her knees, and she sank to the ground with drooping head, like a lotus broken by the wind.

Now if the peculiar glowing intensity and the softness of the imagery of this passage be Oriental, there is surely a certain restraint, control, and measure in the presentation of the picture, and a certain inner appreciation of its feeling which show a European taste. The question would not be worth raising if the nicest and most delicate of critical problems were not involved, *i.e.*, when, in certain rare cases, an author has steeped himself in and absorbed the spirit of a foreign literature, the more closely he follows after and reproduces the essential genius of his originals, the more original is the fruit of his creative contemplation. Cases of the spiritual re-birth of ancient literature through the agency of a modern's interpretation are rare. There is an enormous difference in value between the work of one man who, like Mr. Bain, has assimilated the spirit of the literature he is "reproducing," and the work of the ordinary translator or redacteur who is mechanically copying its forms. "A Digit of the Moon" may be derived in its incidents, imagery, phrases and form from the whole body of Hindoo legends Mr. Bain has studied, but it is every bit as original a creation as a woman's child is her creation, though favouring in its spirit ancestors long ago passed away.

We will spare our readers any further discussion of this subtle question, only begging them to read "The Descent of the Sun" and "A Digit of the Moon," if they wish to taste two love tales which we are convinced will become minor classics in the literature of love. The distinguishing spiritual trait which sets these Oriental love tales apart from European love tales is that the lovers only attain beatitude by "abandoning the body," and so "regain- ing their immortal natures." On this point Mr. Bain says: "Metempsychosis, transmigration, everlasting incarnation, and reincarnation of the immortal soul in body after body, birth after birth: all Hindoo literature is but the kaleid- oscopic reiteration of this one identical idea, whose beauty is such that no logic will ever destroy it or oust it in favour of another. For the Sanscrit language is a kind of shrine consecrated to the embodiment and immortalisation of this philosophical myth. The Hindoos are possessed by it; it is their hereditary heirloom, *Kramagatām*, the legacy from an immemorial past: it is all that they have left." And in "The Descent of the Sun" Mr. Bain has created a setting artistically beautiful enough for the enshrinement of this immortal conception of the Hindoo mind. We have not space here to dwell on the richness of imagery and the imaginative grace with which the succession of incidents in the love tale is unwound, so we will quote another passage, as a taste of what is awaiting readers of "The Descent of the Sun":—

Then Ulupi was very angry, and she stood with flashing eyes, swelling with rage. And suddenly she stooped, and gathered up her hair in her arm, and came up to Umra-Singh, and flung it round him like a noose, and whispered in his ear with lips that caressed it as they moved: "O foolish bee, I am but a lotus of the night; yet why despise me, in com- parison with the absent lotus of the day? It is hot and dusty, and I am cool and fragrant as the nectar of that moon in whose light I blow." And Umra-Singh trembled. For there came from her hair a strange wind, like a cloud of the sweets of a thousand scents, that lured his soul to listen and dream in the

lulling murmur of her mouth. And as he closed his eyes for fear he, saw before him the blue scorn in the eyes of Shri: . . . And he shook himself free from her hair and said: "Beauty, I am a Rajpoot of the race of the Sun: what have I to do with a lotus of the moon?"

The Laureate's Latest.

FLODDEN FIELD, A TRAGEDY. By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)

THE practical test of stage-performance has pronounced the Laureate's tragedy undramatic—a verdict which might readily be anticipated by the mere reader of it. It has the amateurish and languid structure of the customary "poetic" drama. Nothing much happens; and what happening there may be is but a peg to hang talk on—long speeches on the Elizabethan model, so dangerous without the Elizabethan vitality and earnestness, the Elizabethan force of characterization. The Laureate's figures have no character. James is nought, Surrey the conquering hero of convention, Lady Heron (the nearest thing to a personality) is still the traditional Aspasia with a touch of nobility (to make her sympathetic). One cannot see her individually.

Nor can one feel earnestness, conviction, in the con- ception or handling of this play. It follows a worn model, in the beaten—how hard-trodden!—style. The dialogue labours along, with a conscious endeavour to be what our grandfathers called "raised"; but intermit- tently "buckles" into conventional and sometimes almost conversational dailiness of phrase:—

Some wrong
In which Sir William Heron was mixed up
And captive seized.

That is a passing instance, the offending phrase of which we italicise. Less extreme limpness is frequent. There are passages now and again which attain a garden pretti- ness, claiming praise in its kind and degree; but to beauty the Laureate never rises. That garden grace seems the Austinian note; but deep-throated tragedy asks more.

Words
Still have you at your beck; all silky soft,
That seem to come like petted doves to call,
And settle where you will, coo at your lips,
Sue you as though you were their very mate,
And they had come to make their nest with you.

That is pretty, poetical in its measure, and quite meet in its place. But the hope of beauty in its place is belied. The serious speech is on the eloquential model of Shake- speare's historical plays; but nowhere touches a high mark, is at its best but commonly good, and is not shot with poetry or kindled by inspiration. This of Lady Heron's is as good as we can find:—

A mother's or a foster-mother's love
For peevish babe; a sister's for a brother,
He all unworthy; soldiers' for some cause
Or good or bad, or right or wrong, deemed good,
Imagined right, for thinking it will serve;
Aye, even a ripening woman's for ripening man,
Who never ripens—these, an you will, deserve
The title and the dignity of Love;
But not the fawnings of ferocious men,
Quick promises, more quick forgetfulness.
One might as well deck with the name of love
Fierce forays on our border for sleek kine,
Or poise of hovering hawk before it swoop
Down on fear-fascinated dove that should
Fly when it crouches, tears its entrails out,
Casting its foolish feathers to the wind,
Then wings its satiated lust aloft
In search of further victims!

That is phrased with very accomplished terseness, skilled literary form, and a good though not inspired metrical

movement. The imagery is apt but unoriginal, and the substance familiar and obvious enough; while the ideas are more suited to a modern woman than to a demi-semi-harlot of the sixteenth century. Passion, the essence of tragedy, the Laureate cannot command; but only a dim literary wraith of it. The one dramatic moment is the end of the second act, where Lady Heron fools King James into absence from the field; and, caught in his embrace by her returned husband, defies and taunts both by proclamation of the truth—with reservation of her love for Surrey. It is a real "situation," and the Laureate rises to it. His very language and dialogue start into dramatic life—albeit a rhetorical life, as situational drama (if we may coin the term) always is rhetorical, be it Hugo's or another's. Were the rest of the play in this fashion, we should hold very different views regarding it. But the single flash has no predecessor or follower; and we cannot count "Flodden Field" amongst the Laureate's effectual work.

Language.

TWO LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE. By James Hope Moulton. (Cambridge University Press.)

THIS little book is strictly what it professes to be—merely a couple of lectures introductory to the study of comparative languages. It is rather designed to stimulate an intelligent general interest in the subject, than as a scientific treatise. It deserves to fulfil its purpose, being as clear and as much stripped of needless pedantries as was possible in so technical a subject. In a couple of lectures it is clearly impossible to cover with even the laxest treatment such a theme as the science of comparative language in general. Therefore it is not surprising to find that, practically, the book rather resolves itself into a consideration of that science so far as it affects the great Indo-Germanic family of languages, to which our own and European languages in general belong. As Mr. Moulton says, the great forward step was taken, and the starting point reached, when Sir William Jones pointed out the value of Sanskrit. Though the nearness of Greek and Latin was previously realised, no one dreamed that they were part of a great family circle of languages, scattered over Europe and part of Asia, till Sir William Jones saw the resemblances between them and Sanskrit, and drew his brilliant inference. "The Sanskrit language," he said, "whatever may be its antiquity, is of wonderful structure; more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either, yet bearing to both of them a stronger affinity than could have been produced by accident; so strong that no philologist could examine all the three without believing them to have sprung from some common source which, perhaps, no longer exists. There is a similar reason for believing that both the Gothic and the Celtic, though blended with a different idiom, had the same origin as the Sanskrit." There, at the end of the eighteenth century, is the flash of insight from which all progress since has come. The extreme tendency to suppose that the ancient speech of our Hindoo brethren is a kind of Paradisaic original to which all Indo-Germanic languages may be traced back has disappeared; but the importance of this Sanskrit remains. Mr. Moulton tabulates our great Indo-Germanic family of speech into Eastern and Western; the Eastern covering Lithuanian, still spoken on the Eastern Baltic shores; Slavonic; Iranian (Persian); and Indian (Sanskrit with all its later and modern derivatives); Armenian; and Albanian. The Western covers Greek; Italic (Latin and its relatives or modern descendants); Celtic; and Germanic. Indian and Iranian are combined under the common term Aryan. From the study of this vast Indo-Germanic group of languages it is possible (with the aid

of other sciences) to investigate even such matters as the original common home of the whole Indo-Germanic race before its dispersion. An English scholar was first to set up the theory that this primitive home and centre of dispersion was not in Asia (as everyone had held), but in Europe. The general reader will be astonished to learn that this view is now almost universally accepted. Some of the minor arguments are here incidentally mentioned. The names of trees, for instance, in the Indo-Germanic languages. The oak, the pine, the willow, the birch, are shown to have been known to these languages in early times; and the four are said not to exist together outside Europe. Snow and perhaps ice are also found in these tongues; the sea is known (except to the Aryans). The conclusion is that they came from a northern part of Europe bordering the sea—and the Baltic fulfils all the requisite conditions. We need not proceed; enough has been said to show how this book opens out fields of interest in the study of language quite beyond the mere word-picking which is all that most people conceive in it. Much concerning the civilisation and state of our ancestors may be derived from this source, with a wise use of external aids. And it is to stimulate such intelligent outside interest in the subject that Mr. Moulton's book is intended.

Other New Books.

THE WORKS OF SIR LEWIS MORRIS. (Kegan Paul.)

THE popularity of Sir Lewis Morris's verse is attested by the fact that this issue of his collected works completes the fourteenth thousand. Sir Lewis Morris's poetry at its best has simplicity, sympathy, a certain inspiring optimism, and an easy flow. These seven hundred odd pages represent great devotion to an ideal. In his new preface, dated this year, the author says: "It is improbable that the years that may remain to him will call for further additions to his work in verse. But whether he shall write more or not, he desires to express now to his many friends, known and unknown, both here and elsewhere, his thanks for their unfailing kindness, and to wish them, if so it must be, after more than thirty years of fellowship, a sincere and grateful Farewell."

In turning over these pages we are glad to renew acquaintance with the poet's earlier work, particularly the short lyrics or single effective stanzas, such as these, from "Songs Unsung":—

Above the abysmal undivided deep
A train of glory streaming from afar;
And in the van, to wake the world from sleep,
One on whose forehead shines the Morning Star.

A poisonous, dead, sad sea-marsh, fringed with pine,
Scarce lit by mouldering churches, old as Time;
Beyond, on high, just touched with wintry rime
The long chain of the autumnal Apennine.

SONGS OF DREAMS. By Ethel Clifford. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

MISS CLIFFORD has a distinct lyrical gift, though it is a narrow one. In reading these verses it is easy to see just where her limitations begin; they begin with the concrete. At her best the author is suggestive of Mr. Yeats; in such a stanza as this, for instance:—

I am come lately through the dripping woods
And all my hair is wet with falling rain.
But I am glad of rain: I was born in the West—
Would I might know the salt sea mists again.

Perhaps the poem from which we take these lines is rightly placed first in the volume; it has suggestion, something

of magic, and a subdued and appropriate music. Miss Clifford usually contrives to impart to her work, and that often in spite of verbal infelicities and commonplace lines. Too often her similes are forced and out of tone. For instance:—

On the sea the fishing-boats
Bear each one a dancing light,
High in Heav'n the dancing stars
Cross the sky like swords of might:
Zeus is lord of Heav'n to-night.

We can see no likeness between stars and "swords of might," particularly if the stars be "dancing stars."

Miss Clifford is at her best when she is absolutely simple, and in one or two cases she uses a refrain with haunting and telling effect. The dedication to the volume, which we remember to have quoted with approval when it appeared anonymously, has that simplicity; so too, have "A Song of War" and "The Gypsy Woman." But why should the author of these sensitive verses print such a poem as "Jezebel"? The concluding stanza runs thus:—

The horses broke Jezebel
Under their feet.
Jehu, the blood-stained,
Went in to meat.

Neither poetry nor drama is there. The concrete is touched and the result is failure. But Miss Clifford can write verse which has the true stuff in it.

ELIZABETH'S CHILDREN. (Lane. 6s.)

THESE are not the children of the two familiar Elizabeths—the Elizabeth of the German Garden and the Elizabeth of the Visits. They appear to be the children of quite another Elizabeth, and our initial disappointment is justified. The book purports to be written by a man, and the children who come on a visit to Latimer Hall are Anglo-French. But the sentiment of the whole business is wholly feminine; even the love-story is full of femininity, and over the entire performance there is a trail of sickness. The three boys—Renaud, Armand, and André—are not flesh and blood youngsters; they are pretty little ideas prettily played with. It may be well enough occasionally to read about such children; but no amount of cleverness will ever convince a reader who knows anything about children that these are real children. They are, in fact, children exploited for the purposes of adults. Did anyone ever hear a child say, "I fought big persons knew effrying"? It is just the kind of thing that a child does not say, though it makes a very good point for an author who is writing for effect.

If we could have got free from the impression of unreality which pervades "Elizabeth's Children" we might have enjoyed the book; but the unreality overcame us in the first chapter, and it remained with us to the end. To any reader who can accept the conventions of the narrative it may prove very engaging and pleasant. We can even imagine wet eyes and the lump in the throat. For ourselves, we were not so moved. We are, indeed, growing weary of the child as he is presented in such a book as this. The real child is so much more human, so much more brutal, so much less artistic.

A pleasant gardening book of a practical kind is "A Gloucestershire Wild Garden," by "The Curator" (Elliot Stock). The author tells us in his preface how, years ago in India, he used to think of England and an ideal garden, and how at last he found the perfect site in Gloucestershire. The book tells of the author's success in maintaining a sub-tropical garden practically in perfection, and the many illustrations seem to prove that success. The volume is interspersed with dialogues and reflections which are sometimes suggestive and interesting.

From the same publisher there reaches us "The Cloud World: Its Features and Significance," by Samuel Barber. The book is a popular account of cloud forms and phenomena, and contains many curious and interesting photographs. The author has not built up his theories on the assumptions of other writers, but has presented his own observations of nature.

NEW EDITIONS: We have received the seventh and eighth volumes of the "Poetical Works of George Barlow." Two more volumes will complete this issue.

Fiction.

QUESTIONABLE SHAPES. By W. D. Howells. (Harper. 6s.)

"POUR l'écrivain qui s'attache ainsi à peindre scientifiquement une société," writes M. Paul Bourget, "il y a évidemment deux voies toutes tracées. Ces deux sortes de romans sont par définition, très différentes. Le roman de mœurs, doit être avant tout représentatif. . . . Le roman de caractères doit être, avant tout, analytique. . . ." M. Bourget claims for Balzac supremacy in both, but mentions no other exception. Now, Mr. Howells' method of analysis is, in this volume, that of Edgar Allen Poe raised to its ultimate power; and it is the product of a self-consciousness even more minute, more sensitive than the poet's. And yet Mr. Howells cannot help trespassing in the domain of "le roman des mœurs," cannot refrain from registering minute differentiations in manners and other objective details of our external life.

This habit is particularly incongruous here, because the book consists of three acute studies of abnormal temperaments, and is essentially psychological and not descriptive of "average personalities under average conditions." Of course, it will be urged that Mr. Howells is merely playing with us in this volume, and that it is absurd to take these anomalies seriously. That may be so, and in the first of these three stories, "His Apparition," the defence is perfectly legitimate. Hewson, the man who saw the unseen, is essentially an average person around whose banality the author skips daintily through some hundred pages. There it is quite in order to lay some little stress upon the social usage which decrees that the name of the lady whom one is to "take out" to dinner should be enclosed in a minute envelope and presented by a footman. There, too, it is quite in order that attention should be called to the fact that ladies do not leave the dinner-table alone after the manner of the old discourtesy. These things are quite as important as any other trivialities in regard to Hewson and his apparition. It is an amusing farce, and it is told with an edged banter which relieves the tension of an analysis here quite unnecessary. But in the two other stories, "The Angel of the Lord" and "Though One Rose from the Dead," this constant reference to externals is a little disconcerting.

The first of these two stories is a subtle study of Ormond, a man who feared death intensely. "He might have been," says the author, "a character out of one of Turgenev's books, the idea of death was so constantly present with him." It might be urged, with the somewhat splenetic authority of Merejkowski, that it is Tolstoi rather than Turgenev who has accentuated the fear of death, but that is a side issue. Ormond is not another Hewson, and the author is not playing with us in this story, in which death itself is visualised as the Angel of the Lord welcomed at last by the man who had always feared him.

But the story in which the illusion is at once most sustained and most penetrating is that entitled "Though One Rose from the Dead." It is a study of the extraordinary development of telepathy between a husband and wife thrown constantly upon each other's exclusive society.

The volume, as a whole, is the reverse of morbid, in spite of the subjects of which it treats, and one feels always that the author is courteously willing to defer personally to Lombroso the visitations of his Questionable Shapes.

THE MANNERINGS. By Alice Brown. (Nash. 6s.)

HERE is a book more than ordinarily clever, and in certain respects more than ordinarily exasperating. The general impression left upon us is one of clamour, hurry, and strain. There is far too much emotion in it—so much, indeed, that certain quite good and dramatic situations find us exhausted before we arrive at them. People do not live at the height of nervous tension which is, apparently, the normal atmosphere of the characters in Miss Brown's story. And this over-emphasis marks the whole book; one or two characters are thrown into sudden relief and as suddenly withdrawn; it is rather like watching one of those experiments in stage lighting which we associate with the name of Mr. Gordon Craig. From time to time actors emerge from the disguising darkness, play their scene, and vanish. On the stage that may be well enough, but in a book the method is a failure.

Yet the story has many excellent qualities. All the women are good, particularly the strong, capable, childless wife yoked to a selfish, conceited dullard to whom embezzlement presents no moral difficulties. He also, with the utmost indifference, publishes anonymously and without her knowledge a story written by his wife, a story in which she tried to explain, for his eyes alone, the attitude of revolt into which circumstances had forced her. That is the main incident, but it is so propped up and wrapped about with extraneous matter that it loses half its value. The author has tried to do too much; instead of keeping herself in hand and aiming at quiet concentration, she has wasted her abounding vitality on side issues.

The manner of the book has the same faults as its matter; it has life, but it is life seen through a magnifying lens. At the same time the author has a grip of character, a sense of beauty, and an occasional very real and convincing tenderness. "The Mannerings" is by no means an ordinary novel; judged by standards which the critic usually is content to apply it would stand head and shoulders above the ruck. The fact that it calls for more careful judgment is all in its favour.

It should be added that the story deals with Old-New England folk. There are here and there phrases which make us shiver and curious locutions for which we can discover no excuse.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

CONRAD IN QUEST OF HIS YOUTH. By LEONARD MERRICK.

"An Extravagance of Temperament." It opens in Paris when Conrad was thirty-seven. Once he had studied art in the Latin Quarter, but in the intervening years, while youth had receded, he had been prevented by "sordid considerations" from taking the journey that would recover the old emotions. Now a legacy enables him to do so, and the story describes how, after many vicissitudes "the immoral truth was clear to him . . . that a man is as young as often as he falls in love." (Richards. 6s.)

THE UNDERSONG. By H. C. MACILWAINE.

A volume of eight stories by the author of "Fate the Fiddler." Most of them have an Australian setting, and four are reprinted from magazines. "Billy Durbey" treats of the adventure of a journalist with an aboriginal savage, and of the subsequent trial of the latter for murder. The note of the story is a revulsion from the

"cultured rabble" of civilisation, and a yearning for the primeval life. (Constable. 6s.)

ARDINA DORAN.

By SUSAN CHRISTIAN.

A clever and suggestive story by the author of "An Inland Ferry." The heroine is the daughter of a Cabinet Minister whom we first meet as she leaves school and is about to take her place in society. The man who became Viceroy of India took her to the National Gallery and interpreted her life from Ucello's "Sant' Egidio." He lacked humour, but "sense of humour is one of the thousand qualities which blend themselves into a complicated futility, and go to the making of the mediocre man." The story moves to a country house at which the problem of Ardina's destiny is solved. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

A WAY OF HIS OWN.

By A. KNOTCUTTER.

The autobiography of an eccentric youth who owned various country estates and was the ward of the Lord Chancellor, with whom there is much correspondence. After glimpses of public school and University, the narrative reveals the hero in various surprising adventures, including episodes of the hunting field and a contested parliamentary election. There is a Latin dedication "to all the Mudies and the Smiths." (Drane. 3s. 6d.)

THE CUBAN TREASURE ISLAND.

By W. PATRICK KELLY.

The hero first heard of the buried treasure from a drunken sailor whom he rescued from a street affray in New Orleans, and who showed him the little red book with the pencilled memorandum. The sailor was murdered, and his rescuer, having been engaged as chief mate on a private vessel, found that its owner was in possession of the book and that their destination was the treasure island. The story is enveloped in mystery, and proceeds through sensational adventures. (Routledge. 3s. 6d.)

SIR JULIAN THE APOSTATE.

By MRS. CLEMENT PARSONS.

A domestic story. The first chapter describes a medical consultation in which Ella's husband is condemned to hopeless paralysis and to banishment in the country. They are accompanied to Southshire by Sir Julian, with whom Ella has long acknowledged certain spiritual affinities. The story has a country house atmosphere and is concerned with the growth of Ella's passion, and with the apostasy of Sir Julian at the call of a more genuine emotion. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE SEEKERS.

By W. KINGSCOTE GREENLAND.

"A Romance of Modern Methodism." The opening chapters reveal a young man, the son of Methodist parents, who, while at Oxford "had been caught by the glamour of incense and vestments." The scene changes to the University, and, on the hero's taking Anglican orders, to a London parish. The story involves a good deal of social and religious criticism. It appeared originally in the "Wesleyan Methodist Magazine" under the title of "Pilgrims of the Night." (Kelly.)

THE MYSTERY OF MURRAY

By R. N. STEPHENS.

DAVENPORT.

An American story turning on a case of exchanged identity. Larcher was persuaded by his fiancée to search out an obscure and unfortunate artist concerning whom she required information for reasons which were not divulged. The search ends in his friendship with the artist and in the latter's mysterious disappearance. Interwoven with the mystery is a love story with a "happy ending." (Nash. 6s.)

We have also received the following: "The Trifler," by Archibald Eyre (Ward Lock); "Mysie," by J. B. P. Bird (Drane); "Riding to Win," by Leon Breaker (Everett); "Pots!" by Harold Bacon (Treherne); "Mrs. Pendleton's Four-in-Hand," by Gertrude Atherton (Macmillan); "The Squire's Grand-daughters," by Lady Gilbert (Burns).

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Exuberance.

THERE is a generous and high-spirited quality of writing which of late has been rare in our literature. Authors, with all their many virtues of sobriety, lucidity, and truthfulness, have seemed sometimes a little thin and prim. For fifty years they have been rather pale and sad and serious, as though with thinking overmuch, or from too great care for the comfort and salvation of others, and even in their mirth there has remained something shame-faced and self-conscious, as with men who make believe to revel on toast and water. Writers on the whole are, we suppose, richer than they were, and we might look for a growing luxuriance and wealth of temperament to correspond with their fortunes. But whether it come of their high living and plain thinking, or whether the cause lie in the monotonous hurry and unsocial crowding of city life, it is certain that literature, in spite of the quantity of books, has been smitten with a kind of a chilliness, a moderation, a caution, a sensitiveness, a depression, a drooping, a melancholy, a squeamishness, a green-sickness, a mediocrity, a wasting, a sterility, and a mope from which we all suffer.

It is the quality of exuberance that has been lost. There is a kind of writing that swells with fecundity and glows with mirth. It is large and easy and unrestrained. Shake it, and it drops fatness: tap it, and it spouts wine. Of prudence it knows nothing, and it laughs at moderation as Leviathan at the shaking of a spear. It loves the gifts of the sunburnt old earth, and counts them over again and again like a child counting his birthday toys. Its voice is deep and mellow, with a laugh far down in the throat. It grows, like a gourd, with sitting in the sun, and it loves best the plentiful lands of vine and olive, calm rivers and grey poplar trees. Yet once it has been found in all its lavish abundance even under our own dis-tempered sky; for only three men in the world's history have possessed exuberance in full perfection, and one of them was Falstaff. The other two were Aristophanes and Rabelais. But there are a certain few besides whose fortune it has been to be born with some gill, runlet, tierce, puncheon, hogshead, bucketful, or butt of it in their blood, which is ever merrily asserting itself, like the "dash of the tar-brush" visible in lamb's-wool hair and the gulf of a laughing mouth. Such certainly was Dumas, who had it almost in brimming measure, as might be seen from his loose shoulders and rolling chest; such was Cyrano, as was evident from the promontory of his nose. Such might Victor Hugo have been, had he not turned portentous; and Whitman, had he but laughed; and Swift, had he not dwelt, as Coleridge said, "in a dry place"; and Jean Paul, had he not dwelt in Germany. But from England we may admit Fielding into the overflowing fellowship, and Smollett, and Sterne, and Boz, and Byron when he is not giving himself airs. And we would gladly take in Meredith, did he not think such a plaguey lot. A few more still might be counted, but many would claim entrance against whom the tavern door must be shut; for though there is no black-list in the realm of Abundantia, the corruption of exuberance is

vulgarity—a thing most plentiful, but no more truly related than a Cockney pair-oared boat hired by three men bound for Eel-pie Island is related to the bulging galleon which, stuffed with Spanish merchandize, is borne by saffron sails from Cadiz to the Brazils.

Among present writers Mr. Hilaire Belloc has something of this opulence and unexhausted spirit. Perhaps it comes from some fag-end of a French sunbeam that has survived a transportation; though we must avoid the mistake he mentions of a crowd that took a fellow-citizen for a Frenchman and treated him accordingly because he had blacked his face like a negro. By whatever origin, he possesses the bubbling copiousness, the fertile resource, the rubicund speech, the passion for words, the hatred of facts, the glorious lying, the cheery assault, the honest irreverence, the carelessness, thriftlessness, and abandon that recall the three great ensamples of exuberance. His "Path to Rome" was littered with such plenty, and now again it overflows in a new production, with double titles, like giant twins: "The Aftermath, or Gleanings from a Busy Life, Called upon the Outer Cover for Purposes of Sale, Caliban's Guide to Letters," and to be bought of Messrs. Duckworth for eighteen-pence, two shillings, or as much more as an exuberant purchaser may be pleased to fling over the counter with the cry, "Mais quel geste!"

In it we see what Carlyle's German Professor identified with "Satan's Invisible World Revealed": we see the Journalist's Progress from his Review to his Pulpit-room. And the Journalist is conducted along that road by as fine a guardian-angel as ever discovered the voice of one whimpering in a back garden, or made the fortune of tender mediocrity. Dr. Caliban (indifferently, on successive pages, spoken of as James and Thomas) is a noble embodiment of the commonplace upon which commonsense is so securely founded as a home for the lords of the world and the top-hatted race. As quite a youth he had been a strenuous opponent of American slavery; "he might have been called the most prominent Abolitionist in Worcestershire, and worked indefatigably for the cause in so far as it concerned this country." A similar passion for freedom and justice inspired his later life:—

Russia he hated as the oppressor of Finland and Poland, for oppression he loathed and combatted wherever it appeared; nor had Mr. Arthur Balfour a stronger supporter than he when that statesman, armed only in the simple manliness of an English Christian and Freeman, combatted and destroyed the terrorism that stalked through Ireland.

So also, in his great speech at St. James's Hall upon the Dreyfus case, standing for truth and justice, he began his peroration with the courageous words: "England will yet weather the storm." Yet at fitting times his tact was a serviceable ally to his courage, for we read: "A young radical of sorts was declaiming at his table one evening against the concentration camps. Dr. Caliban listened patiently, and at the end of the harangue said gently, 'Shall we join the ladies?' The rebuke was not lost."

It is lamentable to hear that so worthy a representative of average intelligence is now confined in an establishment for the mentally afflicted, but we may hope that, like the epileptic mentioned in another part of the book, he may be restored to a normal, and even commonplace, state of mind. We proceed at once to the practical lessons which the author derived from Dr. Caliban's principles and example, such as the complete art of reviewing, illustrated by a series of suitable notices upon the following subject:—

The book was called "The Snail: Its Habitat, Food, Customs, Virtues, Vices, and Future." It was, as its title would imply, a monograph upon snails, and there were many fine coloured prints, showing various snails occupied in feeding on the leaves proper to each species. It also contained a large number of process blocks, showing sections, plans, elevations, and portraits of snails, as well as detailed descriptions (with diagrams) of the ears, tongues, eyes, hair, and nerves of snails. It was a comprehensive and remarkable work.

The reviewer composed his notices (eight or ten in all) in accordance with the varying information he received from his editor as to the political opinions of the author and the publisher's willingness to advertise. We can heartily recommend them as models to all dustmen, literary scavengers, beginners and past-masters in reviewing, chiffoniers, rag-and-bone men, and ghouls; just as we can recommend all the chapters of advice that follow, upon Political Appeals, Short Stories, Short Lyrics, Interviews, Personal Pars, Editing, Revelations, and Special Prose. Two extravaganzas, monstrosities, or tales are shot in besides an (Index to the Pulping Room), one of them, on the shrine of St. Loup, opening with the true Aristophanic-Rabelaisian revelry in strings and masses of words:—

My excellent good Dreyfusards, anti-Dreyfusards, Baptists, Anabaptists, Premonstratensians, antiquaries, sterling fellows, foreign correspondents, home readers, historians, Nestorians, philosophers, Deductionists, Inductionists, Prætorians (I forgot them), Cæsarists, Lazarists, Catholics, Protestants, Agnostics and militant Atheists, as also all you churchmen, Nonconformists, Particularists, very strong secularists, and even you my well-beloved little brethren called The Peculiar People, give ear attentively and listen to what is to follow, and you shall learn more of a matter that has woefully disturbed you than ever you would get from the "Daily Mail" or from Mynheer Van Damm, or even from Dr. Biggles' "Walks and Talks in France."

The other extravaganza, monstrosity, or tale is the diverting and instructive short story how Mr. Thorpe, drysalter, fell into the river near Cleopatra's Needle (the incident of a Short Story "should take place on the sea or in brackish, or at least tidal, waters")—fell into the river and was immediately hooked out, and how this epic incident ("Mr. Davidson's shorter lyrics have no better claim to be epics in their essentials than has this relation of 'The Accident to Mr. Thorpe'")—how this epic incident grew in Mr. Thorpe's mind till he told the adventure at large to every man in the street, steamboat, railway carriage, omnibus, waiting-room, bar, church porch, or chapel door, with superb amplifications of detail—"sometimes it was in the 'steep water off the Banks'; sometimes in 'the glassy steaming seas and on the feverish coast of the Bight'; sometimes it was 'a point or two norr'ard of the Öwers light,' but it was always terrible, graphic, and a lie"—and finally he left all his considerable fortune to the Lifeboat Fund, which badly needed it. All such appeals to history, scientific diversions, facts, falsehoods, and foundations for theories—together with the pleasant Ode on Mr. Chamberlain's Return and the interview with the patriotic poet who showed no jealousy at the hallucination of a red-hot brass monkey attempting song—all such satires, ironies, and overflows of milk and honey, we must now leave to the plumpy and well-conditioned hearts that love to drink the wine of exuberance in whatever ocean, river, mill-stream, gutter, or down-spout it may run.

The Ways of Criticism.

THE appearance of the "New Variorum Edition" of "Macbeth," by Horace Howard Furness (J. B. Lippincott Co.), as revised by his son, Mr. H. H. Furness, junr., affords a curious, not to say unique opportunity for surveying the results and ways of Shakespearean criticism. Quite apart from the rich collection of comments by various hands which garnish the foot of each page, in the Appendix (or one of the several appendices) we have presented a veritable bird's eye view of Shakespearean commentary, both English and German—seen as it were in a weltering and conflicting sea. The *quot homines, tot sententiæ*, the perplexing divergency with which individual temperament and opinion responds to the appeal even of an acknowledged masterpiece, towards which its general attitude has been settled by the consent

of that formidable personage, Posterity, is opulently illustrated. As one reads; as critic A gives the lie to critic B, and critic C gives the lie three feet down in the throat to both; one is forced to the perception that in poetry there is nothing so apparent as will look of one colour to two out of any three casual people. How, you marvel, does an actor's rendering ever give general satisfaction, when there is no point so seeming-plain, but A sees it one way and B another? Or is this pestilent diversity, mayhap, a critical disease, with which the "plain man" (the "plain average man," as he loves to call himself) is uncontaminated? We know the "plain man" has always a mighty opinion of himself, that he could settle things very well if the critics would only leave him alone. We suspect there is really something in this. The critics, experience shows, often split hairs over a performance about which the public are of a mind. Their profession breeds that habit of mind. Therewithal, in the case of the myriad-debated Shakespeare, it has grown a point of honour with your critic to firk up some view which shall single him from his fellows: let us be original, were it but on the fashion of Rosalind's hose!

Allow for all this, it is yet divergent temperament and perception which is mainly at work. On such a leading case as the character—the plain character—of Macbeth and his Lady, you shall find no view under heaven unadvocated. You need not go further, nor seek into subtleties. So that presently you begin to ask yourself whether old Sam Johnson must not after all be right, who starts roundly with the assertion that there is "no nice discrimination of character" in the play at all! The critics, at any rate, are quite ready to supply the alleged omission with any amount of "nice discrimination." Macbeth is a fine and loyal nature gone wrong, say these. Not at all, say those, and Sir Henry Irving loudest. He is (says the famous actor) "one of the most bloody-minded, hypocritical villains in all his [Shakespeare's] long gallery of portraits of men instinct with the virtues and vices of their kind." He "even cultivated assiduously a keen sense of the horror of his crimes"—by way of true aesthetic enjoyment, we suppose. "Macbeth is the perfect type of the man of action," says Mr. Moulton. He is without intellect, the "inner cultivation." That is one point settled, you think; but turn the page, and Mr. Rose clearly shows you that this Macbeth is a striking example of a "double character, halfway between the mere man of thought, like Hamlet, and the ideal man of action, like Othello." So you may further gather from various commentators that he is a moral coward, quite inferior to his resolute wife; and yet a man of dauntless determination, with true masculine supremacy over her. We might ring the changes further on this "obvious" character (as Lord Acton has told us all Shakespeare's are); but *place aux dames*. Mrs. Siddons conceived Lady Macbeth "fair, feminine, nay, perhaps even fragile." Another critic (German, this time) is equally sure she was "royal," with "powerful features and majestic bearing," a countenance displaying "noble and energetic outlines" and presaging "demoniac forces." In like fashion you may learn that her character is murderous, remorseless, powerful, and unsexed; or that she has full share of feminine qualities, and perishes under a remorse she was not strong enough to bear. Some critics are confident there is no love lost between the Macbeth couple—one German is clear it was a mere marriage of esteem, while Mrs. Siddons is shocked by the lady's lack of tender anxiety over her husband when he returns from the wars. Another set admire the impassioned affection between the two; and plainly perceive that Lady Macbeth worshipped her spouse. On the play at large opinions are more uniform; yet even here one critic has distinguished himself by an undoubted originality of view. "Macbeth" does not satisfy him. It has the air of a draft, needing expansion. "Like the 'Tempest,' we feel that it would

be better if it were longer." And this, not because you cannot have too much of a good thing, but because "we want more of the subdued and calm." "Macbeth," in fact, is too exciting for Mr. Hunter. He would like it toned down. Moreover, his chaste (we might almost use some more forcible adjective, such as "maidenly") taste finds in it a great many turgid and incomprehensible passages, or (as he puts it) passages which exceed the "just limits which part the true sublime from the inflated or the obscure." From these phrases alone you could discern that "Macbeth" was likely to be trying to Mr. Hunter, as Mr. Hunter and "the true sublime" would be trying to Shakespeare. Yet we like Mr. Hunter, in that, thinking these things, he said them. It is a document. There are so many who think these things and do not say them.

Yet for all this, Shakespearean criticism is not the mere chaos which might at first sight be thought. It merely exemplifies the universal human tendency to arrive at truth by zig-zag progression, by the passage from extreme to extreme. The need is for the correlation of ideas. If, for convenience' sake, we narrow the issue to the English critics, amidst the divergent views we can extract a large body of agreement, a large number of points in which the critics overlap. In the remaining points, by striking a mean between the diverse contentions, we can co-ordinate and bring them into harmony. The chief *crux* between disputants is the evident contrast between Macbeth and his wife; their apparent interchange of sex before the murder, his seeming "moral cowardice" (as one critic calls it) contrasted with her unhesitating resolve; and the counter-reversal of their relations after the murder, when he becomes desperately determined and independent of his wife's prompting, while she collapses under the terrors of conscience. All the perplexities and complexities in this matter can be reconciled, once you get the true centre from which to regard them. The fact is that Shakespeare, even in characters commonly thought "obvious," and which are obvious in the sense that they are broad and representative, not specialised and dependent on minute differentiations, nevertheless has the complexity and subtlety of Nature herself. He has always a psychological problem before him, and that problem is worked out as Nature works it, with broad general definition, but subtle subordinate detail. Hence critics who see only the bold definition miss the significance of the delicate and suggested detail. Mr. Comyns Carr has summed the present problem with a true grasp of its central key, but not quite a complete grasp. He discerns, quite truly, that all the seeming-capricious divergence between Macbeth and his wife, their apparent (temporary) interchange of sexual character, really arises from sex—it results from a marvellously subtle study of sexual nature in face of a given situation. Just so, and not otherwise, must the situation affect a man and woman like Macbeth and his wife. What he does not seem quite to grasp is that Lady Macbeth's lack of her husband's vivid imagination (a lack on which so much depends) is itself a sexual matter. Macbeth is no moral coward (he shows moral courage in abundance); he is an *imaginative* coward. Few seem to have noticed that here (as elsewhere) Shakespeare shows remarkable intuition of national character. As Juliet is the elementally passionate Italian girl, as his Romans are the very genius of old Rome, so Macbeth is the superstitious Celt, swayed by the imagination, by bodements and omens—the very stuff on which the witches may act. But his wife, as a woman, is sexually deficient in imagination, practical in her ideas, and unable to follow his flights of high-wrought fancy. This distinction between the sexes Shakespeare habitually marks, for good and for evil; as it is marked in the history of many an artist whose practical wife was impatient of his imaginative aims. We do not say that Celtic women are never superstitious (nothing is more superstitious than a superstitious

woman); we say that the average woman is less imaginatively minded than the man. And Shakespeare has made Lady Macbeth such a woman; while her husband is imaginative to the core. Therefore, it follows that while Macbeth's vivid imagination anticipates all the consequences of his crime, and shrinks before them (as any sensible man well might do), his wife is sexually unable to share his intense pre-realisation. Woman-like, she is wholly dominated by the emotion of the moment (which in her case is ambition, less for herself than for him), and everything else grows dim before its engrossing prepossession. That is why she is so resolute, while he is shaken by hesitation. Once the deed is done (and here we wholly join hands with Mr. Comyns Carr) he proceeds unhesitatingly in his career of crime, reverting to his native boldness of action, and no longer needing his wife's counsel or prompting. For in assenting to the deed, he accepted its foreseen consequences, and they take him by no surprise. To her, on the contrary, they are a dreadful surprise. In her lack of imagination, she foresaw nothing. Now all that she unimaginatively scorned in her husband's forebodings seizes her with frightful amaze. Slave to this instant emotion of guilty remorse, as she was before slave to the immediate emotion of ambition, she cannot evade its tyranny. The male refuge of action denied her, she broods concentratedly over agonies unprovided, hiding them from her husband lest she should increase his griefs; and dies under them. It is a contrasted tragedy of sex, as inevitable as it is subtle. On the genuine and even tender affection between the murderous pair, the bulk of commentary is in substantial agreement. Altogether, by such balancing and harmonising of extreme opinions as we have indicated, it becomes patent that through Shakespearean criticism, as through the ages, "one increasing purpose runs"; while in regard to Shakespeare the "thoughts of men" have certainly "widened" since the grovelling eighteenth century. On minor points it is more difficult to evolve an agreement; such a point, for example, as whether Banquo's ghost have an external existence or be a creation solely of Macbeth's mind, and whether, therefore, it should be visible to the audience or no. We should answer, both hypotheses are true: Shakespeare, we think, pretty surely intended it to be as much a reality as the ghost in "Hamlet"; yet its evocation is responsive to the nervous tension of the murderer's mind, his obsession by the thought of his victim conjures up the spiritual presence of the victim. The poet has wedded psychical manifestation with psychology. This duality, or rather multiplicity, of Shakespeare's comprehensive mind is the cause of half the disputes about him. He never uses the supernatural without basing it in cunningest fashion on the natural: hence the unapproached lifelikeness of the supernatural in the great dramatist. In fine, this study of the ways of criticism forces on us one paramount conclusion: that the perception inclusive enough to see Shakespeare whole is a gift only less rare than Shakespeare's creative gift.

Fun and Forty.

It is always an unpleasant experience to find the capacity for enjoyment dropping away. Yet life is a process of change and decay, and the things we loved or laughed at ten years ago leave us cold and solemn to-day. Who calls for pap at his club? There was a time when chocolate unlimited seemed an unattainable heaven. When we are old enough and rich enough to pay for all the chocolate we can eat we have lost the taste for it. A few days ago a "man of letters," as some people call themselves in "Who's Who," in order to escape from letters, took train to a quiet place in Sussex. In his bag he packed three books. "Here's fun," he murmured. The books were "In Happy Hollow," by Max Adeler (Ward, Lock & Co.),

"Up to To-morrow," by W. Carter Platts (John Long), and "Love and a Cottage," by Keble Howard (Grant Richards). Each of these volumes had an attractive appearance. Just the thing "to pass an idle hour," as the reviewers say of the flowers of literature that bloom in the spring and are adapted for holiday reading.

Let the man of letters tell what happened. Max Adeler! Memories of twenty years ago, and the rollick of "Out of the Hurly-Burly" and "Elbow Room." Once again he would shriek with the laughter of a boy. But there was something wrong. Was the fault with Max Adeler or with the man of letters? Max Adeler was sentimental. The wicked and repentant mother peeps through the window at her daughter. Why does that not stir him—at least to tears? Is it—surely it must be—because he has found the world of fiction full of repentant mothers outside humble windows, and has come to regard them as the common objects of the seashore of life? But there was one hint of the old laughter in Max Adeler's sketch of the editor of the "Defender":—

Nearly everybody wants me to take pay for advertising in goods instead of in cash. It's the worst system! This suit I have on cost me fifteen hundred lines on my third page. My shoes stand for a reading notice under the Dead and Married Ads. That hat represents thirty-four lines of nonpareil type e. o. d. t. f. (every other day till forbid, you know) and the man owes me sixteen more hats and is likely to owe me sixty. I haven't got a thing on me that isn't running in the "Defender" either in the shape of an agate reading notice or a display ad.

For the rest, the man of letters wondered, and neither wept nor laughed. Which was wrong? Max Adeler or the man of letters? And then came Mr. Carter Platts with the book which a cruel someone has labelled "Up To-morrow" on its cover and spoiled the initial joke. Silas K. Chumson is the hero, and he invents things. The very name is reminiscent of Max Adeler when the man of forty was at school; and the inventions—bless us—what of that canal with which Max Adeler provided every kind of ridiculous propulsion! Silas K. Chumson was walking home one morning from Tittlehampton (rather funny name, isn't it? thought the man of letters, bracing himself):—

"I'm convinced there's an opening right here if I could only find it." And the next instant he stepped with all his weight of purpose right in the middle of the nothing that covered a circular coal-hole in the pavement, and then found it—the opening for a scientific investigator, I mean.

That did not prevent Silas K. Chumson from inventing the Anti-Bunion Theatre Seat, nor Mr. Carter Platts from describing it. But for the man of letters the matter was becoming serious. He reflected that it was ridiculous to suppose that people should go on making jokes at which no one laughed. Further, he reflected that if he had heard all those jokes before there must be many to whom they were as fresh as they were to him when he was proud of his first full-grown dress-suit. And the really right course of criticism came by accident. An intelligent serving-maid, curious as to the baggage of the inn-guest, had discovered Mr. Keble Howard's "Love and a Cottage." The very title appealed to her. Might she read it? Of course. Here was the touchstone. Here was the appeal from fat and forty to sweet and twenty. Some hours later—in this case precision is necessary, and the hour was ten minutes to eleven, while the closing hour in the country is ten—the serving-maid returned the book to the man of letters. She could not go to bed until she had finished it. "It's the nicest book I ever read," she said.

Here we find a weak point in current criticism, and a suggestion for its strengthening. The weakness lies in the man of forty to whom Mr. Keble Howard's two young people on their honeymoon in a cottage, with their quarrels and their kissing again with tears, their difficulties with the donkey and the kitchen-range, are like the tales the

undergraduate tells him about his college. But there is sweet and twenty to be considered. She sprouts incessantly and beautifully. She pants with the sweet want of fun and sentiment. Her criticism should make itself heard, and on the staff of every literary paper should be at least one intelligent serving-maid. On the earth there are more sweet and twenties than fat and forties, and the majority should command attention.

Impressions.

XXXVIII.—The Way Home.

THE last train left London twenty-five minutes after midnight. It was a slothful thing, stopping at every station, starting again reluctantly—having by that hour, like the passengers, lost the relish for life. On the floors of the carriages were dim, hardly revealing the tired travellers. The guard stood yawning at the face of his watch, protecting it with the palm of his hand from the thin rain that blew in icily from the sodden night. "Sixty hours of rain on end," he snapped as he slammed the carriage door.

Our track was black, feebly illuminated by the platform lamps, and we left blackness behind us. For, as we rumbled out of the stations, sometimes before we had begun to move, a porter extinguished the lamps. It was as if the end of all things was at hand, and we, lagging on the stage, were witnesses of the suppression—drowsily indifferent. The express that roared brightly by seemed so unnecessarily active, and I sighed contentedly as, alighting at my station, I witnessed, in turn, the extinction of its lamps, and felt my way out into the vast loneliness. I seemed to have wandered into a strange country; all the familiar landmarks had suffered a water change. Road and path were one, covered with a shallow sheet of flood, and as I splashed through it a white mist rose up from the meadows. At the cross roads these wreaths of vapour—clammy, chimerical—met, and enveloped me. I took to the high land, seeking the red road that would lead me circuitously home, and on that height it was eerie to hear the noise of many waters trickling and running in the night. There was no sound but that of their incessant tricklings through newly-formed courses—numbers of them—here meeting, there splashing into a depression, all hastening down into the brook, now a torrent, that I could hear roaring in the valley. The sensation was one of hearing, not of sight, for the night was moonless, and there were no stars in the sky. This upland had become articulate. It was as if a myriad company of voices had been released and were speaking in the waters that, having drenched the land, were now busily boring little pathways. There were no houses on that red road, and no vehicle had yet dared to traverse its rocky surface; but at the point where it issued into civilisation there was a house, and I was glad to know of its propinquity, although the form was hidden.

Suddenly a light flared in one of the top windows, it moved, and in that instant a tongue of fire flickered up the curtains. Not a human sound broke the silence: the noise of running water was still persistent, when in the darkness this eye of fire glared out with intolerable dazzle. The blind was now alight; then a hand shot out, pulled at the fabrics which fell in a cascade of flame, and that glowing window was blotted out as suddenly as it had flared into sight. The house shrank back into the darkness—disappeared, and the land was again wrapped in that humid gloom, with no moon to comfort the night. I splashed on towards the village green. In the horse-pond were two swans contentedly enjoying the superfluous water.

Drama.

The Promise of Mr. Davies.

I CONFESS that I am not able whole-heartedly to echo the very gratifying applause with which "Cousin Kate" has been welcomed in the highest quarters. I praise; but it is with reserves and qualifications which seem to me to touch not mere accidentals, but the root of the matter. I shall try in the course of this article to make it clear what these are. Of course, I do not wish to deny that Mr. Davies has all the makings of a dramatist in him. His command over technique is considerable. His dialogue is neatly turned and not too literary, although he is not afraid of a touch of poetry when the occasion calls for it. And he has the great gift of getting his story directly and lucidly over the footlights. It is in any case a beginning of great promise.

The talent of Miss Ellis Jeffreys is one which always fascinates me, but even when all allowance has been made for the debt which, at the Haymarket, "Cousin Kate" owes to its presentment, it still remains a fresh, high-spirited and most entertaining comedy. Fundamentally, it fails to convince me: and, though it is possible that I am applying too austere a criterion, I believe that I am right not to be convinced. The play takes its name from Miss Kate Curtis, who is the *deus ex machina* of the Spencer family, consisting of Mrs. Spencer, a widow, Amy Spencer, a high-principled girl with the brain, like Newman's as seen by Carlyle, of a rabbit, and Bobby Spencer, a school-boy. When the curtain rises, Amy Spencer, as the result of a little tiff as to the proper way of spending Sunday, has just been jilted by Mr. Heath Desmond. It is very tearful, but Cousin Kate is expected on a visit, and all will be well. Cousin Kate arrives, and all, for a while, is well. She outwits the curate who is attempting to catch Amy's heart on the rebound, induces Amy to admit that she has been a little goose, and to sit down and write to Mr. Heath to that effect, and goes off, still in the rôle of fairy godmother, to light a fire in the drawing-room of Owlscot, where the happy pair are to take up their abode. All this, which makes up Act I., is admirably handled by Mr. Davies, and Miss Ellis Jeffreys is inimitable. It is Act II. that gives me pause. Cousin Kate, although apt to cover her sterling qualities with a cloak of cynicism, and in fact the authoress of certain novels which shock the curate, is at heart of a sentimental and even romantic disposition. She has had, in the train, an unconventional flirtation with an Irishman of persuasive tongue and imaginative temper, who lingers in her memory. While she is engaged, in the interests of the piano, in airing the drawing-room at Owlscot, the Irishman enters by the window. The flirtation is resumed, and ends in very real love-making. There is a thunder-storm, and Amy Spencer comes to rescue Kate with an umbrella. Tableau! The Irishman is, naturally, none other than Mr. Heath Desmond himself. In Act III. the whole of the Spencer family is happy, except Cousin Kate, who is miserable. She insists on Desmond keeping his word to Amy. But she has not reckoned with the curate. Both gentlemen come to supper, and Amy, after making it up, somewhat to his perturbation, with Desmond, allows it to appear that, after all, she prefers the curate. Or as she puts it, she feels that she is better fitted to become a clergyman's wife. This is undeniably true. The curate suddenly becomes "dear James"; Amy pairs off with him; and Cousin Kate sinks into the arms of her Irishman.

I have left out most of the fun of the piece; partly because fun eludes analysis, partly because I wished to bring the sentiment or emotion, or whatever you like to call it, into relief. For this is what in "Cousin Kate" fails to convince. In comedy, one is of course prepared to take a great deal for granted. That is of the essence of

comedy. So far as the incidents are concerned, in particular, the dramatist has a pretty free hand. He may select and arrange them, in moderation and with the fear of farce before his eyes, as he will. That Miss Curtis should happen to travel with her cousin's lover, or that he should come in at the window of Owlscot when she came in at the door, need not trouble one at all. Even with regard to psychology, one is not exigent. The dramatist may, with one proviso, pitch his characters and their motives at whatever degree from real human life and real human ideals he will. He may exaggerate in the direction of cynicism for the purposes of humour, or in the direction of sentimentalism for the purposes of romance. The proviso is merely that, within the plane of reality which he has chosen for himself, he should preserve a consistency. If "Cousin Kate" had been written throughout in the plane, say, of "Les Deux Écoles," there would have been no objection to raise to its issue. But it is not. Kate Curtis is made a real human being, with emotions, affections, self-respect and the rest. Therefore she must behave accordingly. Mr. Davies was not bound to introduce the element of serious sentiment, but he did so, and therefore he must abide by its laws. And I venture to submit that the woman of the world and practical novelist whom he depicts was not particularly likely to fall in love with the first man she met in the train; and that, even if this be waived, she would not have given herself light-heartedly to the man whom she had just discovered to have been making fierce love to her while he was as yet barely free from an engagement to her cousin. I am not speaking of the claim which the other woman had upon him, but only of the obvious insight into his nature which the whole proceeding must necessarily have given her. It is incredible. The whole atmosphere and tone of the last half of the second act is out of plane with the rest of the piece.

How should it have ended? Well, there was no need to end with marriage bells at all. I imagine it somewhat in this fashion. The lovemaking in Act II. is not allowed to go quite so far. Kate Curtis is only half won over, and the entry of Amy Spencer shows her the sort of man with whom she has to deal. The blow to her pride and her romantic instincts is only momentary, and she quickly resolves on Mr. Desmond's discomfiture. In the third act, having discovered Amy's real leanings towards the curate, she leads Desmond on to give his fiancée her freedom, with the hope of herself for his reward. Then she snaps her fingers in his face. I believe that this would have been much truer to nature than Mr. Davies' own resolution, would not have entailed the sacrifice of any of his amusing detail, and would have been a good deal better suited to the histrionic methods of Miss Jeffreys. I am quite willing to admit that this is the captious criticism of one whose attitude towards the contemporary drama is warped by an unfortunate literary bias, and that it is highly improbable that the average playgoer will stop to enquire so nicely into the casuistry of Cousin Kate's soul. But, as I said, there is great promise in Mr. Davies, and where a writer shows promise, it is always tempting to try and reclaim him for the literary drama.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

A Book and Some Pictures.

By chance I overheard a remark. The talk had been eddying around the recent performances of an eminent portrait painter, and one of the group, a lady, said with an air of finality: "I don't like his portraits. They're so selfish." In the pause that followed I reflected (knowing her) that she did not object to personality indwelling in

a work of art; for Botticelli, of all painters the most subjective, is her idol; what she disliked was the personality of this particular painter. He, like most craftsmen, being inarticulate outside his chosen art, has never attempted to explain why he paints in this arrogant, take-me-or-leave-me manner. He does it, and that suffices for him. Rarely does the creative artist attempt to analyse his methods: he cannot, any more than an orator can explain how he can bend a multitude temporarily to his will, or an essayist how he gingerly approaches his point, stays there a moment, and then lingeringly withdraws from it. When a painter does attempt this forlorn hope it is the method he has evolved for himself that he strives to explain, not the general laws. We all know Mr. W. L. Wyllie's wide sea and shore pieces, with his high horizon line, and the suggestion of infinite space that he can give on a little canvas by means of his figures and boats, arranged on his theory of perspective, which is so essentially mathematical that it looks as if he made his artistic vision subservient to his compasses. He has now written a book, a delightful picture-book with elucidatory text, explaining the significance of the "one-eyed science" which is perspective, as it appears to him. The volume is called "Nature's Laws and the Making of Pictures" (Arnold), and I gather that it is written, not for the student, but for the edification of Mr. Wyllie's professional brethren. But how can it serve them? His personality, in the shape of drawings made to illustrate the text, abounds in the pages, and the painter who follows his method of designing a picture on the supposition that the horizon line passes through the top button of his sitter's waistcoat, or his chin, would produce an imitation Wyllie, not an original work. Perspective, like grammar, must be acquired by some, but with most the eye and the ear, constantly used, are apt substitutes for the lack of profound knowledge of these subjects. The book is welcome for the sake of the drawings, and a curious adult like myself, or an ambitious student struggling with a Newlyn beach, or a departure of a fishing fleet, may gain precise knowledge from the text; but I fear it would not be of much service to the artists whose productions I have seen this week. They were Mr. Lewis Baumer, M. Simon Bussy, M. Roux Champion, and Matthew Maris.

Mr. Baumer is an illustrator, whose work, graceful with a faint ripple of humour, has been seen in the weekly papers during the past ten years. His delicate, broken line does not lend itself well to reproduction, and so I was glad to see some of his pencil and chalk drawings at the Montagu Fordham Gallery in Maddox Street. His subjects are nearly all girls, slight and pretty, not in the least like the ideal types of girls, so unattractive, that some of his contemporaries contribute to the summer number of "The Sketch"; but studies in daintiness and charm, touched in so lightly that they seem to be almost blown upon the paper. Colour, to Mr. Baumer, is a luxury. A black ribbon round a neck with a pendant gold locket, a touch of blue or red in a sash, a few bright strands of hair—are all he allows himself. Not for him the splash of red that sets the canvas in a flame, or the bold line assertive as the outline of hills against an empty sky: rather the tentative pencil marks that gently suggest a smile, or the folds that a petticoat takes when the hand cajoles it away from the feet. It would be easy to say what these drawings are not. Such epithets as bold, vigorous, clamant do not describe them, but they are very pretty and attractive, and the observer is at home with them at once. I do not say this is an advantage or a disadvantage. I state a fact, remembering a story told by Mrs. Humphry Ward the other day about Degas. That great draughtsman stimulates, provokes argument, set the wits working, declines to let you fathom him. Mr. Baumer pleases at once, like the sight of an English park with deer beneath the trees. But to the Degas story. It was told to Mrs. Ward by Monsieur Halévy: "Degas, in my youth, gave me one of

his famous sketches of a dancer. I brought it home to my wife, and we quarrelled for days as to which was the head and which were the feet. Each friend that came in took sides, and blew up the strife. We hung it up differently, three times a week. At last—suddenly—we saw! We rushed to it. *Tiens, mon ami!*—there is the head—there are the arms—the toes! So the husband and wife 'kissed again with tears.' Then the friends began to see. And now it has become the jewel and glory of the house; the instructed and the uninstructed alike know the correct thing to say about it: and nobody of course will ever believe that he saw anything wrong with it from the beginning."

M. Simon Bussy at the Pastel Society, of which I wrote last week, was startling, and I defy anybody ever to believe that his portrait of Mr. Henley is right; but M. Bussy at the Carfax Gallery, where he is showing twenty-one pastels, is persuasive, sane, and attractive. He has wandered over the lovely parts of the continent, he has absorbed lyrical effects of colour and atmosphere, and he has used his pastel sticks like a master. Three times has he evoked the fir-trees of Jura—at dawn, at twilight and in the greyest hour of a grey day. These are decorative pictures, unworried by human things, dim, bare and blank save for the masses of trees crowning the hills. In no such solitary hour did M. Bussy see Monte Carlo: not the sophisticated plateau where the Casino stands, but below, a little round the coast where the sea ripples against the shore. This is a picture of sheer sunshine, shining on the waves, on the sails of the boats, and on the red-roofed houses that climb up from the sea. In Martigues, another view of blue vibrating waves, the line of houses caresses the waters as if, through agelong association, akin to them, and above hangs a gust cloud in a still sky. This is the way to use pastel; swiftly, without premeditation, to chronicle some passing glory of the sun-coloured earth, the lively movements of summer waves, or groups of trees at morning twilight partaking of the silent movement of dawn. Or, to follow another mood, there was a day that found M. Bussy at Bruges. It was raining; and the water splattered on the forlorn gabled houses and into the canals whipped by the wind. He made a little picture of the place and the hour. "Bruges par un temps de pluie" is a small pastel, as expressive of personal vision as the Monte Carlo piece, or the firs on the Jura. How, I ask, could Mr. Wyllie's book assist the creator of these impressions?

The volume might perhaps be of service to M. Roux Champion, another French artist who is holding an exhibition at the Goupil Gallery. M. Roux Champion is, I imagine, young: he is, I know, a friend and an admirer of M. L'hermitte's, that master of right tones, and grave harmonies; but M. Roux Champion has not benefited, as an artist, by the friendship. Hardly a drawing of these views in and around Paris but has its strident colour scheme—harsh tints unrelated to each other, with no veil of atmosphere to soften their tartness. It is a far cry from this restless pastelist, catching at a transient effect, to a master like Matthew Maris, whose method is to brood over a subject till his vision comes full circle, and he can contrive a picture of Nature, not as she is at a particular instant, but as she looks to eyes that have codified her glints of gladness, her greyness and gloom into one scene that is herself not only at this moment, but also yesterday and to-morrow. Such a picture is Matthew Maris's "Souvenir of Amsterdam," a section of the city seen through a temperament, vociferous with life, running into many details, but unified into one restful impression, and in colour like a well-thumbed parchment.

C. L. H.

Science.

Racial Decay.

THAT Froude was not accurate when he said that political economy had been "banished to the exterior planets," everyone will fain admit. Such a science there must be; but I am here concerned to impugn neither Free Trade nor Protection, but Ignorance as the underlying cause of the present degeneration of the physique of our people. This ignorance resides, generally speaking, in our lowest and our ruling classes.

First, then, to demonstrate the fact of racial decay. If we take the Registrar-General's report for last year it is found that the birth-rate of London, to take an example, was 30 per 1,000, the lowest ever recorded, and 0.5 below the figure for the preceding year. To be brief and general, the birth-rate and the death-rate are falling in all civilised countries. Obviously there must be volumes to be written on this last sentence as a thesis, but here and now I want merely to observe that the birth-rate is falling; and I would further ask the reader to take my word for it that though this may follow in part the deliberate and purposive intention of the race, it is also attributable in part to the physical decay which is only too amply demonstrated by other means.

Seeing then that proportionately fewer children are born, what of their destiny? They are heirs of the legacy bequeathed to the Mammalia by "æonian evolution." The Mammalian mother suckles her young. There is no space here to discuss the significance of this sublime method, nor to vindicate the use of that adjective. Suffice it that there, assuredly there, is the germ of ethics, of altruism, and of that charity which never faileth. There, also, is the only safe method by which the nurseling shall become a man. Daily, in the more "advanced" nations of the earth, that method is obsolescent. Many reasons there are; amongst others the fact that the mother of the poorest classes is herself—poor creature—unfit for so high an exercise of the maternal function. But what is the consequence? Observe the vital statistics of the next few weeks. Observe how the infants die like flies in our great towns. Last year about one child in seven of this imperial race died in the first year of life, and the records of Berlin corroborate what is common experience in this country, and what Paris is now making desperate efforts to rectify; that the death-rate amongst artificially-fed children—children, that is, fed on septic milk, in which microbes are multiplying under the grateful warmth of a summer sun—is thirty times as high as amongst naturally fed children. The infantile mortality in this country was higher last year than in 1833, whilst the general mortality was 21 per cent. lower. "Acute milk poisoning" is a common phrase in American advertisements. I wonder how many readers ever heard of it, and how many more are inclined to question its accuracy.

But what of the survivors. Many die in the second and third years from various maladies to which the great tribulation of their earlier months has made them susceptible. Let us consider the comparatively small fraction of all the children born who reach the school-going age. By this I do not mean, of course, the age at which children are sent to school, but the age at which they should be. There is a difference of a lustrum. Now it has recently been shown that the children in the board schools of our great towns are very far from physical perfection. In Scotland a commission has been sitting on physical training, and has recommended the need for it; pity 'tis that the cure is not so easy as athleticism thinks. Meanwhile the fact has been discovered that seventy per cent. of Edinburgh school children suffer from more or less physical deficiency. Let me correlate with this a fact which I believe to be closely connected therewith. In Aberdeen

the school children are bad enough, but much superior to those of Edinburgh. Now the use of oatmeal porridge—that admirable and uninteresting food—is declining far more rapidly in Edinburgh than in Aberdeen, so far as may be judged from the inquiry carried on in the poorer quarters of Edinburgh by some of the feminine medical students in that city. To save space, let me say at once that the general record of the schools of our great towns is similar, notably in the case of London.

Finally, let us take the records of the Army. These tally with those from other sources. More recruits are rejected, proportionately, each year, so that an absurdly-worded regulation has recently been issued whereby all fixed standards of height and weight and chest measurement are practically abolished, and the examining medical officer may pass the applicant if he is satisfied that his defects are due to "imperfect nutrition" rather than to "constitutional taint." "Taint" began its exodus from medical literature thirty years ago, and is now obsolete. I suppose it conveys some substitute for an idea. Why was this change necessary, and why is its wording so vague and amorphous? Simply to meet the exigencies of the case. The men were yearly being turned away in larger proportions. They show worse teeth to the examiner almost daily: the ratio between 1901 and 1900 is simply appalling. It is perhaps not universally known that the embryonic cells which will form the adult teeth are present in the baby, and that their health is at the mercy of the educational methods which insist on a girl's familiarity with our absurd coinage system or the birth-date of some illiterate king, but omit to tell her that it is criminal to feed a baby on "anything that's going."

And so we come to causation. We may call it toxæmia or blood-poisoning. And what are the poisons that are daily in greater quantity introduced into the blood of our race? They are bad air, septic milk, alcohol (consumed by the women—the mothers—of this country in threefold the quantity of twenty-five years ago), tobacco, and many more. Obviously each of these needs an article to itself. These are positive evils. There are many negative. Our statesmen talk about corn. I wonder how many of them know and teach that white bread is embodied ignorance, and that its nutritive qualities are far inferior to those of brown bread; that only a few invalids are even economically justified in eating it; and that the taste for it, as compared with brown bread, is acquired and artificial. But study of the simple structure of a wheat-grain, with its valuable salt-containing husk, its outer brown and its inner white components—each with its own value as a food—is not compulsory, methinks, in the Etonian curriculum. I have been hammering in other places for months at this national question, which reached the Lower House last week and the Upper House this week; but why, under the heading of Science, which looks forward to a universal Society of Friends, do I here concern myself with the people merely of what Carlyle called "this remarkable island"? Certainly not that the national feeling, as such, is not an ancestral relic which, with its hideous consequences, is utterly abominable at this hour alike to science and to religion. But rather that the most earnest and searching desire to extirpate one's prejudices cannot disturb the belief that Britain is the first factor at this hour in that evolutionary process which is to make less sorrowful what Wordsworth called "the unintelligible world"; nor the assurance that Mr. William Watson was right when he said—

"And God the poorer for her overthrow."

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

"On the Best Prose Style."

SIR,—Your readers will, I think, have found much to interest them in the suggestive article with the above title.

There is considerable divergence between the views of different critics on the subject of the cultivation of style. Mr. Frederic Harrison, in an address to Oxford undergraduates, said: "Be natural, be simple, be yourself; shun artifices, tricks, fashions. Gain the tone of ease, plainness, self-respect. To thine own self be true. Speak out frankly that which you have thought out in your own brain and have felt within your own soul. This, and this alone, creates a perfect style." These words are worthy of attention, especially from those who are disposed to think more of the manner than of the matter of their writings. But style is important. Therefore, Matthew Arnold's remarks about Attic and Asiatic prose, and Walter Pater's Essay on Style, deserve careful reading.

Pater enforces the necessity of a scholarly choice of fitting words, and the need of literary architecture which he says is "the special function of the mind in style," and he asserts that "one of the greatest pleasures of really good prose literature is in the critical tracing out of that conscious artistic structure and the pervading sense of it as we read." When Pater goes on to speak of the function of soul in style, we feel out of our depth. His views are vague and elusive, or at any rate they are more difficult to grasp. He seems, however, to refer to the personal note, the influence of the individual, welding thought and expression into a perfect whole. Near the close of the essay are the following striking words:—

If music be the ideal of all art whatever, precisely because in music it is impossible to distinguish the form from the substance or matter, the subject from the expression, then, literature, by finding its specific excellence in the absolute correspondence of the term to its import, will be but fulfilling the condition of all artistic quality in things everywhere, of all good art.

Good art but not necessarily great art; the distinction between great art and good art depending immediately, as regards literature at all events, not on its form, but on the matter.

The last sentence is especially noteworthy. The critics are unanimous on one point. In great literary art it is the substance, not the form, that chiefly matters.—Yours, &c.,
Otterburn, Northumberland. H. P. WRIGHT.

"The Last of It?"

SIR,—What would Carlyle himself say of this controversy about which all but the blindest partisans hope with you that the publication of Mr. Froude's notes may be set down as "The Last of It"? An excerpt from "Heroes" may be taken as an answer. After a description of the Giotto portrait of Dante, in which he might have had his own mournful features in view, he writes of Dante's marriage in such a way as to suggest that he was conscious of more than an outward resemblance to the Hero poet:—

Dante was wedded; but it seems not happily, far from happily. I fancy the rigorous earnest man, with his keen excitabilities, was not altogether easy to make happy. We will not complain of Dante's miseries; had all gone aright with him, as he wished it, he might have been Prior, Podestà, or whatsoever they call it, of Florence, well accepted among neighbours—and the world had wanted one of the most notable words ever spoken or sung. . . . We will complain of nothing. A nobler destiny was appointed for this Dante; and he, struggling like a man led towards death and crucifixion, could not help fulfilling it. Give him the choice of his happiness! He knew not, more than we do, what was really happy, what was really miserable.

—Yours, &c.,
Chateau de Meyracq, Arudy.

C. H. MINCHIN.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 196 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for a brief essay which best succeeded in getting away from its subject. Twenty-eight replies have been received. We award the prize to Mrs. Calvert Spensley, 3, Provost Road, Hampstead, N.W., for the following:—

A BIT OF OLD SILVER.

There is a certain subtle charm in a quaint piece of old silver, even though it may not bear the compelling fascination of a great master's workmanship. My thoughts turn to things humbler than those fantastic marvels that find a fitting home in kings' treasuries: to such things, for example, as this old Dutch spoon of mine, which might be a fairy gift for the joy it has given me, the dreams it has created for me.

I saw it first behind the dusty panes of a little shop in Bruges. Strange little shop! Its recesses were full of the same delightful confusion as its window, full of the carved and wrought metals that Van Eyck and Memling had painted so glowingly long years before, lying side by side with trumpery tiles and cheap pottery designed—contemptuously, one wondered?—to appeal to the bargain-loving tourist. For the old master of the shop knew the true worth and history of his wares, and was quite conscious, as a twinkle and a shrug acknowledged, that these were but Needy Knife-grinders amongst their richer kin, and story, Lord bless you, they had none to tell! He was, indeed, one of those people whose personality makes an immediate and distinct impression: behind his air of gay and gentle courtesy even the passing stranger must needs perceive the individual—so rare a creature nowadays! Try to describe an acquaintance, and see how painfully well the careful catalogue fits some dozen others: "item, two lips indifferent red; item, a grey eye or so"!

But even yet there are men here and there to whom life is a thing most vivid and vital, perhaps passionately glad, perhaps—alas, probably!—profoundly tragic, but never the dull, level plain over which the vast majority plod from first to last . . . and the secret is hid in their hearts.

Other replies follow:—

TRUTH.

There is no subject so absorbing as Truth. I hardly know which is most to be pitied, the man who expects to find Truth, or the man who attempts to provide it. The habit of expecting things, which came into the country with party Government, is a serious inconvenience. It excites a Stoicism entirely unwarranted by the nature of the event, and leads to a desperate acquiescence in anything that turns up. Plover's eggs in April, and the sun in June, are foregone conclusions. I have seen a man expecting his plover's eggs swallow complacently the eggs of a black-bird. I have seen another stretched upon his lawn in June, the thermometer one degree below freezing point, fanning himself with his straw hat. Again, I have heard a child cry out, "Oh, beautiful daisy"; a gale of wind sweeps over the garden and the child, turning its shuddering glance upon the twisted bloom, exclaims "What, oh, what is this horrible beetle?"

These are commonplaces, but there is a method in illustration, as in madness, though facts to prove my point will carry no weight. Events stultify and fructify, and when all is said and done we are no nearer the end than we are to the beginning. Still in our frantic efforts to arrive, pursuing Pontius Pilate, we supply copy for the journalist and offer our crystal clear gaze and friendly agreement to the world in which we live.

[L. J., Newport.]

ON THE SUBJECT OF THIS ESSAY.

I am reminded of a game I have sometimes played, when geography and telegrams moved satiety. We called it "Trains of Thought," and it worked thus: Taking a random word from any book, each player in a given time wrote down the heads of such ideas as were honestly and in strict sequence suggested to him. In no manner could individual character display itself more simply, since, say "Brandy" were your starting-point, three brains might proceed thus:—

Brandy.	Brandy.	Brandy.
Snappedragon.	Channel Crossinga.	Faints.
Christmas.	Going Abroad.	Doctors.
Snow.	Cathedrals.	Hospitals.
North Pole.	Church Music.	Knights Hospitaliers.
Polar Bear.	Concerts.	Middle Ages.
Zoo.	Padereswaki.	Crusades.
Buns.	Hair.	Jerusalem.

The results arrived at being in almost every case surprisingly diverse. The society that affirms telepathic communication

between souls might find dissatisfaction in the wide gap so rapidly achieved between Jerusalem and buns; but since each theory fathers its evidence and proves its wish, the wide field of coincidence is marked for the marvellous own, and there is little need for him to peep above the wall. It has been said that the occult, seriously believed in, can lead only to despair; and some, themselves knowing the glamour, are disposed upon the whole to agree. No sense more illusory than human vision, no proof more fallible than human evidence. Do not our courts of law attest it? Three honest men witness the same deed, and each will differ in details, stiff in his certainty. How then of history? *Litera Scripta Manet*, perhaps alone. Negatively, anything in the world may be proved; the non-existence of Napoleon, for instance . . . a powerful personality to annihilate.

But it comes in the end to this: much is held secret from us, and many hunger as of old for the tree of knowledge. *Cui bono?* Ashes in the grasp. Poor and content is best.

[B. C. H., London.]

ON HATS AND HEADGEAR.

As the human head is the seat of the brain and its eccentricities, it is perhaps not wonderful that in the adornment of it the essential insanity of mankind should be most manifest. From the Indian, whose leggings, sandals, and so forth have each some practical use, while his head alone bristles incongruously with the plumage of the fowl, you may travel to the theatre-goer, female of sex, who interposes between your eye and the stage one circle of straw, one sea-gull, strangely winged with green, one spray of violets in unnatural union with the foliage of the rose, and a discarded portion of the tail of the African ostrich. Her offence is from no want of heart, but from a plentiful lack of imagination. Is it not true that while most of us can trace all the disasters of our lives to the fact that our hearts were "in the right place"—a place accessible to our neighbours—the truly imaginative are as rare as a sunbeam in an English June? We not only lack imagination, but we dislike it actively. We will not have it in our literature. A man who has painted for us the shore of the Lake of Dreams is reproached because he has not held the mirror up to Tottenham Court Road. We will not have it in our young. The child who meets a yellow fairy in green stockings risks a beating from the parent who sees no more than a very ordinary buttercup. Imagination is a wanderer "known to the police"—a Peri that will hardly pass the barrier of our customs. But there are some that have heard a strange, low voice in the pause of the strident voices; and have listened for it until death has caught them listening.

[A. L. G. H., London.]

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF THE BACKGROUND.

Most people can understand the drawing, colour and composition of a picture, but the subtle relation of every object to its background remains a mystery, which painters themselves often ignore. The novelist's art appeals more intimately to the public; wherefore he is more often thorough in designing his work.

To the average man, a lady on her way to a Drawing-room is absurd, but inside the palace he would find her no longer ridiculous. A jewel owes everything to its setting, and the fairest opal loses its attraction on an ugly hand. I have heard a singularly beautiful woman described as "nice-looking" by a friend who was neither stupid nor indifferent, but who had seen her only in London, leading the harassed life of a professional woman. But set her in the woods and they seem to have waited her coming to complete their spell; or on the uplands and they are the more breezy by reason of her fleetness. She shares the shy, alluring charm of the wild creatures that she loves, and regards you with an eye as soft, and dark, and defiant as theirs.

The manners and moral code of an Englishman suit his temperate climate and grey heavens, but he is apt to forget that they may seem less admirable against the crumbling monuments of a majestic past, or the breadth of more radiant skies.

But, indeed, to see anyone with the sky for their background is a severe test, and perhaps the venerable compilers of our Church catechism were persuaded that most of us would look very unlovely in a higher sphere than that whereto we were born.

["Lee," London.]

ON SMOKING BY LADIES.

I believe nothing but good would result were all women to adopt the soothing and sociable habit of smoking. That trying time, the honeymoon, would be endurable if, when terms of endearment were exhausted, the bridegroom could, as a matter of course, bring out his cigarette case, proffer it to the bride, and ask whether she preferred a Turkish or a Virginian. No longer would they be mere husband and wife, but comrades, and the foundations of a lifelong amity would be raised. After a few years of matrimony many ladies seldom open their lips to their husbands except to utter a querulous

complaint or a dreary commonplace. I am persuaded that if their lips were sometimes opened to receive a cigarette their conversation would be more cheering and heartsome, since I have observed that smokers, though often inclined to gravity of demeanour, are yet cheerful and companionable. If you are ever so unfortunate as to make the acquaintance of a "clown in private life" ten chances to one you will find him to be a non-smoker. The kindly soul who laughs with you and not at you looks at life through a mellowing haze of tobacco smoke, and his jests are "seasoned" and ripe like the polished "briar" he cherishes so carefully. No gift of the gods can be compared to the friendship of such a comrade. He is not as the clown aforesaid, the "pass the salt" humorist, the empty idol of a brainless circle, whose wit is impertinence, and his humour vulgarity. No; this comrade, this true humorist, listens to your words with gravity, smiles at your follies with a tremble on his lip, joins in your honest laughter, and grasps your hand in sympathetic silence when the inevitable hour of sorrow comes at last.

[T. McE., Belfast.]

Competition No. 197 (New Series).

This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best comment, not exceeding 150 words, on any article, review, or paragraph appearing in this number of the ACADEMY.

RULES.

Answers addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 1 July, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of *Wrapper*, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

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 Gray (George Buchanan), *A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on Numbers*.....(T. and T. Clark) 12/0
 Longides (Artemus), *Higher Criticism as Applied to Itself*.....(Authors and Booksellers Co-operative Alliance) 1/0
 Foakes-Jackson (F. J.), *The Biblical History of the Hebrews*.....(Arnold) 6/0
 Griffinhoofe (O. G.), *The Unwritten Sayings of Jesus*.....(") 3/0

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 Whitethorn (Marcus), *Jenny Wren Up to Date*.....(") 1/0

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- Holborn (J. B. Stoughton), *Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture: Jacopo Robusti, called Tintoretto*.....(Bell) net 5/0
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 Acton (The late Lord), *Planned by, The Cambridge Modern History. Vol. VII. The United States*.....(Cambridge University Press) net 16/0
 Wadmore (James Foster), *Some Account of the Worshipful Company of Skinners of London*.....(Blades) 21/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Royce (Josiah), *Outlines of Psychology*.....(Macmillan) net 4/6

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NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

The first four volumes of the Clarendon Press edition of the "Letters of Horace Walpole," edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, will be ready in November. There will be sixteen volumes in all. Mrs. Toynbee has obtained the use of over 400 letters not included in the latest edition of the collected letters, and upwards of a hundred of these have never before been printed. A careful collation of the text with the original MSS. has revealed many curious and interesting passages hitherto suppressed, and also many serious errors in transcription. The notes, except those written by Horace Walpole himself, have been compiled anew by Mrs. Toynbee, who has also prepared a very full analytical index. This new edition will be illustrated with fifty photogravure portraits of Walpole and his circle and with facsimiles.

Volume II. of the Cambridge Modern History, being the third in the order of publication, is now in the press. It relates to the Reformation. There are eighteen chapters, and among the contributors are Mr. A. F. Pollard, who deals with the conflict of creeds and parties in Germany; the Rev. T. M. Lindsay, of the Free Church College, Glasgow, who contributes a critical biography of Luther; Dr. James Gairdner, who writes on Henry VIII.; and the Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, who writes on "European Thought in the Theological Age."

Mr. Edward Wilberforce, a Master of the Supreme Court, will publish with Messrs. Macmillan a translation of "Dante's Inferno" into the English ottava rimà. In the same volume are included versions of several passages from Goethe's "Faust," from Schiller, Heine, and other Continental poets.

Messrs. Harper and Brothers will publish next week Mr. Carl Snyder's "New Conceptions in Science." The volume contains fourteen papers, some of which have appeared in Harper's magazine. It is prefaced by this quotation from Sir Oliver Lodge: "The ordinary run of men live among phenomena of which they care nothing, and know less. They see bodies fall to the earth, they hear sounds, they kindle fires, they see the heavens roll above them, but of the causes and inner workings of the whole they are ignorant, and with their ignorance they are content."

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LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

THE Technical Education Board of
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receive applications for the appointment of
Assistant Master in the Camberwell School of
Arts and Crafts, to teach subjects preparatory
to and including elementary design, to teach
elementary figure drawing, and generally to
assist in the work of the school. Commencing
salary £100 per annum.

Applications must be made on or before
MONDAY, JULY 6th, 1903, on forms to be
obtained of the Secretary of the Board, 116,
St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

G. L. GOMME,
Clerk of the Council.

County Hall, S.W.,
June 22nd, 1903.

THE WELSH INTERMEDIATE EDUCATION ACT, CARDIFF SCHEME.

THE Governors are prepared to receive appli-
cations for the post of HEAD MASTER
for the Cardiff Intermediate School for Boys,
rendered vacant by the appointment of the
present Head Master, Dr. J. J. Findlay, M.A.,
to the Chair of Education at The Owens College,
Manchester.

The Stipend and Capitation Grant, together,
at present amount to £640 per annum, on an
attendance of 220 boys, and the remuneration is
steadily increasing.

Intending Applicants may obtain particulars
of the appointment from the Clerk to the
Governors, who will also supply copies of the
Scheme.

Applications, accompanied by not more than
six testimonials and marked on cover "Head
Master," must be in the hands of the under-
signed not later than MONDAY, 13TH JULY
NEXT.

By Order of the Governors,

DAVID SHEPHERD,
Clerk.

No. 1, Frederick Street, Cardiff,
23rd June, 1903.

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THE Curators of Patronage of the University
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wards fixed, proceed to the Election of a Pro-
fessor of Greek in room of Professor Butcher,
whose resignation of the Chair has been accepted
as from 3rd October next.

Each Candidate for the Chair is requested to
lodge with the undersigned, not later than
Wednesday, 15th July next, eight copies of his
application and eight copies of any testimonials
which he may desire to submit.

One copy of the application should be signed.

R. HERBERT JOHNSTON, W.S.,
4, Albyn Place, Edinburgh. Secretary.
June 22nd, 1903.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE.

(A Constituent College of the University of Wales.)

The Council invites applications for the Post
of Professor of Latin. Further particulars may
be obtained on application to—

J. AUSTIN JENKINS, B.A.,
Registrar.

University College, Cardiff,
June 18th, 1903.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE.

(A Constituent College of the University of Wales.)

The Council invites applications for the Post
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J. AUSTIN JENKINS, B.A.,
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The Premium Income amounted to	274,786
Increase over previous year	£10,304
Death Claims paid with Bonus additions	105,050
The total Funds were increased by £133,566, and now amount to	1,763,068

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